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THE UPLIFT

VOL XI CONCORD N. C. JANUARY 13, 1923 NO. 9

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN DECLARES:

Pride is as loud a beggar as Want, and a great deal more saucy. When you have bought one fine thing, you must buy ten more, that your appearance may be all of a piece; but it is easier to suppress the first desire than to satisfy all that follow it.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-setting by the Boys Printing Class. Subscription Two Dollars the year in Advance.

JAMES P. COOK, *Editor*, **J. C. FISHER**, *Director Printing Department*

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C. under Act of March 3, 1879.

A real fine, useful woman was overheard to say to a companion on the streets the other day: "There is one word in our English language I love to dwell upon and that word is humility—humility of spirit, if you please; and another I try not to forget and it is gratitude. The person who lacks these elements in his make-up is devoid of the tones such as are found in the making of a fine musical instrument. There is that something in their lives that is out of tune with nature, or with what God intends us to be."

TWO STRAY SERMONS.

It takes more grace to do good than to find fault. It makes no difference how we live or what we do there will always be someone to criticise what we do or the way we do it. The best plan is to just go ahead in that course which we think will please God and help His people, and let the fault-finders to themselves.

It is necessary for us to decide whether a man is worth more than a sheep. Such a statement may seem absurd. But our trouble has been that we have given more attention to the beasts than we have to our fellowmen. We say a man is worth more than any animal, and at times we bestow care upon the animals and let suffering humanity look after itself.

* * * * * * *

THAT BIG STEELE CREEK DOWN-POUR.

Mr. R. R. Clark, our faithful friend and helper in making THE UPLIFT a welcome weekly visitor into hundreds of homes throughout North Carolina

and into the homes of twenty-odd other states, confronts another choice contributor with a reminder of a story which he revealed to the late beloved Jos. P. Caldwell and a Statesville gentleman.

It is entertaining. But do you notice the little ? Mr. Clark places after the title to the article. Looks like it is up to Mr. Watt to gather a few affidavits out of Steele Creek to back him up in the account of the marvelous occurrence. Just a few will suffice—we must avoid falling into the error that Mr. Watt's Mr. Smith did, who is alleged to have the habit of "overdoing things."

* * * * * * *

FINE COMMENDATION.

Dr. H. E. Miller, of the Bureau of Sanitary Engineering and Inspection of the State Board of Health, has made a recent inspection of the Jackson Training School. The Health department sent the chairman of the Board a copy of the report on the Inspection. It was so gratifying to the authorities that it deserves a place in THE UPLIFT to the end that the public and the other friends of the institution may know how the plant is kept. The inspection was of date Dec. 14, 1922.

Population: 290 males; name of inspector G. F. Catlett; cubic feet of air for average person 975 percentage of population sleeping with open windows; form of heat used: stoves and open fires; Water: deep wells—good adequate—100 g. p. m.; regulations governing bathing: systematic under "house fathers;" Milk supply: private; construction of barn, excellent; maintenance of barn, excellent; appearance of cows, very good: tubercular tested, yes; daily per capita consumption about two thirds quart; number fed by institution 325, daily per capita cost of food 20 cents; presence of pellagra, none; kitchen and dining room, very good; equipment of same, very good; cleanliness of same, excellent; tidiness and cleanliness of rooms, excellent; lighting, excellent; provisions for exercise and recreation, ample grounds; regulations of same, systematic supervision; arrangements for physician's services, on call from Concord; arrangements for nursing, no special; hospitalization, none; isolation, four-room cottage; method of sewage disposal, septic tanks; conditions of closets, very good; laundry constructed and in course of equipment; malarious environment, none; other objectionable conditions, none.

The inspector includes in his report certain remarks and recommendations, which the authorities of the institution readily accept as wise and important. These would have been supplied long before this, except that funds would not

permit, and the great heart of a number of people who have contributed so generously in support of the institution has not yet been reached. The State Health Department's recommendation are as follows:

"The institution depends upon calling a physician from Concord and only in case of illness. There is no physical examination on admission to institution, which is especially important in case of growing children. No arrangements for dental or tonsil examinations. There is also no infirmary to properly care for such intimates. The unit cottage system is used with 30 boys to a cottage and each cottage has separate kitchen and dining room."

Under the head of recommendations, the State Board has this to say: "A wholetime physician should be employed or such of one's time as to make complete physical examination of boys on admission, including dental, tonsils and adenoids. Periodic examinations should also be provided for. An Infirmary should be furnished and equipped for necessary minor surgery and nursing facilities. It is rather important that such physician employed should be furnished quarters and reside at the institution."

For months and months the authorities have realized the wisdom of the foregoing suggestion, and they hope that funds may be secured to provide these necessities.

* * * * * * *

RECALLING AN OUTSTANDING AMERICAN.

This number of THE UPLIFT is practically a Benjamin Franklin edition and was so intended to be, Though scores and scores of years removed from our peroid, we may learn something worth while of the greatness of men who honestly sought, for the love of it rather than for personal glory, to aid in the making of a great country and in the setting up of a great government.

Franklin did all this. He did not reach certain high positions that were reached by others who have made our history read good, but to them he was, with his wisdom, his philosophy and his loyalty, their right bower. It is well that men should know more of the real character of Franklin; and to the young his struggles and the obstacles which he conquered make a record that is inspiring and helpful. During the process of the making of this number, the youngsters have caught the Franklin spirit and are talking his virtues and his accomplishments.

Franklin, as we learn from history, like all public men who seek to serve their country and humanity, was at times misunderstood, probably lied about and accused of selfish purposes. That itself is one evidence of real

greatness. The public man who amounts to anything, who gets anywhere in the interest of any cause that concerns the welfare of humanity and the public, always gets a dose or two of criticism—the man that escapes these experiences is the man that simply follows a lead or acomplishes nothing. There are lots of these—it takes them to make up a population and to make men alert.

Though a great philosopher and a great statesman, Franklin set an example as a good family man. While some men run home and tell their wives all the street gossip and scandal, rolling it under their tongues as sweet morsel, our hero, celebrating a great victory abroad in the interest of his country, wrote a love letter to his wife and daughter and sent each the choicest glad rags the foreign markets afforded. He set an example for husbands and fathers. But in all his numerous writings and sayings there is one of the maxims in "Poor Richard's Almanac" that a few of our moralists, theorists, scholars and theologians have severely criticized and taken issue with. Franklin's assertion that "Honesty is the best policy" jars some moralists. They claim the matter of honesty is not a policy—it is a virtue. But Franklin was a power in the making of this country, and his accomplishments were so illustrious that his name will live forever in history, and people will profit much by knowing more of the great personality.

* * * * * * *

RINGS CLEAR.

Governor Morrison two years ago mapped out a progressive and aggressive programme for his administration. The two years just passed revealed the wisdom of that programme.

In his message to the General Assembly on Tuesday he rang clear that there is no reason nor excuse for turning back. In a forceful and brilliant manner he urged the legislature to adopt the course and inspiration of the slogan, "Let's Go."

* * * * * * *

THE HONOR ROLL

It means something to merit a position on the Honor Roll of the School The rules are humane but very positive. To live up to them requires a personal control of one's self; to strive to rise; and to preserve ones equilibrium.

Just look at the list for December. It's a joy to observe so many youn

fellows, having baffled the efforts of home, school and society, right about, discover the real meaning of life and quit themselves so readily like little men.

* * * * * *

IT'S IN THE BLOOD.

Miss Cottrell Sherrill, the young and attractive daughter of Editor Sherrill, has taken charge of the Social and Personal page of the Concord Tribune. She inherited newspaper talent and with a naturally brilliant intellect she is making her page a joy to The Tribune's constituency. Miss Sherrill is the youngest lady newspaper worker in the state.

* * * * * *

Faithful Unto Death.

W. Tom Bost, writing to the Greensboro News, gives an intensely interesting account of the faithfulness and devotion of just a dog, in these words:

Representative Billy Sanders, of Johnson county, walked down Fayetteville street last night and saw a dog lying under a piece of crepe on the Dobbin and Ferrall store, which is closed on account of the death of Joseph Ferrall Wednesday.

The Johnson man was moved to compassion as the dog lay shivering on the tile entrance to the store from which Mr. Ferrall had come and gone many years. Mr. Sanders called in every known dog tongue, then recited Senator Vest's tribute to the faithful brute. It got on the kind man's heart. He reported it to the police. But all the folks in town could not lead that dog from under the crepe hung up in honor of his master. And there Fido remained all night.

"CHRISTIAN FRIENDLINESS."

By Edwin J. van Etten.

The world is growing better. Better, because the christian leaders are becoming more tolerant. Instead of making the church organization a kind of close corporation or a distinct society, striving to outgeneral others in the community in social standing and assumed superiorty, and lending effort to gain from others rather than to go out in the highway of the unchurched for additions to the great cause of christianity, the leaders and the godly are trying to have a greater toleration and respect for the different creeds and professions.

This get-together spirit that so largely prevails in the whole country, as exemplified by the commercial bodies, the Rotarians, Kiwanians, the Lions, the Civitans, (even the Woman's Clubs) and other friendly organizations, has even entered into the activities of the Christian denominations. There surely is no harm in it—there may be a great good to follow. It will make stand out clear, that while creeds and practices somewhat differ, that all have the same God, the same Messiah and expect a reception in the end by the same St. Peter at the same great Gates.

In the city of Pittsburgh, the rector of Calvary Episcopal Church, a great denomination that keeps a close watch over what kind of a preacher goes into its pulpits and what kind of views he entertains, is leading in a novel series of meetings. The Rev. Edwin J. Van Etten, the rector, is the leader in this get-together meeting, at which certain representatives of certain great denominations represented in that great city, are to speak from the pulpit of Calvary Church, on a fixed date, to which all are invited. It is assured that the Westinghouse people have arranged to install radio appliances to broadcast these speeches or addresses or sermons over the entire country. This will be a treat to the world, and a storehouse of fine information. People locally and at other points in the state will be interested in knowing that the Rev. C. P. MacLaughlin, D. D., formerly of St. James Church of Concord, is one of the invited speakers and is to address the great throng on the evening of January 21st. But let Rev. Etten tell the story:

A very interesting and important series of sermons has been arranged for the Sunday nights in January, at Calvary Church. The general topic is the contributions of different churches to the great idea of Christianity. Ministers of different Christian Churches are to speak—each, on the contribution of his own church. To make the whole idea plain, I venture to print a paragraph from my original letter sent last October to different leaders of four great churches:—

My idea is that each of us has certain values which we have held and emphasized, and that the Christianity of the future must somehow be a big enough thing to include all these values which now seen somewhat separated. Each man would of

course deal with the subject as he sees fit but my idea would be that we should all try to face the future, rather than merely develop the history of the past, however noble and fine that may have been. Possibly I might almost express my idea by saying that we could all face a covenant of purpose and intention, rather than creeds of past development. I believe that a reverent discussion of this sort may prove of very great help to us all, and surely to the congregations which will come on Sunday night.

The thing will be done without any controversy or small-spiritedness. Each of us can stand on his feet and try to say what he feels his own church has to contribute in the way of values which must be preserved and shared with all other Christian people. I have in mind to ask representatives of the Presbyterian, Methodist, Baptist and Lutheran Churches. Possibly this list can be extended.

The response to this letter has been most cordial and whole hearted. Bishop McConnell of the Methodist Church, writes: "I appreciate more than I can say, the kindliness of your invitation." Dr. MacLaughlin of the First Lutheran Church writes: "Your proposition is an exceedingly interesting one. It makes a mighty appeal to me—I am compelled to say that I want to do this thing." Dr. A. J. Alexander of the Presbyterian Church called me at once on the telephone to accept the invitation! Dr. C. Wallace Petty of the Baptist Church writes: "I congratulate you upon the spirit which prompted your letter and the brotherliness that has inspired the idea the letter contained. There is no doubt that such a course of addresses would be not only enlightening but would also deepen the spirit of understanding and have much to do toward widening the rapidly growing spirit of interdenominational cooperation. I will be very glad to make any contribution that I can toward such a program.

Last Sunday I wrote at length about a very interesting and important series of sermons on Sunday nights beginning with the new year. Ministers of other great Christian churches are to speak in turn from Calvary pulpit. Each one is to speak on the contribution that his own church has to make to the great idea of Christianity. Different churches have somehow come to hold and emphasize different aspects of the Christian religion, sometimes to the exclusion of other equally true values. The religion of the future and the church of the future must be big enough and broad enough to include all these values which now seem somewhat separated.

To this general idea leaders of five great churches have given their hearty approval. The schedule is as follows:

January 7—Bishop McConnell: The Methodist Church.

January 14—Dr. C. Wallace Petty: The Baptist Church.

January 21—Dr. Chas. P. MacLaughlin: The Lutheran Church.

January 28—Dr. A. J. Alexander: The Presbyterian Church.

February 4—Dr. John Ray Ewers: The Christian Church.

February 11—Mr. Van Etten: The Episcopal Church.

I am hoping that perhaps by February 11, our new bishop will be here and that he may care to speak on this occasion. I want you all to keep this important series of sermons in your hearts and in your prayers. The church ought to be crowded to the doors. The Westinghouse Electric Co. are planning to broadcast the entire series. I am also hoping that arrangements may be made for printing the addresses of all these different ministers.

Under the name of "Richard Saunders," Franklin in his own printing office issued an almanac. It was issued for twenty-five years and came to be known throughout America as "Poor Richard's Almanac." It contained droll stories and witty sayings, and the weather predictions in it were largely believed in as is the case today by folks in the Blume's Almanac. Strange, but true. The annual sales reached ten thousand copies.

RAIN IN ANSWER TO PRAYER?

By R. R. CLARK.

Mr. Walter W. Watt's story in the last issue of THE UPLIFT recalls a story of an actual occurrence that I heard Mr. Watt relate on an occasion when he and I were enjoying a session with Jos. P. Caldwell, prince of newspaper men and prince of good fellows. It was in Charlotte, probably in Mr. Caldwell's office.

Mr. Watt was reared in the Steele Creek community in Mecklenburg, a Presbyterian stronghold. Steele Creek church (sometimes, formerly at least, called "Big" Steele Creek) is the largest country church of the Presbyterian denomination in the South. Mr. Watt was at the time living on the farm at his old home. It was summer and a severe drought prevailed. Crops were suffering for moisture and the farmers were much concerned. It was the custom in those days to ask the Lord for help in time of sore need; and in time of drought it was a common occurrence to hold prayer meetings especially to ask the Lord to send rain. This practice seems to have fallen into disuse. But at the time mentioned there was possibly a more prevalent belief in the efficiency of prayer; anyway the church folks generally made it a practice to appeal to the Lord for help. And so an appointment was made for a prayer service at Steele Creek church on a Sunday afternoon for the especial purpose of beseeching the Almighty to send rain upon the parched earth. The folks gathered for the prayer service and urgent prayers were made for rain. The feature of that prayer meeting was the petition offered by a devout old brother whom I shall call Mr. Smith because I do not remember his name. He was mighty in prayer. He took his position in the aisle of the church to give himself ample room, and the fervency and urgency of his petition to the Almighty, Mr.

Watt said, recalled to him as he listened and noted the intense earnestness of the man, the Biblical story of Jacob's wrestling with the angel for a blessing. Mr. Watt was sure that Jacob could not have been more insistent and urgent in his determination to secure the blessing than the old brother was in his effort to impress on the Lord the need of rain.

Finally the prayer (the old brothers were given to long prayers in those days) came to a close and the meeting ended. When the folks got outside the church a cloud no larger than a man's hand appeared in the heavens. Mr. Watt, who had driven his mother to church (it was long before the days of automobiles) put his buggy horse to good speed but he barely reached home before the rains descended and parched earth was well watered, to the great joy of the farming community except one man.

There was just one farmer in the community whose crops were not suffering for rain. I don't recall his name, but he may be named Mr. Jones for convenience. This Mr. Jones had considerable lowland on his farm and the lowland crops were doing very well despite the drought. That Sunday afternoon rain, following the prayer meeting, was a sort of "gully washer and trash mover" and "red-land soaker" combined, and the lowland crops on Mr. Jones' farm were much damaged by the overflow. The next Sunday morning at Steele Creek church, when the men gathered in front of the church before service, as was the custom of country churches, the talk was about the rain of the previous Sunday and gratification for the good effect on the crops. Mr. Jones was present and moodily silent until some one asked him how the rain affected his crops.

"Humph!" growled Mr. Jones. "It mighty-nigh ruined me. I knew when they called on old Smith to pray that he'd over-do it." Mr. Smith's fervent petition, Mr. Jones seemed to feel, had led the Lord to believe that the need was greater than it really was. In any event Mr. Jones got more water than he wanted and, like the average man, thinking of himself first, felt that his circumstances should have been considered, regardless of the general need.

That rain immediately following prayers for rain, was it an answer to prayer or would the rain have come if no meeting had been held and no requests made of the Lord to break the drought? It would hardly have been safe, I think for one who wished to retain the respect of the Steele Creek worshippers to have expressed at that time any doubt whatever on that point. The fervent, effectual prayers of the righteous availeth much, I believe the Good Book says; and if one believe that prayer is heard and answered, as the Scripture teaches, it is difficult to see why one should not pray for rain as well as for other things. The rain will not always come; not all our prayers are answered, sometimes for our own good and oftimes for reasons beyond our ken.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

January 17th will be the 217th anniversary of the birth of Benjamin Franklin, one of the greatest men this country ever produced. By his high character, his achievements and his contribution to the welfare of his country his name must be forever imperishable in history. That our boys may come into a more intimate knowledge of the life of this statesman of the past and our readers may again consider the philosopher, who is so often quoted years after his death, THE UPLIFT considers it worth while to reproduce at this anniversary certain outstanding facts in the life of the great American.

Benjamin Franklin, who died April 17, 1790, was regarded one of the most eminent American statesmen, philosophers and writers. Born in Boston, the son of a tallow-chandler and soap-boiler. He was apprenticed to his elder brother, a printer, and developed an eager fondness for books and writing. At seventeen he ran away to Philadelphia, where, in 1729, he established a newspaper. His public spirit, his talents as a writer and the fame of his scientific discoveries advanced him in prominence. In 1753 he was appointed deputy post-master general of the British colonies. In 1754, being a member of the Albany Convention, he proposed an important plan for colonial union. From 1757 to 1762, and again from 1764 to the Revolution, he was agent of Pennsylvanian England; part of the time, also, for Massachusetts, New Jersy and Georgia. In 1773, acting as the agent for the political leaders in Massachusetts, he sent over to them the correspondence of Hutchinson, Oliver and other Massachusetts loyaltists with a confidant of the British Ministry. The publication of the letter aroused great excitement in the colonies, and brought down upon Franklin violent abuse on the part of the ministerialists, and dismissal from his office of post-master general. In 1775, seeing that reconciliation was impossible, he returned to Pennsylvania, and was at once chosen a delegate to the Continental Congress. In 1776 he was one of the committee of five who drew up the Declaration of Independence, and in the autumn was sent to join Arthur Lee and Silas Deane in the mission to France. In Paris he was received with great enthusiasm. He succeeded in obtaining from the French Government not only the treaty of 1778, but large sums of money supplied in sec-

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ret before that government declared war on England and openly afterwards. Franklin had a leading part in the beginning of negotiations with Great Brittain for peace and independence. In respect to the actual manner in which the treaty was concluded, he was overruled by Adams and Jay, who deemed it best, contrary to the instructions of congress, to negotiate apart for France and make seperate terms. Franklin played an important part in the arrangements of the treaty, especially respecting the loyalists. After the treaty of Versailles had thus been signed (September 3, 1783,) Franklin negotiated a favorable treaty with Prussia. In 1785 Franklin returned to America, and was chosen president of Pennsylvania, and again in 1786 and 1787. He was an influential member of the Convention of 1787, and died at Philadelphia a few years later.

FRANKLIN'S PARABLE ON BROTHERLY LOVE.

Franklin, it will be observed, used a biblical style in the writing of this parable. It was confusing to friends to know in what part of the Bible this parable could be found. There are folks, who actually believe that somewhere in the Bible may be found this truth, "Cleanliness is next to Godliness," which Wesley coined.

1. In those days there was no worker of iron in all the land. And the merchants of Midian passed by with their camels, bearing spices, and myrrh, and balm, and wares of iron.

3. And Simeon said unto Reuben, the Ishmaelite merchants which he prized highly, for there was none in his father's house.

3. An Simeon said unto Reube his brother, "Lend me, I pray the thine ax." But he refused, a would not.

4. And Levi also said unto hi "My brother, lend me, I pray the thine ax. And he refused him als

5. Then came Judah unto Reube and entreated him, saying, "Lo, th lovest me, and I have always lov thee; do not refuse me the use thine ax."

6. But Reuben turned from hi and refused him likewise.

7. Now it came to pass that Re ben hewed timber on the bank of t river, and his ax fell therein, and could by no means find it.

8. But Simeon, Levi, and Jud had sent a messenger after the I maelites, with money, and had boug for themselves each an ax.

9. Then came Reuben unto meon, and said, "Lo, I have l mine ax, and my work is unfinish lend me thine, I pray thee."

10. And Simeon answered h saying, "Thou wouldest not lend thine ax; therefore will I not le thee mine."

11. Then went he unto Levi, a said unto him, "My brother, th knowest my loss and my necessi lend me, I pray thee, thine ax."

12. And Levi reproached him, s ing, "Thou wouldest not lend thine ax when I desired it; bu will be better than thou, and I lend thee mine."

13. And Reuben was grieved the rebuke of Levi, and, being ash ed, turned from him, and took the ax, but sought his brother dah.

14. And as he drew near, Ju

beheld his countenance as it were covered with grief and shame; and he prevented his saying, "My brother, I know thy loss, but why should it trouble thee? Lo, have I not an ax that will serve both thee and me? Take it, I pray thee, and use it as thine own."

15. And Reuben fell upon his neck, and kissed him, with tears, saying, "Thy kindness is great, but thy goodness in forgiving me is greater. Thou art indeed my brother, and whilst I live will I surely love thee."

16. And Judah said, "Let us also love our other brethren; behold, are we not all of one blood?"

17. And Joseph saw these things, and reported them to his father, Jacob.

18. And Jacob said, "Reuben did wrong, but he repented; Simeon also did wrong: and Levi was not altogether blameless. But the heart of Judah is princely. Judah has the soul of a king. His father's children shall bow down before him, and he shall rule over his brethren."

Franklin Celebrating A Victory.

There is no record at hand by which one can learn much of Franklin's family life. One authority says he was the youngest child of a family of seventeen; another says that he was the youngest of ten. But nowhere in the records at hand does the maiden name of his wife appear, though in the kite experiment the name of his son Billy is mentioned and in a letter written from London to his wife he mentions the name of his daughter "Sally."

But here is a most interesting incident in his life that shows he knew how to appreciate a victory and, in his glory, he like all normal wish to get into communication their wives and share the sens and joy of a success and a vic Franklin was appearing befo committee of Parliament with ence to the obnoxtiousness of Stamp Act. He handled himself The result of his exposition o injustice and the gallingness o act on a great people was most cessful. Quoting the Encyclop Britannica, we find this: Fra celebrated the victory characte cally. He wrote to his wife a Stamp Act is at length repea am willing you should have a gown, which you may suppose not send sooner as I knew you not like to be finer than your bors unless in a gown of you spinning. Had the trade be the two countries totally ceas was a comfort to me to recolle I had once been clothed, from to foot, in woolen and linen wife's manufacture, that I nev prouder of my dress in my lif that she and her daughter mi it again if it was necessary. I t parliament that it was my o before the old clothes of A were worn out, they might ha ones of their own making. sent you a fine piece of pom satin, 14 yards, costing 11s a a silk negligee and petticoat caded lute string for my dea (his daughter;) with two doze es, four bottles of lavender and two little reels."

The repeal of the Stamp A a surrender to the commerc of the mother country, but not satisfy the longing desir

lory, he like all normal men get into communication with ves and share the sensation of a success and a victory. was appearing before a e of Parliament with refer- the obnoxtiousness of the et. He handled himself well. lt of his exposition of the and the gallingness of the great people was most suc- Quoting the Encyclopaedia a, we find this: Franklin l the victory characteristi- e wrote to his wife as the et is at length repealed, I g you should have a new ich you may suppose I did sooner as I knew you would be finer than your neigh- s in a gown of your own Had the trade between ountries totally ceased, it fort to me to recollect that e been clothed, from head l woolen and linen of my nufacture, that I never was my dress in my life, and nd her daughter might do- it was necessary. I told the that it was my opinion, old clothes of America out, they might have new eir own making. I have fine piece of pompadour rds, costing 11s a yard; gee and petticoat of bro- string for my dear Sally r;) with two dozen glov- ttles of lavender water, le reels."

l of the Stamp Act was to the commercial side ner country, but it did he longing desire of the colonists for absolute independence from the mother country. And the great war followed.

How Franklin Found A Wife.

Since writing and putting into type the statement to the effect that we did not have at hand much informa- tion about the family life of Benja min Franklin (the same elsewhere appearing in this number) we were rescued by Hon. Morrison Cald- well, city attorney of Concord, and a fine little Watauga woman, who came down out of the mountains to teach Cabarrus county rural pupils in a certain district that considers itself blessed. Between them this story is gathered: Funny what introductions have occurred by which men meet their fate. They happen in all sorts of ways, scattering representatives of families across the face of the earth, and there is no explanation other than the accepted statement that "love is blind."

Franklin was hungry one day in Philadelphia. He met a bread ped- dler on the street and proceeded to invest ten cents in bread. To his surprise Franklin got three loaves with his ten cents. He stuck one each under his arms and began to eat on the third. Franklin's clothes, ragged and popped open at places, made him appear ridiculous to a plump, rosy girl standing in a nearby doorway. She cried out to her sister "to come look at a ragged boy eating bread." Franklin, the story goes, made "g goo" eyes at the saucy girl, who w tickled just like other girls ha been tickled before and will proba keep it up to the end of time. Me ing a woman with a crying and h gry child in sight of the tickled g he asked the woman if she co make use of some of the bre She took it, and the child's hun was relieved. This may have pressed the tickled girl and pres ed a lesson that virtue and hum impulses oftentimes go clad in and make on dress-parade an a ward spectacle. At any rate, Fra lin resolved, if the hinting story comes down through the years ma believed, resolved that he would even with that girl that called nesses to view the ragged boy ou streets of Philadelphia ravenо devouring cold light-bread (tak hero to do such a stunt, but hu helps people at times to be b and courageous.) By and by Fr lin met the girl that got ter tickled over his appearance and he devoured the bread. He co her—wearing better clothes, he her. Her name was Deborah After Franklin married Deborah he told his bride that he wa funny little boy that she laugh on the streets one Sunday mo when he was trying to alla hunger with three loaves of bread.

Though his school days were short, Franklin educated himself, p ing that any one with the mind and the will can overcome heavy obsta He learned by studying the best English books, particularly the writ of Addison. He copied page after page and then rewrote each one f memory. In time he became a master of our tongue.

RIGHT USES OF THE LORD'S DA

(Selected.)

Somewhere amid the conflicting views now held by those who think seriously about the day of rest is to be found that sane, ,balanced, rightful view to which Jesus gave expression. Perhaps the narrowness of some people on the subject may be in part accounted for by the abuses in liberal interpretation and lax practices by those who would have draged the day down to the level of the other six. We shall be happy if we can strike a golden means between the open Sunday on the one hand and the Pharisaical and Puritanical Sunday on the other.

The Sabbath is not a modern invention—it is a venerable institution. It belongs to the beginning. It is coeval man. It was old when Abraham was young. It was aged when Moses was legislating for the children of Israel. It is not something that man discovered. It is a necessity that God appointed. It is not an afterthought of man. It is a forethought of God. It belongs to the things that God ordained in the beginning for a right world-order. And just because it is old it is not to be despised. Wise men know that it was born in the divine wisdom and given to man in divine love. Its divinity is proven by its ministry.

The Sabbath was made for man, for his use—for wise use. The day is not intended to be a burden, but a lifter of burdens. It is not a prison in which man is to lock himself away from the world—it is a ship in which his soul is to sail the high seas of spiritual privilege. It is not a day to limit man, but ra liberate the best that is Some people seem to have th that it is a day noted chi the things they are not all do. Instead of calling it they would call it "Don't

It is a great pity that th are opposed to the Sabbath blind to its ministeries. Th not to have discovered that is the body's rest-day, it is mind's library day and th recreation day. It is the ga tiful to the temple of worshi the week's mount of vision. sacred retreat in which one get that there is a world of

It is a means to an end— an end itself. The day is ger than man—man is big the day. It must be his s not his master; his minister misery. It, therefore, must on his deepest needs. It a highway over which men men shall walk to the hig hood and womanhood. Th tant question with respec proper use of the day is may we not do, but rather w we do in order that we the best out of it? What concern ourselves most abou ing this day holy is: Wha and what builds up.

The Sabbath was made therefore he must use it abuse it. Food was made —he must not become a Grapes were made for man not become o winebibber.

ORD'S DAY.

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winebibber. Gold and

silver were made for man—he must not become a miser. The Sabbath was made for man—but watch him who says he can be just as good at home as in the house of God—ten chances to one he is too lazy to go to church and thinks the worship of the Almighty is a sort of useless performance at any rate. The man who is hiding behind the argument that all days are Sundays and all places are sacred is only pretending—he must know that sincere people can see through his transparent defense. Begin by making all days holy and all places sacred, and you will end by making no days holy and no places sacred. One day may be as good as another, but some days do not furnish opportunities as good as others. God is the God of Monday as well as of Sunday but we have more t to think of God Sunday than M day.

Christ needed it. Surprise of prises—Christ needed the Sabl day with its sacred hours of song and reverent worship. Ch who was always in commu with the Father, always in t with heaven, needed it! We w not have thought so, but great spurn nothing that helps.

In contrast think of the s men who assume they can get a without the day's finest appo ments. But let us remember ' a small bottle with a stopper cannot be filled even by the itself, and one little stopper n vanity and self-conceit keeps the full tides of the infinite Go

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Until, says a writer, the final petition of Congress was spurned, leaders of the colonial resistence to parlimentary taxation almost t man protested their loyalty to King George III and the British Emp In this connection Franklin said: "I have never heard from any pers drunk or sober the least expression of a wish for separartion."

THE FOUR TEES.

Rev. Nathan R. Melhorn, D. D., in his paper published in Philade has an article under the title of "Thinking, Trying, Toiling, Trusting is an interpretation of the forces that the late John Wanamaker em in working out the successes and the good name which characterize hi The story of Wanamaker's life and his achievements, as Dr. Meho well and entertainingly analyzes, are to us who are left behind truly spiration.

With John Wanamaker whose death occurred on December 12th, we had a slight personal acquaintance. There were also several occasions when we saw him—in his business office, at family assemblies, and in a large group of people. He had already become nationally know of town visitors were sight through the Wanamaker store ed Bethany Sunday School, ar ed Philadelphians "What kin man is Mr. Wanamaker?" E four words we have used as

line became public property in the New York and Philadelphia papers, after his death. They seem to us a remarkable formula, no only indicative of the man, but capable of the use by a great many people. They can guide him who has one talent as efficiently as they serve another who has received ten. They catch one's attention, however, since they proceed from a person who practiced Thinking, Trying, Toiling and Trusting for a life-time.

The Order of the Words.

Some folks would put trusting first. Perhaps Mr. Wanamaker himself would make his religion a basis of all his activities. Certainly he began church work early in life. He related that he wandered into a "downtown" Presbyterian Church as a youth in the "teens" and was attracted by the personality and the sermon of its pastor. Soon after becoming a member, and he offered himself promptly, the sidewalk around the church was repaired so that nobody stumbled in getting to worship. The prompt repair was traced to the young convert. His pastor not much later announced that he had a young man who could talk in the interest of religion with unusual effectiveness. He was only a youth when he gathered the nucleus of Bethany Sunady School in a vacant room in the brickyard section of South Philadelphia along the Schuylkill River. He always retained association with this school and it may be said to have grown in proportion to the expansion of his business or in proportion to his own development in the direction of greatness. He "taught a class" and even when Postmaster General regularl from Washington over Sunday is not the least doubt that in Church and Sunday School grew in faith and in the p relationships of Christian li had the quality of "trust," did not lack able co-opera other directions. He did not God to extend his unlimited " Perhaps he considered Thinki ing, and Toiling as the kind lateral a man must put up wants God to supply capital portunity. Under certain circ ces, it is as necessary to m confidence of divine providen be sure that every good an perfect gift is from above this rule in view, the order ingredients of success is logi

He Began Thinking Early L

Old age's habit was youth "He was the livest errand bo had," is a quoted comment first employer, who took hi $125 per week. The family Wanamaker's father was a la and he was the eldest son. he got himself a job, and th gan the climb toward estab "The new kind of a store." ously he had only "common" ing. But by the time we kn he had mastered merchandisi culled knowledge and wisdo contacts with men and things much he owed to books, we know. He certainly acquired ciation for the sort of things write about, and he so far bove the severely practical as joy the possession of a real collection of pictures and w art. Relative to these, he w

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inking Early In Life.

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these, he was gen-

erous. Many of them he placed in his store, where they would attract throngs of visitors. He added music to his favorites, and this also he made contributive to commerce. In the store is the Wanamaker band, the Wanamaker choir, the "great organ" and numerous concerts.

His rivals say all this as profitable, and he did not deny the charge. But to us it is a matter of astonishment that a man's mind is capable of such unlimited expansion. When Mr. Wanamaker and his brother-in-law "began business," their patronage did not justify a delivery service. The senior partner of this firm of Wanamaker and Brown therefore delivered clothing bought of them in a push cart. There is nothing remarkable about that. There are probably thousands of pushcart peddlers in Philadelphia today. Some of them have pushed carts for ten years and will keep on pushing them. Two wheels and a box satisfy them. That is why they stay back of a pushcart.

Vision-Seers.

Some of these times, the Church will turn on the present day "moron gazers" and give them a Christian message right out of the first Pentecost. The text will be "Your Young Men Shall See Visions." It will be a sermon on what can happen when the children of God sit down and think; when they give less value to their muscles and bones and more to their minds and their imagination —in the service of the Maker of body and spirit. Prior to the Civil War, the professions far outranked trades and commerce. Mr. Wanamaker determined that a merchant should have as much idealism as a lawyer or a doctor or a clergyman. There should be nothing common or unclean in the business of exchanging commodities; nothing foreign to "service" in the high sense of that word. We thus interpret his putting "thinking" first. We once heard him contrast his circle of men and women with that of an audience of 800 who were "guests" in the Philadelphia House of Correction. This Philadelphia prison receives petty criminals and vagrants, the maximum sentence being two years. This was the Thanksgiving "service" and about 500 men and 300 women assembled after their unusual prison dinner. They were all in the penal garb and sat in lengthy rows facing the platform. We noticed during the singing of several hymns that Mr. Wanamaker was intently gazing at the audience. When he got up to speak, he began by pointing to a man on his left and remarking: "There sits a man who resembles the Secretary of the Treasury when I was in the Cabinet. Over there is one who looks a good deal like the Attorney General did. Among the women I see one who might be taken for Mrs.————, of the Cabinet. I have looked into every one of your faces and I am interested in observing how many of my friends in business and politics you resemble. It shows what you might have become under different circumstances and hims life." One needs hardly observe that he had "gotten" the sinc attention of his hearers. No do every one of them was thinking what he might have been. Then Wanamaker spoke for an hour bout home, mother, industry, m

cleanliness and intelligent faith in God. We have no doubt he was correct in saying some poor derelict's face showed the capacity possessed by Secretary of the Treasury Gage.

That Second Item—Trying

How many times a successful man fails is beyond an observer's estimate: only one man knows and he is willing not to tell. We in Philadelphia know Mr. Wanamaker experienced some failures. For instance, he tried to observe "daylight saving" one summer. He turned his store clock an hour ahead and the employees gathered as per schedule. But the customers stuck to "God's time," and after two or three days Mr. Wanamaker surrendeded. Gossip says he desired to be one of the Senators of Pennsylvania: reason convinces one that he was capable. But when the Master of merchandising crossed swords with the famous Boss, M. S. Quay, the former was defeated. We knew a president of the State Federation of Young Men's Republican Clubs and asked him: "How is it that Mr. Quay can carry the election when every newspaper and apparently most of the citizens are against him?" His reply was in two words: "By organization." We have often thought of that and wondered why a great mercantile and industrial commonwealth was so wedded to a political machine that a genius for mercantile and industrial organization could not defeat it. Nearly 30 years have passed since then, with them Mr. Quay and his successor, Bois Penrose. Now that political machine is broken. But it lasted as long as its master mechanics could guide it: which means they had a certain talent which their rivals could not equal.

But if Mr. Wanamaker failed visibly in these efforts, he did demonstrate his willingness and his courage at trying. That pioneer spirit which is not confined to such as trek the plains and seek for gold, is a quality of all who earn success. It is the other side, the human exposure of trust in God. He who trusts, gets self confidence. He is not inerrant, and must try often, or he may demonstrate in a single experience that he cannot realize his hopes. But until he attempts, he is not practical. We know several men whose theories are as good as gold. They say theories, because they are not tried. And the worst of failing to follow thinking with trying is that one never learns to distinguish fact from fancy. No, that is not the worst. The real castrophe lies in one's missing the human development that comes from succeeding and warning that follows failures.

Our Third "T" Stands for Toil.

Mr. Wanamaker certainly had a goodly group of rivals: you might almost call them enemies. Many times we have heard him accused of fostering extravagance, crushing the "small store merchant," catching the hard pressed manufacturer and wholesaler in a pinch that meant a bargain sale. His prominence as a churchman led to a good many debates as to whether his business and his religion were partners or acquaintances. Could a man make a million dollars and make it honestly? was another phrasing of the question.

SOME MEN I HAVE LATELY MET.

By C. W. Hunt No. III

The Gastonia Gazette was made a great county paper under the guidance of W. F. Marshall. It was in these years that I had the pleasure of associating with him occasionally. He has said some complimentary things about me in time past, for which he has long since been forgiven(?) I never saw as well arranged county paper office as he built in Gastonia. It made me think of the day dreams I used to have at Burlington of the newspaper home I would have when "my ship came in." But it never came, and I found better pastures. Marshall always had the knack of making a fellow feel at home and that he was welcome. There was never anything small about him. He worked with a purpose and made it count. I never quite knew what took him to Raleigh, but after losing him for awhile I found him running the Mutual Printing Co. in the capitol city, on which press was printed the Progressive Farmer, the Raleigh Christian Advocate and the Biblical Recorder, if I mistake not. Then came busy years and bigger years for him, and he went to work on his old line, education, and built up a great educational journal, in which place I found him a few weeks ago, where he told me something I did not know, and gave me even a better insight into his character. Neither knew it before, but we both came from Franklin county, and telling me a story he illuminated it with the fact that as a boy he had a desire to make everything he touched look better. His father gave the boys all they could make on any piece of ground they reclaimed from briars and bushes, or a galded spot they plowed and fertilized. In that he taught the boys a fine lesson, and constantly enlarged his fields; and it was these lessons that made W. F. Marshall start out in the world to make the spots he touched look better and the world he lived in better for his having spent the time here. What higher ambition can a man have? I met two men last summer that had lessons from this, then, young men that are away above the ordinary men, and the world is just beginning to find them out. Trying to make the world a better place to live. That is a motto fit for any man to try to live by.

I was waiting at the Union station in Birmingham one day in October, to pass through the gate to my train, when I saw a gray haired man, in Southern Railway uniform, ambling up the walk way in the shed, as if it were a punishment for him to walk at all. A companion remarked that it was about time that "man was drawing a pension." A little later I was introduced to this man and found he was still running as conductor, and I was to ride with him to Atlanta. It was Captain W. W. Wait, a brother of Captain George Wait, who ran so long as conductor, from Goldsboro to Greensboro in the 70's, 80's and early 90's, and until he was retired on account of age was station master at Salisbury. Cap-

tain W. W. Wait, when a real young man was baggage master on the trains running from Charlotte to Gold-boro, as the North Carolina railroad ran before it was leased to the Richmond Danville and its successor the Southern. From this job he headed south, and rose to conductor, taking his present run which he has held of, and but for a wreck on another road, over which he was detouring, on account of trouble on his line, might have been as supple as a man of much less age. As it was he had both legs broken and was counted out for many months, but that stick-to-it that always elevated him made him loth to quit his friends the travelers, and he does his work on a through train as well, if not as fast, as he ever did. He still likes to meet North Carolinians and talk of Charlotte and the other places he used to know so well.

African slavery, as an institution, by the efforts and business genius of certain Northern traders, had become firmly established in this country. The question of its abolition, however, had already risen. Scarcely was the Federal Government organized before a petition for emancipation, headed by the signature of Franklin, was presented to Congress Feb. 12, 1790. After some deliberation, Congress decided that it had no authority to interfere in the slavery regulations of any State, and the question which afterwards caused fierce agitation was for a time set at rest.

STEPPING STONES IN A BOY'S LIFE.

By A. E. Winship, Litt, D.

In the long ago I had a series of articles on "Boys," in The Golden Rule before it became The Christian Endeavor World, which were expanded into my first book, Methods and Principles in Bible-Study, the reputation of which was responsible for my educational activities of those many years.

The best tribute to those articles on boys was from the saintly Cyrus Hamlin, of Robert College, Constantinople, who passed his declining years in New England. His eyesight was failing him; and, as I came up beside him, and ran my arm into his, I said; "It's Winship," to which he replied: "The Boy's Winship?"

In almost endless writing and almost incessant talking about education since then I have always had as my inspiration the encouraging salutation of Dr. Cyrus Hamlin, and I have tried to be "The Boy's Winship."

I should like to use a few minutes in my busy life to steal into the crowded columns of The Christian Endeavor World with a brief suggestive survey of the child, the boy, the lad, the youth and the young man.

In the long ago I had as my school-master my own sons in their child-hood and now I have as my

virile school-master seven grandsons, who hold me responsible for my interpretation of boy life even more than did my parents.

By general consent, as well as by legal designation boys become men at twenty-one; and I venture to intrude into the realm of psychology in home and school, in every church and society in industry and commerce with a new designation, seven periods of three years each, which I will characterize as:

A leafing-time, the first three years.

A pruning-time, four to six.

A budding-time, seven to nine.

A blossoming-time, ten to twelve.

A fruiting-time, thirteen to fifteen.

A harvest-time, sixteen to eighteen.

The marketing-time, nineteen to twenty-one.

The real object of this intrusion is to magnify two facts:

First, that the right home guidance for each of these seven periods is radically different from that of every other period.

Second, that the public should accept responsibility for the education of all mothers in the skillful guidance of their children, so far as the home life of children is concerned in the leafing pruning and budding life of boys; and for the education of fathers, especially in the guidance of their sons in the blossoming, fruiting, and marketing period of their lives.

Most states now have laws requiring expert training of teachers, who must have had, in addition to a four years' high-school training, at least two years of special education in the art of dealing with children in their studies. The assumption is that public protection requires that children be educated by well-trained teachers.

At the same time the public makes no attempt to protect itself against the neglect, or worse, of these who have entire responsibility for children in their leafing and pruning lives, and during twenty times as many waking hours of a child's life in the years he is in school as the teacher does.

When a child is born in the image of God with unlisted inheritances from near and remote ancestors, with possibilities beyond the reach of the imagination of the most brilliant dreamers, he has neither sense nor senses; and no wisdom of scholars or educators, scientists or philosophers, pedagogists or psychologists, has the faintest flicker of an idea how to help him use hands or feet, eyes or ears.

All that science or art, theory or practice, can do for this wonderful creation is to let him enjoy his passion for drink.

Be he in the home of saint or sinner, of Saxon or Mongolian, in the home of artist or savage, he will learn of himself and by himself, and only of himself and by himself how to walk or talk in the home of king or emperor any more than in a gypsy camp or a Hottentot jungle.

In that senseless little being there may be a Copernicus or a Columbus, a Gladstone or a Lloyd George, a Stevenson with a steam engine or a Stephenson in literature, a Franklin or a Foch, a Washington or a Lincoln.

It matters not what there may be of fame or fortune in that crying and cooing babe, no one in the universe

can help him do anything and yet he can learn to do whatever he wishes to do when he needs to do it.

Human nature at eighteen years is much the same as nature at eight months. At all times from the cradle to the polling-booth it is wisdom to see that the milk of the mother or the dairy agree with him in infancy, that home, school, and church agree with him in childhood, boyhood and youth.

The only real teacher of psychology is human life as it functions in its evolution from day to day, from week to week, from month to month, from year to year.

There is little to be learned about children by one who will not learn from children. Book psychology is comedy or tragedy until it is translated through human thought and action. Psychology can no more be harnessed to type than life can function in a manikin.

Franklin, a delegate to the Continental Congress, brought forward a plan for union among all the colonies. He was a member of the committee charged with the duty of drafting the Declaration of Independence. When signing the great document, Benjamin Franklin said: "We must indeed all hang together, or assuredly we shall hang separately."

PLOWS AND PROSPERITY.

By A. H. Eller, in The Wachovia

The implement which above all others created civilization and made possible what is known as prosperity is the plow. The cultivation of the soil which began with the invention of the plow made it possible for men to live in permanent populous communities and civilization found a foot-hold wherever the pastoral tribes of the Stone Age learned the lesson of industry by following the plow. It was undoubtedly in the Valley of the Nile or the Euphrates that the plow was invented for in these Valleys are found the oldest ruins of agricultural settlements.

The first plow was roughly fashioned from a forked tree, one branch serving as the beam while the other branch was cut off and pointed. The Bronze Age introduced a metallic point attached to a wooden block, followed by iron points. The ancient merely stirred or loosened the soil, while modern plows cut a furrow and turn it over so as to cover the sod and weeds and leave fresh soil on the surface as the seed bed or crop which is to be planted or sown. The wrough iron plow was in use during the Colonial Days, and it was not until 1797 that Charles Newbold of New Jersey patented a cast iron plow in which the share and mold-board were cast in one piece. This plow did not prove successful as the cast iron point would soon wear off and the farmers could not afford the cost of renewing so large and expensive casting. However, in 1813 Richard B. Chenaworth of Baltimore patented a cast iron plow in which the share, mold-board and the land-side were cast in separate pieces.

To James Oliver, of South Bend, Indianna, is due the credit for the invention of the Chilled Plow, America's most important contribution to the art of plow making; and it may be added to the growth of wealth and the progress of society. He began the manufacture in 1855 but the varied and devious processes of perfecting his plow is a long story. In every detail of its construction the Chilled Plow shows the hand of a master inventor. Chilled iron has proven itself the ideal material for the wearing parts of a plow. It is harder than any steel that it is practicable to use in a plow, and wears more than twice as long. The plow limits by its efficiency the area which man can cultivate. Ten million American farmers cultivate more land than 100,000,000 agricultural farmers in Asia, where wooden plows are used to prepare the soil. The most distressing circumstance in connection with the Russian Revolution is that in 1920, 100,000 plows were manufactured in that unhappy country while in 1913 the number manufactured was 700,000. While there were in Russia in 1916, 7,000,350 plows, there were in 1921 only 2,750,000. It is not surprising that Lenine finds it necessary to turn towards a system that not only produces plows but employs them in the production of food for the starving race.

The prophecy of plenty as found in the Book of Amos was expressed in the figure of the plowman overtaking the reaper: "Beginning to prepare for the next sowing when the harvest has been gathered.

There have been many inventions of a more unique and spectacular character than the plow. One ofte hears of the telegraph, the telephon the wireless and many other inve tions as the latest and grandest r sults of science, but as compare with the plow in its service to ma kind they are mere leaves to th stately trunk of the giant oak.

There is a dignity about the plov A great majority of men who have a tained eminence first learned the a of the plowboy. The need of the worl today, and no less so in Americ where the onrush from the countr to the city is so powerful, is mo men trained between the plow hanc les and schooled in the art of wi ning bread from the soil.

The Fordson is considered by man a greater invention than the plov and yet without the plow there woul be little or no need for the tracto The importance of the plow has bee magnified and its usefulness wonde fully increased by the invention c the tractor. The tractor has come a a time when happily it can suppl the labor of millions of boys and me men who are deserting the farms fo the city. The hope of a sufficien harvest to feed the teeming million of the world lies in the substitutio of artificial power for the power o man and beast. The writer had th high privilege only a few years ag of riding with Mr. Henry Ford whe he passed through our section of th country and hearing him talk abou what his tractor meant to the worl in the increased production of crop He stated then that he had investe $7,000,000 in his plant to build trac tors, and this lead to the inquir how much additional wealth woul the use of this tractor add to ou

crop values? He replied instantly, "Seventy billion of dollars." Whether he meant during any one year or over a period of many years it is left the reader to figure out to his own satisfaction, but he made it very clear that in his own judgment the tractor was a thousand times more important than the Ford car.

Prosperity based on anything else than agriculture is more or less hazardous and short-lived. A region may be denuded of its minerals, timber and other resources and wealth may appear to abound for the time, but unless the plow remains to take advantage of the recurring seasons and help nature to supply the waste of the old year with the growth of the new year the country will perish. Factories will merely encumber the land and ships will drift idly on the seas, banks will see their deposits waste away without hope of recovery. Here in North Carolina it is the fashion to point to our manufacturing industries as the chief element in our prosperity; but the proudest chapter that has ever been written in the history of our State was cut deep into our rich and virgin soil by the plow, which has placed North Carolina one time in the fourth but during 1922 in the fifth rank in the total crop value of the United States.

At the advanced age of twenty-six he took up the study of foreign languages. He alone attained a reading knowledge of French, Italian, and Spanish. Then he began the study of Latin. He used a copy of the New Testament written in Latin and peristed until he could read it readily.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Swift Davis.

Rev. Mr. Myers, of Concord, conducted religious services in the Auditorium Sunday, January, 7.

—o—

The shop workers are busy making bird trees for the cottages. Kenyon and Shipp are the boy-carpenters who do this work.

—o—

New desks for the fifth school room have arrived. Soon this room where knowledge can be had for the asking, will be furnished and opened.

—o—

Frank Lisk was picked by Supt. Boger to fill a position in the store room, which place was recently vacated by Master Doyle Jackson who left the Training School on an honorable parole Tuesday, Jan. 2. Jackson resides in Greensboro. He will finish his studies in school and perhaps in college before securing a self-supporting job.

—o—

Master Allie Williams, the first Jackson Training School baker, has left for his home in Wilmington, with an honorable parole snugly resting in a pocket. Besides being the best boy-baker, Allie ranked

among the highest as a baseball player. May the people of Wilmington let him show his best, for his best will win him a place in any community.

—o—

A gravel road from the store room to the garden house has been completed by Roadmaster Grier. The gravels prevent the road from becoming very muddy. This is an important venture, for ere many moons elapse, boys will tramp to and fro on that road twice a day. This road enables merchants or other persons with vehicles to reach the ice plant, bakery and laundry without traversing a very steep hill which might strain the machinery of the vehicle.

—o—

Much interest was taken in the election of officers of the Cannon Literary Society, of the Rockingham Cottage. The following were elected: President, Ralph Freeland; Vice President, John Wright; Recording Sect., Sylvester Sims; Corresponding Sect., William Gregory; Censor, David Underwood; 1st Reporting Critic, Loxley Saunders; 2nd Reporting Critic, Thos. Hart; Librarian, Clay Bates; Treasurer, Charles Roper; Sect., Harry Lamb and Sergeant at Arms, Eunice Byers.

—o—

Christmas holidays being over, it was hard for the students to get down to hard work in their studies. Intense concentration was used and in a time the students learned to study again. On Wednesday religious choruses were practised. To the pianoist it seemed that the boys had gone to sleep. She told them this in very vigorous terms. The next chorus was a little better. Just to see if they had really forgotten how to sing, the pianoist tried the chorus of "Is There Any Better Country Than the U. S. A.?" Such an emphatic denial of both insinuations: that they had forgotten how to use their vocal powers and that there is a better country than the U. S. A.

—o—

Sunday, Dec. 31 marked the ending of the Old Year and the ending of the last quarter of the year 1922. To begin the new quarter of the New Year new Sunday-School books had to be given out to the students. And the lads in the higher classes discovered to their surprise and gladness that their quarterlies had been made larger. Consequently more reading matter had been added. No such expressions as this were heard, "Oh, my. More things to learn." On the contrary one student declared, "I'm glad these quarterlies are bigger. I can learn more of the Bible." Another student said, "Anyone would think that we are teachers with these large quarterlies." "Well we are teachers in a way," replied a listener. "We can teach other boys how to act."

THREE CAGERS GONE

By Pressly Mills.

Superintendent Boger is handing out paroles so fast that Mr. Alexander, our basketball coach, will have to replenish our number or soon the team will be broken up.

Three of our very best players Edwards, forward, Jackson and Williams, guards, have been put upon the list of the ones paroled, and perhaps a few more will be added to this list.

We had the prospects of a winning team and perhaps if a few who did not try for the team will take interest and ask Mr. Alexander for a try-out likely they will make the team.

HONOR ROLL.

"A"

Harry Lamb, Bill Cook, Doyle Jackson, Pressley Mills, Allie Williams, Robert Watson, Ralph Cutchin, Vass Fields, Loxley Saunders, Harry Ward, Paul Groves, William Gregory Joe Moore, Loyd Winner, Carroll Guice, Johnny Wright, Luther Chernault, Jas. Dalton, Garland Banks, Sylvester Simms, Eugene Apple, Rufus Wrenn, Douthey Everhart, James Gentry, Earnest Jordan, Thomas Hart, Charles Roper, Washington Pickett, Claude Coley, Norman Iddings, James Foy, Raymond Keenan, Walter Brockwell, Harry Sims, Patrick Templeton, Lorenzo Mixon, Charles Mayo, Albert Hill, Aubrey Weaver, Travis Browning, Ed Moses, Clayton Stephen, Carl Neal, Will Ellington, Murphy Jones, Preston Windows, Sanford Hedrick, Dallas Wensley, Henry Nunnery, Silvon Gregg, William Johnson, Arthur Hyler, Herman Leach, Carlton Hager and Graham York.

Paul Kimmery, Claud Frisk, Bardy Venable, Lee Bradley, Sidney Cook, Chester Shepard, Joseph Jordan, Paul Green, Walter Mills, Robert Holland, Walter McMahan, Emmet Lassiter, Elvis Carlton, James Allen, Robert Holliday, Johnnie Branch, Lee Smith, Herbert Tolly, John Cain, Arthur Duke, Lee Rodgers, Sam Osborne, Pearl Graham, Grover Lyerly, Watson Oquinn, Roy Fuqua, Spencer Combs, Percy Briley, George McCone, Vernie Tarlton, Hugh Tyson, John Kemp, Charles Jackson, Cleburn Hale, Plaz Johnson, Joe Pope, Louis Pate, Normie Lee, Hoke Ensley, Joe Morris, Hiram Grier, Whittock Pridgen, Autry Wilkerson and Thomas Oglesby, Jack O'neil, Carl Henry, Chas. Beach, James Bean, Paul Leitner, Chas. Bishop, Glenn Monday, Bob Carswell, Argo Page, George Earl Pitman, Aster Adams, Harry Dalton, George Howard, Chas. Blackman, Earle Crow.

"B"

Marcellus Corbett, Frank Lisk, Jas. Shipp, Swift Davis, Harry Hayes, Dudley Pangle, George Stogner, Newlan McDonald, Jno. Dalton, Thos. Sessoms, David Underwood, Ellis Nance, J. J. Jones, Robt. Lee, Lockwood Pickett, George Moore, Julius Camp, Daniel Johnson, Joe Mason, Walter Color, Luther Gray, Hazen Ward, George White, Herbert Orr, Solomon Tompson, James Philips, Sam Poplin, James Ford and Earl Houser, Turner Anderson, Forest Byers and David Green,

Crawford Poplin, Connie Loman, Preston McNeil, Raymond Scott, David Driver and Fred Wiles, Charles Parton, Harry Shirley, Worth Stout, Clifton Rodgers, Willie Smith, George Stone, Roy Johnson, Robert Ward, Herman Cook, George Everhart, Clyde Pearce, Julius Strickland, Clyde Hollingsworth, Joe Wof-

ford, Erma Leach, John Henry Vann, David York, Robert Ribling, Grover Cook, James Autry, Anderson Hart, Brevard Bradshaw, Mack Wentz, Irvin Cumbo, John Edwards, Dewey Griffin, Charles Lisk, Frank Brockwell, Marshal Williams, Glen Reddick, Henry Reece, Floyd Linville, Milton Hunt and Everette Goodrich.

OF A LOCAL NATURE.

Marriage of Prominent Couple.

On January 5th, Dr. T. N. Spencer, a prominent professional man and the president of the local Kiwanian Club, was married to Mrs. Helen Archey Wallace, a member of one of the oldest and most prominent families of the community. It was a quiet marriage. Their many friends in the county and elsewhere extend congratulations.

County Health Board.

Met on the 8th and reorganized for the next two years. Drs. McFayden and R. M. King were re-elected members of the Board, the only change in the personal of the board was Mr. J. F. Dayvault, the newly elected chairman of the county board of commissioners succeeding the late chairman, Mr. W. B. Ward. The board as now constituted is composed of Messrs J. F. Dayvault, J. B. Robertson, Mayor J. B. Womble and Drs. King and McFayden.

This board recognizing the very efficient and able direction of the health cause by Dr. S. E. Buchanan, very promptly and wisely re-elected him for the next two years and gave unmistakable endorsement of the character of health campaign being carried on in the county. A letter from Dr. S. W. Rankin, through whose hands all the reports of health activities of the several counties passes, commended most highly the capability and efficiency of Dr. Buchanan and Miss Stockton. While the public expected such action from such broad-gauge and patriotic men as compose the county health board of Cabarrus, it is gratifying that there is to be no let-up in this most important agency of government, but a spirit of pressing forward is manifest. This is fine.

Oldest Citizen Passes

On the 4th there passed from our midst the oldest citizen of the county, Col. Jas. N. Brown, who saw service in the Mexican and the War Between the States, and for years had been a conspicuous citizen of the county, having been a magistrate for years and for many years postmaster at Concord, died near unto a hundred years of age. He leaves a number of daughters and just one son, Mr. J. Lafayette Brown, of South Spring street.

If you would not be forgotten as soon as you are dead, either write things worth reading or do things worth writing.—Franklin.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

Passenger Train Schedules

Arrival and Departure of Passenger Trains, Concord, N. C.

LV.	NO.	BETWEEN	NO.	AR.
1:40A	30	New York-Birmingham	30	1:40A
2:37A	29	Birmingham-New York	29	2:37A
5:12A	44	Washington-Atlanta	44	5:12A
6:32A	31	Atlanta-New York	31	6:32A
8:41A	137	Atlanta-New York	137	8:41A
9:25A	11	Charlotte-Norfolk-Richmond	11	9:25A
10:55A	36	New York Birmingham-New Orleans	36	10:55A
3:20P	45	Washington-Charlotte	45	3:20P
3:45P	46	Charlotte-Danville	46	3:45P
7:10P	12	Norfolk-Richmond-Atlanta	12	7:10P
8:18P	32	New York-Augusta	32	8:18P
10:20P	35	Birmingham-New Orleans-New York	35	10:20P
9:45P	138	New York-Atlanta	138	9:45P
9:31P	135	Washington-Atlanta	135	9:31P

Through Pullman sleeping car service to Washington, Philidelphia, New York, Richmond, Norfolk, Atlanta, Birmingham, Mobile, New Orleans

Unexcelled service, convenient schedules and direct connections to all points.

Schedules published as information and are not guaranteed.

R. H. GRAHAM. D. P. A., Charlotte, N. C.

M. E. WOODY, Ticket Agent, Concord, N. C.

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THE UPLIFT

VOL XI CONCORD N. C. JANUARY 20, 1923 NO. 10

THE CHIEFTAINS

LEE—

"A country which has given birth to men like him, and those who followed him, may look the chivalry of Europe in the face without shame; for the lands of Sidney and of Bayard never brought forth a nobler soldier, gentleman and Christian, than Robert Edward Lee."—London Standard.

JACKSON—

"In Valhalla, beyond the grave, where spirits of warriors assemble, when on the roll of heroes the name of Jackson is reached, it will be for the majestic shade of Lee to pronounce the highest eulogy known to our race, 'Died on the field of duty' "—Richard Taylor.

PUBLISHED BY

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

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The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-setting by the Boys Printing Class. Subscription Two Dollars the year in Advance.

JAMES P. COOK, *Editor*, J. C. FISHER, *Director Printing Department*

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LEE AND JACKSON.

"It was with matchless magnanimity that these two great chieftains delighted each to contribute to the glory of the other.

Let us not dishonor ourselves by robbing either of one leaf in the chaplet which adorns their brows; but, catching the inspiration of their lofty example, let us thank God that He gave us two such names to shine as binary stars in the firmament above us."—Dr. Hoge.

J. BRYAN GRIMES, GREAT NORTH CAROLINIAN.

Not that he possessed the greatest of love for his state, and never paraded it; not that he magnified honesty and exercised great common sense, and despised insincerity and hypocracy; not that he met his obligations, easy or difficult, to the state and his fellow man; not for any one thing that can be specially pointed out and charged up to him—just for himself, we loved him.

Farewell, chivalrous gentleman! You added to the sum total of the fine repute of your native state; you labored intensely for your fellows and to the honor of your state. The crown of well-done, good and faithful servant, must be yours.

Farewell, friend, patriot and great North Carolinian!

****

LEST WE FORGET.

No people can be great, unless they know how toappreciate theglory of the high character and the patriotic service of those who wrought in the

struggles and battles of the years gone by. We dare not forget the heroes of the past. We have no incentive to go foward, meeting heroically the responsibilities and obligations of our own life, if we lack the pride in the deeds of the great men, who wrought before our times.

There is too little of the holding-up to our children the ideals that actuated and sustained the great men of the past. The children hear too infrequently the glorious names of Lee and Jackson, and the story of their loyalty to the cause of their native land, even unto the point of terrible sacrifice. Scattered about over the state are hundreds of the "thin, grey line," who love to look on the faces of Lee and Jackson, and it requires but little time for their sons and daughters to tell the story of these noblemen to the young. Let's do it.

The youngsters here on this campus are all thinking of these illustrious chieftains which the South contributed to enrich American history; and to them no better models of fine ideals, honesty, courage, and religious consecration could be pointed out in all history. There is no treason in this—to study, admire and strive to copy after the ideals of greatness such as characterized the lives and conduct of Lee and Jackson are expressions of the consuming desire to live upright, correct lives ourselves.

THE UPLIFT is doing what it can, in a small and modest way in this issue to commemorate the births of two of the choicest spirits in all the ages.

* * * * * * *.

COL. WADE HARRIS NAMES THE MAN.

In a recent number of THE UPLIFT, some remarks were made relative to the live wire, and necessary one, that was put into the law under which The State Highway Commission so effectively and successfully goes about its important work of locating roads and getting material without having to "ask permission" of outsiders.

THE UPLIFT expressed a desire to know the name of the man who put that mighty power into the law, which has served to prevent hold-ups and interminable litigation. Col. Harris, paying his respects to the occasion of inquiry, names the man. THE UPLIFT entertained very lively suspicions as to who the fellow was that carried about with him a long head, full of sense and vision, but it was hankering for his name to be printed out loud by a reliable authority. And this is how Col. Harris of the Charlotte

Observer names the man:

"Cook wants to know the name of the man 'who put that dynamic force in the law under which the North Carolina Highway Commision operates.' This man, Cook affirms, "has a head on him. right." He will be found on the top floor of the Law Building in Charlotte, behind the glass door marked "Heriot Clarkson."

* * * * * * * *

A BEAUTIFUL STORY FROM REAL EXPERIENCE.

"Old Hurrygraph" furnishes for this issue one of the tenderest and sweetest stories imaginable, at the same time it is full of human anxiety and sadness. Human skill may have done much, medical science made contributions, but who there be that doubts the efficacy of the prayers of that godly, devoted wife, who went to her God in great earnestness and sincere petitions appealing for mercy and help.

The joy of the story is in the conclusion—the prayer was answered, and the principals in their own flesh and perfectly normal are still with us, giving fine service to their state and their fellowmen.

* * * * * * *

A BEQUEST RECEIVED.

The Jackson Training School has just received a check from Mrs. Sallie S. Morris, executrix of the estate of Mr. T. H. Street, of Person county, for five hundred dollars. This remembrance of the institution was made in the gentleman's will.

Hon. Luther M. Carlton, attorney for the executrix, writes: "Mr. Street was one of our leading citizens, and a great church and Sunday School worker in the Baptist denomination, and has often told me that he had a great admiration for the work of the Jackson Training School." It shall be the abiding purpose of the authorities to so invest this bequest as to prove a blessing to the unfortunate and thus sustain the good opinion expressed to Mr. Carlton by Mr. Street, who, though dead, by this act is serving forever his fellow man. This kind of an investment can never cease—it is perpetual.

THE UPLIFT takes this occasion to make mention that it has come to our knowledge that there have been written into a large number of wills of North Carolinians bequests of varying amounts. Every few weeks an official of the institution is asked in what name should bequests to the Jackson Training School be made. This is encouraging. It is no fanciful ambition to hope, after seven more cottages and several other buildings are added to the plant—thus making the plant equal to the demand

of the entire state in this feature of its welfare work—that a systematic effort may not succeed in raising an endowment sufficient to make the financing of the institution in the most modernly acceptable manner an easy proposition. This purpose is fully determined, and, if life be spared, there is no reason to doubt its accomplishment.

The public more and more is becoming obsessed with the truth that we owe substantial care and interest in the unfortunate, who, most often are not entirely responsible for their condition, are the victims of unfortunate surroundings and environment. It is an inspiring and noble thing to hand out the life-line to such, and see them respond most readily to these deeds of helpfulness and training!

* * * * * * *

ENROLLMENT AT STATE UNIVERSITY.

Mr. Thomas J. Wilson, Jr., the registar of the university of North Carolina, in his annual report submitted to President Chase gives some interesting facts, among which is the statement that 92.1 per cent of the students are from North Carolina. It further states:

Among the counties, Guilford leads with 107 and Orange is next with 98. Then comes Buncombe with 84, Mecklenburg with 83, and Wake with 71.

Only nine students are from foreign countries. They are distribued as follows: Mexico, 1; Cuba, 3; China, 2; Germany, 1; Japan,1; India, 1,

South Carolina with 42 to her credit, sends more students to Chapel Hill this year than any other outside state. Virginia is second with 22, and Tennessee third with 11. After that the rank is: Georgia, 9; Florida, 8; New Jersey, 6; Alabama, 5; Washington, D. C., 5; Louisana, 4; New York, 4; Ohio, 4; Connecticut, 3. The states represented here by two students each are Arkansas, Kentucky, Mississippi, and Massachusetts; and those represented by one student each are Missouri, Illinois, New Hampshire, Washington, Pennsylvania, and California.

The number of women in attendance at the university has gone from 41 in the year 1919-1920 to 73 at present."

* * * * * * *

A GRACEFUL RECOGNITION.

Senator Giles, of the McDowell district, made a very graceful and happy move in the North Carolina State Senate, last week. Recognizing that women are just as much a part of the body-politic of the greatest state in the union, he moved that young Miss Varser, of the county of Robeson, be made a page in the Senate. It, of course, carried unamimously. Sena-

tor Giles could have gone farther, and the Senate, we make bold to assert, would have profited in a superior service, by having Miss Varser the Head Page.

This is the first time in the history of the American union that a member of the feminine sex has ever held a position of this kind. It is a distinct honor most worthily bestowed.

* * * * * *

THAT FETZER PAIR.

The university of North Carolina authorities have closed arrangements by which the Fetzer brothers—Bill and Bob Fetzer, to be explicit—will for the next five years have charge of athletics and physicial culture at that institution. These boys are ffne characters—couldn't be otherwise, for behind them were an extraordinarily fine father and mother, the very salt of the earth. In fact, they are Concord products, which explains much of the presence of the happy qualities they possess.

And, now we may look forward without misgivings to the Thanksgiving! event with the University of Virginia. It's a pity, but it must be done

* * * * * * *

"THE GRAND OLD MAN."

Gov. Rufus Alexander Doughton, the representative from the county of Alleghany, whom his friends, and they are legion, have come to think of as "The Grand Old Man," celebrated his sixty-sixth birthday last week, and the house, in shutting up shop for the day, adjourned in his honor. That's the thing to do—hand the deserving ones the sweet flowers of appreciation and love while yet in the flesh. Anybody can say something good in the presence of the white face of the dead.

It is of interest to note that Gov. Doughton's mother is yet living and she enjoys the same day that her distinguished son does for a birthday.

Last Meeting of Lee and Jackson.

On the night Before Chancellorsville. There is no record of the subjects discussed by the two chieftains; but it is natural to suppose that they confined their deliberations to the details of the work they had in hand for the next day.

FAVORITE HYMNS OF THE CHIEFTAINS.

GENERAL LEE'S—

How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in His excellent Word
What more can He say than to you He hath said,
You, who unto Jesus for refuge have fled?
&c, &c.

GENERAL JACKSON'S—

Jesus, Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Savior, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last.
&c, &c.

"BY THIS ARM."

And, where, in all the annals of the world's sorrow for departed worth, was there such a pathetic impersonation of a nation's grief as was embodied in the old mutilated veteran of Jackson's division, who, as the shades of the evening fell, and when the hour for the closing of the doors of the Capitol came, and when the lingering throng was warned to retire, was seen anxiously pressing through the crowd to take his last look at the face of his beloved leader. "They told him he was too late; that they were closing up the coffin for the last time; that the order had been given to clear the hall. He still struggled forward, refusing to take a denial, until one of the marshalls of the day was about to exercise his authority to force him back; upon this the old soldier lifted the stump of his right arm towards the heavens, and with tears running down his bearded face, exclaimed, 'By this arm, which I lost for my country, I demand the privilege of seeing my general once more!' Such an appeal was irresistible, and, at the instance of the governor of the commonwealth, the pomp was arrested until this humble comrade had also dropped his tear upon the face of his dead leader."—Dr. Hoge.

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LEE AND JACKSON.

We honor ourselves when we strive to keep alive and familiar the chief facts in the lives and the accomplishments of the South's greatest soldiers. It is somewhat an unnatural thing to associate war or its results or the leaders in war with an abiding faith in and practices of deep piety and religion. But all history, partisan and even the biased historian, accords to Lee and Jackson the estimate of truly Christian and pious men.

They fought a losing fight, they became the victims of a new era, and such glory as attaches to their names and their memory would have perished long since and could not exist, did not they stand out as superb examples of personal greatness, great honor, unblemished characters and representatives of the finest types of Christian heroes. In the season of the anniversaries of General R. E. Lee and General Thomas Johnathan Jackson, THE UPLIFT finds it very fitting to compile for our readers the outstanding events in the lives of these great Southerners.

GENERAL ROBERT EDWARD LEE.

Robert Edward Lee,

The youngest son of "Light Horse Harry" Lee, was born at Stratford House on the 19th of January, 1807, one hundred and sixteen years ago. Of him a very small boy, as is the case of hundreds of others who afterwards became distinguished in the services they rendered to their country and to their fellow-man, almost nothing is known. He was just like other small boys, with their troubles, aches and accidents; their appetites for cakes, pies and candies; and losing their father's knives and dulling their tools.

On account of business reverses, his father moved to Alexandria, to get the benefit of good schools. It is said that he learned fast, and won the admiration of his teachers.

When Robert was about six years old a sadness came into his young life. In a difficulty that occurred at the home of a Baltimore editor upon whom a party had called to get justice for an article they did not like and following the ensuing quarrel Col. Lee was severly hurt hurt. He went to the West Indies, seeking a warmer climate, hoping to regain his health. It did not improve and after five years he prepared to return to Virginia. Growing much weaker, he was removed from the vessel and put ashore near Cumberland Island, off the coast of Georgia. He went to "Dengeness," the home of his old friend, General Greene, where he died two months later. His body was buried among the beautiful trees and flowers of Cumberland Island, and was never removed to Virginia.

At his father's death and just eleven years of age, Robert became the head of the family, for all the older children had left home. He had too the care of an invalid mother who could not even walk. Robert took charge of the household affairs as well as those on the outside. The story of young Lee tenderly careing for and waiting on his ill and helpless mother is inspiring and reveals the character and the traits that are to-day remembered conspicious traits of the man and the general—interest in and consideration for others. The old home in Alexandria where his mother lived and died remained dear to him after he became great and famous. Upon a visit in after years to the old home the great man went about trying to locate the old snow-ball trees which were attachments of his youthful days.

The Cadet.

There comes into the life of every normal child or youth the time when he must make a decision on his occupation or the dircetion of his activities as a man. The same time had come into the lfe of Lee. Many of the Lees had been soldiers. Robert wanted to be one, so he sought to enter the Military Academy at West Point. Having made his plans, he discovered that he was lacking in mathematical preparation (this seems today to be the weakness of nearly every appointee either to the Military Academy or to the Naval Academy) so he took a course under a very capable teacher, a Mr. Hallowell, who is on record as having said that young Lee "never missed a lesson." The rules of the academy were then and are now very positive, as they should be. It is said that it is the rarest thing for a cadet to go

through without a single demerit; but Robert E. Lee did. Lee did not smoke, nor swear, but he was full of fun. He is thought of by all, friend and foe, alike, as "the perfect gentleman."

In 1829, at the age of twenty-two years of age, he graduated, standing second in a large class as to scholarship; and in rank he had risen to be adjutant of the battalion. Returning home, he found his old mother more ill and more helpless. He stayed by her, perferring to wait upon her rather than permit others to do it. Two months after his return from West Point, his mother died.

The Engineer.

In the year of his graduation, Lee entered the United States Corps of Engineers. It is a compliment and a reward to be a member of this Corps because it is made up of first honor graduates. He was made a brevet lieutenant, and sent to the coast of Virginia, where he was busied in building and repairing Fortress Monroe. In later years, when the War Between the States was raging, it became his duty to conspire to destroy the very Fortress which he built.

In June, 1831, when less than twenty-four years old, he married Mary Custis, the daughter of George Washington Parke Custis, who was an adopted son of General George Washington. Two years after his marriage, Lee was put on duty at Washington. In 1835 he located the boundary line that separates Ohio and Michigan. The next year he was made first lieutenant.

One of the greatest pieces of engineering in all the history of engineering was Lee's accomplishment in saving St. Louis from inundation by the overflowing Mississippi. Growing impatient with the delay, some of the people sought to have his withdrawal, others desired to do him and his crew bodily harm; but the young lieutenant stood his ground and courageously informed them that they "could do with their money what they wanted to do, but I was sent here to do certain work and I shall do it." And he did.

In 1838, he was made a captain; and six years later, in 1844, he was put on the Board of Visitors to the Academy at West Point. As his powers became better known and as he accomplished one job after another to his credit and to the satisfaction of the authorities he was called higher, and in 1845 he was made member of the Board of Engineers of the United States.

The Captain of Engineers.

The part that Lee played in the Mexican War stands up large in the successful issue of that war. He proved his valor, his fine capacity and intelligence in the approach of many serious situations to such an extent that his superior officers conveyed to the Washington authorities high compliments to him. For fearlessness displayed in a most dangerous situation, and his strategy in overcoming what seemed insurmountable difficulties, Lee was later in the Mexican struggle brevetted Lieutenant colonel. Again, General Scott, after praising Lee for his energy and courage and declaring that his "own success in Mexico was largely due to the skill, valor, and undaunt-

ed energy of Robert E. Lee," he was made colonel.

At Home.

After a long and tedious journey home, due to the lack of facilities for quick travel, Colonel Lee was heartily welcomed to the bosom of his family. He had seven children, whose names are in order of their ages as follows: George Washington Curtis, Mary, William Henry Fitzhugh, Annie, Agnes, Robert Edward and Mildred.

Again at West Point.

After a time, in 1852, having spent several years in Baltimore, Lee was made Commandant of the Military Academy at West Point. Again he could have his family with him—his wife, his boys and girls, and his horse (Grace Darling, which he rode throughout the Mexican expedition) the dogs and cats, of which he was very fond—all went to live with him there. Curtis, his eldest son, was already a cadet in the Academy.

The Cavalry Officer.

While Jefferson Davis was Secretary of War, two regiments of cavalry were added to the U. S. army. In 1855, Lee was appointed lieutenant colonel in one of the regiments. So he left West Point to take this place. It was his first experience in actually commanding of men in the army, for while in Mexico his work was that of engineering. Barring Albert Sidney Johnston, Lee was highest officer in his regiment.

Their business in Texas was to suppress the evils of the Indians and to hold them in check. In 1857, Albert Sidney Johnston was sent to other engagements and Lee was made commander. In the fall of 1857, Lee's father-in-law died. This necessitated his return to Arlington. It is of record that in the will of Mr. Custis he had directed that at the end of five years all his slaves should be set free. Lee was chosen by him to see that the provisions of the will were carried out. After his business was completely wound up, Lee returned to Texas. Here he spent two years more.

About the time the fanatic John Brown undertook to free all the negroes by his own method and pulled off his stunt at Harper's Ferry, Colonel Lee was at home. President Buchanan sent him with soldiers to arrest Brown. Col. Lee tried to persuade Brown of the folly of his efforts and urged Brown to surrender (Brown had shut himself up in an engine house) and promised him a fair trial by officers of the law. Brown refused, and Lee's men battered down the door and John Brown and his raiders were captured and turned over to thhe civil authorities. (When John Brown was finally executed it was witnessed by the grandfather of a fine and promising little fellow, now a student at this institution and who is himself setting this very item into type.) Having performed his duty at Harper's Ferry Lee returned to Texas.

The Confederate General.

A separation of the state was threatening about this time. In 1861, after Texas had seceded from the Union, the United States War Department ordered Colonel Lee to report to General Scott at Washington. He at once left Texas, reaching the capitol the latter part of Febru-

ary.

On the 17th of April, 1861, Virginia seceded from the Union. Gen. Scott tried to retain Lee in the service of the United States. It is claimed with serious earnestness by parties then in high authority, and certain histories now proclaim the fact, that President Lincoln sent an officer to offer Lee the command of the United States army. Telling the officer, as the story goes, that he himself was opposed to secession and war if they possible could be avoided, and above all things he wished to preserve the Union, and that if he owned the four million slaves in the South, he would give them up to save the Union, but said he, "I cannot draw my sword on Virginia, my native state, nor take any part in an invasion of the Southern States.

Besides the pain from separating from the Union, Lee's resignation cost him his fortune, including his beautiful and beloved Arlington. But Lee was ALWAYS DUTIFUL AND HONORABLE. After fighting through the four long bitter years of the war, having lost his property and injured his health, he remarked, "I acted at first in the only way that was free from dishonor; if all were to do over again, I would act in precisely the same manner."

On April 23, three days after his resignation from the United States army, the Virginia Convention placed him in command of the military forces of that state, as major general. He was then fifty-four years of age. Addressing the Convention he said, in the greatest of modesty, "I would have much preferred if you had chosen an abler man," and accepting the honor, he closed, "I accept the honor, trusting in an Almighty God, and approving conscience, and the aid of my fellow-citizens."

On May 25th all the Virginia troops were turned over to the Confederate States government. This ended Lee's service as major general. But he soon became a brigadier general, being one of the five appointed by the Confederate Congress.

To follow the great soldier and beloved general throughout the activities of the War Between the States is an impossibility. This may best be had from the just and fair histories; besides to cover the campaign in detail would require a space much greater than THE UPLIFT affords.

Lee As a College President.

Quite easily, after the great conflict, General Lee by commercializing his record and popularity, could have made an independent fortune. But he refused every overture. But when the officials of Washington University, at Lexington, Va., called him to its head, he frankly counseled them as to certain fears he entertained; but they prevailed. An observant writer tells of him as a College President in these words: "In 1865, when accepting the presidency, he said: I have led he young men of the South to battle; I have seen many of them die upon the field. I shall now devote myself to training young men to do their duty in life. No one could have been better prepared to fulfil this pledge than Robert E. Lee.

"He found the college in a run-

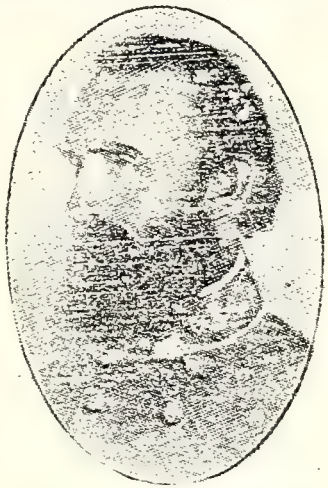
down condition. There was little money in the treasury, instructors were inefficient and the discipline lax. He set to work to make the college all that it should be, and his success proved again his ability to lead men. He was firm, yet very kind and thoughtful, and won the love and admiration of the students. By his example and by fatherly talks with the students he sought to lead each one to be a Christian. For five years he continued his labors at the college. Then his health began to fail, and on the morning of October 12, 1870, General Lee passed away. Thus the nation lost one of its noblest characters, one of its best-loved men, and one of its greatest leaders."

His dying words were: "Let the Tent be Struck."

THOMAS JONATHAN JACKSON.

Thomas Jonathan Jackson, known the world over as "Stonewall" Jackson, was born at Clarksville, W. Va., January 21st, 1824. He was the third of four children of Jonathan Jackson and his wife Julia Neale. The father died when Thomas was but three years old, and the mother was left with three children and no means of support. The same old, sad story that is occurring all the time throughout the ages; and yet how often do the products of such circumstances and such difficulties use them as stepping stones and come to the front as bright jewels of society, mighty forces for good and leave the world better for having played their parts.

To provide for herself and her children the widowed mother of young Jackson taught school and worked at sewing. The children were homed by uncles and aunts. Thomas went to live with Cummins Jackson, an uncle, who in reality



GENERAL STONEWALL JACKSON.

took the place of father to him, and in 1842 secured his appointment in the national military academy at West Point. The appearance of Jackson when he entered the academy has been described as follows: "A slender lad, who walked rapidly, with his head bent forward; a grave, thoughtful face, which gave him a dull look; but when anything interested him, his form became erect, his eyes flashed steel, and his smile —sweet as a girl's—would brighten his whole face."

After his graduation at West Point, he was sent to aid Gen. Scott in the Mexican war. He acquitted himself so well that he returned with the rank of major. When the War Between the States broke out, Jackson was living at Lexington, Virgi-

nia. He sided with his state—how could an honest, upright man do otherwise? Jackson joined the Confederate army under Lee. On July 3, 1861, he was made brigadier-general. In the battle of Bull Run, Jackson was supporting Gen. Bee, with his forces ranged an a hill near by. Bee, observing his staying qualities and to encourage his soldiers, pointed to the ridge and cried out: "There is Jackson standing like a stone-wall: rally behind the Virginians." A moment later, Bee was killed. Soon ofter Jackson's force was engaged with the enemy. His order to the men was: "Reserve your fire till they come within fifty yards; then fire and give them the bayonet; and when you charge, yell like the furies." (The average man would have used a term other than "furies," but those who knew the high Christian character of the great Jackson know well that was just as near swearing as he ever approached.) This is said to have been the origin of the afterward well-known "rebel yell."

THE UPLIFT has no ambitious purpose to follow the brilliant soldier through his matchless course in the activities of the War Between the States. It would be beyond the space at command and a sense of fear of inability to do the great subject justice would deter us. Our highest ambition, therefore, is merely to touch the high lights in this brilliant and godly life, which has enriched the annals not only of the South but of the entire nation.

Although the Confederate successes of the Chancellorsville campaign were brilliant in the extreme, they nevertheless proved dearly bought victories. Jackson's attack upon Hooker's right flank ended at twilight. Expecting to continue the attack the next day, he rode forward with several members of his staff to reconnoiter. Returning, the reconnoitering party were in the dusk mistaken for Federal cavarly, and a body of Confederate soldiers fired upon them. (I wonder if ever the names of those Confederate soldiers ever became known. Only the Lord knows how they suffered for this awful error!) Jackson received a wound that directly afterward hastened his death. The illustrious soldier passed away May 10th, at Guinea Station.

Stonewall Jackson.

By Dick Taylor, son of President Taylor.

"After attending to necessary Camp details I sought Jackson, whom I had never met.

The mounted officer who had been sent in advance pointed out a figure perched on the topmost rail of a fence overlooking the road and field, and said it was Jackson. Approaching, I saluted and declared my name and rank, then waited for a response. Before this came I had time to see a pair of cavalry boots covering feet of gigantic size, a mangy cap with visor drawn low, and heavy, dark beard, and weary eyes—eyes I afterward saw filled with intense but never brilliant light. A low, gentle voice inquired the road and distance marked that day. "Keazletown road, six and twenty miles." "You seem to have no stragglers." "You must teach my people, they

struggle badly." A bow in reply. Just then my creoles started their band and a waltz. After a contemplative suck at a lemon, "thoughtless fellows for serious work" came forth. I expressed a hope that the work would not be less well done because of gayety. A return to the lemon gave me an opportunity to retire. Where Jackson got his lemons "no fellow could find out," but he was rarely without one. To have lived twelve miles from that fruit would have disturbed him as much as it did the witty Dean.

Quite late that night General Jackson came to my camp fire where he stayed some hours. He said we would move at dawn, asked a few questions about the marching of my men, which seemed to have impressed him, and then remained silent. If silence be golden, he was a "bonanza." He sucked lemons, ate hardtack and drank water, and praying and fighting appeared to be his idea of the "whole duty of man."

I have written that he was ambitious; and his ambition was vast, all absorbing. Like the unhappy wretch from whose shoulder sparng the foul serpent, he loathed it, perhaps feared it—it was himself; nor rend it—it was his own flesh. He fought it with prayer, constant and earnest, Apollyon and Christian in ceaseless combat. What limit to set to his ability I know not, for he was ever superior to occasion. Under ordinary circumstances it was difficult to estimate him because of his peculiarities—peculiarities that would have made a lesser man absurd, but that served to enhance his martial fame as those of Samuel Johnson did his literary eminence. He once observed, in reply to an allusion to his severe marching, that it was better to lose one man in marching than five in fighting; and acting on this, he invaribly surprised the enemy—Milroy at McDowell, Banks and Fremont in the Valley, McClellan's right at Cold Harbor, Pope at Second Manassas.

Fortunate in his death, he fell at the summit of glory before the sun of the Confederacy had set, ere defeat and suffering and selfishness could turn their fangs upon him. As one man, the South wept for him; foreign nations shared the grief; even Federals praised him. With Wolfe and Nelson and Havelock, he took his place in the hearts of the English-speaking peoples.

OUTFLANKED.

By Isaac Erwin Avery.

Col. Peter Akers, the celebrated auctioneer, who was in Charlotte last week, tells the story that he declares is original and has never been published. He was a Confederate soldier and fought under Stonewall Jackson, and loves most to talk of that leader.

"Jackson," said he, "was the greatest military genius the world has ever seen. With a handful of barefooted men he flanked large armies and whipped three or four armies in a day. His genius was displayed oftenest in that flank movement?

"When he died, St. Peter sent two angels for him. They searched the field, the hospitals—the whole army, but could not find him. They returned and told this to St. Peter.

Said he, "Why, he has flanked you both and has been here six hours."

Truly a Patriot.

His loss was irreparable to the Confederacy. A man of pure and spotless character, both North and South unite in honoring his memory. His life was given to the service of his state. As a teacher, he instructed her youth in her Military Institute at Lexington. As a patriot, he hastened to her defense at the first indication that she was to be attacked. As a devout Christain, he never failed to render to the Almighty the prayerful tribute of a strong and earnest nature before every battle. As a general, he inspired unlimited confidence in the hearts of his men, and they had come to believe that where he was, defeat could not be. As a Military genius, he stands among the greatest military commanders the world has produced.

Lee's son Curtis was in the United States army when the War Between he States broke out. General Lee wrote: "Tell Custis he must consult his own judgment, reason and conscience as to the course he may take. I do not wish him to be guided by my wishes or example. If I have done wrong, let him do better."

CALLED BACK FROM THE GRAVE.

By Old Hurrygraph.

What a strange thing is human nature!

Human beings all being built on the same general plan, it would seem as if every mind ought to work alike, and there would be but a slight difference in the impression that external objects would have on the understanding. Two persons looking at the same thing will have a very different view of what they see, and use comparatively few of the same words in describing what they saw. The eye is the same in general, and yet there is some mysterious power which operates upon the intellect, sentiments and passions and makes the individual of the man. Beauty to one person is ugliness to another; and what would bring joy to one, sends grief to others. It is a many-sided human nature, and about as easy to understand as the language of the people of Mars. There are some people who meet trouble with a smile. They are the philosophers who know the shortness of life, and that worry only brings on old age more rapidly without any recompense.

Here is one human experience full of heart-throbs; almost unaccountable in its workings, and intensely weird in its grotesqueness—a mind, like a piece of delicate machinery, run down by the stress of a strenuous business life, and touched by the hand of disease, was sprinkled o'er with peculiar colorings, and filled with mental "will o' the wisps." It is an experience wherein loyal devotion kept ever brilliant the electric lamp of love, and prayers were

answered by the shining faith in a trinne God. It is an experience full of experiences.

Jim Bennett was a newspaper man — an industrious journalist. He worked hard, but worrying over many little things, he broke down. He became a bundle of eccentricities. The doctors might call it neurasthenia, parasis, hallucination, or any other high-sounding word, but Jim had a severe brain-storm. Being restored to his usual good health and cheerfulness, this is the way Jim relates the ordeal through which he passed:

"Never had such an experience before. I hope no one else will have a similiar one. I did not yield to the physician's practice, after five week's treatment. Recovery appeared to have vanished. My mind was peopled with the strangest characters; unnatural situations; and every noise and thing around me, animate and inanimate, seemed to delight in arguing with me in my thoughts. It was a veritable realization of Shakespeare's words that there were "tongues in trees," and an adviser and tattler in every object. There were not only tongues in trees, but tongues in all sounds to my mind. Vehicles, as they rumbled by, rolled off imaginary sentences to disturb my equilibrium, and upset my mental household. The tick of the clock was a veritable phonograph, imparting imaginary forebodings. The chatter of English sparrows were as a convention of old maids passing upon my condition, and giving motherly advice as to the disposition of my worldly effects. The 'choo-choo' and whistle's shriek of the railway engines were tongues of lamentations, imparting gloomy impressions. It appeared that my thoughts were in the minds of others before I could think them out intelligently for myself. My mind seemed to read the thoughts of others and conjure up discussions, arguments and reasons of whys and wherefores for the scurrying, mad-rushing trains of thoughts that flew through my brain with the rapidity of lightning expresses, that would stump a Philadelphia—or even a New York lawyer.

"The moving pictures on my mind's receptacle film—strangest of all strange things—was, that my business was going to pieces, and that my wife was drifting from me, even while doing her best to nurse me back to health. The wind whistled voices of despair through laughing, mocking, quivering leaves. The crowing of the roosters heralded despondency in the midnight watches and early morn. Every footfall and every shoe sole appeared to be gifted with a voice that spoke to me in sombre, unnatural tones that the world was up-side down; rest and quietness had been banished from the face of the earth, and twisted my nerves into a bundle of disconnected live wires of torture. These and many other uncanny things added faggots to the weird fires that were burning in my brain, whose flaming tongues leaped about in ecstatic glee, as if rejoicing in their mad capers to consume my vitality. My cranium was a United States Congress in hot debate; a sewing society in the height of enjoyment over rich bits of neighborhood gossip; a tree full of English sparrows in mortal combat. Thus I went—mentally flying in airships, spinning in automo-

biles; speeding in roaring trains; rocking in tempest-tossed steamers; and sailing through myriads of inanimated things that seemed to possess a voice disposed to argue with me until I had to go—

"To a sanitarium."

"The sanitarium, with its rigidness and humane treatment, did the work. It adjusted all the trollies and switches on the mind's main line and brought me out on the right track again, as smoothly as riding in the most gorgeous Pullman car.

"Arriving at the sanitarium, I scanned the imposing building somewhat with horror. As I entered the door a gust of wind swept by and whispered, 'Abandon hope all ye who enter here.' I was about to do it—abandon hope and all else. Every footstep of head physician, and attendant, came to me as words, saying, 'Poor fellow; he is bad off. He is crazy.' I thought so myself, and this would finish me up right. The world appeared to close in on me, and the horizon circled down to a small rim. As I was being conducted to my appointed apartment, within the great brick walls, the attendant placed his arm affectionately about my waist and tenderly said, 'Come with me.' Forget him! I never can. His tenderness and action burst into a star of hope.

"Other characters and noises began to appear and to break in on me, and argue in my brain. I beheld a cheerful-looking patient, twiddling his thumbs across his breast, but not a word spoke he to me. My mind wondered if he was being treated for that ailment. There seemed nothing for me to do but sit down. I did. Then thought I to myself, looking at the twiddler, 'Old fellow, if you can do that with so much ease and grace, I can, too; and I will help you in your work.' I began to twiddle my thumbs in the self-same way. Just here reason began to sparkle like a diamond covered with dust, just for a few moments. Another eccentric character was asked by a visitor, who was going through the sanitarium, on an observation tour, 'What are you doing here?' To which he replied: 'A lot of fools brought me here, and a lot of fools are continually going through here asking me a lot of fool questions.' Reason began slowly to ascend her throne. Another star peeped out. I began to see cheerful daylight dawn upon the horizon of my mind. I saw other patients less fortunate than I. I began to get out and away from self. Step by step, under the rigid rules of the sanitarium, and the medical treatment—the rest cure—day by day I walked forth from the haunted groves of unnatural mental torture, and came out into the beautiful and refreshing vale of health. Came home with every faculty adjusted to perfect harmony; sound in mind as one of Uncle Sam's silver dollars, and as clear as the tone of a new bell. I brought with me a heart overflowing with gratitude to an Allwise Father above for the safe delivery from the crucible of a lengthy affliction."

Jim Bennett had been to a school of experience in which he learned things that could be taught in no other way. Back of all the trials, anxieties and fears, the dynamo of

loyal wifely care and devotion was sending along the silvered wires of prayer, the electric spark, which imparted a portion of that Heavenly flame, which is the element of faith and love that conquers in the end. Jim was praying as earnestly as he knew how at one end of the line. His wife at the other. With the throne of Grace above, the central point of their pleadings, it formed a triangle of human endeavor. Stars shine brightest in the darkest night; spices smell sweetest when pounded. When affliction hangs heaviest, earth's sordid desires hang loosest; grace that is hidden in nature, as sweet incense in rose-leaves, is most fragrant when the fire of affliction is put under to distill it out. A gracious God knows what keys in a human soul to touch in order to draw out its sweetest and most perfect harmony.

A petite, black-eyed little woman had put her faith in God, and morn and eve ascended the golden ladder of prayer to the invisible white throne in Jim's behalf. Healing came on the wings of every thought and every sigh helped to form a beautiful rainbow of promise.

She took charge of Jim's business affairs, while he was four months in the sanitarium—ran the paper he owned better than he could himself. She was financially successful in her efforts, and was the wonder of the town, a fact Jim did not know until his home-coming, and he took his seat upon the editorial tripod.

The clouds have rolled by: the heart-throb waves have receded into solacing, calm resignation, and recognition of a Divine hand that "moves in a mysterious way, His wonders to perform," and a beautiful faith now casts its gleaming light across Jim Bennett's pathway.

The roses are hiding the thorns; and the roses are so sweet.

BEN HILL'S TRIBUTE TO GEN. LEE:

"He possessed every virtue of other great commanders without their vices. He was a foe without hate; a friend without treachery; a soldier without cruelty; a victor without oppression; and a victim without murmuring. He was a public officer without vices; a private citizen without wrong; a neighbor without reproach; a Christian without hypocracy; and a man without guile. He was Caesar without his ambition; Frederick without his tyranny; Napoleon without his selfishness; and Washington without his reward. He was obedient to authority as a servant, and royal in authority as a true king. He was gentle as a woman in life; modest and pure as a virgin in thought; watchful as a Roman vestal in duty; submissive to law as Socrates; and grand in battle as Achilles."

JOHN BRYAN GRIMES.

Col. J. Bryan Grimes, Secretary of State since January, 1901, and who had been ill for two weeks with

influenza and pneumonia, died Thursday evening, January 11th, at 8:30, at his residence in Raleigh. This death is a shock to the entire state.

It is not too much to say that North Carolina never had a more capable and beloved officer. With him duty and loyalty to the state and her best interests and progress along all lines was a passion. He loved the state, he loved her people and he was jealous of her good name.

Col. Grimes made of his office one of the most orderly and systemtized departments to be found in any state government. Of sterling character, cordiality and sincerity being innate with him, he enjoyed the confidence of the state and won the friendship and esteem of all who learned to know him or have dealings with him. Brave and courageous, he stood for truth and accuracy on all occasions.

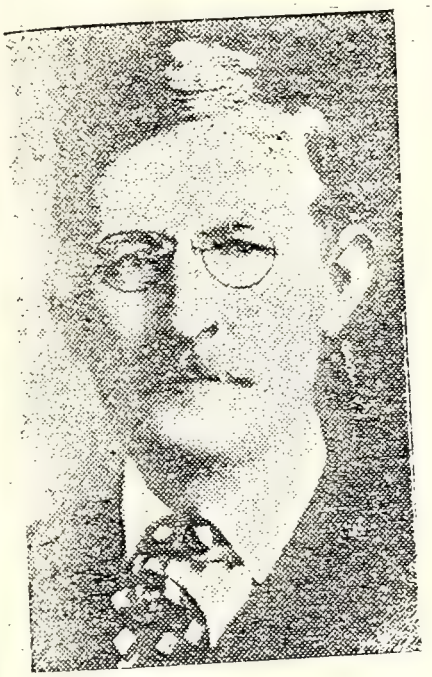
He was in his fifty-fifth year, having been born in Raleigh, June, 1868. He was the son of General Bryan Grimes, a distinguished soldier of the Confederacy, and a prominent and leading citizen of Eastern North Carolina, residing in Pitt county where he had large land interests. It was here that the late Secretary of State was reared to manhood.

The thousands of people who annually visited the state capitol, and loved to speak the time-of-day with the charming gentleman and patriot, who grasped every opportunity to promote the development of the state, share with the bereaved widow and the family the deep sorrow over the passing of this strong man, this chivalrous gentleman, Col. J. Bryan Grimes.

"What is life without honor? Degredation is worse than death. We must think of the living and of those who are to come after us, and see that by God's blessings we transmit to them the freedom we have enjoyed."—Stonewall Jackson.

HON. WILLIAM NASH EVERETT.

Hon. W. N. Everett, representative from Richmond county in the General Assembly, has been appointed by Gov. Morrison, to the vacancy in the office of Secretary of State, occasioned by the death of Col. Grimes. Mr. Everett has accepted



the appointment and has been inducted into office. The oath of office was administered to him on the 16th by Associated Justice Stacy.

There is no one who doubts the fitness of the appointment. It is indeed a happy one, and the state may feel well assured that Mr. Everett will prove in every particular a worthy successor of the lamented Grimes. A man of fine reputation, high character, liberally educated, strong intellect and possessed of a marked patriotism. A man of varied experience, extensive business experiences, and markedly successful, he will bring to the discharge of the extremely important business of that office fine business judgment and executive ability that will guarantee the continuance of the fine reputation that the office enjoyed under the direction of the former Secretary.

The wisdom manifested by Gov. Morrison in the making of this appointed has been applauded throughout the state. It is a high compliment not only to the fine judgment of men which the Governor displayed but to the appointee in that the press at large and the expressed sentiment of the General Assembly view the appointment as the very Happiest possible.

William Nash Everett, our new Secretary of State, was born on his father's farm in Richmond county, in 1864, being one of a family of nine children, six of whom reached maturity. Was educated in the public schools of Rockingham county and the University of North Carolina, of which he is now an active and enthusiastic trustee. He spent several years with a cotton commission firm in Norfolk, soon after his school days; and, returning to the town of Rockingham, he took active charge of the large Everett mercantile business, which has in one form and another been in continuous existence ever since.

Mr. Everett is a large land owner and conducts farming on a large scale. It will be recalled that he was invited, last Fall, to make a relative comparison of the tax methods prevailing in this state and of South Carolina. His large place was divided by the state line, and the showing that Mr. Everett made, from the tax records in his possession, gave the knockers and the croakers a "knock-out blow." It revealed in unmistakable manner, in black and white, that the system in North Carolina was more equitable and entirely conservative. That ended the whole controversy.

Our new Secretary of State has contributed no small service to the direction of public affairs. He has been mayor of his home city, member of the city school board and for a long time has been chairman of the board of education of Richmond county, to which he has given an enthusiatic and able service. He is connected with some of the strong financial institutions of his home city, and his views on public matters have had at all times an influential weight with the general public, his neighbors, who hold him in the highest esteem.

In 1917 he was State Senator from the twenty-first district; and since that time has been continuously a member of the house of Representatives from Richmond county. In legislative circles he has enjoyed a deserved popularity and regarded one of the trust-worthy leaders.

Mr. Everett was married to Miss Lena Payne, of Norfolk, Virginia, which union has been blessed by three children: William N. Jr., now in charge of the large Everett hardware business at Rockingham; Mrs. Isaac Spencer London, whose husband is the brilliant editor of the Rockingham Post; and Miss Mary Louise Everett, now a student at St. Mary's college in Raleigh. Mr. and Mrs. Everett will prove a welcome addition to the social and religious circles of Raleigh.

Declining the position of president of an insurance company at an annual salary of $50,000, the people who made the offer thought he refused because there would be too much work to do in such a position. "But, General, you will not be expected to do any work; what we wish is the use of your name." Lee replied: "Do you think if my name is worth fifty thousand dollars a year, I ought to be very careful of it?"

BULLET IN SKULL.

This is a human interest story taken from North Carolina life by the News & Observer. No man without having touched elbows with the old-timey colored folks of ante-bellum days can fathom the depth of the genuine love and esteem that existed between master and slave. It is better for us to understand that "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was a tissue of exaggerations and largely

false and it fired the North and made the War Between the States more cruel and, by the aid of carpet-baggers and scallawags afterwards, created and fostered a bitterness that brought anxiety to the whites and put devilment to their injury into the heads of many negroes. "Uncle George Alston" is a fine representative of the old-time ante-bellum slave.

The question has often occurred to thoughtful people that, perhaps after all, slavery was a species of missionary work—it certainly took heathen, savages and worse from their idols and nakedness and brought them out into the open.

"Since I lost my eye," Uncle George Alston, major domo in the House of the Supreme Court of North Carolina for thirty-three years concluded some trivial explanation to Chief Justice Walter Clark last Saturday. Uncle George is 86 years old, and in the 33 years since he and the Chief Justice have been in the Supreme Court a strange affection has sprung up between them.

"When did you loose your eye?" There are reticences between the two, for all their close association as master and servant for more than three decades.

"Six or seven years ago."

"Well, how did you lose it?" the Chief Justice is sometimes testy.

"The doctor said it must have been that bullet in my head," Uncle George explained.

"Bullet? Bullet! I hadn't heard about your having an eye shot out."

It happened sixty-one years ago at the Battle of Seven Pines, and ever since that June day in 1862 Uncle George has carried a bullet against the right side of his skull, making a lump a couple of inches above the right ear that, if anyone will notice shows through the thinning thatch of white hair.

That is how the Chief Justice stumbled on what he thinks is one of the most remarkable Civil War stories that he knows, for all the fact that he himself fought through four years of the War, and had some first hand knowledge of the Battle of Seven Pines. And not the least remarkable thing about it to him is that he has been there in the same building with it 33 years and had never heard it before.

Every lawyer in North Carolina with standing enough to have a client to bring to the Supreme Court knows Uncle George Alston. For a third of a century he had watched beside the door of the court room, opening it deferentially when the lawyers come and go, waiting after adjournment until the Court has come down from the bench and closing the door behind them.

He is the sort of man the writing people call "self effacing," the perfect servant who never obtrudes his own personality, who anticipates desire and meets it before it is half formed. The Chief Justice long years ago, in the tacit division of the staff of servants at the court, acquired Uncle George, and where ever the Chief Justice is, Uncle George is not far away. None of the younger members of the staff would dare interfere in the service of the Chief Justice.

It took a good deal of adroit examination by the Chief Justice him-

self to get the whole of the story of Uncle George's acquisition of a Yankee bullet. He had been sent to the Army of Virginia with his young master as a body servant, Captain William Smith, of Gates county. Emergencies that took no heed of body servants arose at Seven Pines, and Uncle George, then 24 years old, was sent with others of his class, to the labor of throwing up defensive works.

The tide of battle ebbed and flowed, but the negroes worked steadily, with no thought of retreating, until, out of the morning mist, a detachment of Federal Cavalry rode down upon them firing heavily into their ranks. Nearby teams took fright, and in the confusion, George Alston was run over by a wagon and painfully hurt. Not until his wounds were dressed did he realize that he had a bullet wedged in his skull.

"They tried to get met to let 'em cut it out," he relates, "But it didn't bother me. I was sent back to North Carolina and helped with breast works at several places. We came to Raleigh and were here at the surrender. . . . I was born right over yonder where that vacant lot is, my master owned the place there then, and I have lived here ever since."

Most devious questioning will get no dramatic detail out of Uncle George. It is just matter-of-fact with him, a thing over which he has never been excited, and it happened too long ago to get stirred up about now: He came back to Raleigh and settled down and has lived here ever since. He feels sort of proprietary interest in the Court and in Chief Justice Clark in particular.

Ill luck, quite the hardest blow of his 86 years, befell Uncle George about a year ago. In his long years of association with great men of the State he had gathered together what was without doubt the finest collection of photographs in the State. Last year his house burned down, and with it the entire collection of photographs, most of them autographed.

Happiest when he is serving his master, Uncle George's next greatest pleasure is showing the visitor around the austere chamber where the court sits. On the walls are hung the portraits of every member of the court since it was founded. The majority of them he has known. To him they are still vibrant personalities, and his mind is a storehouse of incident that he remembers from the days when they sat with the court.

Sixty years with a Yankee bullet in his skull means little to Uncle George. He has never asked for a pension. He has never wanted one. Frugal and scrupulously honest, he has laid by a competence that will take care of him. His children are well educated, and are an ornament to their race and an honor to their father. Serenely he goes about the chambers of the court, living in his memories and in the joy of serving the Chief Justice.

"We came to the court together, and I guess we will go out together," he remarks placidly, passing meditative fingers over the lump on the right side of his skull.

SOME MEN I HAVE LATELY MET.

By C. W. Hunt. No. 4.

Once in Trinity Chuch in Charlotte, I heard the late Bishop John C. Kilgo deliver an oration on the occasion of a memorial service to the late Mrs. Kannie Zachary Marr, a native of Transylvania county, and in speaking of her many virtues and abilities as a leader in her church, he said the seeing and living among the grand mountians inspired men and women to greatness. That was not a new thought, but the way he put it made it impressive. The mountains do not continually produce great men and women, but from their grand hills there comes ever and anon a man of outstanding greatness. Zebulon Baird Vance was the greatest mountain product North Carolina has ever seen. I never so fully realized the grandeur of the scenes that Vance looked out upon, as he grew up, as I did last summer when I penetrated away up the north fork of the Swananoa toward Grombroom, the Senator and War Governor's home, and beheld the outstanding peaks of mountains that were ever in their grandeur before him. There is inspiration to a man or woman with a desire. Not long before this I had read a beautiful story, by a man who seldom writes, and the reading of that story drew me to the man who wrote it, all so innocently. A little later I made it a point to meet the writer of the story, to find we were strangers in face, but he had followed my pen for a number of years. Two hours conversation on current topics was a revelation to a man living east of the Blue Ridge, and I am confident of the fact that in professor Branford Bernard Daugherty North Carolina has another product of mountain inspiration who stands right at the top of intelligent citizenship, burning with a zeal to make his country better each day that he lives. And while a citizen of what is known as "the lost provinces," he knows more of the things east of the ridge as pertains to anything of interest to the state than any man living in the centers of population. Without adding any frills or further prolonging a story already told, I am about to venture to say that if the time ever comes when the state wants a man for any position who would put business and patriotism far above all party or power it will select Professor B. B. Dougherty, President of Appalachain Training School, Boone, Watauga county.

No man needs to have a great name to be a man and do a man's part. An ordinary man, with limited advantages can be a gentleman, do his work well, and at the same time make friends for his employers, and make any life he touches glad that they met him. That idea was brought out in talking with a dining car conductor. His job is a hard one. Men seem to have a habit of fighting back at railroads. The matter of furnishing meals that satisfied, and at such a price as would satisfy a liberal man was being discussed. The general rule was a set dinner on the bill of fare call-

ed only for the articles mentioned thereon, though something on number three was more satisfactory to the guest and at the same price. A strange lady took a seat, scanned the bill and sent for the conductor, asking if she might order the meat on number two in the place of the meat on number three, taking the remainder of number three. He readily granted her request, informing her that it was contrary to the rules. That gave her a good opinion of the man, and as the crowd went out she was engaged in conversation and he learned she was the daughter of a former Governor of North Carolina, and was well acquainted with many of the people he knew. The result was he spent a greater part of the afternoon with her and made what was a long and tiresome journey a pleasant one, and made a good friend for the road he works for. In telling the story he said: "politeness does not cost anything, and if by being accommodating, and making my guest satisfied and make friends for my company, I feel that is my duty and my pleasure. Dick Springs, a Lexington-Charlotte young man never lets an opportunity pass if he can make a trip the more pleasant, when riding 29 and 30 south of Charlotte, for any man, a Carolinian especially.

Lee suffered much: During the siege of Vera Cruz, during the Mexican war, they did a great deal of harm to the city and brought terror and death to the people, but that is war; and duty demands it. Captain Lee wrote a letter, in which he said: "The shells were very beautiful while flying through the air, but they were very destructive when they fell. It was awful, my heart bled for the inhabitants—and it was terrible to think of the women and children."

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Swift B. Davis.

Misses Lalla Teague and Hattie Fuller have returned to this institution from a very much enjoyed week's vacation.

—o—

A new switch has been installed in the small structure which houses Pump No. 4. Young Vass Fields, official pump tender, is glad that this additional feature has been placed therein. But his reasons must come from him, not this scribe.

—o—

Approximately one-third of the job work done at the printing office is standing—that is, the jobs must be kept so more of them can be later printed when needed. If the jobs are left on tables or other places, they likely will be pied by some careless printer. So, the wood shop workers were detailed to make drawers, fitting under the lead case, to hold these jobs. A right nifty piece of work was done.

—o—

Mr. Preston Holebrooks, who now resides in Greensboro, paid a

visit to his alma mater—the Jackson Training School—Monday, January 8. Mr. Holebrooks perambulated around the school and expressed satisfaction as to the buildings which had been erected since his last visit. As a son to a father, he explained his physical, mental and moral status to Mr. Johnson and was open to advice.

—o—

Masters George Earl Pittman, Harvey Wrenn, Charles Bishop Roy Caudle and George McMahan have received honorable paroles, and with happiness in their hearts, determination to make good in their souls, and those same paroles in their pockets, have gone to their respective homes. Perhaps a year or two ago these students left their homes for this institution, with besmirched characters and low morals—hopeless. The condition now is precisely vice versa. Many people will write to the superintendent, lauding these returned students, praising their new-found abilities, and highly prizing their honesty.

—o—

The colts recently given to the institution by Mrs. A. L. Coble, of Statesville, were absolutely wild. The attempts made by the barn boys to break them in, were ludicrous and expensive. The colts snapped traces and other paraphernalia used in hitching horses. Two or three ambitious lads, whilst endeavoring to tame the equines, were thrown, thrusted and pitched here and there, receiving some minor and insignificant injuries and gaining some experience. Finally the colts were trained, but even now the discipline instilled in their minds is fickle and they are apt to shy at anything, which, to their equine eyes, appears strange.

Lee's great heart: Soon after his mother's death, "Uncle Nat," the old family coachman, became very ill. Robert at once took the aged negro and carried him South. He nursed the faithful slave with great care and did all he could to get him well again. But it was all in vain.

OF A LOCAL NATURE.

There has been much anxiety over the outcome of the illness that has overtaken Mrs. Julius Fisher, who has undergone a serious operation in a Charlotte hospital.

Dr. H. C. Herring, who was called to Wilmington on account of the death of his brother-in-law, Mr. Bevill, has returned. He found also that his sister was ill with the flu, but the promise was that it would prove a mild case.

Jas. F. Pless, who handles two cream routes in Cabarrus county, reports that during the year 1922 he shipped to the Lexington Creamry $5.756.62 worth of butter-fat. These routes are located in a section that ten years ago probably did not make enough cream for their own individ-

ual use. There is progress in the land.

Judge Jas. L. Webb.

Was holding a term of civil court in Cabarrus county during the past week. This eminent judge and delightful gentleman is extremely popular in the county. He was for a long time the solicitor of the district, and during that time made an enviable record. There never was any blood in his prosecutions, he contended alone for simple justice. On the bench, he strives to exercise his power as a judge in the most humane spirit. Judge Webb would wrong no man, freeman or convict. Said an admirer: "I like to see him in our town; he looks like a judge, acts like one, and is one."

THE BIBLE.

It is noteworthy that the greatest fictionists, essayists, playwrights and artists have found their inspiration in the Bible. Today it stands unchallenged as a model of literature and a mine of human experience. The Book of Ruth holds the germ which Edgar Allen Poe developed into the modern short story. From the tales of the Old Testament have been taken the plots and themes of innumerable novels. The person who discards the Bible for fiction is, in most cases, receiving in diluted form the Book from which he turned away. And for his lack of appreciation he is condemned to labor through three hundred pages for what originally was contained in a single verse.—Selected.

"MOST USEFUL."

A few weeks ago, when the Kiawanis Club and the Rotary Club conducted a contest to ascertain who in————was the most useful to the community, Mrs.————received the most votes. Now she did not build a public library, or anything of that kind, but for the past thirty years she had been looking after the poor and needy of that city.

She is seventy-some years old, but has never been called upon to care for such a tiny, young charge as to-day. Numerous children have been placed in homes by her, but last night at midnight she boarded the train for Pittsburgh with a one-day-old baby girl, taking it to the home of a Pittsburgh couple in comfortable circumstances.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

Passenger Train Schedules

Arrival and Departure of Passenger Trains, Concord, N. C.

LV.	NO.	BETWEEN	NO.	AR.
1:40A	30	New York-Birmingham	30	1:40A
2:37A	29	Birmingham-New York	29	2:37A
5:12A	44	Washington-Atlanta	44	5:12A
6:32A	31	Atlanta-New York	31	6:32A
8:41A	137	Atlanta-New York	137	8:41A
9:25A	11	Charlotte-Norfolk-Richmond	11	9:25A
10:55A	36	New York Birmingham-New Orleans	36	10:55A
3:20P	45	Washington-Charlotte	45	3:20P
3:45P	46	Charlotte-Danville	46	3:45P
7:10P	12	Norfolk-Richmond-Atlanta	12	7:10P
8:18P	32	New York-Augusta	32	8:18P
10:20P	35	Birmingham-New Orleans-New York	35	10:20P
9:45P	138	New York-Atlanta	138	9:45P
9:31P	135	Washington-Atlanta	135	9:31P

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Unexcelled service, convenient schedules and direct connections to all points.

Schedules published as information and are not guaranteed.

R. H. GRAHAM. D. P. A., Charlotte, N. C.

M. E. WOODY, Ticket Agent, Concord, N. C.

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XI CONCORD N. C. JANUARY 27, 1923 NO. 11

"CAN'T ALWAYS TELL.

When Dr. Morrison, the well-known missionary to China, wanted an assistant, he wrote home to ask that one might be sent. A young man who had expressed a desire to become a missionary appeared before the committee; but he looked so very unpromising, so very rough and "countryfied," that the committee said: "He will never do for a missionary; he is too rustic." Then they thought he might be good enough for a servant; and as he was so anxious to be employed in missionary labors, one of the committee was requested to speak to him in private. He was told of the objection to his being a missionary and also of the proposal to send him out as a servant. He was asked if he was willing. He replied without any hesitation and with a bright smile: "Yes, sir, most certainly. I am willing to do anything, so that I am in the work. To be a 'hewer of wood and a drawer of water' is too great an honor for me when the Lord's house is building." That young rustic afterwards became Dr. Milne, a most efficient missionary, who translated parts of the Old Testament into Chinese and became the founder and principal of the Anglo-Chinese College of Mallacca.

PUBLISHED BY

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

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JAMES P. COOK, *Editor*, J. C. FISHER, *Director Printing Department*

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C. under Act of March 3, 1879.

LIFE

Be what thou prayest to be made;
Hold up to earth the torch divine;
Be what thou seemest; live thy creed;
Let the great Master's steps be thine.
Fill up each hour with what will last
Buy up the moments as they go;
The life above when this is past,
Is the ripe fruit of the life below.

THE MIGHTY STATE.

Dr. E. C. Branson, of the Chapel Hill News Letter, is an optimist. He reads the hand-writing on the wall, in the books, on the records and proceeds to laud his state—a most worthy habit. Taking his investigations into the record of federal tax returns, the Charlotte Observer concludes with this informative exhibit:

"Texas and Virginia are our nearest competitors in the South in Federal tax totals paid in 1922, but North Carolina paid more than both of them together—twenty-three million dollars more.

We paid more than the rest fo the South Atlantic States combined—Virginia, South Carolina, Georgia, and Florida—twenty-nine million dollars more.

We paid more than the five Gulf States all put together, Texas included—seventeen million dollars more.

We paid enough taxes to the Federal Government in one year to keep

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eensboro
gwyn, Raleigh
, Statesville
tt, Raleigh
lds, Winston
, Charlotte

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Our State Government going for 10 years.

"And the people who are paying the bulk of these tremendous Federal taxes," concludes Doctor Branson, "are the people who are bearing the burden of State taxes. They pay more State taxes to the State at present than all the rest of us put together; and, as Governor Morrison says, they are doing it without a kick or a whine anywhere."

* * * * * * *

SEEMS A HAPPY SOLUTION.

A movement is on foot, according to the news coming out from Kinston, to combine the educational interests of Lenoir county with that of the county-seat, Kinston. That seems a logical proceeding. The education of town children and the rural children is of the same importance. A strong man, with real friends of education as a board, could advance the cause much better than two separate boards and two executive officers.

It is not an experiment—it has been tried out in a very successful manner in Wilson county, where more progress has been made in solving the educational problem of the whole people than in any county in the state. Of course if there be a weak, feckless man in charge of either the city or county proposition, then it would be necessary to find a man with the qualifications of leadership, and big enough for the job.

This arrangement makes it possible for the whole problem being at all times considered as a unit—the cause of education is not being properly met when the town child gets nine months schooling opportunity while the rural child gets but five or six or even eight. It is a duty that we all owe to all the children, wherever they may be, to see that they get equal opportunities, for we are all North Carolinians.

* * * * * * *

GONE BEYOND US.

Not many years ago one could sit down in front of the Central Hotel in Charlotte, strike up a chat with the late H. C. Eccles or his associate, George Bryan (With old man Grat Springs in his "jim-swinger" sitting off to one side, a-counting how he could save another dollar to add to his wealth) and the name of every man, woman and child that passed would be called out by the great hotelists. In a few minutes along would come Col. Harris, who was making the Charlotte News hum and fill a great need—he'd join the party and take up the naming business as the folks passed. In that day, we all sat out in the street with our feet braced against the curbing.

That stunt can't be done today. So far as this writer's ability goes he

would recognize about as many people by name in a walk up Broadway as he would in the same distance on Trade or Tryon of the Queen city. Cosmopolitan—folks are going there from everywhere and setting up business. The population has not only grown and changed, but the business houses are taking on ambitious proportions. It is said that the fine, new building that the Efird boys are having erected on the spot where the old Charlotte hotel stood (the finest thing in the whole state sixty years ago, but could not exist under the present hotel rules for twenty-four hours) will be one of the largest and most complete mercantile homes in the entire South. It shows it now.

Now comes the old established firm of Little-Long Company, already housed in an immense building, is to take up the large building occupied by the Ivey company and add that space to its mercantile room. Now watch Ivey. When he gets control of the site of the City hall, and the city of Charlotte and the county of Mecklenburg get married and go to house-keeping in that attractive building which the Charlotte Observer recently printed, the confusion for a visitor will be further increased.

It is a source of great rejoicing that there are yet in the flesh as expressions of the citizenship of those days some delightful spirits, who watch their steps carefully lest they become lost in their own city.

In the language of Clarence Kuester, "Just watch Charlotte grow."

* * * * * * *

"SOME DAY."

The Charlotte Observer, making note of the laxity in observance of the Lee-Jackson Day, takes occasion to deliver itself as follows:

> "It is a fact, albeit one over which the community might blush, that the bulk of the Charlotte people did not know yesterday was a notable Confederate anniversary until stared in the face by the "Closed" notice on the bank doors. Some day the city school will take more than the usual half-holiday for the occasion, and there will be public meetings and organized observance of Lee and Jackson's birthday, but it will be when the spirit of patriotism shall have got the upper hand of the fever of money-madness."

These illustrious characters which shed a peculiar glory on Dixie, receive too little notice in dealing with the children. There is no better way to hold up ideals to the young than in the use of the life, the conduct, the sacrifices and achievements of unblemished characters such as we find in Lee and Jackson.

But this brings to light another story equally as startling. It is to be

supposed that all outstanding characters that played important parts in the Revolutionary struggles would be recognizable, if not house-hold, names with every member of the great organization of D. A. R's. It comes to the open that at a recent meeting of a certain D. A. R. Chapter, in a certain town, rank ignorance was displayed in locating the fact that Benjamin Franklin's part in the success of the Revolutionary struggle was most conspicuous if not the master diplomat in the entire company of great men who wrought in that important part of American life. The question was actually asked, "Who was Franklin,anyway;" another inquiring one, playing safely, wanted to know, in a foolish manner, if "his birthday is actually known." The papers of all kinds had for a week before been making references to Benjamin Franklin, and yet here was another school-teacher that doesn't read newspapers other than to keep on speaksng acquaintance with "Mag and Jiggs."

The finest method of inspiring the young to aim high, is in the frequent holding up to their admiration the lives of noble and distinguished men, who loved their country and wrought for it unselfishly. May the day never come when the story of Lee and Jackson will cease to be told to our children, and the heroes of Revolutinary days be not regarded fit subjects for child inspiration.

* * * * * * *

ATTENDING COURT.

The Greensboro News,in giving quite a lucid account of the finals in the trial of one Tally, who, from a liquor car, was being tried for shooting to death of a Greensboro officer about a year ago, says this:

"Throughout the trial the courtroom was crowded, interested spectators occupying all available space. Persons hung on the windows while many crowded about the doors and remained in the court corridors.

It was noted among the crowd yesterday that there was a majority of young people, both girls and boys between the ages of 14 and 21 years present. The fate of Talley—and they heard the verdict and the shriek of his wife—will probably have a lasting impression upon them. It was school for them and they learned that the trangressor is punished and that the purpose of punishment is for the protection of society."

It is bound to make an impression on the youthful mind to witness the solemn sentencing of a man to fifteen years in prison at hard labor, and to hear the wife give way to anguishing shrieks. But oftentimes the

youngsters witness these events out of pure curiosity, and may, after all, harden them and steel them to such spectacles. A Sunday School for the 11-year old ones might prove a much better place for them to learn useful lessons. And what were the 14-year old girls doing at such a place? They need no warning to abstain from operating a booze car, and shooting their way through a crowd of policemen towards freedom.

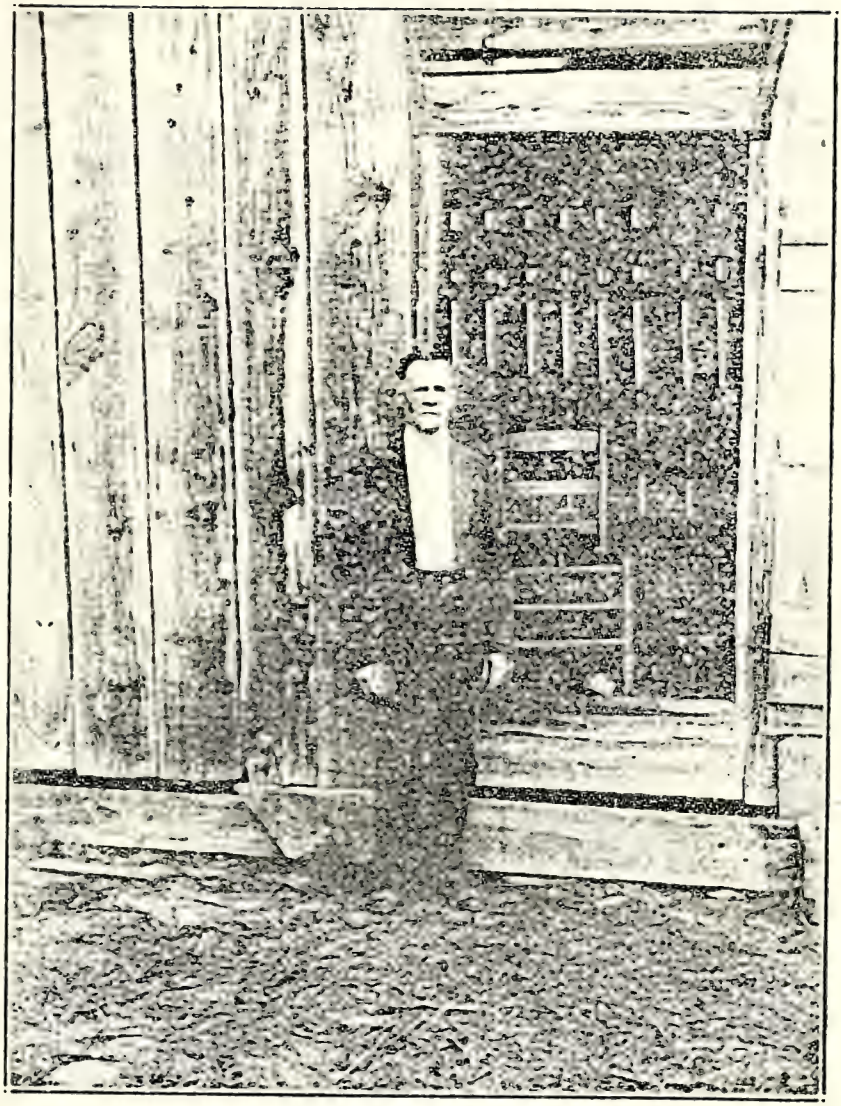
* * * * * *

PUT HIM OUT.

The Rev. Percey Grant, having disgraced the honored name which he bears, is doing his level best to disgrace an honored profession. When a man knocks from under him the very foundation of the Christain religion, it does look like he would have enough self-respect if not intellectual integrity to step down and out.

It is alleged that a "group of wealthy friends," after the Bishop very properly unfrocks him for his heresy and sinning, will back the preacher in starting a church of his own. This would be easy, for a crowd that tolerated such stuff as the Rev. Grant turned loose, to be led to do anything. What a pity godly men engaged in the greatest work that attracts mankind should have the profession spotted by hypocrites, imposters, an occasional blackguard and the seeker after notoriety breaking into ministerial cloth.

The Rev. Percy Grant is riding for a fall. That would not be such a pity were it not for damaging results of his stunts.



REV. B. F. FINCHER
Member of W. N. C. Conference

THE WORLD WILL FIND YOU.

Take a look at the picture on the opposite page. I wonder how many men and women, who have made the world better by having lived in it, can trace their youthful surroundings similiar to that? It is probably a correct statement that the men who are today gracing the professions and making business go and accomplishing great deeds are, in a great measure, the products of the farm, the back-woods and small towns. There are precious few outstanding leaders whose early life was rocked in the cradle and environment and excitement of large cities.

Any movement, therefore, that looks to creating opportunities, educational and religious, for the rural districts and the back-woods, has a promising field for rich results. Coming out from this settlement and this humble home are forces that have made the world better and led many a soul into a saving knowledge of the eternal truths of Divine writ; and the offspring of these godly men are occupying positions of great trust, high honor and rendering much service for their fellowman. Rev. Fincher is not ashamed of the obstacles and the hardships he surmounted—it shows the grit and purpose of a man full of good, rich country blood. Here is the little story that Mr. Fincher sent to the Greensboro Advocate:

"I am sending you a photograph of my old ugly self, and the old house in which I was born May 15, 1856, some two or three miles east of Waxhaw in Union county. It is now a dilapidated old building, having been moved some little distance from the old site several years ago and used as a barn, or shuck-pen, on the farm of Brother Leathan Richardson, a brother of Brother S. E. Richardson.

Brother S. E. Richardson and I were both born in this old house, and he and I both joined conference the same year. I regret so much that Brother Eli did not get his picture made with me and the old shuck-pen last year. He is so dwarf like in size and I so giant like it would be such a contrast to see.

The good people at old Pleasant Grove have built a new tent and donated to me. I cannot express how much I appreciate all this kindness. This old camp ground is a very sacred place to me, as it was there where I was so graciously converted during a camp meeting in August, 1872.

I was licensed to exhort in 1881 by Marquis L. Wood, P. E. Then licensed to preach in 1884 by T. W. Guthrie, P. E. I was ordained deacon at New Bern in 1888 by Bishop John Granberry. Then ordained elder at Greensboro in 1900 by Bishop H. C. Morrison. I served as supply eleven years. I was received in the W. N. C. Conference at Gastonia in 1901. This makes my thirty-third year in the pastorate."

According to the way some of the cheerful prophets view the situation, the American troops are being brought back from Europe to get ready to go to Europe.—Greensboro News.

USE AND ABUSE OF TIME.

By Archer Brown.

Time is the stuff life is made of, says Benjamin Franklin. Every man has exactly the same amount of it in a year. One improves it and reaps great results. Another wastes it and reaps failure. The first class they call lucky; the second unfortunate.

To use time alright, have a system. Shape everything to it. Divide the twenty-four hours between work, recreation, sleep and mental culture according to a scheme that suits your judgment and circumstances. Then make things go that way. The scheme will quickly go to pieces unless backed by persistent purpose.

When you work, work. Put the whole mind and heart in it. Know nothing else. Do everything the very best. Distance everybody about you. This will not be hard, for the other fellows are not trying hard. Master details and difficulties. Be always ready for the next step up. If a book-keeper be an expert. If A machinist, know more than the boss. If an office boy, surprise the employer by model work. If in school, go to the head and stay there. All this is easy when the habit of conquering takes possession.

It is wholesome in this connection to read what men have accomplished who have once learned the art of redeeming time. Study the causes of the success of the great men who ship. have left their imprint upon the affairs of the world. Learn the might of minutes. "Every day is a little life, and our whole life is a day repeated. Those that dare lose a day are dangerously prodigal; those that dare misspend it, desperate." Emerson says, "The creation of a thousand forests is in one acorn."

Sound and wholesome recreation is important in our schemes; but in this day of athletic frenzy the danger of neglect on that line is not excessive. The real fact is that athletic sports are educating the muscles too often at the expense of the brain.

It is the mind work that differentiates you from the herd. Mental culture calls for study—carefully planned, regular, persistent. One or two hours a day, aiming at some distinct object, mastering what you learn, adding little by little, like a miser to his store, will in a few years make of you a broad educated man, no matter what your schooling.

To abuse time, have no system. Chance everything. Do your work indifferently. Growl if too much is asked. Hunt for an easy job. Change often. Dodge obstacles. Always Come a little short of the standard. Fritter away in silly things the few golden moments left for self-culture. Then you will not crowd anybody very hard in the contest for leader-

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He who reads and reads
And does not what he knows,
Is he who plows and plows
And never sows.

TEACHING MORALS IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS

(Exchange.)

That something has gone wrong in our system of popular education is now generally admitted. The love of license, the hatred of discipline, the absence of seriousness and earnestness of purpose, and above all the lack of consicence which lies at the bottom of the prevailing feebleness of character and motive among the young, has compelled this admission. So conscious of this have educators and school boards become, that the necessity of teaching morals in the public schools is being felt and advocated in many sections of the country. A teacher in the high school of a small town, where one would suppose the evils complained of would be least felt, deplored the low ethical tone of the student body, the lack of a serious life purpose, and the absence of lofty tastes and ideals. In the larger cities, it is admitted worse. In Chicago the Board of Education has resolved that time must be devoted to the teaching of civics and morals. In commenting on this, the Chicago Tribune, which cannot be accused of casting too much weight in favor of religion, significantly says:

As to morals, instruction in public schools must lack much of its force through its separation from religion, and we must continue to rely upon the church and the home to carry the chief responsibility for character building. The decline of religious and parental authority has certainly shown unfortunate effects and any influence the common schools can apply to effect this loss must be welcomed, but it must be applied with the greatest discretion.

Precisely. We would not have attempted to place the finger on the sore spot any better. You can put a coat of ethics on character, just as you can put a coat of paint on a rotten pillar, but what our youth need is a sense of God, a sense of accountability to Him, and a fear of His judgments. Morals without religion will still leave the youth of our land without conscience. What they need is the consciousness of what is expressed in the words: "Thou, God, seest me."

GOT HIS NUMBER.

Two negro men came up to the outskirts of a crowd where a candidate was making a campaign speech. After listening to the speech for about ten minutes one of them turned to his companion and asked:

"Who am dat man, Sambo?"

"I don't know what his name is," Sambo replied, "but he certainly do recommend hisself mos' highly."

A TOBACCO COMMERIAL ROMANCE.

By Old Hurrygraph.

The prosperous city of Durham, North Carolina, is a child of war.

It was born amid civil strife. It was christened in the clash of arms, before the "smoke of battle" had lifted its sable curtains from scenes of carnage, and the fields of desolation and destruction.

Its history is a commercial romance dating back to 1865. "Bull" Durham tobacco made Durham City. It laid the foundations for a great metropolis, sure and strong.

Read its history and connections with wars!

You may say it sounds like a story from the "Arabian Nights," or a "pipe dream." Yet it is the truth —stranger than fiction, and more fascinating.

The last act in the tragic drama of the war of the States was enacted in the immediate vicinity of Durham, N. C. It was near Durham, in 1865 when Durham was then an insignificant little railroad station, with only about 200 inhabitants, and the most important thing was a railway water tank—where "grim-visaged war smoothed its wrinkled front." General Robert E. Lee, the great Southern soldier and christian, had capitulated at Appomattox. General Sherman, on his famous "march to the sea," had demonstrated to Gen. Joseph E. Johnson, by greatly superior numerical strength and facilities, futher resistance was useless. In April, 1865, General Sherman encamped at Raleigh. General Johnson, with his remnants of heroic troops, rested at Greensboro. From Raleigh to Greensboro, a distance of eighty-one miles, both armies roamed indiscriminately. General Johnson intimated to General Sherman his desire for a conference, and an armistice of ten days was declared. These two great war chieftains met in consultation in a little house near Durham. The station of Durham was declared neutral ground. Here the "boys in blue, and the boys in gray" met in friendly intercourse—swapped horses; ran foot races; shot at targets; and, around the same camp fires, told rail'boad'ly stories, spun yarns, and had a good time generally.

A hundred yards from the railway station stood a two-story, frame building—formerly a stable—used as a tobacco factory, owned by John R. Green. It was the first "Bull" Durham tobacco factory. During the war of 1861-'65 Mr. Green had manufactured smoking tobacco, in a modest way, for the "boys in gray." At the time of the incidents of which I write, it seemed as if Othello had lost his occupation. In this factory were stored large quantities of smoking tobacco, ready for shipment. During the armistice the building was completely sacked by the soldiers, and around the camp fires, in Durham, the "blue and the gray" literally smoked the pipe of peace. When the honorable terms of surrender were consumated, the soldiers of each army provided themselves with a plentiful supply of this tobacco—and marched homeward. Thus Green's tobacco was

[illegible]ted from Maine to Texas, and [illegible] the Atlantic to the Pacific [illegible]. What Mr. Green regarded [illegible] great calamity soon proved a [illegible] blessing to his business.

When the soldiers, on reaching [illegible] had exhausted their supply of [illegible] taken from the little fac- [illegible] at the little railway station [illegible] orders, directed to the [illegible] agent, the postmaster, and [illegible] they could get here, be- [illegible] pour in rapidly for more of [illegible] Mr. Green was quick to see the [illegible] and immediately christ- [illegible] his tobacco "Bull Durham," [illegible] the Durham Bull as his [illegible] mark. This was the first smok- [illegible] tobacco manufactured in Dur- [illegible] in that way.

[illegible] smoking tobacco is to the [illegible] what dew and sunshine are to flowers. It freshens and brightens thought, the understanding, the vision of life. It makes one strong-hearted and keen-sighted in everything effecting business, home, loved ones; and adds a joy and charm to living. It makes a man cherish his country, in time of peril; gives strength, courage, energy, and sweetness and vivacity which all the wealth of the world cannot bestow.

"Bull" Durham tobacco made a City, and it was largely instrumental in the "making" of nations. In the world-wide-war—fifty-three years after the "Bull" Durham had figured so largely in the war of States—the French people identified the American troops by the "Bull" Durham tags, which hung from a sack in the breast pockets of their uniforms. A press dispatch from the base of American troops in France called it the "Symbol of Identification." One dispatch read: "One common symbol of service in both our army and navy has been accepted as distinctive by the French peasant. It is a little black and white paper tag that hangs by a piece of yellow string from the left hand breast pocket of the service shirt, or the navy jacket. This identifies the bearer as possessor of a sack of well-known tobacco brand and has been interpreted as uniform equipment.

SHOOTING IN THE AIR.

John the Baptist laid the ax to the root of the tree, but when he went to chopping down the trees of sin he did not have an ax handle a thousand miles long. Jesus looked the Scribes and Pharisees in the face and told them plainly that they were hypocrites. Why should a preacher thunder against the Mormons beyond the Rocky Mountains, or the Roman Catholics a thousand miles away, when bootleggers, adulters, Sabbath breakers, and men who worship mammon are easily within reach of his voice. The reader has heard of the man who preached against the sin of dancing to a little bunch of old maids and a lame Confederate soldier and about the evils of theatre-going to a congregation of rustics who never saw a theatre. But these are not the only two instances when the gospel messenger has missed the mark.—Greensboro Advocate.

THE EAGLE AND THE FISH HAWK

By C. W. Hunt.

It has been a long time since the write studied McGuffey's readers, but it must have been in one of those books that the story of the eagle and the fishhawk appeared, a very fascinating and absorbing story for a boy associating with nature as was this boy.

The other day I had one of these same species of eagles pointed out to me here in Florida; not only the eagle but the nest with young eaglets in it. The young man who was conducting the expedition recited the story of how these eagles prey upon the fish-hawks right in his presence day after day. Perching himself or herself on a limb in some high tree they sit there hours at a time watching for a chance fish-hawk to appear and catch a fish and rise in the air to soar away to some place to enjoy a feast, when the eagle with a fierce scream pursues, and being exceeding swift, overtakes the wet hawk loaded with a fish, strikes it; the fish is dropped, and the eagle with half closed wing dives for it, passes the fish in mid air, turns upward and catches it in its claws. The young man says he has seen them do it and fly away to the nest to feed its young.

This pair of eagles have been building a nest for many years in the same tall pine, piling one nest on top of another year after year until it was a great pile of sticks and trash in the tall pine. Last year it was decided to cut the tree and get the young, when it was estimated they would be large enough to make pets of, but the concussion with the ground was too great and the pair was killed in the fall of the tree. They were not feathered and of course helpless, but the size of them was the most surprising thing; they being six feet from tip to tip of wings.

Not dishearted by the loss of the old long used nest and the baby eagles, the pair selected another tree near the spot and proceeded this winter to build another nest and rear another pair of young. This species of eagle know nothing of catching fish for a living, but are expert in robbing the fish-hawk of its prey as regularly as it catches a fish in the sight of one of them. They eat other things, no doubt, but this pair has a home right near the Indian river and the creeks tributary to it, where there are fish and fish-hawks.

MR. HUNT ENROUTE TO FLORIDA.

A journey southward from Charlotte leads one over historical ground, in which revolutionary, the 19th century and modern history is recalled by the places one passes. Charlotte itself is full of revolutionary times: May 20th 1775; the headquarters of Lord Cornwallis. who gave it the name of "hornet's nest;" the stopping place of George Washington 1780, and the place Jefferson Davis received the news of Lee's surrender. Then to King's Mountain where the battle was fought, between the British and the colonist

that was largely a beginning of the end that soon came. Then about the same distance further south you come to Cowpens, S. C., the scene of another battle of the same forces shortly prior to the King's Mountain engagement.

Crossing the Savannah river below Anderson, S. C., you are in Hart county Georgia, named for Nancy Hart, who unaided, killed two British soldiers and captured three more. Few women ever did a more daring thing in the times when the country was small in numbers and oppressed. Royston Georgia is not very far away from Hartwell, the county seat of Hart county, and here very modern history comes to light—in that this town is the home of Ty Cobb, the greatest known baseball player, and the baseball idol of thousands and thousands that follow the great national sport. The old home was burned two days before the writer passed.

Athens, Georgia, is historic in that it is the seat of the University of Georgia, and hundreds and hundreds of the young men of the Empire state are educated here in the midst of pleasant surrounding. At all the county seats along the journey one finds the Confederate monuments, as well as memorials to other illustrious citizens. Eatonton enjoys two distinctions: the home of Joel Chanler Harris (Uncle Remus) and being in the line of General Shermans march to the sea, and of which it was said that "a crow flying over the country he passed through would need to carry his rations." No man in the middle of the 19th century ever wrote and was more widely read in nursery and home than was Joel Chandler Harris, as "Uncle Remus," who made animals to talk and do things that made all the men now reaching old age wonder as boys at what animals thought and said and did.

Reaching Macon the metropolis of south Georgia you find Wesley College, a Methodist institution that was founded away back yonder when colleges were few. It still sits in all its beauty surrounded by shrubs that bloom all the year round. It enjoys the distinction of issuing a diploma to the first woman ever coming out of school in these United States with a M. A. degree. A historical student would get much out of a journey past all these spots, with time to, stop, look up the other interesting things, and talk with those who keep up with such.

REV. EDGAR TUFTS.

Our good friend, Dr. Bridgers of the Presbyterian Standard, has kindly permitted THE UPLIFT to have the use of the picture of the wonderful man, who has just "gone west." The story of the results of his influence and labors way up in the fastnesses of the Avery county mountains reads like a romance. Rev. Edgar Tufts, who has carried the light to hundreds of souls, educated scores of young, sent many of them out into the world as missionaries, gathered up the sick and the orphaned, been for years unselfishly and faithfully as "bread cast upon the waters" to the hundreds shut out from

opportunities, has gone to his reward, having fallen victim to pneumonia. The accompanying tributes tell how faithfully he labored, and how he was properly loved. His life is an inspiration. I wonder what a monumental work could be accomplished in a short time if every one of the hundred counties in North Carolina each had just two unselfish, on-fire with the proper spirit men like this little man—the devil would feel like finding easier fields for operation.

"Faithful unto death is the record of the life of one of God's noblemen, Rev. Edgar Tufts, of Banner Elk, N. C. who died Saturday morning January 6th. His fatal illness was doubtless contracted through exposure to cold and contagion in ministering to the people to whom he dedicated his life, as pastor and teacher, friend and counsellor.

His idea of duty was revealed in his answer to the question of a fellow student as they were leaving the seminary for their respective fields of service. His friend, knowing he had calls to several attractive places, asked why he had chosen Banner Elk, then considered one of the worst places in North Carolina. His answer was prompt and characteristic: "That is the reason I am going there." His choice has been fully justified by the changes wrought through his unfaltering devotion to his purpose, to make the bad good, and the good better.

Without a church building or school house, he preached wherever he could gather a little congregation, and taught a few children around his study fire on winter evenings. His kindness and tact quickly won the confidence and friendship of his immediate neighbors, and later the support and co-operation of friends in this and other states. This small beginning has grown into the Banner Elk Presbyterian Church, Lees-McRae Institute, with graded and high school departments, Grace Hospital, and Grandfather Orphanage.

The church has an active and growing membership, which for some years has worshiped in a beautiful and artistic building of native stone, erected by native workmen, a building that could not be erected in a city for less than thirty to forty thousand dollars.

The Lees-McRae Institute, until recently housed in three wooden buildings, has already sent out more than a thousand girls, some of them making Christian homes as wives and mothers, some serving as teachers and trained nurses. These wooden buildings are being replaced by larger, permanent, stone buildings, one already completed, and Mr. Tufts had the joy of knowing that the ground was broken for the second, before his death.

The wooden Grace Hospital building is now being replaced by a substantial, well-equipped brick building. This hospital, though handicapped by lack of space and equipment, has nobly met a great need in a large and scattered community, and this new building with its complete

equipment will enable Dr. Tate and his assistants to render a larger service to an even larger territory.

Grandfather Orphanage has grown from a small house accommodating a dozen children to a large plant comprising boys' and girls' dormitories, school and industrial buildings, and baby cottage. Under the superintendency of Mr. and Mrs. Holcomb, with their efficient helpers, these buildings house a happy family of more than 50 children of school age, and the baby cottage will care for about 20 babies. The Orphanage farm contributes largely to the support of orphanage and schools. The electric light plant, the grist and lumber mills, all serve the community, as well as the schools, and Church, hospital and orphanage.

Mr. Tufts' enthusiasm for service was infectious, and drew to him a corps of teachers and other helpers, of missionary spirit, on salaries less than half paid for similar service elsewhere, thus enabling him to offer educational opportunities at very low cost.

This great constructive work, built up out of nothing, under his direction, will be his permanent monument. But his best memorial is in the hearts and lives of those whom he had served, and those who have served with him. His generous and active guidance and co-operation were fully recognized and appreciated by his associates, and the memory of his devoted and unselfish life will be a constant stimulus to them to continue his splendid constructive work.

B. F. Hall.

Wilmington and Banner Elk, N. C.

Avery County has met her heaviest loss. Six months ago we were all stunned by the death of the country's most beloved financier, Mr. Charlie Voncannon, of Banner Elk. And now his pastor and friend has been almost as quickly taken, and we have lost a minister, a pastor, an educator and a financier, a man who, since he consecrated his young life to our mountains, has been the greatest molding power in this section of the country. Bitter weather and terrible roads deterred the great crowd that came, some 50 miles, to that beautiful little rock church—"Mr. Tufts' church—to show what his life had meant to them. 'Twas a typical afternoon. As they bore the casket from the home to the church, the sleet and mud reminded us of the many years of faithful service in all sorts of weather, when this servant of God had failed not once to meet his speaking appointments, often in the furtherest cove of the bleakest mountain side. During the funeral service, the flood of sunlight that poured through the beautiful windows of the church, typified God's rich blessing upon Mr. Tufts' tireless efforts. As the sun faded, the flash of the electric lights bore witness of his vision of what might be accomplished in the mountains—of the mountains—and for the mountains. And at the grave, the complete lining of green galax and fern, and the large blanket of bronze galax and silver pine, which loving hands had so skillfully prepared, proved how his love of the beautiful had met a response in their hearts.

We left the grave praising God for the endless influence of such a life—a life whose secret was unselfish faith; a death whose keynote

was victory. And we thanked God for the son and daughters who can go on with his work. Prepared by his training and experience, led by his wonderful vision—strengthened by his indomitable courage and limitless faith—they must carry on to completion the work of this wonderful man of God.

Mary Martin Sloop.
Crossnore, N. C.

IF I WERE A BOY.

Washington Gladden, in a delightful and frank manner, sets forth the possibility of one being "too certain" in his youthful days. He comments as follows: "The boys of one generation are not very different from the boys of any other generation." He's right; but certainly we will all admit that conditions have changed—though the barrooms have diappeared and other winked-at and legalized hell-holes have been outlawed, the youth of today runs up against conditions and hardships and omissions that the youth of former days did not have to face.

Family ties have become looser; home attachment is tottering; nervous on-the-go has taken possession of us all; family altars have become oddities in whole communities; free and unaccompanied lounging on the streets has become a regular practice; the little things that enter into home-making, helping father and mother, has been tabooed; carelessness in the observation of the Sabbath is tolerated; and the simple little biblical and religious truths that parents formerly sought to teach their children are, in the main today, overlooked; and these under the prevailing conception of constitutional law are not permissible in the public schools. The boy that runs the gauntlet in the carelessness and looseness of this period and the accompanying temptations of the environment into which he daily is subjected to, will, if he survives the strain, be of fine metal, pure gold. But all boys cannot withstand the temptations, lacking that great influence that pervades a model, christian home.

The boy of today has to battle to keep afloat. But here is some very sensible observations by Mr. Gladden:

"If I were a boy again, and knew what I know now, I would not be quite so positive in my opinions as I used to be. Boys generally that they are very certain about many things. A boy of fifteen is a great deal more sure of what he thinks he knows than most men of fifty. You ask a boy a question and he will answer you right off, up and down; he knows all about it. Ask a man of large experience and ripe wisdom the same question, and he will say, "Well, there is much to be said about it. I am inclined on the whole to think so and so, but other intelligent men think otherwise."

When I was eight years old, I traveled from central Massachusetts to western New York, crossing a river at Albany and going by canal from Schenectady to Syracuse. On

the canal boat, a kindly gentleman was talking to me one day, and I remarked that I had crossed the Connecticut river at Albany. How I got it into my head that it was the Connecticut river I do not know, for I knew my geography very well then, but in some unaccountable way I had it fixed in mind that the river at Albany was the Connecticut, and I called it so.

"Why," said the gentleman, "that is the Hudson river."

"Oh, no, sir!" I replied politely, but firmly. "You're mistaken. That is the Connecticut river."

The gentleman smiled and said no more. I am not much in the habit, I think, of contradicting my elders; but in this matter I was perfectly sure that I was right and so I thought it my duty to correct the gentleman's geography. I felt rather sorry for him that he should be so ignorant. One day, after I reached home, I was looking over my route on the map, and lo! there was Albany standing on the Hudson river, a hundred miles from the Connecticut.

Then I did not feel so sorry for the gentleman's ignorance as I did for my own. I never told anybody that story until I wrote it down on these pages the other day; but I have thought of it a thousand times and always with a blush for my boldness. Nor was it the only time I was perfectly sure of things that really were not so. It is hard for a boy to learn that he may be mistaken: but unless he is a fool, he learns it after a while. The sooner he finds it out, the better for him.

If I were a boy, I would not think that I and the boys of my times were an exception to the general rule—a new kind of boys, unlike all who have lived before, having different feelings and different ways. To be honest, I must own that I used to think so myself. I was quite inclined to reject the counsel of my elders by saying to myself, "That may have been well enough for boys thirty or fifty years ago, but it isn't the thing for me and my set of boys." Of course that was nonsense. The boys of one generation are not very different from the boys of any other generation.

If we say that boyhood lasts fifteen or sixteen years, I have known three generations of boys, some of them city boys and some of them country boys, and they were all substantially alike—so nearly alike that the old rules of industry and patience and perseverence and self-control are as applicable to one generation as to another. The fact is, that what your fathers and teachers have found by experience to be good for boys will be good for you; and what their experience has taught them is bad for boys will be bad for you. You are just boys, nothing more or less.

"What do you think of my library?"

"I was just looking it over and I notice that you were visited by the same book agents who landed me."—Detroit Free Press.

A MONUMENT TO THE BLACK MAMMY

Durham Elder in Christian Advocate.

The undertaking of the Daughters of the Confederacy to place a monument in the capital of this nation is worthy of all praise. The speech of Congressman Steadman of the Fifth District of North Carolina in behalf of the bill granting permission for this work in Washington was worthy of the man and of the occasion that called it forth in the beginning of this year 1923. For one of the few remaining followers of Lee to stand in the halls of Congress and make a plea in behalf of an enterprise fostered by the Jefferson Davis Chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy to do honor to the memory of the old negro woman of other days is highly significant. This act is more than a testimony to the healing touch of time, although the past fifty years have done much to bring about a changed attitude towards the issue of the sixties.

Major Steadman made mention of the devotion shown by the old mammy to the children under her care and spoke in eloquent periods of the affection the whites cherished for the blacks. This is an old story that fills full the best traditions of the South, and this tender care and undying devotion on the part of the old black mammy would be sufficient to move a grateful people to leave some enduring memorial in brass or stone; but more than gratitude for faithful services rendered is involved in this venture, for the whites received far more than fine fidelity from the blacks through the long years of their sojourn together in these Southern parallels.

No one has told of the faith and conviction in the reality of the unseen gained by the white man from the black. This can never be gathered up by the scientific investigator and put in such tangible form as to make others fully understand. The stories told of "ghosts and hants" and spirits of every imaginable sort went deep into the imagination of the southern children and [illegible] Remus stories followed them through life. The simple faith in a God that had to do in every act and experience of life kept the sense of deity and the reality of the spirit world very close to southern boys and girls. They could never get entirely away from these awfully and tragic experiences of those who had them in charge at the most impressionable period of life.

That is a most interesting story Rev. L. E. B. Rosses, now in charge of the William Normal Industrial School of South Boston, Va., tells of his experience in Georgia with certain noted men of our church who influenced him in becoming a minister in the Colored Methodist Episcopal Church. But of more interest is the story of how Young J. Allen, our first great missionary to China, was with the grandmother of this Rosser at a negro camp meeting when, as a boy in the teens, the youthful Allen was converted and

...d all over the place. A right ...eginning to make a mission-

... this is all aside from the mem... the old southern mammy in ... son save to suggest that the ...ves the negro a much larger ... that intimated in the ob-ject for which this memorial is to stand.

All honor to the Daughters who are no doubt building in a far more significant way than any one has even surmised is this tribute to a loyal and devoted people.

A MAN.

Edgar Tufts, slight of figure, weighing little more than a hundred ...nds, never of robust health, twice laid aside from work by attacks ... tuberculosis, but sent back to his work apparently cured, so diffident ... modest and retiring that he would escape notice when men of bigger ...es but smaller souls were on the stage, broad in his vision, tireless ... energy, unconquerable in his optimism, sublime in his resourcefulness ... daring in the audacity of his undertakings, free of bigotry, unassuming and unaffected in his relations with others, loyal in his friendships as big as the out-of-doors of his mountain world in his hospitality, ... and man of affairs, preacher and teacher and builder, he was the biggest little man it has ever been my privilege to know.—Dr. Vance.

"JACK MILLS."

By Rev. J. D. Newton in Lexington Dispatch.

The real and true father of orphanage activity in North Carolina was the late J. H. Mills. For years he was at the Oxford orphanage, and later established the admirable institution at Thomasville. A thoughtful and courageous man, he had great ideas and he gave utterance to them. To see him was not to have known him, left momentarily the impression of eccentricity ... He was just a sincere, natural man, aflame with enthusiasm and the importance of the work to which God had called him and gave but little thought to his own interests. Rev. Newton has given us an entertaining story about the great Mills. He is not dead, he still lives in the useful lives of hundreds of men and women.

John H. Mills, whose name is forever linked with the planting of the orphanage work in North Carolina, was one of the foremost educators and orators of his day, as well as a fascinating and accurate writer of English. He was well versed in Latin, Greek, French and German, at the same time possesing considerable knowledge of the Hebrew. It was a common thing to see him reading the Bible in Greek, Hebrew or Latin and therefore his interpretations of the Scriptures were not only original, but exceedingly interesting and suggestive. His writings on a subject were

usually a series of statements rather than argument, but as Dr. J. C. Hiden, a noted minister of the same period, would say, "No man is able to confute Jack Mills' statements, even if he desired to do so."

Mr. Mills berated the translators of the King James version in which they use the term, "Rahab the harlot," thus heaping upon the head or memory of a kind woman of Jericho who was a "hotel keeper" and entertained as well as protected the spies of Joshua, an odium for all time. This woman afterwards married a prominent man of the Hebrew race and became a useful and valuble asset to the nation, according to Mr. Mills and because she was a "hotel keeper" close by the gates of Jerico, is no reason why through all history her name should suffer at the hands of translators.

Mr. Mills took issue with the same translators on several of their renderings, but only one other will be mentioned here and that is the phrase, "Strain at a gnat," which he claimed in the original was, "Strain out a gnat."

His preparation for public addresses was always fraught with the deepest study and the very closest application before hand, never going off half-cocked. When he spoke the audience listened. He was heard with pleasure by the National conference of Charities, as well as by a Baptist association in North Carolina.

Grover Creveland heard Mr. Mills with the keenest interest and afterward sought and introduction to him, during a Charity conference in Washington. Senator Vance called on Mr. Mills and told him that President Cleveland desired to have him for a political position. His reply was: "You tell Mr. Cleveland that Mr. Mills is manager of an orphan house." In other words he magnified his position and deemed it of the greatest importance.

President Hayes was charmed with an address which Mr. Mills delivered at Buffalo, N. Y., and became personally acquainted with him. Afterwards there was some correspondence between the two on some phases of charity work.

When some Baptists in Virginia desired to start an orphanage they invited Mr. Mills who was then manage of the Thomasville Baptist Orphanage to speak before the General Baptist association at Charlottesville, Dr. A. E. Dickenson then editor of the Religious Herald at Richmond, Va., stated in his paper that the convention was thrilled and swayed at the will of the "Giant Mills" and decided as one man to arise and build for the orphans of the Baptists of Virginia.

Practically the same event, or events, took place at Greenville, S. C., when the Baptists of that state were in session and Mr. Mills delivered what was termed a matchless plea for the orphan child of South Carolina.

The Baptists of Virginia located their orphanage at Salem and the Baptists of South Carolina located theirs at Greenwood. Both of these institutions have moved with the swift momentum of their beginnings.

Quite an interesting episode occurred in Louisville, Ky., during a session of the Southern Baptist convention. When Mr. Mills had spoken to the meeting on the subject of "Way-

side Charity," in concluding he recited some verses of his own making in line with his subject which made a tremendous hit. Some commercial men were present and gave the speaker an ovation, inviting him to a dinner at the Galt House, on which occasion the hosts insisted that their honored guest should say his verses again, to which he replied in his inimitable manner as follows:

WAYSIDE CHARITY.

From Jerusalem to Jerico,
A traveler goes down,
As trading men were wont to go,
From the city to the town.
Arriving at a dismal place,
Shut in between the hills,
He meets some robber face to face,
And fear his bosom fills.
Resistence leads to cruel blows,
And life alone remains,
His money with his clothing goes,
And lost are all his gains.
A passing priest, with grief deplores,
The hills that men betide,
He looks upon the bleeding sores,
But takes the other side.
A well fed Levite comes along,
No pang his soul has tried;
His heart is merry with a song,
He takes the other side.
And now the gibe of Hebrew kind—
A mere Samaritan,
Feels tender pity, thus to find,
A suff'ring fellow man.
He freely spreads his samples fine,
And then begins his toil,
The blood is washed away with wine,
The sores are soothed with oil.
He takes him down to Jericho,
And leaves him at the inn,
Where he can call his friends, and show
How kind, a foe has been.
And now, let each commercial man,
A little lesson learn;
Be always kind, and, when you can,
The good, for ill, return.

These verses were set to music by Dr. W. B. Marrell, published in sheet music and sung by the orphans of Thomasville for several years.

CONSIDER THE DIME.

"Uncle Robert" in Young Folks.

DEAR BOYS:

Not long ago your uncle saw the tallest building in America's largest city, New York. That building is known as "The Woolworth Building." It is 793½ feet high. As we looked at this massive building towering so high amid New York's skyscrapers, it flashed upon our mind, "Mr. Woolworth built that skyscraper with dimes."

The secret of the success of that gigantic business which is represented today in nearly every town in the country was the appreciation of the possiblity of a dime—both in its power for purchase and for capitalization. It was because Mr. Woolworth knew how to invest dimes that he developed his gigantic business and has made it possible for us to purchase so many very useful articles for a dime. It was because he knew the value of the dime and the thriftily laid them aside that the corporation could build such a wonderful building out of dimes.

The dime is the smallest silver

coin we have today. How many of them do you waste with the thought, "It is only a dime?" Have you ever thonght seriously of the way to amass a competence—namely by beginning to save?

There are many "Dime Savings' Banks" in the country. They are doing a large business in accounts and loans. They tell the same lesson that the Woolworth Building tells. Dimes make dollars and dollars make fortunes.

It is told of John D. Rockefeller, the richest man in the world, that as a boy he often worked for farmers at twenty-five cents a day and that he, when given dimes, saved them as a nucleus for a future fortune. Now he is said frequently to distribute dimes to children with the thought that they may be saved as "lucky pieces" and impress the recipient with the value of the humble dime. Mr. Rockefeller is thus spreading the wisdom of thrift which he learned from his own mother when he was a boy. It was this which gave him a start when he was earning $35 a month as a bookkeeper. He learned to handle dimes and save them, before he was able to save and judiciously use dollars. The same is true of Henry Ford who while a mechinist learned the value of the dime and is today a rival of Mr. Rockefeller as the richest man in the world. We might add Mr. Schwab, the Bethlehem Steel magnate to the list of those who reach affluence through an appreciative estimate of the small coin. Andrew Carnegie was likewise in the same class.

We despise a stingy boy. We are sorry for the wasteful boy. Take a little bit of homely advice from an old-fashioned uncle and determine that it pays to value the little things of life and profit by a proper appreciation of the principle of conservation and thrift which is learned by noting how great some of the big industries and commercial enterprises are which have been built up on dimes. Comfortable financial independence is probable for whoever cultivates habits of plain everyday thrift which is capable of expanding a modest income into a comfortable competeuce, if not into a gigantic fortune.

sleMa6m now is the timef or all

"THROW OUT THE LIFE-LINE."

(Exchange.)

Everybody loves to sing, "Throw Out the Life-Line;" but perhaps few know who wrote the story and how it came to be written. Rev. U. S. Ufford, the author, tells the story of its writing, as follows:

"From early boyhood my life has been passed in the vicinity of the seashore. The river and ocean, with their poetical beauty, have always exercised a fascinating power over me."

"At my conversion, at twenty, a volume describing Moody and Sankey's labors fell into my hands. After its perusal I felt led to hold gospel services' and hired a vacant clubhouse near New Haven, on the

Housatonic River, in Stradford, Connecticut, where on Sunday after- ... I made my first appearance in ... The room became too small, ... hundreds gathered outside, so ... the meetings were transfered ... the open air. Much good result- ... from these services.

"After my removal to Maine and Massachusetts, I entered the minis- ... and was brought in contact with ... saving people. It was at Nan- ... Beach, known as a noted ... strewn coast, that I visited ... life-saving station, and there ... for the first time, the life-line. ... entered the factory where it was ... manufactured."

"A friend of mine portrayed for ... a scene of shipwreck on that ... beach. I afterward had the ... chance to see eight vessels cast ... shore there. But it was the dis- ... tion by my friend, whom I soon ... baptized, that gave me the real idea ... of writing the song. He said a ... schooner was hurled by the raging ... elements on the coast there, where ... it lay exposed to the cutting winds ... and icy water, all the while bumping ... and dragging its self along toward ... the rocks threating to go to pieces. ... Soon the wreckers appeared, joined ... by willing hands. There, through ... the spray they could see the big ... schooner with two chain cables out. ... In the rigging were eight men of ... the crew and one woman holding on ... for their lives, while the huge ... breakers dashed over them amid the ... gale and blinding snow."

"Now came the life-line, which was shot out over the vessel. As the rope fell across the deck of the doomed craft, a shout went up, and those on shore made ready to haul the ship-wrecked souls in. It was a perilous situation, but the undertaking was successfully accomplished." And so it came to pass, that they escaped all safe to land.

"As I listened to this story, it opened the way for my song. I soon after was in East Boston, assisting in special meetings, when the pastor said to me, "Throw the line." Like a flash the scene re-appeared before me. On reaching home I took my pencil and wrote the first verse. In ten minutes more I had the other three verses composed, and seating myself at the instrument, I seemed to play it off impromptu to a tune which then seemed all too simple. The chorus came while singing it over, as if by inspiration."

"I have sung the song before large assemblages with slides made to illustrate it. At one time, very singular to relate, I had sung the hymn in East Boston at the same church above refered to, from the canvas, when at the close who should advance to grasp my hand but the mate of the vessel wrecked on the Nantasket Beach. Here are my brother and sister, he said. And shortly after they had brought in their mother to complete the party, which produced a picture whose coincidental grouping I can never easily forget."

"Are you putting into life all you expect to get out of it?"

A STRANGE DECISION

(Presbyterian Standard.)

Our readers will recall that some time last year the pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Brookline, Massachusetts, was tried by his Presbytery, because he baptised a dog and invoked Divine blessings on French fried potatoes, and removed from the pastorate. He, supported by a majority of the members defied the order of Presbytery and refused to leave. The minority of the members appealed to the Supreme Court of the State to restrain the use of the church property, because he did not have the approval of the Presbytery.

The court has recently ruled that since the great majority of the members of the church favored the pastor's retention, there was no controversy recognizible by the court.

With the legal aspect of this case we are not as much concerned as we are with the moral aspect. It is inconceivable that any man or woman in any community would uphold such proceedings, in a minister, who made a travesty of his sacred calling, and brought upon the pulpit the contempt of all decent men.

We might imagine such a stand, when we allow for partisan resentment that bitter controversy sometimes engenders, but when in calmer moments after men have come to realize the enormity of such sacriligious conduct, that they should still uphold such a course, is beyond our comprehension. It shows a bluntness of the moral sense and a low conception of the dignity of the ministerial calling that is beyond our experience.

Men bemoan the decay of society, as shown in the present customs and female costumes, and upon the strength of it they predict the collapse of our social life. As bad as such conditions are, they are not as bad as when the people of God uphold a man in the ministry, who will make a travesty of the holy ordinance of baptism. We do not definitely know what the sin against the Holy Ghost is, but we do know that this must approach dangerously near it.

ABOUT BOOKS

(Presbyterian Standard)

It is a far step from the clay books of ancient times to the beautiful specimens of the present-day art. Ever since the invention of letters to express thought, the human race has been growing in the development of the book appetite.

The character of the development, however, has not kept pace with the development itself, yet one age cannot cast stones at the other, because in every age there have been those who found pleasure in the pure books, while there were others who revealed in the filthy, the only difference being that sometimes one

was greater in number than the other one.

The present age certainly cannot draw its skirts about it, and say to the age of Smollet and Fielding, "Stand off, I am holier than thou."

The books dealing with the relation of the sexes are not only like the leaves of autumn in number, but they are rapidly laying aside any careful choice of words, and are speaking in clear English, which is by no means "a well of English undefiled."

Barring this tendency of man to open his mind to the impure through reading unclean books, reading is a habit to be cultivated, because it opens to us the best books and introduces us to the best society of the past. Some read merely to be amused, while others, to cultivate the intellect. As usual the middle ground is the safe road. To be amused alone will dwarf the intellect, while to cultivate the intellect alone will take from man that fellow feeling that makes the whole world kin.

There are times when we are fatigued and need recreation. A good book of fiction is an excellent tonic. Then again the mind needs bracing up—a good tonic when you need something that demands deep thinking.

Dr. Peck, who always preached extemporaneously, used to say that before preaching, he read either the Confession of Faith or Butler's Analogy —a kind of mental gymnasium.

In directing the reading of the young too much care cannot be exercised. Not only error can creep into the mind of a child, but unclean thoughts that will defile the imagination for a lifetime. Though this is true, in nothing are parents more careless. They seem to follow the line of the least resistance. While they watch their children and guard them against evil companionship, they are at the same time seemingly indifferent about the books that are read.

You only admit to yours daughter's company refined gentlemen, yet you admit vile novels dealing with impurity, which are far more dangerous. Every book read is to a child, a blessing or a curse. Which shall it be?

Listen to the water mill;
Through the livelong day,
How the clicking of its wheel
Wears the hours away!
Languidly the autumn wind
Stirs the forest leaves,
From the field the reapers sing,
Binding up the sheaves;
And a proverb haunts my mind
As a spell is cast,
"The mill cannot grind
With the water that is past."

SAILING AND FAILING.

H. W. Mabie.

There are two kinds of men in the world; those who sail and those who drift; those who choose the ports to which they will go and skillfully and boldly shape their course across the seas, with the wind or against it, and those who let winds and tides carry them where they will. The men, who sail, in due time arrive; those who drift, often cover greater distances but they never make port.

The men who sail know where they want to go and what they want to do; they do not wait on luck or fortune or favorable currents; they depend on themselves and expect no help from circumstances. Success of the real kind is always in the man who wins it, not in conditions. No man becomes great by accident; great things are never done by chance; a man gets what he pays for it, in character, in work, and in energy. A boy would better put luck out of his mind if he means to accomplish anything. There are few really fine things which he cannot get if he is willing to pay the price.

Keep ahead of your work, and your work will push your fortunes for you. Our employers do not decide whether we shall stay where we are or go on and up; we decide that matter ourselves. We can drift along, doing our work fairly well; or we can set our faces to the front and do our work so well that we cannot be kept back. In this way we make or mar our own fortunes. Success or failure is not chosen for us; we choose for ourselves.

"A JUDGE, MAN OF JUDGMENT"

By Miss Goodman.

It was, of course, a small boy, who once stated that "A judge is a man with judgment." And it is highly probable that this same small boy had at some time or other come in contact with some judge like judge Jas. L. Webb, who came over from Concord last Thursday evening for a six o'clock dinner, and a general "get acquainted-with" visit at the Jackson Training School.

Accompanying the judge were Messrs. D. B. Coltrane, Luther Hartsell, and Miss Jenn Coltrane, all of Concord, and all friends of the school.

At seven o'clock the boys were all in the auditorium, delighted with the prospect of meeting so distinguished a visitor. The boys introduced themselves with several choruses, declamations, and "stunts" which were heartily applauded, and then settled in their seats with an air of expectancy,—awaiting something. And they were not disappointed. Supt. Boger first presented Mr. Coltrane, who said a great deal in a few words about the idea of "friendship," stressing especially the fact that to be a real friend is one of the greatest things any person can do for another. Mr. Coltrane in turn introduced Mr. Hartsell as "the friend of everybody in Cabarrus county, and a spec-

...nd of boys." Mr. Hartsell, ...peaker, can rise to any occa... and he says something every ... rises. This time he gave ... something to remember ... ideal of service—the great... factor in the attainment of real ... ess.

...oduced by Mr. Hartsell, Judge ... at once gave the impression of ... an with judgment. He is, ... all, a typical Southern gentle... kindly in speech and manner, ... without being aloof. In ad... the boys he said, in part,—... glad to be at the Jackson ... School, and I wish I might ... the hand of each boy here. ... school is making history. As ... about the state I hear much ... what you are doing—about ... farmers, your school work, your ... military drills and exercises, ... dairy, your print shop, and all ... other things here. And, best of ... I hear that a large percent of ... boys who go out from this school ... making good as useful citizens.

"An artist may take many differ... things to make a beautiful pic... But there has never been but ... material out of which to make a ... man, and that is a boy; nor ... material out of which to make a ... loving, lovely woman and a good ... mother except a girl. I have always ... thought that if I were a Vanderbilt, a Carnegie, or a Rockefeller, I should want to own two or three thousand acres of land where I should build comfortable, well-equipped homes. And there I would gather the boys and girls of this state who are without good home influence, and take care of them, and train them to be good and useful men and women.

The people who are engaged in the work here are engaged in the greatest work possible. And I wish each boy well. I hope that I may meet many of you in the future—some as merchants, some as doctors, as farmers, as printers, or perhaps as ministers of the Gospel. But whereever, or however, I may meet you, I trust that I may find you engaged in useful work and living true to the ideals taught you by the Jackson Training School."

In the course of his remarks, Judge Webb commended very highly the officials of the school, and complimented THE UPLIFT, which he "wished might be read in every home in the state."

Naturally, the school is rather proud of Judge Webb's opinion. The approval of such a man as the judge means much. His presence and his address were a real inspiration, and and any time in the future he has time for a visit he will find the Jackson Training School decidedly "at home."

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Swift B. Davis.

Mr. R. B. Cloer, Mecklenburg ... officer, was visited by his ... sister, Miss Mable Cloer, of Taylors... during the week of January 15—20.

—o—

Master James Autry has been installed in the bakery, under

Mr. Spaugh, and is learning to prepare the "staff of life." He will at first learn to make rolls, pies, cakes and bread. Later he will be instructed in the artistic part of baking.

—o—

Under the care of Officer Willie White, the fowls of the school are developing into prodigious sizes, are laying immense numbers of eggs, are hatching numerous broods of young chicks and are filling the students who pass that way with hope for a future grand massacre and a luscious feast. Um—m—m!

—o—

The boys who are making a business of weaving straws into square chair bottoms are each day bringing their standard of work higher. One day a small lad makes a record by bottoming two chairs. The next day another boy heightens the record by bottoming two and a half chairs. These lads are always endeavoring to make their work a little better than the other fellow's.

—o—

An additional means for extinguishing conflagrations has been put in use at the Jackson Training School. This is a two-wheeled cart, which facilitates the moving of the hose. On the cart are two strong nozzles. With these nozzles, it will be easy to place the stream of water at just the right place. The cart is to be pulled by two lads. Speed is, of course, necessary. The speediest boys at the school, of whom the writer has any knowledge, are runners Shipp and Lisk. Around the every day, either one or the other of these two lads comes in leading the other one hundred fifty students. For speed and endurance these two boys should be made the "fire horses." One fire drill has been pulled off, but results were discouraging. Fire drills are now to be practised often, so that the hose workers can become more adept at unwinding the hose.

—o—

In the morning the ditch was thrown up quickly across the road. To allow traffic to pass, a bridge was put over the ditch. This much, as stated, was done in the morning. That evening, it fell the lot of the evening school section to lay the pipe—an immense task for twenty lads in three hours. Fortunately Capt. T. L. Grier was not employed at a task that evening; his services were acquired. Boys were placed on the tasks of cleaning joints, taps, nuts, bolts and washers; lifting pipes and tightening nuts. In two hours, a length of pipe of about twenty-five yards was laid. The joints were two yards wide, and each joint weighed two hundred pounds! When the water was tentatively turned on, it forced air to the far end of the pipe, where a faucet closed the aperture. Bill Cook opened the stop-cock, and almost blew Marcellus Corbett away, so great was the strength of the released air.

The wages of sin are always paid. If there is any delay in settlement, compound interest is added.—Youth's Companion.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

Passenger Train Schedules

Arrival and Departure of Passenger Trains, Concord, N. C.

LV.	NO.	BETWEEN	NO.	AR.
1:40A	30	New York-Birmingham	30	1:40A
2:37A	29	Birmingham-New York	29	2:37A
5:12A	44	Washington-Atlanta	44	5:12A
6:32A	31	Atlanta-New York	31	6:32A
8:41A	137	Atlanta-New York	137	8:41A
9:25A	11	Charlotte-Norfolk-Richmond	11	9:25A
10:55A	36	New York Birmingham-New Orleans	36	10:55A
3:20P	45	Washington-Charlotte	45	3:20P
3:45P	46	Charlotte-Danville	46	3:45P
7:10P	12	Norfolk-Richmond-Atlanta	12	7:10P
8:18P	32	New York-Augusta	32	8:18P
10:20P	35	Birmingham-New Orleans-New York	35	10:20P
9:45P	138	New York-Atlanta	138	9:45P
9:31P	135	Washington-Atlanta	135	9:31P

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THE UPLIFT

VOL XI CONCORD N. C. FEBRUARY 3, 1923 NO. 12

"INDEPENDENCE OF SOLITUDE."

It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion; it is easy in solitude to live after our own; but the great man is he who, in the midst of the crowd, keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude.—Emerson.

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

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JAMES P. COOK, *Editor*, J. C. FISHER, *Director Printing Department*

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"Two men, two natures, two destinies. Really there are only two classes in the world. There are shades of difference, but each of us may be put in one of the two classes represented by the rich man and Lazarus. There is another life. Our life here determines what that other life is to be. The two are closely related and inseparably bound together. The hereafter is the here after. The future life is the present life projected. Death has no power to transform our nature. The life I now live shall continue to live."

THE BIBLE IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

We have the same constitution that we had in 1873, so far as the present subject is concerned. In a great majority of the public schools of North Carolina fifty years ago the New Testament was used as a reading book. This practice was occasioned by two causes, (1) the scarcity of readers, and (2) in the New Testament the subject matter concerned vital things, revealed everlasting truths and expressed in a manner that made of them then, as well as now, the finest of literature. Nobody raised any howl then. Why should there be a howl now?

Elsewhere in this paper is a contribution by Hon. Jas. A. Hartness, a leading citizen of Iredell county and prominent in state affairs. He wants the Bible used in the public schools and he gives strong reasons for his position. In the course of a public school education there are some subjects touched that do not fit into the notions of some folks, yet they are permitted. But is there any sound fear why anybody should be injured by hearing the Word of God read daily; on the contrary, there are many reasons why all

should be benefitted. The state recognizes a God in the oaths she administers. Is it inconsistent that her children hear the word of that same God read?

There are too many evidences of the influences the Bible and the religious truths it teaches have had on our citizenship and our civilization to outlaw its use among the children, who, in this restless age, are in dire need of just such training as the reading, if not the study, of the Bible furnishes. There is much more substantial benefit and less harm in the reading of the Bible than the reading and study of many of the mythological stories that creep into school literature. The position we are taking on the use of the Bible in the public school smacks too much of the stunt of straining at a gnat and swallowing a whale.

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A BIG MAN AND A GREAT HEART.

THE UPLIFT man, while sitting under the charming and edifying address by Thomas Mott Osborne, last week in Raleigh, before the annual convention of Social Service workers, could not restrain the hope that some day—earlier the better—every man and woman in charge of people temporarily or for life deprived of their liberty, serving a sentence the government found it expedient for the protection of society to impose, will hear this man of great heart, and who has a proper conception of prison conduct.

Eloquently Mr. Osborne declared in the midst of his admirable address "we punish folks by sending them to prison" and not "send them to prison to punish them." There is a vast difference. He takes the high ground and the humane position that the punishment lies in the actual sending of the unfortunate to prison; when this is done, the duty of organized government and a sense of justice demand that all effort be directed to return these people to society and to freedom prepared to exercise liberty.

Though the proposition is all but entirely different, we have gathered enough experience in the problem that confronts us to fully understand and appreciate the wisdom of the suggestions and the practices that obtained with him in the conduct of the prisons at Sing Sing and at Portsmouth. No one can possibly succeed to any appreciable extent in dealing with prisoners or those who are subject to the restraining influence of government unless he can and does bring himself to see the proposition from the view-point of the victim.

If every officer could hear Mr. Osborne, the few instances of neglect

and examples of cruelty that have been paraded in circulars and in bulletins could not again occur to make us ashamed in North Carolina. The opinion and suggestions of this man are worth something—he's worked it out in the field of experience and trial: much of the other that we get on the subject is pure theory worked out under the pressure of earning a salary, and not from a personal contact.

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HAD A HEART.

The average man under the stress of the times, during the world war would have shut his eyes and his heart in the face of the alarming homesick boys that deserted their ships and finally being imprisoned at Portsmouth, N. H. But the Hon. Josephus Daniels, then Secretary of the Navy, guided by the impulses of a great heart and sympathy for the mistaken boys and their dear ones back home, could not idly sit by and see so many otherwise fine boys from every section of our country go to the bad without some effort made to set them on another road.

Sending for Mr. Thomas Mott Osborne, who had made a national reputation for great wisdom in handling prisoners and getting remarkable results in the way of reclamation, Secretary Daniels said to him: "We have no money for the proposition, but those naval prisoners at Portsmouth, N. H. need your service. I want you to go there and take charge; do what you think right and effective. I place no restrictions on you." The patriot answered, "here I am; I am proud to answer your call; my sons are across the seas, and the old man wants to do his bit at home." Two great hearts and souls that recognize the brotherhood of man met in this undertaking. The result of Mr. Daniels sending of Mr. Osborne to Portsmouth—the restoration of hundreds of boys to the path of duty and patriotism and sending them back to society without a stain that would hang about them for life like a body of death—sounds like a romance; but it was an accomplished fact, and is one of the brightest pages in the war's conduct.

We cannot live alone—there is a duty that we owe our fellowman. These distinguished American citizens, recognizing this principle, demonstrated it.

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MR. BLAIR'S REPORT.

Elsewhere in this issue is a report by Prof. John J. Blair, of the State Educational Department, whose business is in connection with the designs and locations of public school buildings and the beautifying of school

grounds. Mr. Blair started in the work with fine talents and much experience, but adding to this he has made recently under able architects a thorough study of every detail.

The report does not say so, but he has been the kindly angel that has settled many differences among local school authorities and prevented others. If such a large sum as twenty-five million of dollars is to be invested in public school buildings it is wise that there should be a directing head. We used to boast, and justly, soon after the lamented Aycock aroused the people educationally, that a school house was being built every day. That was true—just frame shells to take the place of the log-houses that had lost with the march of civilization their virtue. Now it is said that 800 are being built, and the great majority of these are modern. brick buildings, accommodating the needs of several former districts combined.

Mr. Blair has reasons to feel proud of his record in this important business, and to take courage in pressing along his great work.

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"MURDER WILL OUT."

This Dr. J. W. Peacock matter is beginning to taste of the can. The great publicity given to it, must, in the end, leave an injurious effect. Had the victim of all this publicity done a noble deed it would have been dismissed with a short notice. But the wires have been hot with all kinds of rumors.

In the eyes of some misguided folks all this notoriety and publicity is calculated to make of Peacock a hero, when in reality he is a law-breaker. Very few people, if any, thought when he escaped from the penitentiary that he could make a complete get-away. It may be long delayed, but eventually justice overtakes the evil-doer, and ought to. All kinds of rumors regarding the method of his escape have been set in motion. They have even gone so far as to intimate that he had assistance from within. That is absurd; but there are certain people who will believe it and to that extent they lose confidence in public officers and the certainty of the penalty of a violation of law. This is the evil effect of making a hero of the doctor.

The subject of this notoriety has a hard road ahead of him, for murder sooner or later will out.

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THE SILVER LINING.

The destructive fire that visited Elon College, by which one of the buildings of the plant became a total loss, is not an unmixed evil. Elon has

ascertained that it has numerous friends in the state irrespective of denominational connection, and it now appears quite probable that voluntary gifts will make it possible to erect a larger and better building and draw to it new friends and make the ties that bind its friends all the stronger.

Alamance county, in which Elon is located, is showing a noble spirit in her determination to raise towards a building fund and an increase of the endowment the handsome sum of one hundred thousand dollars. Dr. Brooks, the state superintendent of education, recognizing the usefulness and the power of Elon's educational record, has publicly called upon friends of education to rally to its relief.

Elon College is needed, may her misfortune prove in the end a great blessing.

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A GREAT ENDORSEMENT.

The work of the State Highway Commission came in for a handsome compliment at the hands of the General Assembly. The commission made it known that fifteen millions were yet needed to complete the work originally mapped out. The House passed the bill, authorizing an additional fifteen millions of dollars and making changes in the gasoline tax by almost a unanimous vote.

When the bill reached the Senate, the committee having the bill in charge ascertaining that a working quorum of the committee was present proceeded without any to-do to give a unanimous favorable report. The truth of the matter is the high character of the men who compose the commission gives to their requests a character and prominence that win confidence and support. The old state is humming.

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GETTING WORSE.

With all the agitation about the code of laws governing auto-drivers and the increasing number of accidents, from carelessness, viciousness and heartlessness, the slaughter goes on. The papers are filled all but daily with accounts where deaths or serious accidents have occurred by the ignoring of the rights of others.

The fiend that dashed the lady to death and seriously wounded another on a broad street in Greensboro, Saturday evening, while they were awaiting a street car, and kept right on, is one of the worst type of criminals among us. These accidents and crimes are becoming so common that one is scarcely safe to go

out on the streets. Where will it end, if some effective way cannot be found to hold in check these lawless folks that go blind as to the rights of others the moment that they get behind a driving wheel?

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CLEVER SERVICE.

Miss Cora Annette Harris, daughter of editor Harris, is doing some truly clever work in her book-reviews for the Sunday Observer. Miss Harris has a proper conception of the delicate work; she says just enough to whet your appetite for a book, or to enable you to decide whether to purchase or to borrow or to pass by. The verbosity that characterize some of the book-reviews and beclouding a safe choice, giving the reviewer only a smarty appearance, finds no room in Miss Harris' clever and acceptable reviews. Oftentimes fulsome reviews make the original itself tame when you start reading through it.

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THAT CO-ORDINATED CITY AND COUNTY BUILDING.

Sunday's Observer carried a very handsome picture of the proposed municipal and county building that is being agitated for the city of Charlotte and Mecklenburg county. The idea is so attractive and the prospect of the building financing itself, by way of rents for the numerous officies, make of the proposal an interesting proposition.

A jointly owned public building, by a county and its capitol city, running up twelve stories, is unique idea: and THE UPLIFT hopes the "Scotch-Irish" city fathers and the "Scotch-Irish" county dads may have no trouble in getting together and making the scheme a reality.

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STARTING RIGHT.

Governor Morrison has been invited to address the South Carolina legislature on the subject of state constructed highways. When he finishes with the sand-lappers, just watch them send for an escaped sand-lapper, now a live force in North Carolina affairs, to come down and show them how to write a road-bill that will get somewhere in action. Mr. Heriot Clarkson, pack your grip and hold yourself in readiness!

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NEW COMMISSIONER OF REVENUE.

Col. A. D. Watts, who has administered the affairs of the office of State Commissioner of Revenue in a most efficient manner, for two years, having

tendered his resignation effective immediately, Gov. Morrison appointed Hon. R. A. Doughton, of Alleghany county, to fill the vacancy.

Mr. Doughton is no stranger to the state. He has been for forty years an outstanding figure in North Carolina affairs. Once Lieutenant Governor, and for more than twenty years a leader in the Legislative hall he is justly regarded one of the ablest and most useful of North Carolinians.

A man of the strictest integrity, delightful personality and of fine wisdom, Mr. Doughton will bring to the discharge of the duties of this important office all the qualities necessary for an ideal officer.

THE UPLIFT regrets exceedingly, however, the circumstance and the occasion of this sudden change. It is inexplicably sad to see the strong and resourceful become entangled, but the courage of the man in refusing to lie to save himself is most commendable. This occurrence will be a joyful morsel with the gossippers and those who care not for those in trouble, but it will do no harm for all of us, in passing judgment, to remember the words of the command of the great Nazarene, after a little meditation and writing with his finger on the ground, said, "He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone."

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A CHOICE FRIEND.

The school was favored on Sunday by a return visit of one of its choicest friends, Mr. R. S. Huntington, a prominent business man of Greenville, S. C.

Mr. Huntington calls as often as he gets in the neighborhood of the Jackson Training School. He is an enthusiastic admirer of the institution, has made valuable contributions, and is a great big brother of the smaller boy. Our youngsters regard Mr. Huntington a fine chum.

"FAIL AND BUST."

Close on to forty years ago a prominent firm in Concord mercantile life, with a prosperous business and each of the partners was substantially and financially strong, suddenly announced its purpose to liquidate and retire from active business.

There are living today many men and women just about the age of this writer that knew well the two gentlemen that constituted this firm, dealt with them and always found them absolutely correct in all of their dealings—always gave full measure and full weights. No firm ever did business in Concord that rightfully enjoyed the reputation for a greater integrity. But within ten minutes, without giving the matter any thought prior thereto, this firm decided to go out of business at once.

There are some perhaps that will regard this as just a little example of superstition, but it isn't. They didn't need any more money; they could live without engaging in mercantile business; but after all they may have had no special use for prophets, evil ones at least. Neither one of these gentleman would have given second thought to a black cat running across the road in front of him; and whether a rabbit ran in front of them from the left or the right of the road made no impression on either of them.

But the firm of Foil and Bost, composed of the late Alexander Foil and the late Aaron Bost, two of the county's most substantial citizens in their day, were always of perfect agreement in their business arrangements and the business was very successful; but one morning they decided to retire. The public never knew the real occasion, other than each was tired of measuring calico, weighing up sugar and handing out a small bladder of snuff and such like. But this is the start:

One morning, after opening the store, the junior member of the firm was going through the mail which had just come in. The first letter that Mr. Bost picked up was mailed at Norfolk, Virginia, and was addressed "Fail & Bust." It found its way to Foil & Bost. Mr. Bost did not like that style of firm, but Mr. Foil took his out in a hearty laugh and declared again "the study of the ways of man is a most interesting study." Mr. Aaron Bost, serious minded and certain that their business was perfectly sound, after a moment's reflection said, "Sandy, let's close out; if people away from here look upon our partnership in this light, we had better quit," and they did quit. This "Fail & Bust" business was just the occasion; the truth of the matter each had just as much money as he wanted and it didn't take as much to live in those days as it requires today. And this is the way Concord lost forty years ago one of its strongest and safest mercantile establishments.

If you divorce capital from labor, capital is hoarded and labor starves. —Webster.

OSBORNE, AN INSTITUTION.

Thursday evening of last week before an audience that filled the Presbyterian church, in Raleigh, Hon. Thomas Mott Osborne, of Sing Sing fame as warden of that noted prison, held the attention for one hour and half and only was weary. Those, who believe in humanity, felt that it is worth a reasonable trip and expense even to hear this wonderful man. He is an institution within himself. The record he made is a marvel, but while we accept without question the soundness of his views and methods they would fail and could not succeed under the direction of every one. The personality, of which modestly he takes no account, gives Mr. Osborne the power to accomplish what he did—all men do not possess that personality.

The beauty of the great address of Mr. Osborne, which was delivered under the auspices of the State Social Service organization, was the accomplished facts to which he attached a suitable theory—and not theories promulgated and untried. Among the other features of his address he said:

Reform, "as the avowed and primary purposes of the prison system," is a failure, because "no one likes to be told that he is to be reformed, but education—training for life—is the key to the problem, Thomas Mott Osborne, former warden of Sing Sing, tonight declared in addressing the North Carolina Conference for Social Service.

Penalogists have constantly reiterated, said Mr. Osborne, the words of Sir Evelyn Ruggles-Brise, formerly head of the English prisons, that "the purpose of the penal system cannot be better defined than by the old-fashioned formula, which provides that it shall be retributory, deterrent and reformatory."

The Englishman added, the speaker continued:

"Among loose thinkers and loose writers the impression seems to be gaining ground that this historic order of the factors of punishment should be altogether reformatory, as little as possible deterrent, and not at all retributory."

"Those of us who have been studying prisons at close range of late years take issue with both of these views. The purpose of prison is solely to protect society and the methods used must be such as prove efficient toward that end.

"Retaliation, or revenge is not only wicked in itself—contrary to all religious principles—but has been found dangerous in practice. It is bound to be unjust for it is impossible to determine the exact amount of personal blame to be attached to any guilty individual. The result of retaliation is to make a criminal more of a criminal.

"Reform, as the avowed and primary purpose of the prison system, is equally a failure. No one likes to be told that he is to be reformed—it arouses a perfectly natural obstinacy.

"Moreover the men in our prisons do not think highly of us outsiders. They believe us to be not only dishonest but hypocritical. It must be remembered that they come in contact with the most imperfect members in our social machinery. They

do not deal with the honest policeman, but with the crooked ones. They know much more than we do about those agents of ours who are weak and dishonest.

"When we tell men in prison that we are going to reform them, they naturally ask:

"Why don't you first reform yourselves?"

"So we come to deterrence as the only practicable aim of prison; and it is only by bringing these lawbreakers around to our point of view that we can stop them from lawbreaking. How can this be done?"

"We have tried force. It will not work; it has failed for over a hundred years, since prisons were made regular places of graded punishments. We have turned our prisons into the worst kind of hells, and the worse we make them, the more crime increases.

"We have tried persuasion. It does not work. Men will take all the privileges you give them, and ask for more. If you merely make prisons pleasant for prisoners, you lose the deterrent effect on the one side, while you make no permanent gain, on the other. You may get better conduct while the criminals are in prison, but you do not reduce crime. Upon their return to freedom, the prisoners go back into crime.

"This problem cannot be solved by either severity or sentimentality.

"The third and right way is education. This does not mean mere schooling—it means training for life. Men must be encouraged to think for themselves and to choose the right instead of the wrong. It is the conscience that needs to be educated.

"Experience has shown that this can be done only in one way. As Gladstone once wrote: 'It is liberty alone that fits men for liberty.' To train men for the free life of a citizen outside the walls, you must give them as much practicable of free life within the walls.

"For the last nine years important experiments in this direction have been tried; and it has been proved that not only can the prisoner community properly encouraged and directed by the prison administration, handle its own problems with very remarkable success, but that by these means a maximum of true and permanent reform can be obtained."

Mr. Osborne then gave a history of the Mutual Welfare league at the United States naval prison at Portsmouth, N. H. The league was started there when he was placed in command of the prison by Josephus Daniels, then secretary of the navy, in August, 1917.

For nearly three years under Mr. Osborne's command, it is stated, the league functioned with "extraordinary success." During this time 6,852 prisoners passed under his charge, There were no riots or other trouble. There were no severe punishments. Only eight men escaped. Muct work was done by the prisoners about the navy yard. Over 2,700 men were restored to duty, and during the last year, with 2,000 inmates, there were no marine guards at the prison, the prisoner police doing all the necessary guarding, it is stated.

Mr. Osborne called attention to the fact that when he first visited the prison there were 180 guards in charge of 170 prisoners. After his resignation, Commadore Wadhams, the speaker continued, carried on the

same system with similar success.

"There is no serious difficulty inside the prison. By common sense methods we can secure good conduct from prisoners, and do away with all forms of brutality and torture. By sympathetic interest we can permanently change the views and intentions of many of the strongest men among the prisoners.

"Just how many we can turn from destructive to constructive action can never be determined until the system has been given a fair chance through the series of years. That it should be given such a trial must be manifest to every intelligent person, for there is one thing upon which all such persons are agreed: the old prison system is a flat failure—a mortifying and disgraceful failure," he declared.

I doubt if human history affords a single example of any man who ever made much of a success in life who limited his work to eight hours a day. No minister of the gospel, no physician, no lawyer, no statesman, no inventor, no farmer, no manufacturer ever succeeded in accomplishing much for himself or for the world who did not burn some of the midnight oil.—Richard H. Edmonds in Charlotte Observer.

THE BIBLE IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS OF N. C.

By James A. Hartness.

That a large per cent of the children in this State are growing up without any knowledge of the Scriptures whatever is a known and serious fact.

This is true on account of the non-attendance upon church services, Sunday school and no Bible teaching in the home. We also have it from high church authority, that the decline of religious observance and Bible reading in te home of church members has become a matter of grave public concern.

For these reasons, if for none other, the Bible should be read and taught in the public schools of this State. We now have a compulsory attendance law so that every child must go to school and it can have the benefit of being taught the Scriptures, if the law provides it. Where will these neglected children get scriptural knowledge if not through the public schools?

The Bible is not written as a sectarian book or for any denomination, it does no belong to any sect or creed or race. It is the book dedicated by God Almighty to the salvation and service of the whole human family. It is the book of the law and religion by which men are to be saved, humanized and civilized. It is the book of human life, liberty and freedom, and through which all the world's progress has been made to that high station of civilization of today and the guide of the human race in the centuries to come. The

Bible is a literary masterpiece and God's moral code, and no education is complete without a knowledge of it.

It is also the only antidote to the immoral wave which is rampart in the life of the world today. What is needed most in the life of the people of today is a movement back to the Bible. We say in the preamble to the constitution of the State that we are grateful to Almighty God, the soverign ruler of nations, for the existence of our civil, political and religious liberties and acknowledge our dependence upon Him for the continuance of these blessings to us and to our posterity. How will the source of these blessings and divine laws be known and a continuance of them be supplicated and deserved by the rising generation if the Scriptures are unknown and untaught to them?

Moses said to Israel, speaking of the Commandments which God had given him, "and thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children." Another prophet of God said: "train up a child in the way he should go and when he is old he will not depart from it."

Christ, speaking to his disciples, said, "go ye ino all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." Christ taught the Jews in the temple and went about teaching and preaching the Gospel. How then shall we as His believers fail o follow His example and refuse to carry out His commandment and escape His condemnation?

While we send our missionaries abroad to preach the Gospel and teach the Bible, it is our duty under this commandment to do the same work in our midst. This is a Christian State and it is the duty of its Christian citizenship to teach the Bible in its schools. We are now doing the foolish thing of waiting until the child has fallen into vice and crime before we throw around it a moral influence by placing it in a reformatory.

Instead of this fasle course, let us put into its school life the moral and righteous influence of the Scriptures and save it from a criminal career, and humiliation through life and save the expense which will be incurred in bringing about its reformation. It is also true that if the State has the right to take a child that has fallen into crime and teach it in a State reformatory school the Christian religion, it has the right to teach the Scriptures to it in the State's public schools.

Our civilization can not exist without the Bible. It is founded upon the Scriptures. "All men have a right to worship God according to the dedicates of their own conscience and no human authority should control or interefere with the right of conscience." This is a declaration in our State constitution.

Youth must be taught the Scriptures to give them an enlightened conscience and knowledge to know to worship God. There is nothing here to interfere with the right of conscience. Nevertheless, I contend that so long as we acknowledge God to be our soverign ruler there is no human constitutional provision or statutory enactment which can repeal the divine order "and thou shall teach them diligently unto thy

children," and which says "go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature."

The first information which should be put into the life of every child is the moral and Christian virtues taught in the scriptures and the Bible is the only book where these divine truths can be found from which they can be taught.

The Bible has no substitute or counterpart in this respect and any educational system which undertakes to build the life and character of the youth of the land without the great truths of this book is like building a "house upon a sandy foundation."

It is also a fact that the theory of science and evolution is being taught in some of the schools of this State which contradicts the divine fact of God being the creator of all things. If God is to be questioned in the schools of our State, then I assert of right, let God's book testify in His behalf. The most dangerous form of infidelity is that which comes under the cover of science and evolution, and if the Christian people who believe in the divinely inspired Bible allow this doctrine to go unchallenged in the public schools of this State and wherever it is propagated, then Christianity and our Christian civilization is at the beginning of its dissolution.

A law should pass denying anyone who does not belive in the divinely inspired Bible the right to teach in any public school of this State.

I am not a bishop, as Judge Finley has denominated me, nor the son of one, but I have long felt the great wrong done the children of this State by depriving them of being taught the Scriptures in the public schools when they will not get it from any other course.

Will the Christian people be held guiltless before God to allow this great work to go undone?

The Bible is now being taught in the public schools of many States of this Union and it will honor North Carolina to do likewise.

LIVE TO-DAY.

Yesterday is a memory,
To-morrow is an imagination,
To-day is eternity.
Live to-day and live forever.
Cut out two days of your life—
Yesterday with its mistakes and follies,
To-morrow with its fears and dreads,
And live only today.

—Anonymous.

NORTH CAROLINA BUILDING 800 NEW SCHOOL HOUSES

North Carolina now is engaged in a school building program which, when completed, will add approximately eight hundred new structures at a cost of $25,000,000, according to the report of J. J. Blair, director of school-house planning, made public today.

"The interest of the entire public in providing better accomodations for their children is phenomenal," stated Dr. E. C. Brooks, State Superintendent of Public Instruction, in discussing details of the report. "The people are engaged in the construction of buildings which, when completed, will cost over $25,000,000. In 1919, the total valuation of all public school property in the State was barely $15,000,000.

"The old log school-houses and the small frame buildings heretofore used are rapidly disappearing and the people of the country have enthusiasm for education that even the towns and cities did not have ten years ago. In the place of poorly lighted, poorly equipped school-houses may be found today, eight, twelve or sixteen-room brick buildings with auditoriums, located on the great highways that are now spanning the State.

"The report shows that during the past generation the entire school plant has been built and then rebuilt a scond time.

"It is necessary, therefore, in order to avoid waste to build permanently, and this is the idea that the people seem to have in mind. Committeemen and boards of education are showing better judgment than ever before in the selection of sites for their new school buildings. They are securing sufficient grounds to provide recreation and playground centers for the children and one of the most noticeable evidences of progress is the care with which buildings are being located.

"The new building erected at Cooleemee, Davie County, is presented in the report as a type or model for interested citizens to study. It is very clear that the chief purpose of a school building is to provide class-room space for pupils, and all other parts of a building are necessarily related to the class-room.

"Therefore, if one building is so constructed that only 50 per cent of the floor space can be used for class-room purposes while another devoted 75 per cent to class-room purposes, the cost of the building per class-room will be 50 per cent more in the former than in the latter.

"It is very clear that from 25 to 50 per cent of the cost of a building may be saved to the taxpayers when the people understand that the floor area may be so arranged as to provide a large per cent of it for class-room uses rather than have to have it cut up into unnecessary hallways, stairways and rooms that cannot be used successfully as class-rooms.

"Of course, provision must be made for cloak rooms and such like. But the Cooleemee building devotes 76 per cent of the floor space to

class-room uses and provides for the other necessary features of a good school building. A few buildings have been erected in which the floor space used for class-room instruction is less than 50 per cent of the entire floor space. This is such an unwise expenditure that every citizen should study the best plans in order that the greatest advantages may be derived from a fair expenditure."

A study of the number of new buildings either completed under construction or planned shows that an average of $30,000 will be spent on each structure, according to Dr. Brooks.

Common sense does not ask an impossible chessboard, but takes the one before it and plays the game.—Wendell Philips.

THEY NEED TO KNOW AND GO

Real directors, these men are. They are charged with a sacred duty, and they go about it earnestly and in a business-like manner. They believe in the education of the rural child, in whose interests they are chosen to labor. It comes by the way of the Albemarle News-Herald, and it will make fine reading for the Board of Education in Cabarrus county. The gentlemen composing the board could render the cause of rural education in Cabarrus county a service by taking their executive officer, Prof. J. Buxton Robertson, on an inspection trip in a similiar manner as did the Stanly county folks. To get acquainted with the school conditions in the county will not do any harm; it is likely to produce some suggestions that will ultimately result in great good. Of course, these gentleman will not find a situation so pleasing as did the Stanly officials but they will find a field ripe for a survey and for progressive measures.

If a schedule is prepared and announced, there will be an outpouring of the people at each stop to give these school officers a hearty welcome and render such service as they can that a worth-while survey of the situation may be had. But the reading of the remarkable investigation and its purposes, by the Stanly county officials, will prove a pleasure and a joy to all friends of rural education, the biggest thing that confronts the state today.

Messrs. S. L. Gulledge, L. H. Bost and W. A. Hough, members of the Board of Education of this county, took off last Tuesday from their regular work and made a flying visit to a number of our schools. Among the schools which were visited during the day by the Board were: Bratton, Stanfield, Oak Grove, Hinson, Oakboro, Dry, Brooks and Endy. The idea of the board in making these visits was to get in closer touch with the schools of the county and to learn more of the needs and see the actual conditions with the view to asking such improvements as may be deemed necessary and advisable.

Endy is one of our consolidated schools with an enrollment of about 275 chilren. Forty of these children

are in the high school and are under the instruction of Prof. J. C. Ingram as principal. It is said that the board was delighted with the magnificent new building in the Endy district and the school, generally, and many of the other schools visited received the hearty commendations of these men. At Endy the board also found a well managed music department under the supervision of Miss Vesta Higginbotham as teacher, about twenty five pupils being enrolled in that department. The patrons of the Endy school came in for their share of the fine compliments paid the school by the board of education. The people of the district have greatly aid in erecting the new buildings, providing seats, shades, etc., and in furnishing wood. They also lent their hearty co-operation in the purchasing of a beautiful piano for the school.

At Oakboro the board of education also saw a handsome school building and were greeted by approximately 275 pupils. That school is doing 11th grade work, and, under the leadership of Prof. B. T. Hale, is displayin a fine school spirit. The Oakboro High School expects to be placed upon the acredited list this year. Excellent laboratory and library facilities add to the service which the school is rendering to the pupils of the district, and the agricultural work is proving quite an inspiration to the young men and boys. This district is running under a special tax arrangement, Oakboro having been the first district in the Western part of the county to vote a special school tax.

The school officials also found splendid work being done at Hinson, Dry, Oak Grove and the other schools visited. Hinson school has purchased a piano also.

The board was favorably impressed with the magnificent work which is being done and the intestest which is being manifested on the part of both teachers and pupils in the Stanfield School. Prof. B. E. Littlefield and his able corps of teachers impressed the board of education with the fact that they are doing a great work in the Stanfied district. Stanfield was the second school in Western Stanly to vote a local school tax. Ten grades of work are being done there, and it is understood hat the board of education will provide eleven grades next year, or as soon thereafter as the pupils shall be prepared for it. The addition of the eleventh grade work will give Stanfield four years High School work. Stanfield, too, hopes to get on the acredited list of state high schools within a year or two.

"The educational progress in the Western part of Stanly county has been remarkable during the last two years," said one of the party in speaking of this trip. "Six districts have voted special tax and thus have a tremenduous advantage over those districts not having special school tax provisions. The increase in the number of high school pupils," this gentleman continued, "has been remarkable.

Practically all of the schools visited by the board are planning active campaigns for improving their schools this year.

The visiting officials were favorably impressed with the evidences of pride being taken by the schools, manifested by the beautifying of the school buildings and grounds.

It is said to the credit of Stanly's board of education and Stanly's Superintendent of Public Schools, that they are urging the planting of flowers, shrubbery, etc., around all public school buildings. The board will make other visits to other schools in the early future, and in this these gentlemen are doing the proper thing, in that they will be better enabled to provide the necessary improvements, changes, etc., by coming in direct contact with the schools and getting first hand information and inspiration.

We are always in a forge, or on the anvil; by trials God is shaping us for higher things.—Beecher.

THE NEW YORK TIMES ON ACADEMIC FREEDOM

(Exchange)

Should a teacher be allowed to occupy a professor's chair in a Church college when he teaches what runs counter to the faith and principles of that Church? This is the question that has been thrust into public notice because of the action taken by the Board of Trustees of William Jewell College at Liberty, Mo., in dismissing Prof. Dr. Slaten, teacher of Biblical literature and Religious Education. He is manifestly a Unitarian and, to all intents and purposes, an agnostic. When the Board summoned him and put questions to him concerning Christ—His diety, His teaching and claims, His atonement on the Cross, and His resurection, it was found that he does not worship Christ as God, nor pray in His name. His services were therefore discontinued, though his salary for the year will be paid. Naturally, Dr. Slaten makes the usual plea that freedom of thought should be permitted in a college, whether it be owned and conducted by a Church or not. His friends support him in this, and raise a cry of persecution and the plea for academic freedom.

It is coming to be recognized, however, that the question of academic freedom is not involved in this and similiar cases. It is not a question as to whether a teacher shall be allowed to hold and teach views that contradict the fundamental truths of Christianity. No one will deny such a man the liberty of preaching his heresies from the housetops if he so chooses. There are plenty of open forums in the country where he may do it to his heart's content, without molestation. But a professor's classroom in a Christian college is not an open forum. Even the public school classrooms are not open forums, to promulgate views subversive of the truths of Christianity. State institutions have no right to allow their professors to undermine the faith of the students by promulgating views and theories which are at war with Christian

teaching. They have no right to tear down what the churches are trying to build up. They exist for an entirely different purpose than either to teach religion, or undermine faith in religion, whether it be Christian, Jewish Mohammedan, or what not.

On this point the New York Times has expressed itself in a manner that will meet the approval of most Christians, however diversified on minor points their views may be. It says:

It is not really necessary for anybody's blood to boil very much over the accelerated departure of Dr. Arthur Wakefield Slaten, professor of Biblical literature and Religious Education from William Jewell College, which is in Missouri. He seems to be an estimable and intelligent man, who has given serious study to the subjects he was hired to teach. His conclusions in regard to them are those which a good many other estimable and intelligent men have reached as a result of similiar study, and he has, of course, the best of rights—it is even his duty—to tell the truth as he sees it to all who care to hear him. But he is also under obligation to accept, as cheerfully as he can, the consequences that follow the telling while he occupies a chair at a denominational college founded expressly for the perpetuation and promulgation of certain beliefs which no longer are his—the verity of which he explicitly denies.

It is all very well for him to talk about "academic freedom," but really that is not involved in his disagreement with the trustees of the college. They are not trying to silence him; they simply say that he must do his teaching somewhere else than in a place where his ideas give great and justified offence.

Dr. Slaten thinks he has as much of a grievance, and the same kind of one, as would a teacher of geology who was expected to teach that the world was made in six days 6,000 years ago and was discharged because he denied the truth of those statistics. The anology is not sound now, though it might have been 200 years ago or so. Geologists deal largely with demonstrable facts, while the matters in which Dr. Slaten contradicted the trustees of William Jewell College were for the most part in another domain—that of faith—and he has only what seem to him high probabilities with which to meet their settled convictions.

What men who find themselves in the position of Dr. Slaten should do is obvious. Instead of waiting to be dismissed and then protesting against dismissal in the name of "academic freedom," they should depart voluntary and betimes. There is room enough for them outside and plenty of freedom to say what they choose.

TEACH CHILDREN TO WORK.

Concord Tribune.

One of the greatest curses in the United States today is the horror of work which many young people are having instilled in their hearts and

by the manner in which they ... reared. They are not only ... lowed to spend an idle life, ... being allowed to grow up ... knowledge of work or ... and when work becomes a ... with some of them, they ... where to begin. We agree ... Greenville News in the ... "from infancy children ... taught the nobility of ... among the tragedies of life ... great number of young peo... for different reasons, are ... thrown into the world up... own resources and who ... able to earn their living be... they were never trained to it. ... alms houses and houses of ... are full of people of good ... who would have been useful ... citizens had they known ... to earn an honest living when thrown upon their own resources."

The following paragraph from the Deaborn Independent, somewhat along this line, should cause parents to pause long enough to take an inventory of themselves:

Judge Ben R. Lindsey, head of the Juvenile Court of Denver, says: "My experience, study and investigation of juvenile life has convinced me that parents need to be taught the fundamentals of child rearing. I firmly believe that not more than 20 per cent of parents are relatively, and comparatively, competent to rear children." The judge is directly and indirectly responsible for the enactment of 52 Colorado laws for the protection of women and children, not one of which has been repealed, and 42 of which have been copied in other states.

AT OLD TRINITY

It was our pleasure last Sunday morning to preach for Rev. J. E. Woosley at Trinity. Those Methodists no longer worship in the old college chapel. They have built a beautiful new church that is up-to-date in every particular and adequate for their every need. The music last Sunday morning was equal to the best one hears in the big city churches. About 15 years ago, after he had retired from the active ministry, Rev. F. H. Wood, then living at Trinity, planted out two little maple trees. This act of the old Methodist preacher's planting out trees perplexed the mind of Maj. Bruce Craven, who was not as wise then as he is now. Why should any old man awaiting the sunset call be planting out trees, was unanswered in the mind of the young lawyer. But now those trees furnish shade for the front yard of the new Methodist church at Trinity. Brother Wood went to his eternal reward ten years ago, but those who come to the village church to worship throught the coming years can enjoy the shade of the trees planted by the aged itinerant. The good deeds of a man live after him. Blessed is the man that planteth trees, or that preserveth those already serving their mission on the earth.—Greensboro Advocate.

ONE-TEACHER SCHOOLS CAN NEVER REALLY EDUCATE

By Clarence Poe in Progressive Farmer.

Nevertheless, while recognizing that half the opportunities for wiser nurture of boys and girls lie in the home, we of course should never forget the other half outside the home. The best home influence will fail to develop a child properly if he dosn't go to school—and to a good school at that.

That is one great trouble with us here in the South. We haven't thought enough about the quality of schooling given our children. We have often been satisfied if a child was taught "to read and write"—even though he knew so little about reading that he practically never read anything and knew so little about writing that he practically never wrote anything. The words of old Henry D. Thoreau come fittingly to mind:

"I confess that I do not make any broad distinction between the illiterateness of my townsman who cannot read at all and the illiterateness of him who has learned only to read what is for children and feeble intellects."

That is the lesson I think more of us need to learn. We must not be content just to "put our children into school" without considering whether the school we have put them in is worth anything after they get into it. And it might as well be said, plainly and bluntly, that as an agency for really educating a community, a one-teacher school which attempts to handle all grades and all ages is a delusion and a snare.

I am almost tempted to say that such a one-teacher school, handling all grades and ages, has the same relation to education that vaccination has to smallpox—it simply "prevents one from getting the real thing." In other words, if there were no one-teacher or two-teacher schools, parents would usually find some way really to educated the child. As it is, they send him to such a one-teacher school and there he gets stalled or mired up in the first three grades and consequently never gets far enough to make his education a real power for widening his vision and increasing his happiness and efficiency.

In the millions of farm boys and girls who leave school without ever having gotten beyond the first three or four grades—it is there that we have the really supreme tragedy of Southern education. We need to have the census shown next time not only whether a voter can read and write but also what grade he was in when he quit school. And with such figures once before us, we will at last discover that we have simply been fooling ourselves when we thought that we were educating our children when we sent them to one-teacher and two-teacher schools.

WREN'S NEST OR UNCLE REMUS HOME

By Maude Gardener

On beautiful Gordon Street, in the suburb of West End, three from the heart of Atlanta, stands the "Wren's Nest" "Uncle Remus" home, where Joel Chandler Harris, than apostle of humor and prince of story-tellers, wrote the most loved and most Southern of all stories—stories brimming over with quaint humor, kindly philosophy and real understanding of the old plantation day in the South.

"Wren's Nest" and grounds are owned and controlled by the Uncle Remus Association. One side of the house has been converted into a public library, the remainder of the building being kept as its master left it, and is in charge of a caretaker. It is a typical Southern cottage, with its big verandas, generous hearths and wide, sunny windows. All about the place are magnolia trees from whose branches in the springtime the mocking birds and thrashes sing and the wrens build their nests. On the table in the center of the cozy sitting-room, stands the green-painted box with "Sign of the Wren's Nest" in letters of white, made by Mr. Harris' own hands, long, long ago when the city delivery of mail was first known in Atlanta. But this box became as sacred to a chance pair of feathery builders that it was never used as a mere post box again. It is related that one time when a friend came to call on Joel Chandler Harris, he found the front gate boarded up, and was told to go round to the kitchen gate as a little wren had built her nest in the gate-post and she must not be disturbed until the little birds were hatched.

Crooked to the mantel, in the sitting-room, just as he left it, is the homely umbrella used by the famous author, and the little, old-fashioned typewriter stands as if waiting for the magic fingers to touch the keys with more Brer Rabbit stories. There is the cheery hearth where the "Tortyshell" cat purred through the winter nights, "runnin' that buzz saw cats has got somewhere in their insides;" and there, "long to'ard the shank ob de evenin,' as you might say, Mr. Coon 'lowed if the Lord would spare him—an' he most injinrally did—that he would datch frogs for himself and his fambly connections."

Joel Chandler Harris was born at Eatonton, Georgia, and when he was only twelve years old, because he wanted to help his mother, into whose life much sorrow and sadness had come, he packed his little belongings in an old-fashioned trunk and kissing his mother goodby, set out for the Turner plantation, nine miles away, to serve his apprenticeship as a printer. Mr. Turner not only owned the big plantation of two thousand acres, but was the editor of the **Countrymen**, at that time the only country news-

paper in the world, and into this home, with its big library, the little book-starved, lonely boy came to live.

There were many slaves on the big plantation and they grew to love the little printer lad and to find in him a real friend and from his association and real knowledge of them, later came that wealth of legendary folklore, which he wove into the wise and witty sayings in which his books abound. With the birds and squirrels he also made friends for the printing office was located in a large grove of oaks and from his window he could watch the gray squirrels play hide and seek and to the clicking of his type was the accompaniment of the song of the mocking-bird and the noisy jay.

But this ideal existence came to a sudden end and when Sherman went through Georgia on his famous march to the sea, he brought to the Turner plantation a corps of his army who left little behind on their departure. The editor-planter set his slaves free and the **Countrymen** ceased to exist, and then we hear of the printer lad setting type on various newspapers in the South until 1876 when he became a member of the editorial staff of the **Atlanta Constitution** and his real literary efforts began.

At first he wrote sketches, but larger efforts beckoned, and he began "Legends of the Old Plantation," which appear in his first published volume called "Uncle Remus, His Songs and Sayings," with Brer Rabbit as the hero. About this time he built "Wren's Nest," which became the dearest spot on earth to him with its garden of roses whose glorious beauty lasted from May until December; with the family of mocking-birds that always came to winter in his garden and where in early summer the wrens chirped over their nests. And here he wrote innumerable stories of the old plantation days which have brought laughter to lips of many children and whose hearts have been made lighter and happier by his golden legends. And they also brought fame to Joel Chandler Harris the shy, humble man who never sought the limelight, and whose greatest pleasure was found in the quiet restfulness of his semi-rural home.

And when one has looked into the kindly eyes and seen the gracious smile of the gentle woman who now lives in the home of her daughter next door to the "Wren's Nest," you realize that she helped to make the telling of the "Uncle Remus" tales possible. Joel Chandler Harris had his reason for working in the family room, where the children's shouts would have disturbed a less simple genius. Whenever the family got too noisy, he would find his desk thoughtfully moved to the attic, but after trying and trying to write in its lonely seclusion, back he would come to the sitting-room. Then a glass-inclosed porch was fitted up with every comfort that might tempt inspiration—but back he stole shyly to his beloved old hearth and to Mrs. Harris sitting serenely in the mellow lamplight.

"Trees and sunlight, and people passing down the road—these may inspire many men," he said, "but I cannot write unless I sit where I

... you playin with the child-

... home at "Wren's Nest," ... on July 3, 1908, the gentle, ... soul passed on, bringing sorrow to the hearts of hundreds of little children who had loved his stories as did their father and mothers in the long ago.

HIS NAME IS "FRANK."

By Old Hurrygraph.

... most wonderful dog I ever ... is a collie, named "Frank." ... and a half years old. He is ... most precocious canine I ever ... If there is such a thing, he is ... most gentlemanly dogly dog in ... manner and carriage I ever be- ... held. Owned by Bynum S. Dobbin, ... agricultural manager of the Patter- ... son School, for mountain boys, in ... Happy Valley, of Caldwell coun- ... North Carolina. Frank is a pup ... of the mountains. He possesses more ... than ordinary intelligence for his ... kind. He understands with a clear ... perception what is said to him and ... executes it with almost human ... precision. His favorite place for ... riding is on the running board of ... his master's Ford. Wherever that ... Ford goes, Frank is right there as a ... part of it, and no one dare molest ... that car when he is around.

... was on a trip with his master ... last summer, through the moun- ... tains of Western North Carolina, ... buying cattle. On this trip it was ... necessary to look the cattle over ... before purchasing. It frequently ... happened that the cattle were out on ... the mountain side; in a cove, or in ... the woods; or on the far side of a ... field. It was only necessary for his ... master to say to Frank that cattle ... was somewhere there and he desired ... to see them. Frank's eyes would sparkle, his ears forthwith prick up at right angles, and he was off the car, over the fence and on his search to find them. When you heard his bark, it was a signal that he had found them. He would round them up and drive them towards the point where his master was. He understood how to do it; and exhibited great pride in his achievements.

Passing along the highway and seeing a herd lying under the shade, in a distant field, his master would say; "Frank, there's some good looking cattle over there. I would like to see them. Round them up and bring them closer to the road." Frank would immediately make for the herd, and break into them with vigorous barking, stir them up, and drive them up to the side of the road with as much deliberation and care as a human being. I saw him do it several times.

If a vicious bull showed fight, Frank played with him, and led him on in the direction he wanted him go. If a cow was slow Frank would approach from the rear and give her tail a gentle twist. If the calves were frisky, and playful, Frank was, too, and coaxed them on —either leading the herd, or in the rear pushing them on.

On one occasion, leaning out too far to glimpse or flirt with a dog

on the roadside, he fell off the running board, while the machine was passing, and he appeared to be very much chagrined over the incident, and thereafter paid no more attention to dogs in passing.

WHICH IS THE BETTER APPEAL?

W. F. Marshall in Education.

A young teacher in Eastern North Carolina writes on the blackboard the names of the pupils who miss words in their spelling lesson. Another teacher instinctly backs away from this method and would appeal to another side of the child's nature by writing on the board the names of those who missed no words.

May-be you have read in some of your travels a request like this: "Please report to the management any instances of neglect or discourtesy upon part of employees." In the Raleigh postoffice Postmaster Duncan posted a notice requesting patrons to report to him instances of unusual courtesy shown or service performed by the employees in their line of duty.

A young stenographer went fresh from the business college to a difficult and exacting position. Her work was a disappointment to her employer and greatly discouraged her. He reasoned, remonstrated, and insisted upon increased diligence. She seemed to be losing her grip upon the work and unable to rally, unable to rise to the best she was capable of doing. At the end of the month she was told, "Your salary will be raised $..... to-morrow and back-dated to cover the present month, which has been such a trying one for a new stenographer." Thunderstruck at the time, she came back next morning with a new spirit, attacked her work with buoyancy—and won!

John J. McGraw is writing up his baseball recollections for the New York Evening World. McGraw was manager of the Giants. In one of the World Series games, Snodgrass, one of McGraw's men, made a muff which cost the Giants $30,000. In the Evening World articles, McGraw reveals for the first time what he said to his unlucky player; it was this: "I've raised your salary one thousand dollars a year."

Isn't it better to appeal to the best that is in one?

Love ever gives—
Forgives—outlives—
And ever stands
With open hands.
And while it lives,
It gives.
For this is love's prerogative—
To give—and give—and give.
—John Oxenham.

CHOOSING A WIFE

(Greensboro Methodist Advocate)

In making this choice which is for life and which is attended by such momentous consequences, a man should seek after those qualities which endure. Without stopping to consider those transitory feminine charms which come from the skillful use of paints, powders, curling irons and the dressmakers' arts and to which men sometimes attach undue importance, we will enumerate some of those desirable qualities which last.

That many people by nature are deprived of robust bodies, that disease oftentimes insidiously does its permanent work, and the frail people frequently are of more value to society than some with strong bodies, are facts that we do not overlook for a single moment. Yet we contend that every girl should strive to make the best of herself physically. A girld should not desire, as some do, to be thin and pale and, therefore, supposedly beautiful. Rather let her be athletic and robust, if possible, all the while cultivating the roses in her cheeks.

Parents and educators, too, should exercise care to see that the daughters of our land get the best physical training, so as to be prepared in this important respect for the heavy responsibilities of life. For a woman with a strong, healthy body possesses the very first and finest equipment for a life of happiness and service.

Another qualification is industry. Not that this industry should be confined to the pursuit of learning or culture, or a mastery of some of the fine arts, however commendable all this is, but her industry should be directed also toward the more commonplace and prosaic duties of cooking, sewing and housekeeping. When a girl boasts that she does not know how to cook, that she dislikes housekeeping and that mama always hires the dressmaker, the young fellow with an average amount of gumption begins to think seriously, and a personal confession like that scares a bachelor to death. There is a season.

Girls frequently explain by saying that they expect to marry rich men who can provide cooks, housekeepes and dressmakers. There are two difficulties connected with that statement. The rich men are so few that not one girl out of twenty can hope to capture such a man, and if all could, there are many things that money cannot sometimes buy. Frequently good cooks and efficient housekeepers cannot be secured at any price.

Furthermore, if a man expects to faithfully perform his duties as they relate to family life, he has a moral right to expect that his wife shall be able to perform her part. Mutual performance of the duties should be the law of living that pertains between husband and wife. She may be the manager of the household to direct its affairs, just as the husband manage his business, but the successful manager of any business must know it in its details to meet with the highest success.

A third qualification is the ability to practice economy. That is to know

how to spend money wisely in order to get the largest and best results. If the husband is the provider for the home the wife in a very striking sense is the manager of the spending end of the establishment. And if the wife be so minded she can spend all that the average man can get hold of, no matter how hard he may strive to make money.

We were talking a little while ago with a lady whose husband had educated their children, and the family was accustomed to live well, enjoying the necessities and many luxuries of life, and had laid by considerable wealth. The good wife with marked modesty, wisely said, "What little we have we have gotten from carefully spending and saved what we have made." In that brief sentence she gave the true secret of the successful management of the average household.

A man should strive to find a wife who will be congenial, that is, companionable. Their tastes and dispositions should harmonize so that the husband and wife can be constant and agreeable companions. Here is the source of unlimited martial joy. Yet it is often wanting, and here is found the explanation of why husband and wife are not found in each other's company when they can go elsewhere. Too seldom do we find married couples after the honeymoon, anyhow after the first six months of wedded life, who are really "chums," delighting in each other's companionship. This comes from the lack of congeniality which might be in a large measure guarded against by a proper care before marriage. If you cannot get along agreeably with one before marriage, you will hardly do so afterwards.

No man should think for a mo ment of marrying a girl in whom h does not have unbounded confidenc Not that women who live in an at mosphere of suspicion are not goo enough for a host of men who ar themselves unclean, but because pure woman should not be subjecte to the afflictions of an unreasonabl jealous husband. This trouble arise oftentimes from men's marrying girl known as "fast." After marriag these husbands suspect that the dis position of the girl may be carrie over into the practices of the wif hence the foolish and petty jealous ies.

Nothing becomes a young woma like maidenly modesty. In her girl hood it is a robe of beauty and i later years it may save her from world of annoyances and heartburn ings.

Do not marry a frivolous girl That is a girl interested in nothin but trifling matters. Her whol thought is of dress, pleasure, frolic the dance and giddy society. Suc a girl can hardly be made into sensible wife who will look afte her household.

Last of all, we mention the su preme and crowning virtue of all wo manhood, that is piety. To discus such a self-evident truth in thi place is superfluous. Even popular ity and beauty, qualities of women s highly appreciated by the majorit of mankind, are as nothing compare to the service of God. "Favor i deceitful," says the Good Book, "an beauty is vain, but a woman tha feareth the Lord she shall be prais ed."

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Pressly Mills.

Rev. Mr. Armstrong held religious services in the auditorium last Sunday, January 21.

—o—

The only boy to receive a visit from home folks Wednesday, was Clairbourne Gilbert, being it was such an icy day.

—o—

Master Joseph Moore did such good work on the outside that he was placed in the printing office, and as a former reporter once stated, "he likes to hear the click of the type."

—o—

A gravel road between the eleventh and twelfth cottages, was recently constructed under the instruction of Mr. Grier, our roadman. This road is a good peice of workmanship, and no one could do better than was done here.

—o—

The pupils in charge of Mr. W. W. Johnson, are gradually getting fewer in number, because those who have been trying to do their best are being sent home. New boys, however, are arriving daily and this vacancy will soon be filled.

—o—

Desks for the fifth school room are being prepared by the boys of the Carpenter shop. The boys who do this work are: Jas. A. Shipp, T. Wilkerson, Joe Kennon, Lewis Norris and Carl Henry. Mr.R. B. Cloer the shop forman is instructing the work.

Master Wayne Carpenter has been installed on the pump job, and just as soon as he is able to master it alone his precessor, Master Vass Fields will return to his old job as a printer. He is needed more at this last position than at the former for he knows a great deal about this business.

—o—

Master Swift B. Davis, our former reporter, was honorably paroled by Superintendent Boger last Thursday, January 25. THE UPLIFT has lost a valuable worker whose sevices will be hard to replace. He put forth his best efforts to make THE UPLIFT a flourishing weekly journal. He leaves many friends and we hope that some day it can be said that he has proved a credit to himself and to this institution, to his state, and country.

—o—

A rather inciting little incident occurred last Thuasday, January 25, on the bell rock. The bell boy was ringing the bell, when all at once he was surprised to find himself on the rock alone. The king bolt which kept the bell in its place had done its duty and could do no more. It was rather difficult for the officers to hear it's tolling that night but the boys were put to bed at the regular hour. On Friday several of the larger boys were detailed to the task of hoisting the bell onto the rock, here it was put into place and it sends out it's pealing tolls as it seems to sound better than ever before.

MARDI GRAS CARNIVAL

NEW ORLEANS	MOBILE	PENSACOLA
Feb. 8-13, 1923.	Feb. 11-13, 1923.	Feb. 10-13, 1923.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

ANNOUNCES

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NEW ORLEANS.	Tickets on sale Feb. 6-13 inclusive.
MOBILE	Tickets on sale Feb. 9-13 inclusive.
PENSACOLA.	Tickets on sale Feb. 8-13 inclusive.

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SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

Passenger Train Schedules

Arrival and Departure of Passenger Trains, Concord, N. C.

LV.	NO.	BETWEEN	NO.	AR.
1:40A	30	New York-Birmingham	30	1:40A
2:37A	29	Birmingham-New York	29	2:37A
5:12A	44	Washington-Atlanta	44	5:12A
6:32A	31	Atlanta-New York	31	6:32A
8:41A	137	Atlanta-New York	137	8:41A
9:25A	11	Charlotte-Norfolk-Richmond	11	9:25A
10:55A	36	New York Birmingham-New Orleans	36	10:55A
3:20P	45	Washington-Charlotte	45	3:20P
3:45P	46	Charlotte-Danville	46	3:45P
7:10P	12	Norfolk-Richmond-Atlanta	12	7:10P
8:18P	32	New York-Augusta	32	8:18P
10:20P	35	Birmingham-New Orleans-New York	35	10:20P
9:45P	138	New York-Atlanta	138	9:45P
9:31P	135	Washington-Atlanta	135	9:31P

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THE UPLIFT

VOL XI CONCORD N. C. FEBRUARY 10, 1923 NO. 13

BRAVE LITTLE HARBINGER.

Through my snow-spattered window I see you, my little spring visitor. Bravely and serenely you are standing erect with your golden-tipped head unperturbed by the whirling snow-flakes and the pelting of the sleet. I would that you have a care, my little Jonquil, the sweet harbinger in the flower kingdom of approaching springtime, lest your beautiful life be cut short. But you teach me a lesson you learned, as I happen to know, more than fifty years ago and annually obey. The same God that commands and cares for your little neighbor, the purple violet just across the walk, bids you appear, and you come, trusting implicitly the promise of protection which the God of the universe vouchsafes to all His believing and serving creatures. (February 6, 1923)

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

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JAMES P. COOK, *Editor*, J. C. FISHER, *Director Printing Department*

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"'Tis the wink of an eye; 'tis the draught of a breath
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death,
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud;
O, Why should the spirit of mortal be proud?"

"THE RAIL SPLITTER."

This issue of THE UPLIFT carries much about Abraham Lincoln, the anniversary of whose birth occurs on the 12th of this month. It is fitting to make this remineder, for he rose from humble circumstances to a proud position, not only in American history but in world history. This thing of splitting rails, his expertness at this arduous work giving him the name of "The Rail Splitter," has gone out of vogue, but in Lincoln's day it was the chief business of the winter; and to be a "good-hand" at it gave to the axeman a reputation of considerable distinction.

Elsewhere in this number we enumerate the various steps and high-lights in the career of this remarkable man from his birth to death. There is so much good in his life, his conduct and his accomplishments that he stands out an exemplary character richly worthy of emulation by the young. We all can take pride in the successful race he ran, because his life and career are the finest tributes to the possibilities in our glorious government—an opportunity for everyone, regardless of birth or circumstances or envoronment, to enjoy a freedom in making the most of life.

Had Lincoln not have become a victim of an assassin, much of the history of this country after the event at Appomattox would never have been writ-

ten. The South, speaking from a sectional viewpoint, was the greatest sufferer because of this death.

We are prone to lionize such characters, even to idolize them—but it is well that we take account of the brilliant record, the honest purposes and the successful issue of a big man's passion. An example of a passionate devotion to Lincoln's memory lies in the engaging story under the title of "Lincoln's Greatest Admirer," appearing in this number.

* * * * * * *

EFFECTIVE, SMALL INFLUENCES.

There is no one to measure the influence of one word, one act, one example. Each in its own way sets in motion that which goes on and on. You have dropped into a pond a pebble, and from that slight disturbance there goes out ever increasing circles until they spend themselves against the other shore—that deed, that word, in like manner, sets forth an influence ever increasing, spending itself at the other shore, eternity.

I sat last Sunday in a little country church—it was cold on the outside and not too warm on the inside. The congregation is a small one, made up of plain, well-behaved, modest farmers. The story of the great suffering in central Europe was told; and the speaker requested all who were interested to take an envelope and respond in contribution when it was convenient in such sums as they could spare. A parishioner remarked, "if they are suffering, why not do our bit right now?" No sooner said than a collection proceeded. That little crowd, away out in the country, far removed from the scene of suffering and religious distress, saw its duty and responded to the amount of twenty-one dollars, with more to follow. This little unselfish act may save a life, or better still, may save the faith of a struggling soul in the great scheme of the brotherhood of all mankind.

Just across the hill stands a little school-house. Under the influence of a godly little woman, a consecrated Christian and a beautiful example of modest womanhood, what had formerly suffered the reputation of being "rough-necks" has grown into an orderly, enthusiastic crowd of youngsters, now seeing a vision and striving to catch the step of progress and the rich fruits of civilization. That little woman, following the dictates of her own sense of responsibility, has taught them to follow her in a simple prayer, recognizing and praising the great God of the universe. There is no violation of law in this. No one objects, and the children have responded in this beautiful service. I saw just last Sunday one of them, a seven-year old boy, full of mischief and restless, but when that preacher

began to pray the little fellow stood in a devout posture and, so far as we know, he followed the minister in the petitions to his heavenly father. Six months, yes three months, ago that little fellow would have been thoughtly oblivious of the sacredness of the act, which now won his beautiful attention and reverence.

That same little spirit, which daily goes to her God along with the children committed to her care and her teaching, takes note of the physical as well as the spiritual welfare of the coming men and women of the neighborhood. In her alertness, she had gathered a tube of tooth paste and a treatise on how to care for the teeth, enough to supply each pupil. Under the seed sown last year by the All-time Health Nurse of the county, these children have come to realize the importance of clean mouths and a care for their teeth. Now they have come into the means of a practical try-out of the theory planted into their little lives a year ago. There was enthusiastic reception of this act of the little teacher. Here is an act that never can be measured in all its goodness—through the child oftentimes the hardened and thoughtless father, living in the same paths that his grand-daddy walked, will see a light and look after the small things in themselves that in maturity have so much influence.

There is much good that we all can do. A kind word here, a sympathetic recognition of the suffering yonder, a cup of cold water, and a consistent and faithful adherence to the eternal truth that we cannot live alone or move through life without exercising an influence, either for good or bad, and that there is such a thing as the brotherhood of man, even applying to the skeptic who leaves God out of it.

* * * * * * *

GET OUT OR GET IN LINE.

Here is a selection from the late Elbert Hubbard, an American writer of essays and biography. It is within itself a sermon that will do us good. While it is appropriate to the leading subject of this issue, it fits in powerfully well for the times through which we are passing.

"If all the letters, messages and speeches of Lincoln were destroyed except that one letter to Hooker, we should still have a good index to the heart of the "Rail-splitter."

In this letter we see that Lincoln ruled his own spirit; and we also behold the fact that he could rule others. The letter shows frankness, kindliness, wit, tact, wise diplomacy and infinite patience.

Hooker had harshly and unjustly criticized Lincoln, his commander in

chief, and he had embarrassed Burnside, his ranking officer. But Lincoln waves all this in deference to the virtues that he believes Hooker possesses, and promotes him to succeed Burnside. In other words the man, who had been wronged, promotes the man who had wronged him, over the head of a man whom the promotee had wronged and for whom the promoter had a warm personal friendship.

But all personal considerations were sunk in view of the end desired. Yet it was necessary that the man promoted should know the truth, and Lincoln told it to him in a way that did not humiliate nor fire to foolish anger, but which certainly prevented the attack of cerebral elephantiasis to which Hooker was liable.

But here is the letter in its entirety:

Major-General Hooker, I have placed you at the head of the Army of the Potomac. Of course I have done this upon what appears to me to be sufficient reasons, and yet I think it best for you to know that there are some things in regard to which I am not quite satisfied with you.

I believe you to be a brave and a skillful soldier, which, of course, I like. I also believe you do not mix politics with your profession, in which you are right.

You have confidence in yourself, which is a valuable, if not indispensable, quality.

You are ambitious, which, within reasonable bounds, does good rather than harm; but I think that during General Burnside's command of the army you have taken counsel of your ambition and thwarted him as much as you could, in which you did wrong to the country and to a most meritorious and honorable brother officer.

I have heard, in such a way as to believe it, of your recently saying that both the army and the government needed a dictator. Of course it was not for this, but in spite of it, that I have given you the command. Only those generals who gain successes can set up dictators. What I now ask of you is military success, and I will risk the dictatorship. The government will support you to the utmost of its ability, which is neither more nor less than it has done and will do for all commanders. I much fear that the spirit you have aided to infuse into the army, of criticising their commander and withholding confidence from him, will now turn upon you. I shall assist you as far as I can to put it down. Neither you nor Napoleon, if he were alive again, could get any good out of an army while such a spirit prevails in it. And now beware of rashness; beware of rashness, but with energy and sleepless vigilance go foward and give us victories.

Yours very truly.

A. Lincoln."

If the concern where you are employed is all wrong, and the Old Man is

a curmudgeon, it may be well for you to go to the Old Man and confidentially, quietly and kindly tell him that he is a curmudgeon. Explain to him that his policy is absurd and preposterous. Then show him how to reform his ways, and you might offer to take charge of the concern and cause it of its secret faults.

Do this, or if for any reason you should prefer not, then take your choice of these: GET OUT OR GET IN LINE. You have to do one or the other —now make your choice. If you work for a man, in heaven's name work for him.

Let us mind our own business and work for self by working for the good of all."

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Next Monday is the anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln, the sixteenth president of the United States. He was born in Hardin county, Kentucky, February 12, 1809, several months after his mother returned from an extended visit to friends and relatives in Gaston county, North Carolina. His mother's maiden name was Nancy Hanks. Her husband was Tom Lincoln. He was of but little force; not exactly lazy but he just didn't "know how." Uneducated and, as they sized up folks then, was just an ordinary man. History goes into details about the connections of Washington, Jefferson, Franklin and other great men of their day and those of later periods; but Abraham Lincoln had to start the history of the Lincoln family. He alone deserves the credit of his accomplishments and achievements and the deeds heralded in history are his credits. No one knows but that in generations back started the superior genius, skipping a generation, perhaps, that later bobbed up and took lodgment in the person of the homely and awkward Lincoln.

Shows His Spunk.

The great handicaps that he overcame, the escapes from the tyranny of circumstances surrounding his parentage, the simple honesty of his purposes, his matchless will, and his great ability and his historical eminence, make of Abraham Lincoln a rich subject for study and an inspiration to youths, who find themselves in the midst of handicaps and uneven chances. Lincoln will ever hold a a foremost place among those whose names and lives have become a part of American history. His career may well be studied, for it exemplifies to an iminent degree the conditions

of American life which enables one to rise from the humblest position to the most exalted place. One year covered all the instruction he received at school. But at nine years of age he had learned to read, write

and cipher, and he became an industrious reader of books and a most persevering student. He rose by his own efforts and the spark of genius, that came to him from some unheralded source not conspicuous in his immediate family.

Splitting rails to fence the family's frontier farm; flatboating down the Western rivers, going at one time as far as New Orleans; clerking in a country store, which he did rather inefficiently, owing to his constant devotion to his few books; leading a company of volunteers in the Black Hawk War; serving as a member of the Illinois legislature, where he soon attracted attention; representing his state in the congress of the United States; canvassing the state in opposition to Stephen A. Douglass, one of the greatest orators and statesman of the century, and vanquishing him in public debate; directing the destinies of the Union as President, at a most critical period of our country's history—these were the several significant steps of his career.

Lincoln was called to administer the government when all was uncertainty and confusion. As a politician he was ambitious, but his ambition gave place to the strong, earnest devotion of a patriot. His election had endangered the Union; and to save it from this danger he labored day and night faithfully, earnestly and sorrowfully. In that struggle with the world at his back and ample resources at all times available, with overpowering numbers of soldiers, he finally seceeded in preventing a divided Union. From childhood to this good day up we have always thought of one act of his while in waging the War Between the States, as smacking of brutality and cowardice. But so long as the world accepts as sound the theory that "all is fair in war and love," this act does not stand out to his severe condemnation.

Emancipation Proclamation.

Mr. Lincoln, both before and after his election, declared that his party did not intend to interfere with slavery where it then existed. As late as August, 1862, he wrote: "If I could save the Union without freeing any slave I would do it." A month later he notified the Confederate States that if they did not come back into the Union within one hundred days he would declare their slaves forever free. The Confederacy was not fighting for slavery—it was fighting for a principle. These states did not return to the Union, so Mr. Lincoln, "as a military necessity," on January 1, 1863, issued his Emancipation Proclamation, which declared all slaves in the Confederate States free. His proclamation did not interfere with slavery in the states which had not seceded, and it had no effect in the Confederate States until after the surrender; but it won for him the active support of many in the North, who had been probably fired to frenzy by the misrepresenting, if not lying, story contained in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." There is no doubt that the overpowering influences of his counsellors and the drift of the struggle at that time led Mr. Lincoln to make this emancipation proclamation. As a "military necessity" running true to form, as believed by his advisers, it was thought to have the influence of para-

lyzing the South, taking the pep out of the brave men that composed the Confederate army and thus driving them to desertion, and return home to defend what Lincoln's advisers believed an uprising of the slaves against the helpless women and children left at home. This did not occur; and those who understand the depth of esteem that existed between mistress and slave can well understand the faithfulness and devotion of the slave for the white people of the South, until scallawags and carpet baggers came later and put the devil into the heads of some of them. As a "military necessity," the English inspired the Indians in Revolutionary days to tomahawk the patriots. It worked them; but the design of the emancipation proclamation did not bring any results.

The Power of Numbers and Resources.

But few men, however, in all history had to go up against such difficult and delicate problems as confronted Lincoln. He won, but it was the superiority of numbers and resuorces that finally solved the great problem. Had it not been for the carpet-bag days and the dirty, indefensible records made by such cowards and brutes as Sherman against a helpless people, it would have required but a few years to wipe out the bitterness that existed too long after the war. It is also the concensus of the best opinion that the cowardly murdering of President Lincoln was in reality and truth a calamity to the South. At this day no one now believes that Lincoln ever had any malice in his heart towards the South at any time—there was too much Southern blood in his own veins to permit him to harbor a grudge against a people situated as were his vanquished. His own nature would have rebelled at such conduct. Mr. Lincoln recognized that his own election brough on war; he aspired to prevent it and to save the Union; and when his cause triumphed, it was his purpose, we have no doubt, to hasten a state of good feeling and acceptation of conditions which the supremacy of might made possible. His purpose to punish the Southern people ceased at Appomatox. Much sad history would have been impossible had Lincoln lived.

Lincoln's Assassination.

Lincoln was elected to a second term with Andrew Johnson, of Tennessee, (Johnson was born in Raliegh, and his old birthplace is today preserved in tact, now situated out in the park near the A. & M. College, hard by the Southern railway) as Vice-President. The close of the war, and the prospect of a speedy return of peace, caused great rejoicing. The rejoicing, however, was of short duration, for only five days ofter he surrender at Appomattox the whole country was stunned by the news that the President had been assassinated in Ford's Theater, in Washington, April 14, 1865. The deed was commited by a misguided actor, John Wilkes Booth, who imagined himself performing the part of a patriot. (In all ages such cranks have lived; we have them today, running at large, feeling that they have a divine right to regulate and adjust matters, both political and financial.) The assassin sought to escape, but was persued, surrounded, and when he refused to surrender, was shot. That was a costly death,

affecting the South more than any other section of the Union.

Lincoln's Private Life.

Was clean and honorable. He had no bad habits publicly practiced. He had a caustic tongue; he was a past-master of satire; his adeptness at repartee made his replies, in their homely setting, most brilliant. I used to sit for hours listening to the late Gen. R. F. Hoke, one of the state's noblemen, repeat the jokes and the stories in which Lincoln was the chief actor. General Hoke was a great admirer of Lincoln. We come, in our esteem for the great and our near approach to the spirit of hero-worshiping, to think of our heroes as spotless in every way. This works a hardship on the weak—holding up a perfect man as a model for the tempted youth to follow, when there is no such thing as a perfect man. Lincoln, to make his position understood and his meanings clear to his friends and advisers, often used illustrations bordering on the smutty line. He understood the power of ridicule and the crushing of sarcasm—he used both when necessity demanded. He neither smoked, chewed or practised swearing. He had the instincts of a true gentleman; he exercised them in all his relations with his fellow man; he was considerate of women, patient with children and carried around with him a tender heart responsive to the appeals of suffering, distress and weakness.

"Honest old Abe"—taking an impartial estimate by the public, irrespective of sections—was a wonderful man and the conquering of difficulties in his youth and attaining to an outstanding position in history in spite of the tyranny of his chance in life, with which he started his career, is an example for all youths, who face similiar conditions. But after all, he was, in a measure, the beneficiary of a wonderful opportunity to make a name that will live for all time—he had, too, to encounter the possible situation of making a failure. Having succeeded in one of the world's greatest tragedies, he became one of the world's immortals; had he failed in that gigantic contest, he would have gone down in history a monumental failure and unsung. And we are thus reminded that there is always a small margin in many great endeavors between success and failure. Abraham Lincoln safely negotiated that small margin.

Matter of Fact Lincoln.

"The simplicity of Mr. Lincoln," said Judge Owen T. Reeves of Bloomington, "was well illustrated by an incident which occurred while he was addressing a jury in an old courthouse here. He had a way of getting close to the jurors and gesticulating with his long arms over their heads. On this occasion a button fastening his suspenders to his trousers gave way while he was in the midst of the argument."

"Mr. Lincoln stopped, looked down to see what had happened, and then said to the jury; 'Excuse me, gentlemen, for a moment while I fix my tackling.'"

"He walked over to the woodbox by the stove—we burned wood in those days—and picked up a splinter

and took out his knife and sharpened the splinter to a point. He thrust the wooden pin through the cloth and fastened the suspenders over the ends. Returning to the jury, he said: "Now, gentlemen, I am ready to go on."

PEN PICTURE OF LINCOLN.

"Abraham Lincoln stood six feet four in his stockings. His frame was not muscular, but gaunt and wiry; his arms were long but not unreasonably so for a person of his height; his lower limbs were not disporportioned to his body. In walking, his gait, though firm, was never brisk. In matters of dress he was by no means precise; always clean, he was never fashionable; he was careless but not slovenly. In manner he was remarkably cordial and at the same time simple. His politeness was always sincere. But never elaborate and oppressive. The rest of his features, though those of a man of mark, were not such as belonged to a handsome man; but when his fine dark grey eyes were lighted up by some emotion, and his features began their play, he would be chosen from among a crowd as one who had in him not only the kindly sentiments which women love, but the heavier metal of which full grown men are made. His hair was black, thin and wiry. His head sat well upon his shoulders, but beyond that it defied description. It was very large and well porportioned betokening power in all its developments. A slightly Roman nose, a wide cut mouth and a dark complexion, with appearance of having been weather beaten completed the description." Those who had seen both declare that the late Grat Springs, formerly a strong character in the financial affairs of Charlotte, and Abe Lincoln could scarcely be more alike—really appearing as twin brothers, the resemblance being so marked.

MY MOST EMBARRASSING MOMENT.

By Old Hurrygraph

It was soon after the close of the War Between the States. I was a young man, at that time, just on the eve of bidding my teens good-bye, and was very much in love, but had not, at that time, declared myself. But I had said that I would my very next visit, and I had said this for at least a half dozen times previous, but a lump in my throat had always choked it off whenever I had set the time to say what I intended to say, and which was nearly bursting me open to say.

In those days, right after the War Between the States had closed, there were no sewing machines to make lock stitches. They sewed a straight thread in the ordinary way. Very few ready-made clothes were on the market—just beginning to be introduced. The men in this part of the

country, which had been so devasted by the cruel hand of war, wore homespun, and their clothes were made at home by hand. I concluded, to be in the height of fashion, that I would get me a pair of hand-me-down store pants, and outshine any of my rivals. I got the pants. I wore them one time. Donned in a pair of the first brought to my town I felt as rich as the richest man in the town, and my heart was just simply overbounding with joy and pride in my appearance, and as I wended my way to the home of the object of my young affections, I just knew the matter that was weighing on my mind would be settled that night as smoothly as a bird leaving the twig of a tree.

The evening was a most delightful and agreeable one—up to a certain point. Conversation flowed as smoothly as a placid brook. After thoroughly discussing the weather, and getting that all straight, a silent season fell on me. I was coming to the popping point, and it seemed I would pop if I did not get out what I wanted to say. But the lump in my throat always stopped it. I felt a little knot on the left hand side of my new pants, and this gave great encouragement, as I did not seem to know exactly what to do with my hands; and I began to feel and roll this knot. The more I tried to speak the larger grew the knot, but I paid no attention to the growth of the little wad between my fingers. The more I tried to talk the larger grew that little ball of thread. I was all unconscious of where the thread was coming from to form that ball, and did not seem to care, until finally casting my eye down to my left, the side next to the faircharmer, consternation struck me dumbfounded when I saw my new pants part from the hip to my shoe, revealing a white streak of my underwear, which was not a union suit, and I held between my thumb and forefinger the thread which had held the two flaps together. I suddenly remembered that I had a very important business engagement at that very minute, and excusing myself, I backed out of the room, with my left hand in the left pocket, holding the flaps together as best I could, and made my adieu. That was the most embarrassing moment I ever experienced. But that did not wind up my love affair.

LINCOLN'S FAVORITE POEM.

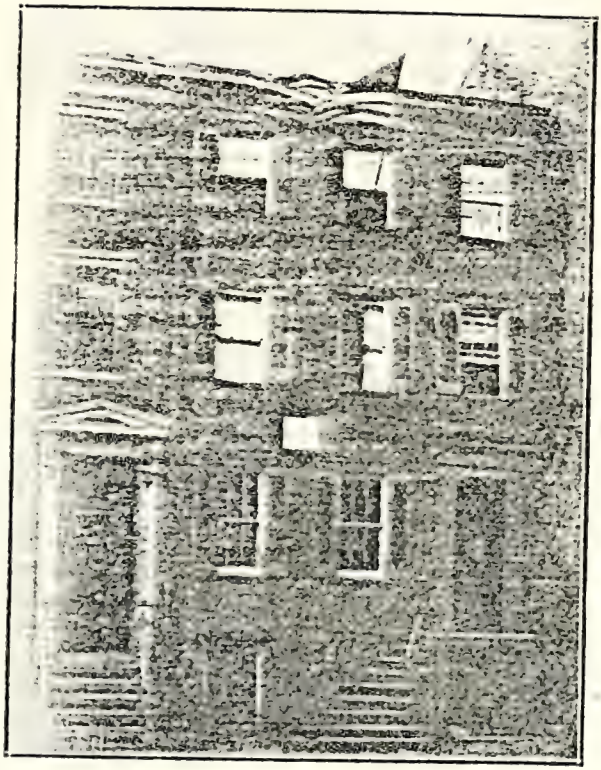
(William Knox)

O, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a swift-fleeting meteor, a fast flying cloud,
A flash of lightening, a break of the wave,
He passeth from life to his rest in the grave.
The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,
Be scattered around, and together be laid;
As the young and the old, the low and the high,
Shall crumble to dust and together shall lie.

LINCOLN'S GREATEST ADMIRER

By Sarah Graham Morrison.

I know of only one instance in history where a man had such an admiration for another man that he has practically spent his whole life—over three-score years—in collecting mementoes and relics of that man and has made it his life's work. Such may be said of Col. Osborn H. Oldroyd, who has been collecting data of Lincoln for over 62 years, having begun when he was a news stand keeper, a lad of 19, living in Mt. Vernon, O. Today his collection of Lincolniana is recognized as the greatest in existence and the largest collection of relics pertaining to any one man that has ever been gathered together. It numbers upward of 5,000 pieces, among which are over 100 photographs, more than 20 statuettes,



The House in Which Lincoln Died.

busts, and life and death masks, nearly 30 medallions and about 200 political and memorial medals struck in his honor. The most interesting picture and the one I like best in the whole collection is what is known as the Rice photo taken only a short time before his death. Rice, who was a leading photographer of Washington in those days, was standing at the door of his studio on Pennsylvania Avenue one day when Lincoln and Grant were passing. The President, who knew him well, stopped to speak to him and introduce Grant. "The studio is not occupied just now," said Rice, "I wish you would both come in and let me take your pictures," and in they went. If not the last, it is easily one of the last ever taken of Lincoln. One of the most imposing pictures in the group is a large copy of the St. Gauden's statue in Chicago, but only a poor newspaper cut of Barnard's notorious statue is to be found. "Caricature!" announced Col. Oldroyd, "And I spent hours with Barnard showing him the various photos and the masks, and then to think he would turn out a thing like that. Lincoln was a large man, but in no wise out of porportion. Look at those hands! Look at those feet!" and if the statue in question had been that of one of his own family, Col. Oldroyd could not have shown more feeling and resentment.

"I suppose you have met nearly everybody who has had anything to write or to do with Lincoln," I inquired." Has McGlynn been here?"

"Yes, they all come, time and again, and spend hours. There's McGlynn over there," and he pointed to a large photo in the centre of a low row of photos. "An old man past eighty was in here not long ago and scrutinized all the pictures very carefully. When he came to this one he said, 'There he is! There he is! That is the best picture you have of Lincoln. He looked exactly like that the last time I saw him. That is the best picture in your whole collection."

Of cartoons and caricatures, there is also a most interesting array, including a complete set of those from the London Punch, which tell the story of Lincoln's career in the White House from the British viewpoint and gave splendid insight into many other international questions which were prominent in that time.

There are writings from Lincoln himself, beginning with his printed signature at the age of nine in the old Family Bible from which his mother read to him up to a White House card on which was written that the bearer needed no pass to go through the Union lines in Virginia. This was written the night before he was slain, and is perhaps his last bit of writing. This, with a lock of his hair, were long the property of an usher at the White House at the time of his death. During the usher's lifetime, he would not part with them. Neither would his widow, but after her long illness, her sister sold them to get money to pay doctor's bills and funeral expenses, so at last, after pursuing them for twenty years, and for a substantial sum of money they finally came into Col. Oldroyd's possession, which goes to show what lengths and what trouble he has gone to procure relics of the great man whom he so admires, yet never saw.

There are also innumerable clippings regarding the martyred president, beginning back in the time of the Lincoln-Douglas debates, all through the presidential campaign, and up to the end. There are 250 complete, or reports of, funeral sermons, 227 autographed tributes and reminiscences of famous men and women, 63 dirges and marches, and a library of over a thousand volumes of biographies and books of Civil War days. Col. Oldroyd himself has published three volumes, or pamphlets regarding the President, one being a collection of the finest poetical tributes.

The house itself in which this collection is housed is one of the most important bits of Lincolniana existant, being the house in which Lincoln died, having been carried there, across the street from the theatre. The house was then a lodging house, and the room in which the body was taken was a small narrow room, at the end of the hall, whose inmate was absent temporarily from the city. One of the most interesting relics in the collection is the letter written by this youth to his sister when he came back and found out what had been going on. The same wall paper is still on the walls and at least one of the pictures is still there. A picture of the death-bed scene is there, with the dying man laid diagonally in bed, necessiated by his great height. Two of those present at that time still live, Robert T. Lincoln, the son, and Dr. Leale, of New York. Strange as it may seem, Robert T. Lincoln has never been inside the building since the government has taken it over and asked Col. Oldroyd to keep his collection there.

Almost everything imaginable pertaining to the assassination and trial may be found there, from the original play bill with Laura Keene in "Our American Cousin," to a complete and the only complete collection of the conspirators. There is an interesting set of photos taken by Col. Oldroyd himself of the scenes all along the route taken by Booth, from the time of his escape to his capture, he having walked the whole distance in order to take them and to talk to any one he could find who remembered anything pertaining to those days.

Of objects pertaining to his earlier life, there is the cradle which nursed all the children, a rail split by Lincoln and whose authenticity was sworn to by his first cousin, John Hanks. There is a log from the old homestead. His discharge as captain in the Black Hawk War. His office chair at Springfield in which he drafted his first cabinet. The cook stove on which his wife cooked the last meal for him before they sold their household goods when leaving Springfield, the hat he wore the night of the tragedy, the chair in which he sat at the theatre. But one of the most interesting has a triple interest. It is a paper-covered pamphlet, with a big title of "The Life, Speeches and Public Service of Abraham Lincoln." It was sent as a sample copy to the young news-dealer along with a bundle of Pittsburg papers, either to be sold or returned. It was a cheap campaign document, price 25 cents then, worth hundreds of dollars now, the

book written by William Dean Howells, destined to become the dean of American men of letters, and this so interested young Oldroyd that it inspired him to begin a collection of things pertaining to Lincoln who afterwards became so famous. As one writer has put it, "it seemed to him to vision the immortality that was to come to its subject."

The next years, when the war broke out, Oldroyd enlisted with the Ohio Regiment, serving throughout the conflict. His regiment was encamping near Murfreesboro, Tenn., one day, when they were halted while their commander read a message which told of Booth's assault. Taken back to camp, three bulletins were posted as they came—telling of the arrest, the serious condition, the death. Asking that he might have these when they had served their purpose, he was told he might have them at once if he would make copies and post in their place, and thus came about a second addition to the now famous collection housed on Tenth Street, and which a match might easily condemn to flames any day, so slow is Congress in providing a fireproof enclosure for it. This is the dream of the Colonel's life. He is now in his 81st year and it is to be hoped that he may live to see his dream come true.

After the war, he held several state positions for ten or twelve years, spending all his time and money in making Lincoln collections. For twenty years he lived in the old Lincoln home at Springfield, searching all the country around for mementoes, and finally he persuaded Robert Lincoln to give the place to the state of Illinois and Oldroyd was made superintendent of the place until there was a change in administration, when he was put out and was about to auction off his collection, when the Washington Memorial Association asked him to come to Washington with his collection and the house where Lincoln died was rented for the purpose, but for years the fees failed to pay the rent, and he and his wife suffered most straightened circumstances in order to hold fast to their purpose. But at last Congress did buy the place and allowed him to have it rent free. Whenever Congress will buy the collection, it will be free to the public. As it is, only a nominal sum is charged, and it is one of the most visited places in our national capital. There is nothing mercenary about Col. Oldroyd. He is willing that the government should have his collection at whatever price they have a mind to pay, although he knows he could get far more for it if he would sell it piecemeal; but he wants it to stay in Washington, where he feels it belongs, and he wants it to stay in the house where it is now lodged and where it rightfully belongs, as there more than anywhere else it helps to vitalize the memory of the Greatest American, Abraham Lincoln, "the man of the ages."

Lincoln was a lover of good stories and always had one in stock for any occasion. When a person told some story with pith and point to it he usually remarked "That reminds me of another story."

POOR BOYS WHO BECAME FAMOUS

By Fredrick H. Law.

Ole Bull, the Violinist.

One day early in the nineteenth century a blue-eyed Norwegian youth leaped into the Seine in Paris and tried to drown himself. He had no money; he had been sick: and he was starving. Someone had stolen his violin that he loved, and all else that he owed. Fortunately, people saw him leap, and dragged him out of the water. A rich woman gave him help, bought him a new violin and set him on his way to fame. When that same Ole Bull died at the age of seventy, he was known as one of the greatest violinists who had ever lived.

Ole Bull's whole life was a series of failures and triumphs. At various times he met with disappointment in Italy, in Germany, in France and in England. At other times he was hailed as the world's greatest violinist.

When he came to the United State, he was given a triumphal reception. He went everywhere, played for everyone, winning hearts as well as dollars. He amassed a great fortune, which he soon lost through people who pretended to be his friends. His genius won other fortunes, and he settled down in Cambridge, Massachusetts.

Every summer, in that green old age of his, he went back to the mountains of Bergen, in Norway, where he had been born, and where his father had driven him from the house because he would do nothing but play on his violin. There, once more among the great hills, he played as before, but now with marvelous figering and wonderful technique. There at last he died, and was buried under the shadow of the mountains in which he had wandered. Ole Bull, the great violinist, was a man whose soul found its highest expression in music.

Asa Gray.

Gray, the Farmer's Son, the Great Botanist.

A seventeen-year-old farmer's boy in Oneida County, New York, set out one spring day to make a collection of all the flowers that grew on his father's farm. He had gone to the local academy, and he expected to study medicine in the Fairfield medical school. His collection of spring flowers was his entrance into his life-work.

Eight years from that day he began to write about what he had found. At that time, 1835, there had been little study of the wonderful plant life of the United States. The Farmer's boy who studied what was closest at hand—at his very door—found an almost unexplored field for greatness.

Until he was seventy-eight years of age Asa Gray studied the botany of the United States. Lovingly and painstakingly and with wonderful ability he observed the works of nature.

He wrote many books that have helped others to understand and love plant life. Gray's Botany is one of the best and most scientific books ever written. Asa Gray's learning became so great that Harvard University made the farmer's boy pro-

fessor of natural history and maintained him in that office forty-six years.

At Harvard, Asa Gray built up a department of study that has influenced hundreds of young men to devote their lives to the work in which he himself was so profoundly interested.

His books, his papers, his many botanical studies, and his great influence over his pupils formed a lifework of the highest value.

Out of the farmer boy's interest in things close at hand, out of an earnest, quiet life. Asa Gray built an imperishable fame.

LINCOLN SNUBBED.

When he was seventeen years old he attended a murder trial where he heard a great speech by one of Kentucky's noted men, Breckenbridge. At the close of the trial when people congratulated the lawyer on his great speech by which the murderer was cleared, Lincoln too, walked up clad in a hickory shirt and overalls, with his straw hat in one hand and offered to shake hands but was denied the privilege. The young man went home with a heavy heart, thinking of the time when he would be a lawyer and people would hear him making a plea for his client. Years passed, and Lincoln advanced from one degree of progress to another until the uncouth boy had passed from rail-splitter, surveyor, teacher, lawyer, and up the ladder of fame until he had reached the presidency. When he took the oath of office, who should walk up and extend his hand and be received, by President Lincoln, but the man who twenty years before had scorned him in the hickory shirt that day at the murder trial. Lincoln reminded him that this was the first time they had met since that occasion at Booneville. How times does change things in the lives of men.

WORLD'S LONGEST MAIL ROUTE IN UNCHARTED NORTH

By Earl W. Gage

The hardest and longest mail route in the world passes 1,928 miles through the uncharted northland, connecting Edmonton, capital of Alberta, Canada, with Fort McPherson, just below the Mackenzie river delta, on the Artic coast. Since the completion of the new railway line to Clearwater, the journey by dog team has been shortened by 293 miles, leaving 1635 miles to be traveled by dog team over the frozen rivers and lakes of the North. Nowhere is the fact more forcefully emphasized that mail service, regardless of cost, is rendered to serve the public, for this longest mail delivery results in an annual defict of several thousands dollars to Canada.

Winter and summer this route is

the only road through the uncharted regions of the Northwest territory of Canada. The "Artic Express," as the railroad to Clearwater is called, shows a variety and oddity of passengers and freight, unique even on the outskirts of civilization.

Northerners in buckskin coats, parkas or heavy mackinaws; Indians, with squaw and papooses, ill at ease with the motion and noise of the train; fur traders, missionaries and mounted police, in their striking red coats—all are on their way to named or unamed points on the Athabaska River, the Slave, the Mackenzie, and the Artic coast.

The express car on the train is filled to overflowing with bundles and baggage of the travelers, with bags of mail, and the remaining space if filled with canine passengers, destined to become the carrier of all the burdens their masters take along, once the railroad is left behind.

The trains arrives at Clearwater every Thursday and twice during the winter months, on November 21 and January 23, there will be mail bags, never exceeding 300 pounds in weight, marked "Artic Red River" and "Fort McPherson."

The Northern Trading Company, fur dealers and traders, who have posts throughout the northwest territory, hold the contract for carrying the mail. When the train arrives at Clearwater, on the designated days, one of their dog teams, with a string of five dogs, is ready and waiting. The mail bags are checked, loaded on the sleigh, and the load, which includes the blanket of the driver, his food and gun, and the dog feed, is lashed tight. The sleigh weighs 75 pounds, mail 300 pounds, and dog feed and supplies brings the total load up to about 500 pounds.

Too haul this, huskies, as Eskimo dogs are called, are generally used. They weigh around sixty pounds each, are usually sired by wolves, and their ability to stand hardships and endurance equals that of the wild wolves of the North. Wise beyond belief, thevish, ferocious and treacherous, a husky is game to the last drop of blood and hard as the North which gave him birth. The domesticated dog blood makes the husky tame, but as he is three-quarter wolf, fear and distrust of men is always uppermost, and he thinks and acts wolf-fashion. A hunting dog may be trained with kindness but it takes a dog whip to train a husky—and a dog whip to keep him trained.

The "leader of the dog team, as the first dog is called, is leader in the true sense of the word, as he keeps his mates from becoming recalcitrant, and is quick to punish a growl of defiance with a slash of his fangs. Second in importance is the dog next to the sleigh, known as the "sled dog," as on him depends the proper balancing of the sleigh and the steering.

All the dogs are quick to detect any soldiering on the part of the dog ahead of them, and will nip the shirker unmercifully with resultant fights, when halts are made. Sometimes these fights become universal, and the whole team turns into a raving, howling, tearing and biting mass, until the driver by the liberal use of a pole or the whip restores peace and order.

A good dog team averages twenty-

five to thirty miles a day, with a fair load and a fair trail. When the snow is deep and not well packed, ten to twenty miles are a good day's work, and on pack ice sometimes only three to four miles are made.

Besides the condition of the trail, the temperature influences the speed of the team. When the temperature falls much below 25 below zero, no creature can travel fast in the Northland. The cold air burns the lungs, as inflamation is called, and many cases of pulmonary diseases start with a first trip in extremely cold weather. Even a half hour's run will burn the lungs. All animals seem to know this, and only when they are starving will they seek food during very cold snaps.

Of the winter trail over the 1,635 miles of the longest mail route, little is to be said. The first mile seems to be like the last, only the condition of the trail matter to the mail carrier. The run from the railroad to Fort McMurray is only sixteen miles and the real start is made from this place, which is the end of telegraph and telephone connections with civilization. The arrival of the mail train at the post is usually made the occasion for a dance in the evening, if a fiddler or an Indian with a tom-tom can be found, though the advent of the phonograph is even making musicians of uncertain ability a thing of the past in the frozen North.

After a heavy snowfall, or when the trail is unbroken, dog teams are changed at each post, but the same driver makes the entire trip, a feat only possible to a man of experience and exceptional endurance. The hardest traveling for men and dogs is in slushy weather, when the wet snow sticks to snowshoes and moccasins and cakes between the toes of the dogs, making them footsore and slow. Special dog moccasins are then used, but dog's dont like these impediments, and tear them off at every opportunity.

Without the faithful dogs, a man is helpless on the North trail, and the great care an experienced dog driver will bestow on the foot health of the dog is justified. After making camp, they often have to scrape, and even chew out the ice crusts on the dogs' feet, not an appetizing process, but a most practical one. Frozen feet are otherwise the result, meaning a dog less and reduced speed for the remainder of the trip.

The monotony of traveling over a snow-covered country is hard on the nerves, and especially on the sight. Snow blindness is common in the North, and to a man a hundred miles from human habitation, as is often the case, snow blindness is a terrible experience. The eyes become inflamed and start burning the vision becomes blurred and every glance through the partly open lids sends sharp pains through the head, which only complete darkness can relieve. in bad cases, all one can do is to trust to fate and the dogs to reach a camp, where rest of sight for a few days restores the vision.

Many snow glasses are coming into use in the North, the yellowish tinted ones being the best in retarding the bright glare, while Eskimo snow goggles, which are carved out of a strip of wood, with a narrow slit to look through, are good, though

only allowing a small field of vision.

The importance of receiving the two winter mails at the posts may be judged by the fact that the prevailing prices paid for fur are given the post managers, who, up to that time, pay according to the last price quotations of the fur market in the fall. Last year, for instance, the price for muskrat furs at Fort McPherson was $3.50 per skin, while the market outside paid only 60 cents per skin. One company lost over $300,000 on their Mackenzie district fur, when it was sold in the open market. Isolated as the inhabitants of the Mackenzie River country are, the arrival of the mail is one of the important events of the year. Not only the people at the posts, but trappers and prospectors from all points of the compass flock in about the time when the mail is due and share the news of the outside world.

Although beset with danger and extreme hardships, there are always plenty of men experienced with winter travel in the North who are willing and eager to make the four-month trip, carrying the mail, and the time of the arrival at the post varies much, a compliment and proof that the mail carriers of the North are men indeed.

IF NOT A MIRACLE, WHAT?

Daniel Webster's brother-in-law, John Colby, was a very wicked man, but was later converted. After the death of his sister, Webster lost sight of Colby for many years; but hearing that a wonderful change had come over him, he visited him, for, as he said: "Colby's was about as hopeless a case for conversion, humanly speaking, as I could well conceive."—Webster was so amazed at the wonderful change that had come over this man that he said: "Whatever people may say, nothing can convince me that anything short of the grace of Almighty God could make such a change as I with my own eyes have witnessed in the life of John Colby." When he returned home he said to a friend: "Well, miracles happen in these days as in the days of old." "What now, Squire?" asked his friend. "Why, John Colby has become a Christian. If that is not a miracle, what is it?"
—Sunday School Magazine.

"UNLUCKIEST" MAN IN THE UNION.

(Monroe Journal)

Mr. J. C. Austin of Marshville township has probably had more bad luck than any other living man. He is unquestionably a child of misfortune, but to meet him on the street one would think he was th every personification of good humor. "Yes," he said yesterday in response to an inquiry from the writer," I suppose in a way I am the unluckiest man in the world. But I'll never complain so long as I continue to enjoy my accustomed good health and retain the ability to work and eat more than any of my neighbors." Mr. Austin has forgotten his many trials and tribulations prior to April, 1921, but beginning with that date he enumerated to the writer the following misfortunes: "To start with, a valuable Guernsey bull, which I had been offered $5,000 for, swallowed a feed bag hook and died. In October, 1921, seventeen of my blue ribbon heifers were burned to death in a railroad fire near Rockingham. My automobile, being driven from Oakboro to Marshville by my daughter, caught fire. It was a total loss. The month following, while I was away from home, a spark from the pipe of one of my hired hands set fire to my barn. It went up in the flames along with a number of blooded heifers, entailing the loss of $5,000.00. Then to cap the climax, I contracted blood poison from a cut I received in my leg while raking hay."

SUCCESS IN LIFE

(Selected)

Benjamin Franklin attributed his success as a public man, not to his talents or his power of speaking—for these were moderate—but to his known integrity of character. "Hence it was," he says, "that I had so much weight with my fellow-citizens. I was but a bad speaker, never eloquent, subject to much hesitation in my choice of words, hardly correct in language, and yet I generally carried my point." Character creates confidence in men in high stations as well as in humble life. It was said of the first Emperor Alexander of Russia, that his personal character was equivalent to a constitution. During the wars of the Fronde, Montaigne was the only man among the French gentry who kept his castle gates unbarred; and it was said of him that his personal character was worth more to him than a regiment of horse. That character is power, is true in a much higher sense than that knowledge is power. Mind without heart, intelligence without conduct, cleverness without goodness, are powers in their way, but they may be powers only for mischief. We may be instructed or amused by them; but it is sometimes as difficult to admire them as it would be to determine the dexterity of a pick-

pocket or the horsemanship of a highwayman. Truthfullness, integrity and goodness—qualities that hang not on any man's breadth—from the essence of manly character, or, as one of our old writers has it, "That inbred loyalty unto virtue which can serve her without a livery." When Stephen of Colonna fell into the hands of his wicked assailants, and they asked him in derision, "Where is now your fortress?" "Here!" was his bold reply, placing his hand upon his heart. It is in misfortune that the character of the upright man shines forth with the greatest lustre; and, when all else fails, he takes stand upon his integrity and his courage.

Bismarck's Coolness.

Bismarck is no orator like Gladstone, in England, or like the late Gambetta, in France; but he is always master of himself and of the subject on which he speaks. He showed his perfect coolness at the very beginning of his public career. In his first speech in the House of Deputies, he hesitated and blundered, like Demosthenes in his first speech in the Athenian Agora and Sheridan in his first appearance in the House of Commons. The two latter gave it up and retired in shame, with, however, a determination to succeed in the future.

But Bismarck would not confess himself beaten. He was determined to win success from the start. When the Deputies laughed at him, hooted, hissed and tried to compel him to sit down, he remained standing. As the storm grew more violent, he looked round in absolute composure, took a paper from his pocket, and read quietly until order was restored. Then he resumed his speech and finished it, having compelled the attention of the House. From that moment, all felt that he was certain to succeed.

Carlyle and His Burned Book.

When Thomas Carlyle, just now (1881) burried under English snow and English holly, was writing his famous history of the French Revolution, and when he had the first volume ready for the printer's hands, he one day loaned the manuscript to John Stuart Mill, his intimate and admiring friend. This friend's servant girl, seeing the pile on the library floor one day, and wanting some kindling, unceremoniously crammed the whole lot of it into the stove, and set fire to it. Thus the priceless labor of many years was in a few moments swept away. When Carlyle heard of it, from the mouth of Mill himself, his spirit fairly broke down under the terrible disaster. But his tears washed out his weakness, and with a brave heart he set to work to repair the almost irreparable loss. He relates of himself that, when he first began the rewriting, and feeling still the terrible blow he had received, he was one day seated by the window, watching some masons at work on the building opposite. He noticed how, by simply putting one brick upon another, the huge structure finally rose. The thought gave him fresh courage, and so he pressed on, putting one line upon another, until the work was completed. And hence we have to-day the second creation of that important work, the French Revolution, really better than the first.

DUTY—ITS MEANING

In this age we have all but lost the real meaning of duty. We measure it by momentary returns. The spirit of the flunky, whose hand is always out for a tip, runs through all our sense of service. In the field of duty, you cannot measure one's service to the world by the paltry dollar. The truth is, the greatest benefactors of the race are not the best paid. On the human side, it is a freak of recompense we do not understand. We know mere copyists pounding at a typewriter who get more money than the school teachers who are molding generations. The president of Harvard University gets less money than the "goteed" chef in a New York tavern. Why is it so, we do not pretend to know—but it is. There are some things money won't buy—brains and character, for instance. There are zones far removed from the clang and clamor of the market-place. The sense of conscious duty lies outstretched far above the bogs where the mere hireling is content to dwell. Our Lord, as St. Luke records it, lays down the law of duty: "When ye shall have have done all these things commanded of you, say, We are unprofitable servants: We have done that which was our duty to do." We rise to exalted heights only when we can measure ourselves by that which goes out, and not by that which comes in.—Marvin J. Nichols.

HELP FROM PARENTS

(Selected.)

We have heard a great deal about helping our parents. That is a splendid thing to do, and to have a reputation in this respect is as fine a recommendation as a young person can have. But let us turn the matter around and think of the help we can get from our parents. Of course we get food and clothing and care from them when we are too little to get these for ourselves. But even when we get old enough to work and earn and pay for our own food and clothes there is plenty of help yet coming from them if we are ready and willing to accept it. Think of their wider experience than ours. They have faced a lot of things and handled them all right that we are just meeting. We may take the wrong course and come to suffering unless we heed what they tell us. Our parents warn us and offer us advice not that they want to be dictatorial or to deprive us of privileges, but solely to help us. They know so much more than we think they do. They love us far better than we suppose. They are trying to help us even when we consider them to narrow and too fogyish in their ways and suggestions. Before throwing aside the help they want to give us let us be sure we can get along better without their help. Many a man and woman who has passed forty wishes for the return of the days when parents were near enough to help.

How eagerly they would take it now. How gladly they would seek it today. Help your parents? Certainly; we are not well-balanced if we do not. Take our parents' help in the way of advice and guidance? Why not? In nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of a thousand they give us just the help we need.

That the man in the pulpit should not be hampered in thought sounds well to the man of the world who never analyzes the difference between the fundamentals of Bible doctrine and the fundamentals of science in general. He sees the scientists forging ahead in natural science, unfettered by past beliefs, and overturning them without protest. He cannot understand in theology there are certain inspired truths upon which the Church stands, the denial of which means chaos.—Presbyterian Standard.

GOD GIVE US MEN

God give us men. The time demands
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith, and willing hands;
Men whom the lust office does not kill;
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;
Men who possess opinions and a will;
Men who have honor, men who will not lie;
Men who can stand before a demagogue
And damn his treacherous flatteries without winking;
Tall men, sun crowned, who live above the fog
In public duty and in private thinking!
For while the rabble with their thumb-worn creeds,
Their large professions, and their little deeds,
Mingle in selfish strife, lo Freedom weeps,
Wrong rules the land, and waiting Justice sleeps!

—J. G. Holland.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

Pressly Mills.

Mr. D. L. Hilton, the former Paperman of this institution, paid a visit to the school Saturday, Feb., 3.

—o—

The James W. Cannon Memorial Building is going up with all possible speed, and we hope that in a month or two it will be completed.

—o—

The boys to receive visits from home folks Wednesday were the following: Frank Lisk, Charles Lisk, John Moose, andClaude Coley.

—o—

Master Milton Hunt has been taking lessons on our new job press, and has learned fast under the direction of Mr. Godown, the jobman.

—o—

Rev. Mr. Myers of Concord conducted the religious services in the auditorium Sunday Feb 4. He brought with him several young people who sang for the boys.

—o—

Mr. H. D. Spaugh, the present Paperman of the school is keeping the bakery in the very best of conditions. He makes some of the best bread and cakes ever made here.

—o—

Master Homer Barnes has been placed in the printing department. He is learning fast, under the direction of Mr. Shaw, the instructor. Homer knows that if he tries to do his best that in a short while he will be placed on the linotype machine, so we think Master Barnes will make good.

Our list of printers has gradually grown smaller. Four of our best, John Edwards. Swift Davis, Harry Hayes, and Claude Coley, were paroled last month. This will leave us in a hole for a month or so but this can soon be patched up as there are several boys that will be given a chance to show what they are really made of, and what they can possibly accomplish.

—o—

Rev. Mr. Mock, of the Methodist Church of Concord, preached to the boys Sunday, Jan., 28th. He used for his text, Phil. 3: 13-14. "Brethren, I count not myself to have apprehended: but this one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God Christin Jesus." Mr. Mock preached a fine sermon, which reached the heart of every single boy, and each went back to his cottage, resolved that he was going to make a mark in life, and press toward it.

—o—

Mr. Boger, while watching the local quintet giving the fast Rocky River quintet a rather snappy game of good basket ball saw that they were handicaped to a certain extent by their lack of having the uniforms used by the opposite team. Late Saturday afternoon Mr. Boger made inquiries as to what the team needed. He decided to have a part of the uniforms made here and to order the remaining part. The

boys will have to show their appreciation by winning the remaining number of games that they will play this season, and they have confidence enough in themselves to believe that they can win and they are going to win.

NOTHING BUT LEAVES.

"What have I done that I should be anathematized? Am I not strong and green and pleasant? Have I injured any one? Have I done harm in any way? It is not what you have done, but what you have not done. You have received God's gift of sunshine and shower and returned nothing but leaves. The world of hungry people expected fruit from you. They found it not."

HONOR ROLL.

"A"

Luther Chernault, Swift Davis, Doyle Jackson, Elbert Perdue, Allie Williams, Robt. Watson, Vass Fields, Ralph Freeland, Loxley Saunders, Paul Groves, Joe Moore, Floyd Winner, John Wright, Paul Kimmery, Claude Friske, Julian Strickland, Thos. Moore, Lee Bradley, Crawford Poplin, Sidney Cook, Chester Shepard, Joseph Jordan, Paul Greene, Walter Mills, Elvin Green, Louis Pate, Thomas Oglesby, Emmet Lassiter, Breaman Brittian, Walter Taylor, James Allen, Robert Holliday, John Cain, John Branch, Lee Smith, Herbet Tolly, Arthur Duke, Lee Rodgers, Connie, Loman, Sam Osborne, Preston McNeil, Raymond Scott, Pearl Graham, Grover Lyerly, Watson O'quinn, David Driver, Fred Wiles, Roy Fuqua, Spencer Combs, Percy Briley, Valton Lee, Blaine Ensley, Travis Browning, Geo. Moore, Turner Anderson, James Turner, William Waller, Ed Moses, Daniel Johnson, Willie Harvel, Jim Fisher, J. W. Forester, Edgar McKeel, Franklin Carlton, Abraham Goodman, David Queen, Eugene Long, Carl Neal, Will Ellington, Lester J. Franklin, Cecil Trull, Roy Johnson, Walter Cummings, James Bean, George Lafferty, Everette Goodrich, Sam Deal, Irving Moore, Donald Pate, Chas. Crossman, Bart Lewis, Chas Padgett, Preston Windows, Sanford Hedrick, Dallas Hensley, Henry Nunnery, Silvoon Gregg, Herbert Orr, James Ford, Graham York, Arthur Hegler, William Johnson, Harry Stevens, Clay Bates, Charles Parton, George McCone, Mack Duncan, Hugh Tyson, John Kemp, Harry Shirley, Worth Stout, Charles Jackson, Cleburn Hale, Clifton Rodgers, Plaz Johnson, Joe Pope, Lewis Rhodes, Avery Rothrock, Normie Lee, Leon Allen, George Stone, Roy Johnson, Carlyle Hardy, Hoke Ensley, Burnie McRary, Sam Carrow Hiram Greer, Erma Leach and Joe Stevens.

"B"

George Everhart, Clyde Pearce, Whittock Pridgen, Aughtry Wilkerson, Clyde Hollingsworth, John Wofford, Robert Ward, Baynes Poterfield, Bloic Johnson, Jay Lambert, Paul Camp, Wayne Carpenter, David York, Robert Ribling, Claiborne Gil-

bert, Carl Henry, Anderson Hart, Eldric Bracken, Brevard Bradshaw, Irwin Cumbo, Paul Leitner, Charles Lisk, Earle Crow, Geo. Howard, Wesley Cook, Geo. Pitman, Chas. Bishop, Ralph Huntley, Howard Catlett, Ned Morris, Lester Bowens, Clayton, Stephens, James King, James Ivey, Jethro Mills, Joe Mason, Walter Colvor, Sam McPherson, Charlie Haynes, Sanford Wilson, Murphy Jones, Hazen Ward, Geo. White, Earl Houser, Earnest Allen, James Philips, Solomon Tompson, Earnest Croff, David Driver, Shaker Hatem, Robert Holliday, Elvis Carlton, Rufus Wren, Chas. Roper, Washington Pickett, Norman Iddings, Chas. Mayo, Marcellus Corbett, Frank Lisk, James Shipp, Harry Lamb, Pressley Mills, Harry Hayes, John Moose, Mack Tompson, Wm. Gregory and Carroll Guice.

DEATH OF A HERO.

(News & Observer)

When a statesman or a hero, like Cleveland or Dewey, dies, there is national regret accompanied by national gratitude for the unselfish public service they had rendered their country and the world. But this regret is rarely personal and does not touch the heart. It is different when a beloved physician, who gives his life to save children, dies. The mourning then becomes personal grief, the women and children feeling a sense of the loss of one who had meant more to them than even blood-kin.

This fact has been accentuated this week by the death in Newark of Dr. Royal Whitenack, "the baby doctor" of that city. He gave his life for humanity just as truly as any man who died at Chateau Thierry, Meuse Argonne or at the breaking of the Hindenburg line. He died at the Presbyterian Hospital from streptococci, contracted from a baby he was treating. Eleven transfusions of blood stayed his death three weeks, a throat gland was removed, one leg was amputated, and the jugular vein was tied in the hope of breaking the infection. During the days of this heroic treatment by surgeons and physicians, the whole city was in public and private prayer, and when he died the people of Newark were "like Niobe, all tears." No such tribute has been paid to a citizen of New Jersey and no one has so deserved it.

There are too few memorial and too few monuments to doctors whose ministrations have brought light and health and life.

In the Presbyterian church at Reidsville, where a magnificent new pipe organ was installed as a gift by Mr. Lynn B. Williamston as a memorial of his father and mother, one of the pipes of the great instrument bears this sentiment: "Whereas in the forest I was mute; now that I am dead, I can sing."

MARDI GRAS CARNIVAL

NEW ORLEANS	MOBILE	PENSACOLA
Feb. 8-13, 1923.	Feb. 11-13, 1923.	Feb. 10-13, 1923.

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Very Low Round Trip Fares

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MOBILE	Tickets on sale Feb. 9-13 inclusive.
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Final limit of all tickets Feb. 20th, 1923.

If presented prior to Feb. 20th, tickets may be extended until March 7th, 1923, by paying fee $1.00.

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LV.	NO.	BETWEEN	NO.	AR.
1:40A	30	New York-Birmingham	30	1:40A
2:37A	29	Birmingham-New York	29	2:37A
5:12A	44	Washington-Atlanta	44	5:12A
6:32A	31	Atlanta-New York	31	6:32A
8:41A	137	Atlanta-New York	137	8:41A
9:25A	11	Charlotte-Norfolk-Richmond	11	9:25A
10:55A	36	New York Birmingham-New Orleans	36	10:55A
3:20P	45	Washington-Charlotte	45	3:20P
3:45P	46	Charlotte-Danville	46	3:45P
7:10P	12	Norfolk-Richmond-Atlanta	12	7:10P
8:18P	32	New York-Augusta	32	8:18P
10:20P	35	Birmingham-New Orleans-New York	35	10:20P
9:45P	138	New York-Atlanta	138	9:45P
9:31P	135	Washington-Atlanta	135	9:31P

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R. H. GRAHAM. D. P. A., Charlotte, N. C.

M. E. WOODY, Ticket Agent, Concord, N. C.

THE UPLIFT

VOL XI CONCORD N. C. FEBRUARY 17, 1923 NO. 14

EARLY DAYS IN AMERICA.

Most of us were born in this country. The parents of some were born in other countries. All of us should know the hardships the American pioneers and Revolutionary heroes underwent in their contribution of services in making our great country what it is. To know this will help us all to be better citizens. Let us resolve, like the faithful of the past, to make our country even greater and better than it now is.

A fine example, worthy of our appreciation and fit for our emulation, is the hero, "First in war, first in peace and first in the hearts of his countrymen," George Washington, whose birthday we commemorate on the 22nd.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-setting by the Boys Printing Class. Subscription Two Dollars the year in Advance.

JAMES P. COOK, *Editor*, J. C. FISHER, *Director Printing Department*

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C. under Act of March 3, 1879.

When one thinks of the unsullied career of George Washington as a soldier, statesman, patriot; when one reflects upon the antique virtues of the man, causing him to fall easily, as of right, into the company of the Alfreds and Godfreys and Leonidases, one is more inclined to cling to the ancient faith of an overruling Providence guiding the affairs of nations.—Dr. E. A. Alderman.

WEDNESDAY 14th.

Last Wednesday was Valentine Day.

It is pleasing to recall that the observance of Valentine Day has undergone most radical changes. Thirty or forty years ago the mania possessed the young to send anonymously hideous and ugly comic pictures. The practice was aimed at some one not liked, or some one who had some kind of an impediment or some fault real or imaginary. It served to gratify the passion of the vicious and the heartless and only to wound the victim. It involved the essence of cowardice. In all polite circles these weapons that once thrived have passed forever. Taking their places are—

Beautiful cards, artistically engraved and painted, carrying sentiments of good will, love's compliments and hopes for the future, have taken hold of the people; and instead of bearing poisoned arrows, they carry cheer and happiness to the recipient.

* * * * * * *

THE ALARM

Everybody in the state, who has the progress of North Carolina at heart,

is hoping that Corporation Commissioner Maxwell, who threw a monkey wrench into the wheels of state, made a completely erroneous statement along with the unfortunate method and time he adopted in taking the people into his confidence.

* * * * * * *

GIVE MORE ATTENTION TO THE RURALISTS.

Even in the knowledge of the least observant among us the fact is recognized that the great majority of the moving spirits in the professions, business and statecraft are products of the rural districts. Let's increase the fuel that the fires may burn the brighter. Here is an exhibit that lends an incentive:

Harding—Country Printer.
Coolidge—Farmer's Boy.
Hughes—Preacher's Boy.
Weeks—Farmer's Boy.
Daugherty—Store Clerk.
Work—Farmer's Boy.
Fall—Cowboy and Miner.
Wallace—Farmer's Boy.
Hoover—Butcher's Boy.
Davis—Iron Puddler.

The strongest and most patriotic men to be found should be in charge of the educational interests of the rural children. Give them a square deal—a deal that makes their opportunities equal to those enjoyed by the town child. This cannot come about if the school authorities are like the 40 per cent described by Supt. Brooks, and who throw on the brakes for fear the rural educational opportunities may compete with privately owned enterprises. It is time for the school authorities of Cabarrus county to awake and bestir themselves. Other counties are forging ahead with sincere purpose to function towards the actual development of their school interests. Why not Cabarrus? The folks are beginning to inquire why there is not some evidence of a constructive programme started in our schools.

* * * * * * *

A DISAPPOINTMENT.

Senator Simmans has authorized the withdrawal of his name in connection with the minority leadership in the next session of the United States Senate. This is a distinct disappointment to North Carolinians, who always rejoice

to the honors and recognitions that come to any of her sons; but the greatest concern, however, is for the fact of the occasion of this sudden and very unexpected announcement. That it was predicated on the condition of his health and the judgment of his physician, gives more concern to North Carolinians than merely the passing up of the honor of official leadership of a great and brilliant minority in the Senate.

Senator Simmons is no longer a young man, and the strenuous and active service he has rendered for the past thirty years must have collected an appreciable toll of his physical strength and vitality.

* * * * * * *

PRESSSING ONWARD.

County Superintendent Funderburk and his progressive and aggressive board of education, having effected a number of consolidations of school districts, and observing that it is good, are now asking their representatives in the general assembly to introduce a measure making it possible for the establishment of a high school in each of the townships of Union county. It is proposed to submit the proposition to the voters for their sanction or rejection. Judging the future by the past, it is more than likely that the plan will be endorsed by the people—they have tasted of the fruits of progress and a wise administration of the county's educational matters.

Has anybody heard of any progressive move or effort at a constructive programme for Cabarrus county?

* * * * * * *

FOUR-TENTHS OUT OF HARMONY.

Dr. Brooks, state superintendent of public instruction, has appeared before the educational committee of the general assembly twice, speaking one time two hours in defense of his Codification of the School Law. In his representation of the subject matter and his views regarding the wisdom of his suggestions, as revealed by his bill under consideration, the superintendent became very earnest and at times spoke very plain.

The News & Observer, in giving a report of that hearing, this occurs:

"If you were asked to put your finger on the weakest part of the system, where would you put it?" asked Senator Brown.

"On local administration," Dr. Brooks answered with some hesitancy, and qualifying his answer with the statement that in the majority of cases county superintendents showed a willingness to co-operate.

"What percentage of county boards do you think understand the

law?" Senator Brown continued.

"Sixty per cent understand the law, 20 per cent are indifferent and 20 per cent don't know it." Dr. Brooks answered."

There are one hundred counties in the state, and from the statistics furnished the legislative committee we are led to believe that forty (40) counties have school officials that are not properly functioning. Whether Dr. Brooks is accurate in his estimate or not—he ought to name the counties; that might bring some response—it is certain that all of us know a few that seem to fit snugly into his classification. Some of them blame the head of the system—we all are tempted at times "to pass the buck."

* * * * * * *

FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH.

William James McAllister, a 94-year old negro of Fayetteville, has just died, leaving his entire estate to the son of his former master in slavery. It so happens that the beneficiary of this old negro's love and thoughtfulness is Hon. W. W. Fuller, a millionaire lawyer of New York city. Mr. Fuller, formerly the consulting attorney of the American Tobacco company, had never forgotten the old negro that knew him from childhood up. McAllister, in his will, says:

> "I do this for the reason that I have no children and my wife is dead, and Willie Fuller has always helped me when I needed it and has been my nearest and best friend. My wife, now deceased, belonged to his father and mother, it was my pleasure to be near the family during and after the war, and the intimacy that sprang up then between me and Mr. Willie, then a small boy, has been continued through life, when I have been in trouble and needed either help or advice, I knew where to turn, and Mr. Willie never failed me.
>
> "He may not ever need my little home, I pray not, but he will know better what to do with it than I, and in this I want to show my appreciation for what he has done for me.

Thousands and thousands of old ex-slaves feel just like McAllister did. When the War Between the States closed, thousands of the old slaves remained with their former masters unto death—and then many of them sought homes and employment with the children of their former masters. Some twenty years ago, at a funeral service of an old slave holder there brought up the rear a crowd of the former slaves and their children. They were in truth real mourners—one cried out in his anguish, "what in the world will I do now that my very best friend is gone." A daughter of the subject of this funeral occasion, comforting the old darkey, said, "Why, you'll come to my farm—I'll take father's place." And the old darkey

went.

We had occasion recently to remark how woefully the designers of the Emancipation Proclamation miscalculated when they inspired that edict of January 1863. A devoted race—though black slaves—capable of such heroism, could not be arrayed against the wives and daughters of their masters. There is a monument at Fort Mills, S. C., erected to the memory of the faithful slaves—it stands in full view of the Southern railway station, and the gift of Col. White. Some of these days a shaft of this kind will rear its head on North Carolina soil.

* * * * * * *

N. C. COTTON FARMERS WITH BACK TO THE WALL.

The exhibit of cotton production for the past three years in the several counties of South Carolina indicates what is eventually in store for North Carolina farmers. The boll weevil reached last year nearly every cotton producing county in North Carolina; and, according to his habits and his reputed increase annually, what is in store for cotton production in this state this year is anything but hopeful.

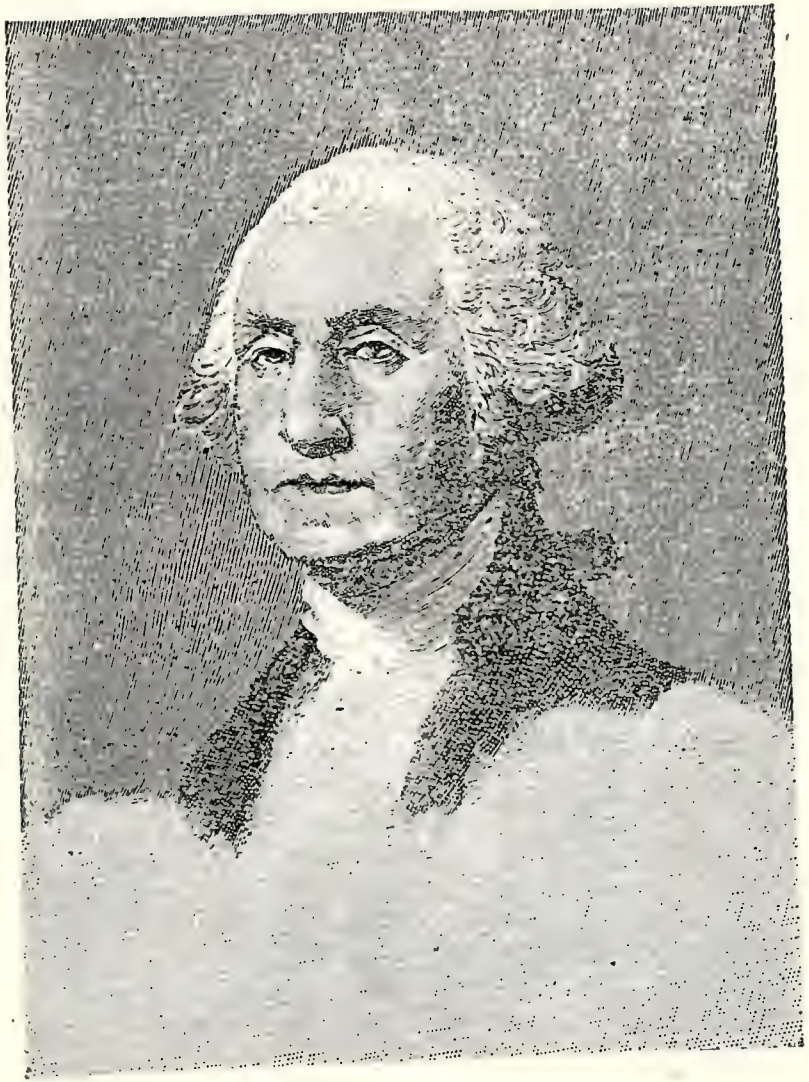
They try to make us believe that the boll weevil has proved a blessing to agriculture in some sections. That may be so; but we know of hundreds of tenant farmers, croppers and poorly equipped land owners, who, while trying to adjust themselves to the new conditions, face a complete swamping. More's the pity. But we may as well face the impending condition and brace ourselves for the worst. Anything short of this is inviting a membership in the society of "Fools That Deliberately Fool Themselves."

* * * * * * *

COMMENDABLE GENEROSITY.

The Presbyterian congregation at Albemarle, neither strong numerically nor financially, is building an elegant house of worship. Some fine financing is necessary—in fact this is a feature in all church construction. The other day a "friend in need is a friend indeed" showed up in the person of Mr. Joseph F. Cannon, vice-president and general manager of the Wiscassett Mills, who replenished the building committee's treasury with a five thousand dollar check.

This strong young man during the past year has come to the rescue of many a laudable proposition, putting life and hope into it.



GEORGE WASHINGTON, "Father of His Country"
Born Feb. 22, 1732; Died Dec. 14, 1799.

DAYS TO HONOR.

"Gladly do we look forward to a special holiday; but do we always appreciate the meaning of the day so honored? Holidays stand on the calendars as reminders to us of what we owe to some person or group of persons or to our country. If they come to mean to us only a day's escape from work, we are the losers; we then fail to give honor where honor is due, and lose just so much honor ourselves by our failure." The following poem by Margaret E. Sangster, remembering the birthday of George Washington, the first in all of America's history—a position impossible to disturb—breathes most worthy sentiments:

Washington's Birthday.

'Tis splendid to live so grandly,
That long after you are gone,
The thing that you did are remembered,
And recounted under the sun;
To live so bravely and purely,
That a nation stops on its way,
And once a year, with banner and drum,
Takes thought of your natal day.

'Tis splendid to have a record
So white and free from stain,
That, held to the light, it shows no blot,
Though tested and tried amain;
That age to age forever
Repeats its story of love,
And your birthday lives in a nation's heart
All other days above.

And this is Washington's glory,
A steadfast soul and true,
Who stood for his country's honor
When his country's days were few;
And now, when its days are many,
And its flag of stars is flung
To the breeze in defiant challenge,
His name is on every tongue.

Yes, it's splendid to live so bravely,
To be so great and strong,
That your memory is ever a tocsin
To rally the foes of the wrong;

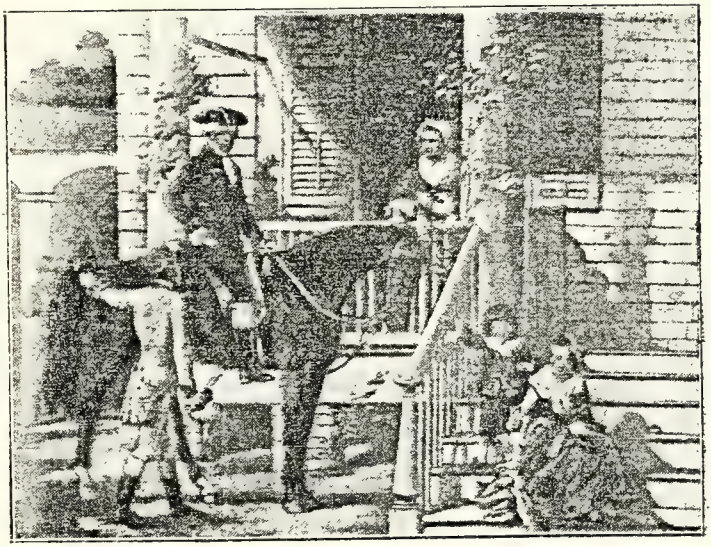
To live so proudly and purely
That your people pause in their way,
And year by year, with banner and drum,
Take thought of your natal day.

FIRST THANKSGIVING DAY PROCLAMATION.

By George Washington, 1789.

Now therefore, I do recommend and assign Thursday, the 26th day of November next, to be devoted by the people of these states to the service of that great and glorious Being, who is the beneficent author of all the good that was, that is, or that will be. That we then all unite in the rendering unto Him our sincere and humble thanks for His kind care and protection of the people of this country previous to their becoming a nation—for the single and manifold mercies, and far the favorable interpellation of His providence, in the course and conclusion of the late war.

THE HOME OF GEORGE WASHINGTON.



The home life of George Washington is one of the most pleasant aspects of the great man's career. When he married Mrs. Martha Custis, her little son and daughter went to live at Mount Vernon.

To live so proudly and purely
That your people pause in their way,
And year by year, with banner and drum,
Take thought of your natal day.

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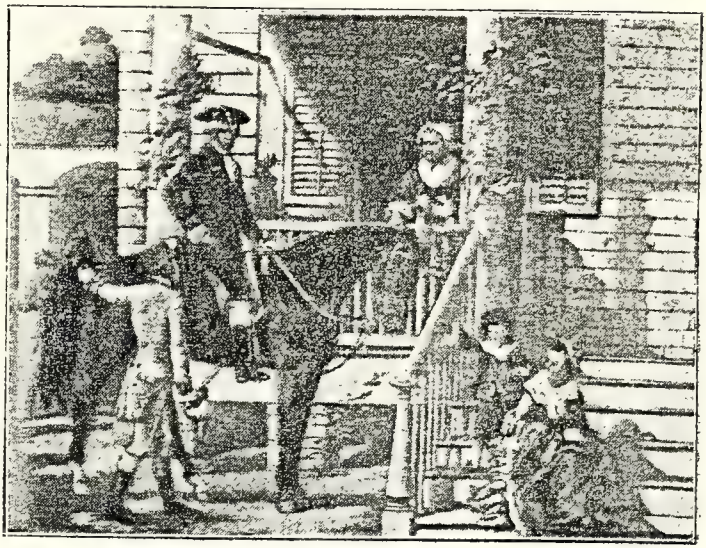
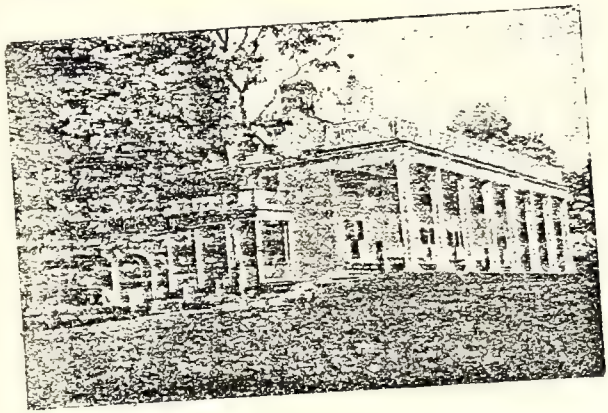


The home life of George Washington is one of the most pleasant aspects of the great man's career. When he married Mrs. Martha Custis, her little son and daughter went to live at Mount Vernon.

MOUNT VERNON ON THE POTOMAC.



Where George Washington spent his last days and where the great commander and statesman and the first president of the United States died.

EACH BROUGHT HIS GIFT

By Franklin K. Lane

(This tribute to the races of America, first published during the life-time of the former secretary of the interior, gains added force from the fact that he himself was Canadian born.)

America is a land of but one people, gathered from many countries. Some came for love of money and some for love of freedom. Whatever the lure that brought us, each has his gift. Irish lad and Scot, Englishman and Dutch, Italian, Greek and French, Spaniard, Slav, Teuton, Norse, Negro—all have come bearing gifts and have laid them on the altar of America.

All brought their music—dirge and dance and wassail song, proud march and religious chant. All brought music and their instruments for the making of music, those many children of the harp and lute.

All brought their poetry, winged tales of man's many passions, folk songs and psalms, ballads of heroes and tunes of the sea, litting scraps caught from sky and field, or mighty dramas that tell of primal struggles of the profoundest meaning. All brought poetry.

All brought art, fancies of the mind, woven in wood or wool, silk, stone or metal—rugs and baskets, gates of fine design and modeled gardens, houses and walls, pillars, roofs, windows, statues and paintings—all brought their art and hand craft

Then, too, each brought some homely thing, some touch of the familiar

home field or forest, kitchen or dress—a favorite tree or fruit, an accustomed flower, a style in cookery or in costume—each brought some homelike, familiar thing.

And all brought hands with which to work.

And all brought minds that could conceive.

And all brought hearts filled with home—stout hearts to drive live minds; live minds to direct willing hands.

These were the gifts they brought.

Hatred of old-time neighbors, national prejudices and ambitions, traditional fears, set standards of living, graceless intolerance, class rights and the demand of class—these were barred at the gates.

At the altar of America we have sworn ourselves to a single loyalty. We have bound ourselves to sacrifice and struggle, to plan and work for this one land. We have given that we may gain, we have surrendered that we may have a victory. We have taken an oath that the world shall have a chance to know how much of good may be gathered from all countries and how solid in its strength, how wise, how fertile in its yield, how lasting and sure is the life of a people who are one.

A SCHOOL OF LONG AGO.

By Edward Eggleston.

Every vestige of the pioneer school has disappeared from the earth, along with it the ideas and methods of teaching, and the elimination of certain practices that were considered vital towards making fine citizenship. Whatever estimate modernity may now place upon the efficiency of the discarded practices and methods and rules of the pioneer schools, the fact remains that many glorious and strong men and women came out from them. Mr. Eggleston tells of one of these pioneer schools that thrived in Pennsylvania.

A hundred and fifty years ago there was a famous teacher among the settlers in Pennsylvania, who was known as "The Good Schoolmaster." His name was Christopher Dock, and he had two little country schools. For three days he would teach at a little place called Skippack, and then for the next three days he would teach at Salford. (The reader will observer that Prof. Dock taught six days in each week, and from sun-up to sun-down.)

People said that the good schoolmaster never lost his temper. There was a man who thought he would try to make him angry. He said many karsh and abusive words to the teacher, and even cursed him; but the only reply the teacher made was, "Friend, may the Lord have mercy on you." (Just imagine our good friend and able schoolmaster, Prof. Chas. L. Coon, letting the rude captious patron off so light; or for that matter most any other teacher)

Other schoolmasters used to beat their scholars severly with whips and long switches. (It would be excrutiating for the gentle and kindly

Prof. A. S. Webb, superintendent of the Concord Graded Schools, to have ... live up to this requirement to ... his pupils to learn) But school-... Dock had found a better way. ... a child came to school for the ... time, the other scholars were ... to give the new scholar a wel-... by shaking hands with him one ... another. (Just think of this ... of reception being pulled off in ... Andrews' Salisbury schools; ... chairman (Col. A. H.) Boyden ... call an extra meeting of his ... to convince Supt Andrews that ... health rules made such a ... positively dangerous. The ... theory, and it's a good one, ... hand-shaking a fine agency in ... diseases.) Then the new ... or girl was told that this was ... a harsh school but a place for ... who would behave. And if ... scholar were lazy, disobedient, or ... born, the master would in the ... of the whole school pro-... him not fit for this school but ... for a school where children ... flogged. (There was no pro-... for them ascertaining the ... minded; but if there are "50,-... feeble minded folks now in North ... it is certain that Penn-... had a number of them even ... hundred and fifty years ago—... mindedness is not a modern ...) The new scholar was ask-... promise to obey and be diligent. When he had made this promise, ... was shown to a seat.

"Now," the good master would ... when this was done, "who will ... this new scholar and help him ... learn?" When the new boy or girl was clean and bright looking, many would be willing to take charge of him or her; but there were few ready to teach a dirty, ragged little child. Sometimes no one would wish to do it. In such a case the master would offer to one who would take such a child a reward of one of the beautiful texts of Scriptures which the schoolmasters of that time used to write and decorate for the children. (That's a back number today; it is ruled in legal bad-taste to in any way use the Bible in the schools.) Or he would give him one of the pictures of birds which he was accustomed to paint with his own hands.

Whenever one of the younger scholars succeeded in learning his A. B. C's, Christopher Dock would send word to the father of the child to give him a penny, and he would ask his mother to cook two eggs for him as a treat. These were fine rewards for poor children in a new country. (Now the habit is to send them to the movie, give them coca cola, buy them a bicycle or give them a party.)

There were no clocks or watches in the country. The children came to school one after another, taking their places near the master, who sat writing. They spent their time reading until all were there; but everyone who succeeded in reading his passage without mistake stopped reading and came and sat at the writing table to write. The poor fellow who remained last on the bench was called the "Lazy Scholar."

Every Lazy Scholar had his name written on the blackboard. If a child at any time failed to read correctly, he was sent back to study his passage and called again after a while. If he failed a second or a

third time, all the scholars cried out, "Lazy!" Then his name was written on the blackboard, and all the poor Lazy Scholar's friends went to work to teach him to read his lesson correctly. And if his name should not be rubbed off the board before school was dismissed, all the scholars might write it down and take it home with them. (If such a thing were attempted today, there would be some doting mothers and fond fathers raising a row that would be endless.) But if he could read well before school was out, the scholars, at the bidding of the master, called out, "Industrious!" and his name was erased.

The funniest of Dock's rewards was that which he gave to those who made no mistakes in their lessons. He marked a large O with chalk on the hand of the perfect scholar. Fancy what a time the boys and girls must have had, trying to go home without rubbing out the O!

If you had gone into the school some day, you might have seen a boy sitting on a punishment bench all alone. This was a fellow who had told a lie or used bad language. He was put there as not fit to sit near anybody else. If he committed the offense often, a yoke would be put round his neck, as if he were a brute. Sometimes, however, the teacher would give the scholars their choice of a blow on the hand or a seat on the punishment bench. They usually preferred the blow.

The old schoolmaster in Skippack wrote one hundred rules of good behavior for his scholars. This is perhaps the first book on good manners writen in America. But rules of behavior of people living in houses of one or two rooms, as they did in that day, were very different from those needed in our time. Here are some of the rules:

"When you comb your hair, do not go out in the middle of the room," says the schoolmaster. This was because families were accustomed to eat and sleep in the same room.

"Do not eat your morning bread on the road or in school," he tells them, "but ask your parents to give it to you at home." From this we see that the common breakfast was bread alone, and that the children often ate it as they walked to school. Send a boy or girl off to school today equipped with a simple lunch like that, he would be ostracised or reported to the welfare officer. But after all this may account for the fact that dyspepsia was unknown in the olden times in this country.)

"Put your knife upon the right and your bread on the left side," he says. Forks were little used in those days, and the people in the country did not have any. This may account for the large number of people who carry food to their mouths with the knife—a practice origanated in the past and brought down to this generation through several generations.) He also tells them not to throw bones under the table. It was a common practice among some people of that time to throw bones and scraps under the table, where the dogs ate them.

As time passed on, Christopher Dock had many friends, for all his scholars of former years loved him greatly. He lived to be very old, and taught his scholars to the last. One evening he did not come home,

and the people went to look for the beloved old man. They found their dear old master on his knees in the schoolhouse. He had died while praying alone.

Upon George Washington of Viirginia devolved the task of organizing, equipping and conducting the army. Upon Robert Morris of Pennsylvania devolved the task of supplying the funds for the carrying on of the war. Without the patriotic labors of both these men, it is not unreasonable to believe that the colonies would have failed to achieve their liberty and the war would have ended in disaster.

THE STORY OF MOLLY PITCHER.

A certain writer has described the battle of Monmouth, N. J., which was the first battle of the Revolution after the terrible experiences at Valley Forge, as having the possibility of a great victory had General Charles Lee obeyed Washington's orders. As it was the Americans stood their ground until night came on and the British retired. A woman played a fine part in the events of this battle, and that is the purpose of the following story:

By Frank R. Stockton.

At the battle of Monmouth, a young Irishwoman, wife of an artilleryman, played a very notable part in the working of the American cannon on that eventful day in June.

Molly was born with the soul of a soldier, and although she did not belong to the army she much preferred going to war to staying at home and attending to domestic affairs. She was in the habit of following her husband on his various marches, and on the day of the Monmouth battle she was with him on the field.

The day was very hot. The rays of the sun came down with such force that many of the soldiers were taken sick an some died; and the constant discharges of the musketry and artillery did not make the air any cooler. Molly devoted herself to keeping her husband as comfortable as possible, and she made frequent rips to a spring not far away to bring water; and on this account he was one of the freshest and coolest artillerymen on the ground. In fact, there was no man belonging to the battery who was able to manage one of these great guns better than Pitcher.

Returning from one of her trips to the spring, Molly had almost reached the place where her husband was stationed when a bullet from the enemy struck the poor man ly had no sooner caugh sight of her ly had no sooner caugh sight of her husband than she saw him fall. She ran to the gun, but scarcely had reached it before she heard one of the officers order the cannon to be wheeled back out of the way, saying that there was no one there who could serve it as it had been served.

Now Molly's eyes flashed fire. One might have thought that she would have been prostrated with grief at

THE TOLL OF THE BOLL WEEVIL

The Southern Cotton Oil Company, from its Charlotte office, has sent out a statement that shows in the most practical manner the effect of the boll weevil in the several counties of South Carolina. The statistics cover a period of three years. Those, who want to go into this showing more minutely, may add the several totals for each of the three years and note how the damage increases year by year.

The same authority which sends out this information claims that land values have greatly decreased. There is no mistaking the fact that since the advent of the weevil into North Carolina conditions, so far as the culture cotton goes, is not a rosy proposition. We are facing a serious condition.

TOTAL CROP

COUNTY	1920	1921	1922
Abbeville	34070	17200	8800
Allendale	13600	4580	6240
Aiken	44200	13900	14100
Anderson	88500	63400	38830
Bamberg	21100	4150	5660
Barnwell	28400	8000	8440
Calhoun	43500	5400	3560
Cherokee	20900	15200	11920
Chester	41600	26600	17890
Chesterfield	41600	26900	17880
Clarendon	49600	8300	4090
Darlington	59000	22800	11810
Dillion	45500	34700	14170
Edgefield	25700	7600	5760
Fairfield	30600	10400	6750
Florence	49300	21800	6450
Greenville	53600	45000	32240
Greenwood	41300	14100	6330
Horry	12600	4000	640
Hampton	7100	3000	4820
Kershaw	42000	13000	12640
Lancaster	27000	16000	11630
Laurens	65000	36000	18270
Lee	56000	20000	13710
Lexington	36000	9000	6110
McCormick	16000	4000	1720
Marion	24000	12000	3970
Marlboro	80000	51000	32170
Newberry	47000	19000	11030
Oconee	26000	22000	14930

Orangeburg	99000	19000	14330
Pickens	23000	23000	16870
Richland	37000	8000	6130
Saluda	31000	10000	5960
Spartanburg	90000	73000	55130
Sumpter	63000	19000	9870
Union	25000	17000	10820
Williamsburg	35000	8000	2820
York	48000	42000	25680

If any man can convince me and bring home to me that I do not think or act aright, gladly will I change; for I search after truth, by which man never yet was harmed. But he is harmed who abideth on still in his own deception and ignorance.—Marcus Aurelius.

WELCOMED LIKE MEN.

For a period there has been much discussion in the secular press about how strangers are received in the churches and other places set apart for religious work. It has been claimed by some skeptics that there is a coldness awaiting those who are unknown, or presenting an appearance that indicates just ordinary humanity or the lack of social position or orderly dress. For a time the New York papers have had their reporters to make special visits to some of the city churches and to give a close-up account of what they observed. A few Sundays ago the N. Y. Tribune sent one of its best reporters, Arthur James Pegler, disguised as a derelict, to see what his experience at one of the city's prominent churches would be. The pastor of that church turned out to be a former Concord boy. But let Pegler tell his ownstory:

Out of the Sunday morning blizzard, shabby, unkept, bedraggled, hesitant, two wanderers went to church. One, an adventurer, seeking enlightment on modern Christain method, the other frankly a tramp—paying for his breakfast by fulfilling a promise ggiven before he ate it to attend religious service. He demanded a dollar in addition on the plea that he could easily earn one shoveling snow instead of "sitting around." The adventurer wore an old overcoat. His companion had none—hated being bundled up, he explained.

Many automoblies were parked along the curb in front of the church where deep drifts obscured the broad stone steps. A snow flurry tore into the vestibule and a gust of wind swept inner doors agape as the wayfarers sought refuge there. It ruffled the furs of women in rear seats and gave notice of belated arrivals to ushers standing near the exit.

Sings of Lord's House.

Within a woman sang "How Lovely Are Thy Dwellings."

"How lovely are Thy dwellings,

O Lord of Hosts. My soul longeth —yea fainteth, for the courts of the Lord. My heart and my flesh cry out for the living God. Yea, the sparrow hath found her an house and the swallow a nest where she may lay her young, even thine altars, O Lord of Hosts, my King and my God."

As the solo ended an usher emerged to greet callers at the portal. He surveyed them, not unkindly. They regarded him diffidently, warming chilled fingers over the vestibule radiator, in doubt of their welcome. Bill, "the snowbird," reluctant, ill at ease, vainly sought to conceal his tattered cap beneath a sodden guernsey. He frowned unhapily.

"Bum's rush for ours," the skeptic panhandler muttered He jerked the words from one side of his wide mouth, meanwhile edging toward an exit. Bill's feet were on the doorsill when the usher spoke.

Stay and Hear Choir.

"Wait," he commanded. "There's room inside. Stay and hear the singing. We've a fine choir and you're welcome. Come on in."

The muscular, square-jawed young man approached, hand extended. "You're right at home, fellows," he breezed on. "Any port in a storm, and here's a good snug harbor, fair weather or foul."

So the visitors passed in.

"That guy's got a grip like a headquarters bull," Bill whispered. "If he'd called me brother I'd of beat it—yeh, or dear friend, either."

Ensconced in a cushioned pew amid men and women wearing the habiliments of prosperity, two tatterdemalions of the open road bowed their heads in prayer. Scrutinized by scores, they met, withal, no unkindly glance. Curiosity there was, perhaps, but no hostility. A young woman, richly gowned, who sat in the pew ahead, smiled kindly. An old gentleman across the aisle—the banker type—noddod greeting.

Bill is Embarrassed.

As the choir sang "Gloria" a sweet-faced woman passed the Adventurer her hymnal. She had turned the pages to mark selections for the day. It was done graciously—without condescension. Simultaneously, crossing a padded aisle, the banker-looking old chap thrust a hymnbook into Bill's big fist.

Bill's embarrassment was evident as he accepted the courtesy. Later he explained that being all "mussed" bothered him throughout the morning. He hated having folks act so polite. It made him ashamed of being a bum. But when the congregation sang Hymn 222 Bill lifted his voice with the rest. Afterwards he said nearly all the hymns were familiar to him.

"They used to sing 'em in the church I went to when I was a kid in Connecticut," he confided. "Didn't think they was singin' the same hymns these days. The one that goes 'Glory be to God on High'—that was my mother's favorite. Once I knew all the words, but it's a long time ago."

Sermon on Human Neglect.

The pastor preached on human neglect of the spiritual association save when driven by adversity to

seek the help of God. He urged more constant faith, more consistent Christianity. His closing prayer was:

"Stir up in my heart, O God, the fire of sacred ardor for Thy cause—for the work that Thou hast given me to do. When the flame dies down rouse it again. Give it some deeper experience to feed on. Set it in the sweep and current of boundless possibilities under Thee, and touching it with the Master's hot, blazing zeal, make my enthusiasm my shield. May they protect me from all that would hinder or hurt my soul. Let them, O Lord, shed their light over my path."

As the choir sang a postlude—Borowski's Sonata in A minor—Bill and the Adventurer slipped out. In the lobby the two-fisted usher intercepted them and bade them farewell, urging vainly that they should stay a few minutes and meet the pastor. Bill said he had an important engagement with a snow shovel. The usher grinned.

"Wish I had a dollar for every ton of snow I've shoveled," he said. "I'm from a snow country—up North, you know. Come around next Sunday and we'll swap snow stories after church."

The Adventurer steered Bill into Cora Clarke's mansion apartment across the street. Here is a lobby with seats for those who await returns from overhead appointments. Bill's opinion as to the reception given a pair of tramps in Dr. Scherer's church was sought.

"Well," snorted the "Snowbird," "they was sure civil and not no more upset that we was. We hadn't no business there to start with. Them people pays for a place to worship God in. They figure they'd ought to let in a pair of strays what wants to worship, too, but if I was going to make a practice of tending that there church I'd get me some clothes and a collar. A banker's one thing and a bum's another. Some bankers is bums and some bums used to be bankers."

"All right," prompted the Adventurer, "but what do you think of the way they took care of a pair of strays like us that just wandered in during a snow storm?"

"That church," Bill declared, pulling the ragged wet cap over his ears and pocketing the promised dollar, "is the decentest church I was ever into."

If you allow your people to be badly taught, their morals to be corrupted from childhood, and then when they are men punish them for the very crimes to which they have been trained in childhood—what is this but first to make thieves and then to punish them?—More.

A PATRIOT OF GEORGIA.

Some of the richest experiences of the times in which George Washington was making his heroic fight for American freedom were never recorded. Little by little scraps and hints of close calls, daring and outright bravery on the part of certain ones have trickled down through the ages, by word of mouth, just enough to make us wish that there had been among those people a wide-awake reporter.....Our treasures of pleasing and exciting stories would have been greatly enlarged.

By Joel Chandler Harris.

The Revolutionary War in Georgia developed some very romantic figures, which are known to us rather by tradition than by recorded history First among them, on the side of the patriots, was Robert Sallette. Neither history or tradition gives us the place of his birth or the date of his death; yet it is known that he played a more important part in the struggle in the colony than any man who had no troops at his command. He seems to have slipped mysteriously on the scene at the beginning of the war. He fought bravely, even fiercely, to the end; and, then, having nothing else to do, slipped away as mysteriously as he came.

Curious as we may be to know something of the personal history of Robert Sallette, it is not to be found chronicled in the books. The French twist to his name makes it probable that he was a descendant of those unfortunate Acadians who, years before, had been stripped of their lands and possessions in Nova Scotia by the British, their houses and barns burned, and they themselves transported away from their homes. They were scattered at various points along the American coast. Some were landed at Philadelphia, and some were caried to Louisiana. Four hundred were sent to Georgia. The British had many acts of cruelty to answer for in those days, but none were more infamous than this treatment of the gentle and helpless Acadians. It stands in history today a stain upon the British name.

Another fact that leads to the belief that Robert Sallette was a descendant of the unfortunate Acadians was the ferocity with which he pursued the British and the Tories. The little that is told about him makes it certain that he never gave quarter to the enemies of his country.

His name was a terror to the Tories. One of them, a man of considerable means, offered a reward of one hundred guineas to any person who would bring him the head of Robert Sallette. The Tory had never seen Sallette, but his alarm was such that he offered a reward large enough to tempt some one to assassinate the daring partisan. When Sallette heard of the reward, he disguised himself as a farmer, and provided himself with a pumpkin, which he placed in a bag. With the bag swinging across his shoulder, he made his way to the house of the Tory. He was invited in, and deposited the bag on the floor beside him, the pumpkin striking the board with a thump.

"I have brought you the head of Robert Sallette," said he. "I hear that you have offered a reward of one hunderd guineas for it."

"Where is it?" asked the Tory.

"I have it with me," replied Sallette, shaking the loose end of the bag. "Count out the money and take the head."

The Tory, neither doubting nor suspecting, counted out the money and placed it on the table.

"Now show me the head," said he.

Sallette removed his hat, tapped himself on the forhead, and said, "Here is the head of Robert Sallette!"

The Tory was so frightened that he jumped from the room, and Sallette pocketed the money and departed.

Andrew Carnegie was once asked which he considered to be the most important factor in industry—labor, capital, or brains? The canny Scot replied with a merry twinkle in his eye: "Which is the most important leg of a three-legged stool?"

THE OLD BLOCK HOUSE IN PITTSBURGH

By Julia W. Wolfe

Whenever you visit the city of Pittsburgh be sure to go to see the old blockhouse, for there is standing in that hurrying, steel-and-coal city a tiny, brick blockhouse, a crude little five-sided structure such as we of today know only from old engravings and cuts in our history books. It might have been erected for many things, instead of being in truth one of the cradles of the Birth of a Nation. It is now overshadowed upon one side by enormous railway freight sheds, upon the other by warehouses. Once upon a time it helped protect Pittsburgh; now Pittsburgh protects it.

From this heavy stone foundation of that blockhouse to the steel roofs beside it stretches a whole epoch of vital American history. Upon this site rested one of the half dozen pivotal points that determined the geographical and political institution we call the United States. New York the Mohawk Valley, Quebec, Philadelphia, New Orleans, Pittsburgh, these were important points then. Perhaps it is not too much to state that at Pittsburgh, founded at the juncture of two great rivers that make the greater Ohio, more than at any other place on the continent, were enacted important events which make the Republic exhibit its present shape and size.

In 1753 the colonizing, broad-visioned French began building a chain of forts to enforce their claim to the whole continent west of the Alleghenies, for they were not reconciled to the final interpretation and outcome of the treaties of Utrecht (1713) and Aix la Chapelle (1748.)

They perceived that the two most vital keys to the military domination of the interior were at Niagara and at the forks of the Ohio river. But, strangely, at the latter, until they saw the Virginia royal governor forestall them by commencing, a fort there in April 1754, they had made no attempt at fortification.

Now, it was young George Washington, sent by Governor Dinwiddie of Virginia, to investigate these French activities that promised to imperil Virginia's claim to limitless western backyard, whose report on the strategic importance of "the forks" of the Ohio resulted in quick action by the English. Washington carried as a part of his missions a letter to the French commandant at Presqu Isle (one of the chain of forts) from the Virginia Governor, asking him politely to cease operations in Virginia's trans-Allegheny hinterlands, who refused as politely.

These formal preliminaries accomplished, the struggle was on. Next year a body of English-Americans, engaged in erecting a fortification at the critical spot, was driven off by a large body of French and Indians, and these proceeded to erect Fort Duquesne. The expedition which ended only in orderly retreat, but nevertheless in retreat, left the French flag dominant over all inland America. The French maintained Fort Duquesne until 1758, when they demolished it in the face of impending attack; and the English arriving, began Fort Pitt, named in honor of the Prime Minister. Likewise, they founded the settlement, Pittsburgh. The new fort was situated on the same tongue of land at the confluence of the Allegheny and Monongahela rivers; not quite as close to the tip as was Duquesne; and it was an imposing stronghold capable of sheltering a thousand men. A five-angled moat surrounded it and its walls mounted eighteen cannon. Not completed for four years, it was considered an impregnable outpost establishing dominion on the "Ohio country." American settlers now began filtering eastward to consolidate the salient thus won.

Next comes "Pontiac's Conspiracy" in 1763, the most determined and best organized effort ever made by the American Indian to withstand the encroachments of the white man's race. Only because of the second timely arrival of Colonel Boquet (the leader whose forces had five years previous caused the evacuation of Fort Duquesne and built the new stronghold,) and 500 troops did Fort Pitt weather the determined five-day attack. But virtually all the settlers west of the mountains were driven forth from their homes as refugees, and eight fortified outposts on the frontier were annihilated.

While preparing for further attacks, the interpid colonel ordered erected the little blockhouse, as a means of protecting the moat on the north side, where low river level sometimes caused it to run dry. This is all that remains today of Fort Pitt, and is the only existent mounment of British occupancy in the whole region.

The building, five-sided and with a width of about thirty feet, has an underground passage running to the fort and one out to the river. It was built of brick; had and still has two floors, each showing a row of horizontal slits as loopholes. Over

the door still is legible the stone built into the wall during the construtions, which reads:

Col. Bouquet
1764.

In 1785 the little structure, in private hands, becomes abjectly a portion of a dwelling house, and is continued in that distinguished role for 109 years. In 1894 it and the surrounding site was deeded to the Daughters of the American Revolution. They caused the blockhouse to be restored to its original appearance, and have made of it a public monument in care of a custodian. It is daily visited by tourists from all parts of America, and from England and France—but "Pittsburgers don't come," so the custodian ruefully avows.

If one enters he as easily steps down two centuries as he does two stone steps into the ground floor. Stone flag pave the vault-like interior, narrow, twisting stairs lead below just come to your shoulder level, as they did in 1764; up stairs one stoops slightly to look through them.

Four nations, since historians took notice have "owned" this tongue of land jutting into the broad Ohio —not many as European typographies go; but perhaps a record for America.

RAIN SONG

It isn't raining rain to me,
  It's raining daffodils;
In every dimpled drop I see
  Wild flowers on the hills;
The clouds of gray engulf the day,
  And overwhelm the town;
It isn't raining rain to me,
  It's raining roses down.
It isn't raining rain to me,
  But fields of clover bloom,
Where every buccaneering bee
  May find a bed and room;
A health unto the happy!
  A fig for him who frets!—
It isn't raining rain to me,
  It's raining violets.

THE CARLYLE HOUSE, BUILT 1752

By Bertha H. Morton

On the bank of the Potomic, near the city of Washington, stands one of the most historic houses in America.

Before George Washington was born, the Algonquins roamed the hills of Maryland and Virginia, intimidating the settlers with fire and tomahawks. At what is now the town of Alexandria, a fort was built for protection against the ravages of these marauding bands. Around the fort they built a moat which could be filled from the river. An underground tunnel led to the Potomac so that when the alarm was given those who lived down the river could hurry to the fort in their boats. It also afforded egress in case of an attack by overwhelming land forces.

Behind the walls of solid masonry were the dungeons with their arched roofs, under which no man could stand erect. They were unlighted and unventilated so that when the heavy oak doors were bolted the darkness was maddening.

The fort was finally abandoned and in 1752 Thomas Carlyle, a prosperous banker of the town, built the mansion which is still in a good state of preservation.

Three years later, the governors of Maryland, Virginia, New York, Massachusetts and Pennsylvania met there to confer with General Braddock about the French and Indian occupation of English territory. At this time George Washington was living the quiet life of a farmer, at Mt. Vernon, only a few miles away. Six years before this he had decided to see the world and had signed up with the captain of a sailing vessel for a long cruise in foreign waters. His trunk was aboard the vessel but his mother was heart-broken. George was her favorite son and she begged him not to go, he was so young—only fourteen. She told him to study and prepare himself and perhaps his chance would come. George's love for his mother was greater than his ambition, so he went to the vessel and brought home his trunk. No one knew the wild, rebellious thoughts that surged through him. But he conquered them, for he never uttered a complaint. So far several years he studied surveying and fought the Indians.

Then one day he saw British men-of-war and transports laden with gleaming guns and scarlet-coated soldiers sailing up the river. Mounting his horse, he hurried to Alexandria to find the streets teeming with troops and reverbrating to the fife and drum. Learning that General Bradock, commander-in-chief of the army of occupation, had come to drive out the French, George immediately volunteered his services. Because of his experience he was offered a place on the general's staff. George accepted and attended this first great conference in America. Plans were made for the campaign against Fort Duquesne, which resulted so tragically for General Braddock and so successfully for Washington. Out of this meeting also grew the determination to tax the colonies, which resulted in the Revolutionary

War.

In 1785 another conference was held in the Carlyle House by the governors of Maryland and Virginia, in regards to the boundary line between the two commonwealths. Into conference George Washington was called because as a surveyor he could give expert advice. At this meeting was issued the call for deligates from all the colonies to meet at Philadelphia. At the convention which convened there two years later the Constitution of the United States was framed.

Probably no other house standing today can boast of being the scene of so many important conferences, or of dispensing hospitality to so many illustrious personages. No longer does the drawbridge creak to the tread of moccasined feet. The dark dungeons that reverberated to the groans of prisoners became the wine-cellars of the past century and are the show-places of today.

PRESS ON.

By Parks Benjamin.

Press on! there's no such word as fail;
Press nobly on! the goal is near,
Ascend the mountain! breast the gale!
Look upward, onward,—never fear!
Why should'st thou faint? Heaven smiles above
Though storm and vapor intervene;
That Sun shines on, whose name is Love,
Serenely o'er life's shadowed scene.

Press on! surmount the rocky steeps;
Climb boldly o'er the torrent's arch,
He fails alone who feebly creeps;
He wins who dares the hero's march.
Be thou a hero! let thy might
Tramp on eternal snows its way.
And through the ebon walls of night
Hew down a passage unto day.

&c, &c.

A TEACHER'S STORY

(Selected)

A friend of mine said: "I was a teacher in Texas in a school of 400 live, wide-awake boys. One day when we two teachers were conducting a general exercise, one boy struck another and instantly a fight was on. ran down the center of the room, when the largerr boy said, 'Don't you touch me or I'll cut your heart out!' 'No, you won't, and I caught him by both wrists, and, being an athlete myself, I was able to march him into an adjoining room. I said, 'Drop that knife,' which he did. 'Now, let us talk. Where will such conduct land you?' 'Into Huntsville (State penitentiary,) I suppose.' 'What then?' 'I'll die there as my father did. 'And what then?' 'Why, that's the end; I have seen dogs and mules die, and that anded all.' I drew my New Testament from my pocket and showed him Luke 16, the story of Dives and Lazarus, which he read to me I said, 'Does that look as if death ends all?' Let us read it again,' said the boy, which we did. He said, 'I want to read this to ma. She thinks death ends all.' I gave him the book. Then I visited the family. I saw that boy grow up a converted Christian man, and the entire family become church members and useful citizens. I impressed on them that there is no repentance after death. The rich man is simply another prodigal son come to the usual end. A wasted life, wasted opportunities lead to the fate of Dives.

"How's business?"
"Poor."
"Why, your store is full of men all the time."
"They are inspectors."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

Pressly Mills.

Master Charles Crossman has been placed in the printing department, and he is doing well for a beginner.

—o—

Master Robert Rising is the head baker among the boys in the bakery. He is the chief cake maker, and assists Mr. Spaugh in the baking of the bread and pies.

Masters Jack Oneil, and Sidney Cook were honorably paroled by Superintendent Boger last Thursday, Feb. 8. Each boy was sent to his respective home with a parole tucked snuggly in a pocket.

—o—

Our basket ball team played a fast game last Saturday against the Rocky River Highs, although

we were defeated, our team played good basket ball, and it was hard to tell which would be the victor until after the last quarter was over.

—o—

Last Friday 65 chickens were killed by officer Willie White and a few of the boys. Several boys who happened to be passing at that time spread the news all over the hill, and here and there you could see a licking of lips at the anticipation of the dinner to come in the near future.

—o—

The new school room was opened last week and the students assigned to this room have settled down to work, and they are now progressing very rapidly. Between thirty-five and forty were assigned to this room, the grades vary from the fourth to the fifth grades. Mr. V. C. Crowell who recently became an officer here at the institution was appointed teacher of this room, and is just the man for this job, or rather he is the best fitted to fill this responsible position.

—o—

The reporter chanced, going on his rounds, to see a good many sacks of cement under the Auditorium. He was told, when he first came, that this space would be made into a gymnasium when funds would permit. These sacks of cement have been there quite a while, and he can see no near use for them unless it is that of building a gymnasium. He was heard to fervently say, "Oh boy, I hope they are going to use that cement in making the gymnasium."

—o—

As each boy goes to his respective home a new boy arrives to take his place, to receive the benefits the one who left had gotten; he will get the training the absentee gained; he will know of the joys and sorrows that must come, but which will leave him a stronger boy in every way. And last but assuredly not least he will one day be called from the work he likes, and will be given a parole along with the words: "Show the world what the Jackson Training School has made of you."

—o—

In the Carpenter shop there are five boys who are learning a trade that will be of great value to them some day when they are alone in the great world out side the Jackson Training School. They are now making plow stocks which will be used by the farm boys this coming spring and summer. The boys of this department have recently finished an extra good piece of work for the new school room the same being a book case in which the books are placed when not being used. They rebuilt the desks that are being used in this room, and are making the tables that are to be used by eleventh and twelfth cottages. Four of these tables have already been finished, and more are to be made. It is Mr. Cloer's, the forman, duty to see that all of the cottages are beautified to a certain extent by the shop boys, so recently the boys made several flower boxes, which they painted green, two were given to each cottage, and these will probably catch the eye of a visitor during the coming spring and summer. These ambitious boys shall some day become men of value to the people of the industrial world.

These ambitious boys are: Jas. A. Shipp, Lewis Norris, Carl Henry, and Thural Wilkerson.

SOUTH NOW THE CENTER OF TEXTILE INDUSTRY.

Remarkable growth of the textile industry in the South is shown in a directory of manufacturing plants on its lines just issued by the Southern Railway System.

In the directory are listed 935 cotton mills, operating 242,900 looms and 12,370,357 spindles. In the entire South there are 15,964,381 spindles, or 43.21 percent of the total in the United States.

There are also listed 240 knitting mills, operating 36,584 machines and 270,713 spindles; 22 woolen mills, with 1,571 looms and 76,200 spindles; 11 silk mills, with 1,303 looms and 85,120 spindles; 50 matteress, batt and felt mills; 22 bleaching, dyeing and finishing plants; 16 jute mills; 6 braider mills; and 4 miscellaneous cotton manufacturing plants.

Maps and tables in the directory show in a graphic way the constant growth of the textile industry in the South and the great percentage of that growth at points on the Southern. In 1922, mills in the South consumed 3,977,847 bales of cotton which was 60.74 percent of the total consumption in the United States.

On January 1, 1923, twenty-seven new plants and additions which will operate 3,052 looms and 270,640 spindles were under construction at points on the Southern. The directory shows that in the year ended July 31, 1922, new spindles numbering 244,669 were installed in the South and only 83,301 in other parts of he country. Many other interesting facts and figures showing the tendency of textile development toward the South are included.

ODD ACCIDENTS

I saw a cow slip through the fence,
A horse fly in the store;
I saw a board walk up the street,
A stone step by the door.
I saw a mill race up the road,
A morning break the gloom;
I saw a night fall on the lawn,
A clock run in the room.
I saw a peanut stand up high,
A sardine box in town;
I saw a bed spring at the gate,
An ink stand on the ground.

MARDI GRAS CARNIVAL

NEW ORLEANS	MOBILE	PENSACOLA
Feb. 8-13, 1923.	Feb. 11-13, 1923.	Feb. 10-13, 1923.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

ANNOUNCES

Very Low Round Trip Fares

NEW ORLEANS.	Tickets on sale Feb. 6-13 inclusive.
MOBILE	Tickets on sale Feb. 9-13 inclusive.
PENSACOLA.	Tickets on sale Feb. 8-13 inclusive.

Final limit of all tickets Feb. 20th, 1923.

If presented prior to Feb. 20th, tickets may be extended until March 7th, 1923, by paying fee $1.00.

Fine Fast Through Trains Daily

Pullman sleeping cars, observation cars, club cars, dining cars and coaches.

For further information and details call on nearest agent.

R. H. GRAHAM,
Division Passenger Agent,
Charlotte, N. C.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

Passenger Train Schedules

Arrival and Departure of Passenger Trains, Concord, N. C.

LV.	NO.	BETWEEN	NO.	AR.
1:40A	30	New York-Birmingham	30	1:40A
2:37A	29	Birmingham-New York	29	2:37A
5:12A	44	Washington-Atlanta	44	5:12A
6:32A	31	Atlanta-New York	31	6:32A
8:41A	137	Atlanta-New York	137	8:41A
9:25A	11	Charlotte-Norfolk-Richmond	11	9:25A
10:55A	36	New York Birmingham-New Orleans	36	10:55A
3:20P	45	Washington-Charlotte	45	3:20P
3:45P	46	Charlotte-Danville	46	3:45P
7:10P	12	Norfolk-Richmond-Atlanta	12	7:10P
8:18P	32	New York-Augusta	32	8:18P
10:20P	35	Birmingham-New Orleans-New York	35	10:20P
9:45P	138	New York-Atlanta	138	9:45P
9:31P	135	Washington-Atlanta	135	9:31P

Through Pullman sleeping car service to Washington, Philidelphia, New York, Richmond, Norfolk, Atlanta, Birmingham, Mobile, New Orleans

Unexcelled service, convenient schedules and direct connections to all points.

Schedules published as information and are not guaranteed.

R. H. GRAHAM. D. P. A., Charlotte, N. C.

M. E. WOODY, Ticket Agent, Concord, N. C.

THE UPLIFT

VOL XI CONCORD N. C., FEBRUARY 24, 1923 NO. 15

JEWELS FROM UNSEEMLY PLACES

Professing Christians looked at John Newton, and they saw only a drunken sailor, foul in speech and impure in soul, not worth bothering about. Jesus looked at him and saved him, and out of that unlikely material made the celebrated theologian and preacher. The churchmen of England looked down upon a barkeeper in Gloucester. There he was hired by his brother to sell beer. The calling was then, as now, not very high. To be a barkeeper is to be not far from the bottom in the occupations of life. And so this man was looked down upon; nobody wanted him or cared for him, but Jesus looked at him and saved him and his name was George Whitefield, for many years the most flaming, the most eloquent herald of the Cross that ever told the old, old story. It takes love to see, and that is the reason Jesus sees such splendid jewels where you and I are blind.—Dr. Coyle.

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PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School Type-setting by the Boys Printing Class. Subscription Two Dollars the year in Advance.

JAMES P. COOK, *Editor*, J. C. FISHER, *Director Printing Department*

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C. under Act of March 3, 1879.

THE KEYS TO SUCCESS.

"The door to true success can be unlocked only by several age-old keys. They are called by homely names such as Industry, Honesty, Faithfulness to Friends, Perseverence, Loyalty to Employer, Economy, Common sense and Foresight. You can do nothing better than to cultivate these virtues."

WHERE THE AGENCY OF RESULTS LIE.

In the machinery of the welfare activities the local, county, officer is the chief and important agent. Whatever actual good that reaches local conditions and whatever benefits the citizenship derives from the operation of the welfare law is directly traceable to the county officer. If he or she possesses the natural qualifications for the work, has a heart in the cause and is in love with humanity, and eschews spectacular stunts and puts into sway just plain, common sense, the office is invaluable and no less important than any office of the governmental machinery of a county.

A well-qualified officer in this position has her hands full. It is a position in which frivolous pleasures must be ignored; a careful, watchful eye, trained on the conditions prevailing, and the love for mankind in her heart must be the outstanding spirit of this agent—then the result from the labors of this officer is incalculable. It is not an easy job—a lazy person should not look for the job. It calls for brains, industry and perseverence. The Robesonian makes note of the accomplishments of Robeson county's very capable and earnest welfare officer, Miss Elizabeth Frye, just for one month—from

this one may see that a welfare officer who rises to the importance of her great responsibility is by no means an idle individual. Hear the Robesonian:

"Visited thirty schools.

Placed in school three white children, ten Indians and six colored, that had never been in school before.

Visited 24 paupers.

Visited county home three times. All inmates well provided for and sanitary conditions very good.

Professional visits to sick, 35.

Placed three adults and three children in hospital for operation and treatment.

Investigated ten families.

Placed two delinquent white boys in Stonewall Jackson Training School, Concord.

Visited one boy on parole from Jackson Training School.

Issued eight employment certificates."

* * * * * * *

SETTING A NEW PACE.

Rev. T. A. Sykes, the business manager of the Christian Advocate over at Greensboro, slips away at the week-end occasionally; and when he returns, he usually turns loose some very entertaining comments about his trip and what he sees.

This business preacher, with whom this writer had a short, pleasant relation in the long ago, (not a bit of use or anybody's business how long ago) has recently covered a circuit that took in Aberdeen, Morven, Wadesboro and Gastonia. The outstanding feature of his observations touched a long-neglected matter that now seems to be coming into its own—that of housing preachers. Everywhere he went Mr. Sykes observed that the preachers were living in splendid parsonages, with all conveniences. In fact at one place he found an entire institution under one roof: low-pressure steam plant in the basement, hardwood floors and connecting doors on the first floor, beautiful bed-rooms on the second floor sporting the finest of furniture, and in the attic a complete outfit for handling the family washing, away from the horrors of outside weather.

It used to be that the average congregation was willing to stick its preacher into any kind of quarters, just so a roof was over his head. This is in

keeping with the farewell address of a certain preacher not a hundred miles from this print shop, who took occasion to say as follows: "You are an interesting people; who know how to take care of your own; but I am constrained to speak the honest truth when I make the observation that, strange as it is, you put a fellow into an ice box, and some of you cuss him because he won't sweat."

* * * * * * *

OFF ON HER ARITHMETIC.

Sister Beatrice Cobb, secretary of the N. C. Press Association, and the editress of the Morganton-News Herald, one of the very best weekly papers in the state, shows a large degree of prosperity. The Herald-News has purchased a building all for itself. Miss Cobb, among other things in connection with the announcement of her acquisition, says:

"For some time steadily increasing business has been crowding us in our present building and it was realized that more room would be an urgent need. The building we have bought this week will suit our business in an ideal way. It has a frontage of fifty feet and is eighty feet deep, giving us floor space of four hundred square feet."

Why, "four hundred square feet" of floor space would not accommodate the turnips, pumpkins, cabbage heads and other oddities in the vegetable kingdom that the partisan and admiring friends of the News-Herald and its delightful editress weekly bring in to ascertain editorial judgment, to say nothing of giving the office cat a decent show. A paper like the News-Herald and its capable force behind it appear, at this distance, to need at least 4,000 square feet. This is one time that the linotyper can prove an alibi, sister Cobb.

* * * * * * *

LOOKING FOR GRAVE OF POCAHONTAS.

Edward Page Gaston, an American living in London, is trying to locate the grave of Pocahontas, best known in American history as the rescuer of Captain John Smith from the murderous purposes of the Indians.

She will be remembered as the daughter of Powhatan, an Indian chief. Later she married John Rolfe, the first Englishman to cultivate tobacco in Virginia. With her husband and little son she visited the husband's family in 1616; and about the time she was preparing to return to America she died, her body being buried in St. George's church, which was burned in 1617. If Mr. Gaston can locate her grave, it is his purpose to bring her re-

mains to America and bury them in her native soil.

Coming nearer home, it would be a patriotic service for some organization to bring the remains of Stephen Cabarrus to this county and erect over them a suitable marker. His grave is entirely neglected at Edenton.

* * * * * * *

EDISON HAS A BIRTHDAY.

Thomas Alva Edison, the famous inventor, celebrated his 76th birthday on the 11th. Mr. Edison still regards himself as a young man, and daily applies himself to his researches and investigations as if he were just started out to make a living and to establish himself in life's business. His father, grand-father and great-grand-father lived to be 94, 103 and 102, respectively.

This genius that America is proud of has taken out more than a thousand patents, some of the most wonderful of his inventions are: the incandescent light, the phonograph, the mimeograph, the moving picture machine, and the nickel-iron storage battery used in motor cars. And yet he is not satisfied.

* * * * * * *

ONE OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST DISCOVERERS.

No man ever contributed any greater service to science and invention, so far as aiding medical and surgical results, than did Prof. Wilhelm Konrad Roentgen, who discovered the X-rays, a kind of light that was unknown until he discovered it in 1895. He found that these new rays of light would go through living flesh, stone, and many other opaque substances.

This great man, who contributed so much to the world, after a busy and self-sacrificing life, passed away on the 10th at his home in Munich, Germany. The world is richer by his having lived and served during his seventy-seven years.

* * * * * * *

FIRES.

The past six months seem to have been the most disastrous period for great and terrible fires in many years. You can scarcely pick up a morning paper without seeing the account of some disastrous fire.

The most recent fire, horrible in every phase of it, occurred in the destruction of an Insane Asylum in New York where twenty-two of the inmates and three attendants were burned to death.

* * * * * * *

"GOOSES."

The old-time examiner of applicants for teachers' certificates used to ask

among other words in spelling how to spell "Mortise," "Cornice," "Lettuce;" and then to give the plural of the name of the iron that tailors use in pressing clothes—goose, a tailor's goose. That was usually a stumper; but it seems to be settled now since "Current Events," a paper that appeals to school children, decides, in answering a correspondent, that the proper plural of a tailor's goose is "GOOSES."

* * * * * * *

GOVERNOR MORRISON NAMES SHIP COMMISSION.

Governor Morrison named the Ship Commission to investigate the feasibility and practicability of the state owning and operating a ship line. His selection includes some of the state's finest representative citizens as follows: R. M. Miller Jr., Charlotte, W. A. Hart, Tarboro, A. M. Scales, of Greensboro, George Stephens, of Asheville, Charles S. Wallace, of Morehead City, Dr. D. D. Carroll, of Chapel Hill, E. H. Bellaney, of Wilmington, J. A. Brown, of Walbourne and Dr. J. Y. Joyner, of LaGrange.

* * * * * * *

COL. P. M. PEARSALL PASSES.

Col. Patrick Murphy Pearsall, for many years connected with different state government activities, passed away on the 20th at his home in New Bern. He was stricken by pneumonia.

Col Pearsall became generally known in the state when he served as private secretary to Gov. Aycock. At the time of his death he was Chairman of the State Board of Elections.

PAMLICO COUNTY MAKES A RECORD.

Under date of February 14 there comes out from Pamlico county, way down the coast, this inspiring and hopeful news. There are thousands in Cabarrus county, who would love, for the sake of the coming generation and for the good of the present generation of children, that such a progressive programme had been even started in this county. The deadwood keeps on drifting and drifting. But here is what Pamlico county, less advantageously situated than is Cabarrus, announces:

"Pamlico county has completed its county-wide educational program and every district has voted a special tax. The county now will have an eight months term of school a year and high school instruction is available to every child.

Five years ago, there were only ten high school students in the county. Today, there are 400."

THE TEACHER—HUMAN INTEREST STORY.

This honest-to-goodness story comes from a school official of Johnston county, via The Smithfield Herald. If the spirit and educational birth that are manifest in this little girl down below the Fall Line permeated the activities of all North Carolina teachers, ignorance and illiteracy would vanish from the state. This marvelous success and record are the direct results of the powers of a "born" teacher—she is not hand-made, or manufactured, not the product of edicts or frills or ruffles—God gave the young woman the true instincts of a genuine teacher and leader, just as He distributes talents for singers, for artists, for preachers, for leaders, for doctors, for statesmen, and all the vocations of life. Too often we think we are the whole show, leaving God out of the equation.

To be sure the road was muddy, but what difference did that make? It ran through a crystal forest, and for the privilege of driving through such a wonderland as that one should be willing to put up with a little mud, especially since it was underneath and you didn't have to look at it unless you really wanted to. Moreover, muddy roads have their advantages. You can start your car going down a certain rut and it will take care of itself. While on a smooth road you must be constantly holding the wheel or your car is likely to go on an exploring expedition into a ditch or down a mushy cotton row. But this is not to be a paper on good roads. What has been said thus far is merely to give a setting to my story.

It was the Supervisor of Rural Schools of Johnston County who was adorning the seat of the Ford roadster as it plowed its way down a certain road that led out of Smithfield and through the crystal forest. She was meditating on the beautiful world around about her, and was re-

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hesitant to leave the rut and turn the car aside at the small one-roomed school building. In fact I am not sure that she did not feel a certain joy in her heart as she perceived that not a single child was on the playground or anywhere outside the building, for this meant there was no school.

She wondered why the school was not in session. She would at least peep inside. Her foot was on the lowest step of the building when she heard a sound within. She waited a moment with her hand on the door knob. It was the voice of a child reading in soft clear tones. The knob turned and the Supervisor found herself facing a room full of children, thirty in all. Perhaps you think these children were huddled about the stove trying to keep warm, but you are mistaken. Every one was in his own seat at work and they didn't any of them look very cold either.

The room was clean and cheerful. On the front wall was a picture of "The Angelus" and "The Gleaners," and on the side where the upper grades sat was "George Washington." But on the opposite wall looking tenderly down upon the primary children was the picture of "The Good Shepherd." Pictures are not always a part of the equipment of our Johnston county school rooms and the supervisor asked:

"Where did you get your pictures?"

"We had a box supper," replied the teacher, "and I went to Raleigh and bought them."

"Those are good drawings on the wall?"

"Yes, I have one little girl in the first grade who has a special talent for drawing. I want you to come closer and examine them."

Among the drawings done by this first grade child were "Red Riding Hood," "Mother Hubbard," and other noted characters so well executed that there was no doubt of their identity. But there was also a copy of the "Sistine Madonne" with all the round faced cherubs each in his proper place.

"I let her copy that because she wanted to and I thought she did it very well," said the teacher.

The Supervisor thought so too.

"I spent the night with her mother last week and we talked about M—— studying art when she finished school," added the teacher.

"But with all these five grades, how do you find time for drawing?" asked the supervisor.

"I don't have much time, but you see I plan each night for the next day, and when I come to school I know just what I want each child to do every minute. Now there's one little fellow back there hasn't learned to write his name yet. He came in since Christmas.

"Children wouldn't you like to tell Miss W——— what we learned yesterday, about the little people in China?"

In a moment the fist two grades were attention, and bubbling over with enthusiasm as they talked freely and happily about the strange little boys and girls of whom they had been studying.

"So you find time for Language also in your primary grades?"

"O, yes, indeed. You see that lit-

tle fellow doesn't talk plain. His tongue is tied. I have been to see his people and I think they will have the matter attended to when school closes."

"Do you visit the homes of these children too?"

"Yes, I have been to all their homes. There are six absent today. Four of them have smallpox and one is down with pneumonia. The little boy who sits here didn't come yesterday, so I went by his home on my way to school this morning. His mother said he had a bad cold and she was afraid for him to come out in the damp weather."

So you keep up with all the children and know why if they stay out of school?"

"Oh yes, they don't stay out unless they are sick. I have them all in school except four children who are attending in the adjoining district."

"What books are you using with this class?"

"We have finished the Child World Reader, and are beginning the Story Hour, then we shall use Reading Literature."

So the teacher went on telling the supervisor not only what the classes had done and were doing, but just where she planned to have each child at the end of the term.

"Now, I would like for you to hear the children read."

And read they did; not merely pronouncing words. And more wonderful even the primer class had not memorized, but read like grown-ups.

And this is a one-teacher school, in which five grades are taught. There are holes in the floor patched with boards, and some cracks which are not patched at all. The stove is cracked through the middle. But in all Johnston county I doubt if you could find a happier or a busier bunch of boys and girls.

"Where do you get a teacher like that? Of what college is she a graduate?" I hear some one ask.

"Ah, I answer you, "such teachers are born not made. She is not a college woman. Such training as she has, she has gotten in short summer courses and institutes, and by her own effort. She works."

Just let me sum up what I have been trying to tell you about this teacher.

She teaches five grades.

She prepares her work at night.

She is acquainted with every home from which her children come.

She knows the why of every absence on her register.

She knows just what to expect from each child in the room.

She has planned just what work each grade shall cover by the close of school.

She knows just what her outline course of study says each grade shall cover before it is promoted.

Moreover she knows every child, his defects and his possibilities.

She has talked with the parents about the special needs of the children. She is helping her pupils to become the thing they should be.

The supervisor walked out of the Brown's school. Now she fixed her car in a new rut and started it going. Then she resumed her meditations but now she was no longer dreaming about the crystal forests. Her thoughts ran something as fol-

lows:

"That is a good teacher. She has a good school. She is earning her salary. Yes and she is earning far more than that. How much I shall not try to say for it cannot be measured in mere money value. She is a teacher. I wish I had such a one in every school-room in Johnston county."

Poor foolish supervisor! Do you know that if all your teachers were like this one, you would be seeking a job, for your services would be needed no longer? The welfare officer would be seeking a job too, and. Johnston county would be the richest county in the United States.

From the days of John Gutenberg the art of printing has made a wonderful stride. Even in the past thirty years, the development has been marvelous. The Linotype is just as far a head of the old hand-system, as was Gutenberg's method over that of the copyists. But with all the means of printing and the innumerable books, magazines, periodicals and newspapers one would think that there would be more reading than is done; and that pure, unadulterated ignorance would cease stalking through the earth.

THE FIRST PRINTER.

Some months ago Dr. Webb, the founder of the famous Bellbuckle School in Tennesse, delivered a speech in this section. Among other things he declared the greatest invention of all days was that of the alphabet. He proved it to the satisfaction of his great audience. Possibly the next greatest invention is that of printing. It dazes one to contemplate the monumental accomplishment of printing art. Here is a fine little story of how the "first printer" came into our life:

One evening in midsummer, nearly five hundred years ago, a stranger arrived in the quaint old town of Haarlem, in the Netherlands. The people eyed him curiously as he trudged down the main street, and there were many guesses as to who he might be. A traveler in those days was a rarity in Haarlem—a thing to be looked at and talked about. This traveler was certainly a man of no great consequence. He dressed poorly and had neither servant nor horse. He carried his knapsack on his shoulder, and was covered with dust, as though he had walked far.

He stopped at a little inn close by the market place, and asked for lodging. The landlord was pleased with his looks. He was a young man, bright of eye and quick of movement. He might have the best room in the house.

"My name," he said, "is John Gutenberg, and my home is in Mayence, Germany."

"Ah, in Mayence, is it?" exclaimed the landlord. "And why, pray, do you leave that place and come to our good Haarlem?"

"I am a traveler," answered Gutenberg.

"A traveler! And why do you travel?" inquired the landlord.

"I am traveling to learn," was the answer. "I am trying to gain knowledge by seeing the world. I have been to Genoa and Venice and Rome."

"And have you been so far? Surely, you must have seen great things," said the landlord.

"Yes," said Gutenberg; "I have walked through Switzerland and Germany, and now I am on my way to France."

"How wonderful!" exclaimed the landlord. "And now while your supper is being cooked, pray tell me what is the strangest thing you have seen while traveling?"

"The strangest thing? Well, I have seen towering mountains and the great sea; I have seen savage beasts and famous men; but nowhere have I seen anything stranger than the ignorance of the common people. Why, they know but little more than their cattle. They know nothing about the country in which they live; and they have scarcely heard of other lands. Indeed, they are ignorant of everything that has happened in the world."

"I guess you are right," said the landlord; "but what difference does it make whether they know much or little?"

"It makes a ggreat difference," answered Gutenberg. "So long as the common people are thus ignorant, they are made the dupes of the rich and powerful, who know more. They are kept poor degraded in order that their lords and masters may live in wealth and splendor. Now, if there were only some way to make books plentiful and cheap, the poorest man might learn to read and thus gain such knowledge as would help him to better his condition. But as things are, it is only the rich who can buy books. Every volume must be written carefully by hand, and the cost of making it is greater than the earnings of any common man for a lifetime.

"Well," said the landlord "we have a man here in Haarlem who makes books. I don't know how he makes them, but people say that he sells them very cheap. I've heard that he can make as many as ten in the time it would take a rapid scribe to write one. He calls it printing, I think."

"Who is the man? Tell me where I can find him," cried Gutenberg, now much excited.

"His name is Lawrence—Lawrence Jaonssen," answered the landlord. He has been the coster, or sexton, of our church for these forty years, and for that reason everybody calls him Lawrence Coster."

"Where does he live? Can I see him?"

"Why, the big house that you see just across the market place is his. You can find him at home any time; for since he got into this queer business of making books, he never goes out."

How He Made Books.

The young traveler lost no time in making the acquaintance of Lawrence Coster. The old man was delighted to meet one who was interested in his work. He showed him his books he had printed. He showed him the types and the rude little press that he used. The types were made of pieces of wood that Coster had whittled with his penknife.

"It took a long time to make them," he said: "but see how quickly I can print a page with them."

He placed a small sheet of paper upon some types which had been properly arranged. With great care he adjusted them all in his press. Then he threw the weight of his body upon a long lever that operated the crude machine.

"See now the printed page," he cried, as he carefully drew the sheet out. "It would have taken hours to write it. I have printed in as many minutes."

Gutenberg was delighted.

"It was by accident that I discovered it," said old Lawrence. "I went out into the woods one afternoon with my grandchildren. There were some beech trees there, and the little fellows wanted me to carve their names on the smooth bark. I did so, for I was always handy with a penknife. Then, while they were runningg around, I split off some fine piece of bark and cut the letters of the alphabet upon them—one letter on each piece. I thought they would amuse the baby of the family, and perhaps help him to remember his letters. So I wrapped them in a piece of soft paper and carried them home. When I came to undo the package I was surprised to see the forms of some of the letters distinctly printed on the white paper. It set me to thinking, and at last I thought out this whole plan of printing books."

"And a great plan it is!" cried Gutenberg. "Ever since I was a boy at school I have been trying to invent some such thing."

He asked Lawrence Coster a thousand questions, and the old man kindly told him all that he knew.

"Now, indeed, knowledge will fly to the ends of the earth," said the delighted young traveler as he hastened back to his inn. He could scarcely wait to be gone.

The next morning he was off to Strawsburg.

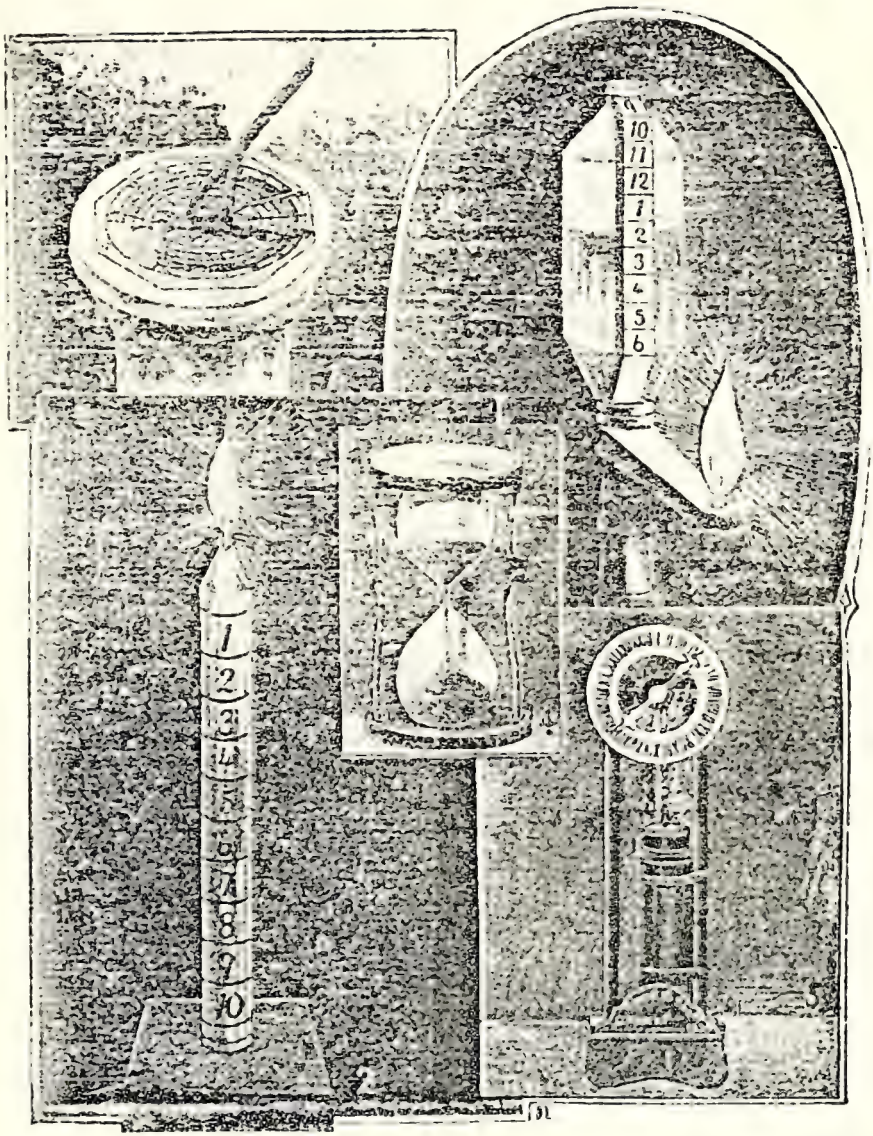
At Strawsburg young Gutenberg shut himself up in a hired room and began to make sets of type like those which Lawrence Coster had shown him. He arranged them in words and sentences. He experimented with them until he was able to print much faster than old Lawrence had done.

Finally, he tried types of soft metal and found them better than those of wood. He learned to mix ink so it would not spread when pressed by the type. He made brushes and rollers for applying it evenly and smoothly. He improved this thing and that, until at last he was able to do that which he had so long desired—make a book so quickly and cheaply that even a poor man could afford to buy it.

And thus the art of printing was discovered.

All private virtue is the public fund:
As that abounds the state decays or thrives;
Each should contribute to the general stock,
And who lends most is most his country's friend.

—Jephson.



1. Sundial. 2. King Alfred. 3. Candle or Fire Clock. 4. The Hour Glass. 5. A Clepsydra or Water Clock.

FROM TYME TO TIME

By Helen Minshall Young

As the years go by all things earthly change. In travel, the stage coach gives way to the steam engine, which in turn may be supplanted by the aeroplane. Letters no longer form the sole means of communication between people miles apart, for the telephone and telegraphs, the wireless and the cable annihilate distance and bring far away places in touch with one another. Only time goes on at an even pace, no faster and no slower than it did centuries ago; yet, although there is no real change in time itself, there has been great variation in the methods of measuring its passage. As the very spelling of the word has altered from "tyme" to "time," so the apparatus which records the movement has varied with the years.

How the Earliest People Told Time

Some modern boys and girls at the seashore had promised to be home before a certain hour, but found that no one had a watch, as they had left all their valuables in their rooms. One of the boys drew a circle in the sand, put the figure 12 at the point of the arc nearest the direction in which he remembered he had seen the north star the night before, and divided the remainder of the circle by eleven marks, arranged like the figures of a clock. Then he set a thin stick into the sand in the center of the circle and inclined it toward the north star, as well as he could. The shadow cast by the stick told the hour approximately, and when it fell between the fourth and fifth marks on the right of the figure 12, it showed that it was between four and five o'clock and time for starting for home.

These young people were making use of the earliest known method of telling the time. Thousands of years ago people noticed that the sun moved with a certain amount of regularity, and measured time by referring to that heavenly body. Such a thing was to be done at sunrise, another task when the sun stood directly overhead, something else when it touched the rim of the horizon. Indian boys used to put an upright stick in the ground, marking the place where the shadow fell when they left camp and when they returned, to record the time of their absence.

The Sundial.

By and by some one noticed that the shadow of an upright stick made a circle during the day, and began to think of dividing the circle up into a number of sections, so that smaller parts of the day could be measured. About B. C. 300, an astronomer named Berossus invented the first sundial of which we have any description. The earliest dial mentioned anywhere is said to be spoken of in the Bible, in Isaiah 38:8. The sundial of Berossus was a hollow hemisphere, with its rim horizontal, and a gobule, or bead, fastened at the center, whose shadow fell inside the hemisphere. Sundials of this kind were used as late as A. D. 900, and there is one in exist-

ence which is supposed to have belonged to Cicero, whose orations all Latin students have read.

Later came sundials of flat, circular metal, some to be placed in a horizontal position, and some slanting. The Tower of the Winds, at Athens, an octagonal building with a side turned toward each of the eight principal winds, has a declining dial on each face. The first dial of which we hear in Rome was brought there in B. C. 290, and the length of time dials were in general use is shown by the invention in the seventeenth century of a card dial which could be carried in the pocket. All sundials are made according to complicated directions, simple as they seem when you see them in old gardens. They must follow an elaborate mathematical scheme, which varies from different latitudes and according to the position of the apparatus.

There are two serious difficulties with the time-telling properties of the sundial. The most evident one is the fact that it is of no use when the sun does not shine, and therefore cannot indicate the hour in cloudy weather or at night. The second is that since the sun does not shine the same length of time every day, the hours measured by the sundial are of varying length, and are known as temporary hours. The solar day, as the day indicated by the sun is called, is longer in summer and shorter in winter, but the clock day, by which we gauge time now, is the average of all the solar days of the year, and so is always the same length. Four times a year the dial and the clock agree exactly, April 15, June 15, September 1, and December 24.

Henry Van Dyke has written a poem about the sun dial that is well worth remembering.

The shadow by my finger cast
Divides the future from the past:
Before it sleeps the unborn hour
In darkness, and beyond thy power:
Behind its unreturning line,
The vanished hour no longer thine;
One hour alone is in thy hands—
The Now on which the shadow stands.

In order to measure time in the daylight and darkness, the Persians, Egyptians, Greeks and Romans used a short necked earthen globe, of known capacity, which was filled with water. At the bottom were several small holes through which the water escaped, or "stole away," and hence the apparatus was called a cleypsydra, from two Greek words meaning "to steal" and "water." The sides of the vesel had certain marks which told the time by measuring the amount of water that had been stolen away. There was such a clock in the Tower of the Winds.

As the centuries passed the water clocks became more complicated, and the one in the illustration (number 5) is like a clepsydra which was made in 1639. The brass dial at the top is divided into twenty-four parts to indicate the twentyfour hours, and the hand is moved by a chain passing over a pulley attached to a weight, which sinks as the water falls in the brass cylinder containing it. The tank must be filled every twenty-four hours. Such a clock is said to tell the time with a fair ammount of accuracy, though, of course, the flow of water varies with the air pressure

and temperature, and grows less as the vessel is emptied.

The Hourglass

The hourglass, which was also common in ancient times, is on the same principle as the cledsydra, but sand is used in the place of water. It consists of two pear-shaped bulbs of glass, united at the smaller ends, and connected by a tiny opening. The upper bulb is filled with sand, or occasionally with mercury, and the opening is so arranged that the contents of the upper bulb flow into the lower in a definite period of time, usually one hour. When all the sand is in the lower bulb the hourglass turned upside down and the sand runs back into its original container. Three minute glasses on this order are found in kitchens today to regulate the boiling of eggs; and in the early history of our country they were used in churches to measure the sermon, though not to shorten it, for the hourglass was often turned three or four times before the preacher had ended his discourse.

The King Alfred.

King Alfred invented the candle clock, a very complicated apparatus which measured time by burning oil in a vessel whose sides were marked to indicate the fall of the liquid and the passage of the hours. A much simpler fire clock, called the "King Alfred," is merely a long candle with figures dividing its length into epual parts. Usually there is just enough wax between the figures to burn for one hour.

All of these mehods of telling time seem very much out of date to-day, when seconds and even fractions of seconds are measured, but the people of ancient times probably thought it was very wonderful to be able to estimate time roughly. When Galileo discovered the principle on which the pendulum works, and his son applied that principle to wheels, the begining of the modern accurate time-telling methods was made, and now we complain if our clocks and watches gain or lose even two or three seconds a day. Yet, in a way, the water clock was more valuable than any other means of measuring the time, for, as the water stole away, never to return, it must have reminded those who saw it that so the minutes and hours vanish forever, and that lost time is never found again.

"True worth is in being not seeming;
In doing, each day that goes by,
Some little good—not in dreaming
Of great things to do by and by.
For whatever men say in blindness,
And in spite of the fancies of youth,
There's nothing so kingly as kindness,
And nothing so royal as truth."

—Alice Cary.

DR. ALDERMAN'S ALFREDS, GODFREYS AND LEONIDASES.

The youngsters about here were attracted to Dr. E. A. Alderman's estimate of George Washington, as published in THE UPLIFT of the 17th. From several other sources came certain questions. It will be remembered that Dr. Alderman put Washington in company with the Alfreds, the Godfreys and the Leonidases. The youngsters want to know what these folks have to do with the Washington matter.

Alfred, Surnamed "The Great."

Born at Watage, Berkshire 849; died October 28, 901; king of the West Saxons 871 to his death; he fought against the Danes in the defensive campaign of 871. In 878, receding before the Danes, he afterwards obtained a decisive victory over them at Ethandun.

Alfred fortified London in 886 and carried on a defensive war with the Danes for three years which ended in victory and by the withdrawal of the invaders. This was accomplished, it is claimed, by the aid of ships of improved model. His success against the Danes was due largely to the reforms of the national militia, by which half of the force was always ready for military service. His administration was also marked by judicial and educational reforms. He was for his day a recognized scholar.

Godfrey.

Born at Baisy, Brabant, 1061; died at Jerusalem July 18, 1100. He was a leader of the first Crusade. He was made duke of Lower Lotharingia, by Henry IV of Germany 1088, and in 1096 joined the Crusade for the recovery of the holy sepulcher. He fought with distinction at the storm of Jerusalem, July 15, 1099, and, after the crown had been declined by Raymond of Toulouse, was elected king of Jerusalem July 23, 1099. He exchanged the title of king for that of Protector of the Holy Sepulcher. He completed the conquest of the Holy land by defeating the Sultan of Egypt in the plain of Ascalon Aug. 12, 1099.

Leonidas.

Killed at Thermopylae, Greece 480 B. C. He was a Greek hero, king of Sparta, famous for his defense of the pass of Thermopylae against the Persian army. He was slain in company with 300 Spartans and 700 Thespians.

The foregoing is a brief reference to the historical characters with whom Dr. Alderman associated George Washington. Some of these days, you boys will have a better opportunity to learn more of these characters which stood out in the days of the ninth and eleventh centuries and in the century before the Savior came into the world, as did the "Father of his country." when he successfully closed his great struggle against the English that established the independence of America.

AN AMERICAN OBERAMMERGAU.

During the recent past there have been many interesting accounts given by North Carolinians, who, during a European trip, took in the marvelous Oberammergau. There is in our own country, in Kansas, an annual attraction that has made a great record. The singing of "Messiah" at Eastertide is bringing annually increasing numbers from all quarters of the United States to the little town of Lindsborg. The New York Times gives this interesting account of the development of the enterprise:

The singing of "The Messiah" at Lindsborg during Eastertide every year is becoming something of a national institution. This town of about 2000 people out on the plains of Kansas is a Swedish settlement, and 85 per cent of the population is either of foreign birth or of foreign-born parentage. The town is not able for nothing except the community singing. For 41 years a chorus of amateur singers has sung in entirety the Handel oratorio usually deemed too difficult for any save professional musicians. Born in pioneer days, the singing has persisted through years of deprivation and hardship, always with inadequate facilities. Pilgrims come hundreds of miles each year to this festival of song. It may be compared to the Bach Spring Festival inaugurated many years ago in Pennsylvania and now famous.

"Emerson tells us that every institution is but the shadow of some towering personality. 'The Messiah' is the shadow of Mrs. Swensson," says a member of the Kansas chorus, "whose husband, Dr. Karl Swensson, started the work several years before his death."

Dr. Swensson has been dead for 18 years, and his white-haired, gentle widow has carried on the work he loved so much. Her most interesting story is that of the early days of "The Messiah" rendition.

"No," says Mrs. Swensson, "when we came to these unbroken prairies 40 years ago there were, counting most of the families within distance, not more than 200 persons. There was not much musical ability; nor was there any outstanding religious feeling out of which the singing of a great religious oratorio might grow. On the contrary we found only a few country boys and girls much more used to their heavy farm tasks than to the delicacy of tone discrimination. And the church was actually torn by such dissension that a separation occurred.

"No. The reason for the annual rendition of 'The Messiah' is just this: Dr. Swensson wanted it. He was a man of ideals and vision. Once, in Moline, Ill., he had heard parts of the oratorio, and in his youthful enthusiasm for Kansas he wanted the beauty and spiritual power of that music built into this community. I knew a little about music, and I wanted more than anything else for him to have what he wanted. He himself knew no music. Of course he coul play the piano and the tuba, and he could sing in glee clubs quite well; but he really knew

no music."

Mrs. Swensson has acted for 40 years as director, organist, soloist, or chorister. The 15 years that followed the first singing of "The Messiah" in 1881 were, it is said, the hardest years Kansas ever knew. However, in spite of drought and deprivation almost to the starving point, and financial ruin, the annual rendition at Eastertide continued. For three evenings a week during seven months of the year men and women came from hard tasks to sing the difficult figurations of The Hallelujah and Amen choruses in rehearsal. In spite of hard times, in '95 when the presentation needed a new building to house the music-hungry audiences the leader found the money somewhere to build the present auditorium, now quite so small.

Three times the Messiah chorus has left Lindsborg to sing elsewhere. Twice, it has gone to camps to sing for soldiers and once last Fall, the entire chorus went to Kansas City to sing.

"We limit the number of members to 600 now," added the gray-haired chorus leader. "I smile when I think how we used to beg people to join us. This year we had 748 applicants."

"I don't sing any more," said one Lindsborg housewife. "I used to; but I'm too old now. I'm still part of it, though. Some of us have to see that Lindsborg is ready for Messiah week. Each of the three performances has a lot of visitors. I scrub for my share. We housewives even scrub the outsides of the houses—like in the old country—for Messiah Week. Then when it comes, we're clean—clean enough to listen and rest.'

A sight of the crude pine benches which fill the auditorium in which the chorus sings awakens doubt as to the "rest."

"No! They are not hard. I have sat on those seats for nearly thirty years and I can truthfully say I have never once felt the hardness of those seats—never once. It is only the music I know."

There are other who cook, "My part is baking doughnuts, barrels of them. I fry for Messiah Week. And pounds of coffee bread to feed the thousands who came each year to hear our chorus."

"We are poor in worldly goods—but we have never been too poor to have the best soloists. Gadski, Galli-Curci, Schuman-Heink, Nordica—I can't remember all whom we have had in this big barn of an auditorium. Schuman-Heink has promised to give a benefit for us, anywhere we like, New York, Boston, San Francisco. The money is to help us build our new auditorium. You see our old one is much too small."

"We thought Nordica the most wonderful of all. I was just a young man then," said one of the men members. "We had a glee club that year, and so when Nordica came we thought we'd like to honor her in some way. To sing would have been absurd, so we planned something else. When her concert was finished we ran as fast as we could to the door where Nordica's carriage stood ready for her ride up to the hotel. We unhitched the horses and harnessed ourselves into the carriage. She had an armful of beautiful longstemmed roses. I remember how she leaned

out of that carriage, the loveliest woman most of us had ever seen, and gave us those roses. One of them grows right now in our back yard. Nodica's rose bush, we call it."

Old World romance on the prairies of Kansas!

"What has forty years of 'The Messiah done to Lindsborg?'" asks a resident. It has builded a town which is a powerful refutation of Main Street. The Swedish population is the same Swedish population as that of Gopher Prairie. The village subsists on the wheat industry, just as Gopher Prairie did. It is as small and as remote from the rest of the world as was Mr. Lewis's village. But Lindsborg is a far cry from Gopher Prairie.

Last year Carl Sandberg read parts of his "Slabs of the Sunburnt West" before a Lindsborg audience. High school boys and girls of the flapper age leaned across the balcony railing, intent on hearing every word. At the end of his reading, Mr. Sandberg remarked to a friend, "I have never in the thousands of audiences to which I have read found the strong undercurrent of understanding and appreciation which I found in the audience this evening. Those high school boys were a challenge to the best in me!"

No! Lindsborg, with forty years of "The Messiah" for its heritage, could never be Gopher Prairie.

"The Messiah" will go on, and one can safely predict that when another forty years have gone by "The Messiah" will still be sung —sung until it is what the people of Lindborg like to think it is—the American Oberammergau.

STRONG COMPETITION.

One of the preachers made the statement that in his charge it was rather difficult to collect money for church purposes, but that one store which handled soft drinks on the side, had kept a strict account of Coca-Cola sales for one month and that he had sold more than 19,000 bottles entailing a cost of about $1,000 or$1,200 per year, and that there were three or four others in the town that sold as much more than this merchant. Another preacher said that one merchant over in his town had informed him that he averaged about the same. All told in these two towns there is sold in one year about $75,000 worth of Coca-Cola to say nothing of the other drinks.—Rev. T. A. Sikes in Christain Advocate.

MAN WITH HIS HAT IN HIS HAND.

By Clark Howell.

If the Legionaire, which is an expression of the things that particularly interest the soldiers of the Great War and their relatives and friends, devoted more space to preserving the human interest stories growing out of that event, it would be engaged in a most valuable work. These stories create patrotism and loyalty, and imagine what joy they would carry to coming generations. Here is one that editor Clark Howell, of the Atlanta Constitution, gathered from an incident that took place at Camp Gordon, near Atlanta, during the assembling of the drafted men.

The twenty-ninth Regiment of United States Volunteers was quartered at Atlanta. They had received orders for their departure. The troops were formed in full regimental parade in the presence of thousands of spectators. Among whom were anxious and weeping mothers, loving sisters and sweethearts, and a vast multitude of others who had gone to look, possibly for the last time, upon departing friends.

Of the enlisted men a great percentage were from Georgia, most of them from simple farmhouses and the quiet and unpretentious hearthstones which abound in the rural communities. A few had seen service in Cuba, but most of them had volunteered as raw recruits from the farm. There were sturdy and rugged mountaineers from the Blue Ridge counties—strong, steady and intrepid, with the simplicity characteristics of the mountain fastnesses from which they came. There were boys from the wiregrass—plain, unassuming and unaffected their eyes lighted with the fire of determination and their hearts beating in unison with the loyalty of their purpose. The emn moved like machines. The regiments of raw recruits had become in a few months a command of trained and disciplined soldiers. The very air was frought with the impressive significance of the scene, which had its counterpart in many of the states were patriots enlisted faster than the muster roll was called.

Leaning against a tree was a white-haired mountaineer who looked with intent eyes and with an expression of the keenest sympathy upon the movements of the men in uniform. His gaze was rivited on the regiment, and the frequent applauses of the visiting multitude fell apparently unheard on his ears. The regiment had finished its revolutions; the commissioned officers had lined themselves to make their regulation march to the front for their report and dismissal. The bugler had sounded the signal; the artillery had belched its adeau as the king of day withdrew beyond the hills; the halyard had been grasped, and the flag slowly fell, saluting the retiring sun. As the flag started its decent the scene was characterized by a solemnity that seemed sacred in its intensity. From the regimental band there floated the Star-Spangled Banner. Instinctively and apparently unconsciously, the old

[illegible] by the tree removed his hat [illegible] his head and held it in his [illegible] in reverential recognition until the flag had been furled and the last [illegible] of the national anthem had [illegible] lost in the resonant tramp of [illegible] troops as they left the field.

What a picture that was—the man [illegible] his hat in his hand, as he stood uncovered during the impressive ceremony! I moved involuntarily toward him, and impressed with his reverential attitude, I asked him where he was from. "I am," said he, "from Pickens county;" and in casual conversation it developed that this raw mountaineer had come to Atlanta to say farewell to an only son who stood in line before him and upon whom his tear-begrimmed eyes might then be resting for the last time. The silent exhibition of patriotism and loyalty had been prompted by a soul as rugged but as placid as the great blue mountains which gave it birth and by an inspiration kindled from the very bosom of nature itself.

There was the connectin link between the hearthstone and the capitol. There was the citizen who, representing the only real, substantial element of the nation's reserve strength—"the citizen standing the doorway of the home, contented on his threshold"—had answered his country's call—the man of whom Henry Grady so eloquently said: "He shall save the Republic when the drum tap is futile and the barracks are exhausted." There was that in the spontaneous action of the man that spoke of hardships to be endured and dangers to be dared for country's sake; there was that in his reverential attitude that said, even though the libation of his heart's blood should be required in far off lands, his life would be laid down as lightly as hit hat was lifted to his country's call. Denied by age the privilege of sharing the hardships and the dangers of the comrades of his boy, no rule could regulated his patriotic ardor, no limitations could restrain his instincts of homage.

SIGNING PETITIONS.

Under our form of government the right of petition is justified and recognized. But it does seem that this right is not so frequently exercised as in former days—the plan now is for a delegation, picked specially for the purpose, to go in person to the throne or the court. It used to be a small and easy matter to get a petition of most any character numerously signed; and probably for this reason, the petition has lost, in a measure, its dynamic force. Here's a stray story that tells how a certain reformation in petition signing took place:

"Another petition!" exclaimed the banker. "No, I never sign them offhand—not any more. I used to do so—once to my sorrow and to the amusement of my friends. Leave yours with me till day after tomor-

pumping for one whole night with water still gaining upon them, the sailors gave up in despair and prepared to take to the boats though they might have known that no small boat could live in such a wind and sea.

The captain who had been below examining his charts, now came up. He saw how matters stood, and with a voice that I heard distinctly above the roar of the tempest, he ordered every man to his post.

It was surprising to see those men bow before his strong will and hurry back to the pumps. The captain then started below to look for the leak. As he passed me I asked him whether there was any hope of saving the vessel.

He looked at me and then at the other pasengers and said: "Yes, sir. So long as one inch of this deck remains above water, there is hope. When that fails I shall abandon the vessel, not before, nor shall one of my crew. Everything shall be done to save the ship, and if we fail it will not be our fault. Bear a hand, every one of you at the pumps. Twice during the day did we despair. But the captain's dauntless courage, perseverence and powerful will mastered every man on board, and we went to work again. "I will land you safe at the dock in Liverpool," said he, "if you will be men."

And he did land us safe, but the vessel sank soon after she was moored to the dock. The captain stood on the deck of the sinking ship receiving the thanks of the passengers as they hurried down the gangplank. As I passed, he grasped my hand and said: "Judge Preston, do you not recognize me?"

I told him that I did not. I was not aware that I had ever seen him before I stepped on board his ship.

"Do you remember the boy who had so much difficulty in getting a geography, some thirty years ago, in Cincinnati?"

"I remember him very well, sir. His name was William Hartley."

"I am he," said the captain. "God bless you."

"And may God bless you too, Captain Hartly," I said. "The perseverance that thirty years ago secured you that geography has today saved our lives."

LAWLESSNESS IN HIGHER LIFE.

Presbyterian Standard

The thoughtful student of the times is bound to be impressed by two facts—first, that there is a general complaint that lawlessness is on the increase, and second, that this complaint has a basis in reality. We hear this charge from every pulpit, and nearly every secular paper repeats it. Then, not only do we hear the changes rung on the charge, but each day's record of happenings furnishes abundant proof of its truth.

In its lynching record this country stands preeminent, and in the ingenuity of the methods whereby the lynching is done, it excels even the

...s of the South Sea Islanders ... the Apaches of the Southwest. ... the enactment of the Eighth ... Amendment this spirit has ... and it has crept into the high... ; and if we can accept the ... of a Georgia Congressman, ... among even the lawmakers ... land.

... history of lynching is a dis... every section, though statis... seem to give the palm to the ...

... would be difficult, however, to ... accurately the difference in ... between the Herrin massa... in the West, when unprotected ... were shot down in cold blood ... recent developments at Mer ... in Louisiana, where two men ... crushed to death and then sunk ... a lake. Both would seem to qual... the actors for the front place ... savages.

The only redeeming feature, when ... compare these acts with those ... lawlessness which prevail elsewhere, is that the men of Herrin and ... of Mer Rouge were evidently ... of a low order in the social world, while others who violate law with evident impunity are those who rank high in political and business life, the men who represent the commercial and social life of the country.

At the Governor's Conferences in Virginia recently, when Governors from many states assembled, two of them, each representing a soverign state, seemed to be unable to realize how inconsistent it was for rulers of great states to confess that they could not enforce the prohibition law, which is the law of our land.

When Governors and Congressmen encourage the violation of law by charging that it cannot be enforced, is it any wonder that those lower down take courage and do all they can to prove the truth of their confession?

The people of this country, in every rank of life, need to learn that no man can make laws for himself; that there is no law-making power, behind which no one can go; and that when a law has once been enacted, only the highest courts of the land can set it aside.

The man who purchases the bootlegger's liquor is as much a violator of the law as the bootlegger himself, and his guilt is even greater, because he has either taken an oath to enforce law, or else he is suposed to be more intelligent.

This country needs to have a course in ethics, to learn the nature of conscience, to learn that the fact that conscience does not trouble you when you preform a certain act, is no reason why that act is necessarily right. The main thing is to decide whether your conscience needs enlightenment. lightenment shrdlu cmfwyp vbgkqv Remember that conscience can become seared, and as such it is no safe guide. What the present lawlessness needs is an enlightened conscience and judges who will be impartial, and who will see that every law is obeyed, and that all violators will be punished, whether it be the poor negro bootlegger, the leader in commercial life, or the Congressman at Washington

HITTING THE MARK.

(The King's Own)

Harold was an archer—at least, he claimed to be one. The last plaything his father had given him for a birthday present was a beautiful bow and a sheath of half a dozen arrows. He had neglected all his other toys for this, and would wander into the woods near by and try his aim. His favorite target was a gand old oak, which stood apart from the other trees, and he made aim for a large notch upon the bark of the tree someabout his own height.

He had placed in the bow the last arrow, and swish! went the string, and away flew the arrow, but none of them had hit the notch, and the sixth one fell very far below. He was about to walk toward the tree and gather the spent arrows, to try again, when he looked behind him and saw, standing quietly by a tree stump, an old man who had been watching him critically.

"Ah!" cried the man, as the boy turned toward him, "every arrow much below the mark, my boy."

"Yes," said Harold, rather ashamed, "I don't seem to be able to hit the notch at all."

"Ah!" cried the man, cheerfully, "don't you know how it is?"

"No!" replied Harold. "I tried again and again, and they all seem to go below the mark."

"Yes!" cried the man. "Come, sit down here, and I will tell you how it is you miss the mark."

Harold threw the bow upon the grass and squatted himself near the old man, who sat upon the tree stump.

"Now, I will tell you a story," the man began, "which will explain why your arrows always strike below the mark. There was a burning building not very far from here, and at the top window was a man who could not escape. Every way of exit had been cut off, and as the crowd gathered they saw the only chance left for him would be from the window at which he appeared calling for assistance. Soon a rope was procured from a farm near by, and the crowd thought if they could possibly throw it up to him he might fasten it securely, and let himself down by it and escape. So one of the crowd caught the rope up into a bundle and threw it up at the window; but each time the rope was thrown it fell short of the mark, and the poor man grasped frantically at it, but missed it. Sometimes it went quite near, and at other time the man was almost able to touch the rope, but nevertheless, they had failed to throw it near enough for the man to grasp it, and the flames were leaping all around the building higher and higher. The rope failed to reach him because each time it was thrown the thrower aimed at the window where the man stood in suspense and agony. At length one in the crowd cried out: 'Aim higher than the mark.'

So when the next man threw the rope he aimed it higher than the window, and it lodged high upon the roof of the burning building, and the end hung down in front of the window. Then the man caught hold of it drew it from the roof, made it secure inside the room, and thus escaped a

fearful death."

Harold listened to this narrative in breathless silence, and when the old man paused he cried with excitement: "Thank you; I see now what you mean. If I aim higher than the mark, I am more likely to hit it than if I merely aim at it."

"Exactly," replied the man. "And remember this always: aim higher than the mark, and, even if you don't hit it, you may rest assured that you will at least hit somewhere near it."

The old man rose up slowly continued his walk through the woods, while Harold stood and watched him go, shouting after him thanks for the advice and bidding him good-bye. When the old man had disappeared among the trees, Harold picked up his bow, ran for his arrows, took his stand, fastening one in the string, and swish—away it flew and hit a little below the mark, and swish went the second, and it hit fair in the center of the notch and found the mark.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

Pressly Mills.

Master Edgar Warren has been placed in the bakery and is learning fast under Mr. Spaugh.

—o—

Our new washing machine has arrived and workmen are putting it in place. It is expected to be ready for use in a few days.

—o—

Rev. Mr. Armstrong, of Concord, preached a very interesting sermon to the boys Sunday, Feb., 18. He used for his text 1st Samuel 16: 12.

Several more hogs were killed last week. Mr. Hobby, our dairy man is quite experienced in this line. This makes a total of about 40 hogs this season.

—o—

The new Linotype which was ordered a few months ago has arrived. Now the boys here can have an opportunity to practice more and then show what they are really made of. The boys who are looking forward to this opportunity are James Gentry, Vass Fields, William Gregory, Chas. Roper and Joseph Moore.

—o—

Magnus Wheeler, who was recently a boy here very generously gave to the boys of the King's Daughter's cottage several new Victrola records, which were highly appreciated by the boys.

—o—

Master Robert Holliday was honorably paroled by Superintendent Boger a few days ago. Master Holliday though he was here only a few months has made a fine record. It is understood that his parents have moved to Baltimore, Md.

—o—

As the lighting fixtures and plumbing have been installed in the eleventh cottage, it is expected to open up in a few days. We can now make comfortable thirty or more lads when they arrive. Many boys are hoping the cottage will open soon,

for various reasons.

MADE GOOD

The local circle of the King's Daughters, aided by the juniors and the Nursing Committee, gave a heartfelt parting reception, at the home of Mrs. G. L. Patterson, to Miss May Stockton, who for nearly two years has efficiently and most acceptably filled the position of All-Time Health Nurse in Cabarrus. The King's Daughters engineered the establishment of this service and in a large measure financed the proposition.

Miss Stockton goes to Buncombe county to fill a similiar position, having arrived at this decision to meet certain family conditions that could not be side-stepped. She regrets to part with the pleasant relations formed in the county; and the hundreds who have been the beneficiary of her able service were loath to give her up. It was fitting, therefore, that this gathering should have occurred to give the admirable woman to understand how she is personally and professionally appreciated. The establishment of a well-organized health service in the county is one of the biggest things that has happened in the recent past, and the public fully recognize and appreciate the inital steps so successfully taken by the King's Daughters. The direction and maintenance of the organization are now on a firm basis, and soon there will be a worthy successor to Miss Stockton so that the good work may go on uninterrupted.

CHURCH BURNED.

Was the cry that rang out on the quiet stillness of last Sunday afternoon. Ding! dong! rang out the pealing tones of the bell announcing the fire which was raging furiously in an old church building situated in the rear of the institution. The fire boys of each cottage were on the job the instant they knew anything was on fire. The fire reel was hurried to the scene of destruction, and here the boys assisted by Mr. Guy Alexander and Mr. Fisher pushed forward despite the fact that sparks were falling about and upon them. But, the fire had gained such headway nothing could be done to save the building therefore most of the two hours the boys were on duty was spent putting out small blazes that might have proved disastrous had they been allowed to gain a head way.

"The bird that sings on highest wing,
Builds on the ground her lowly nest;
And she that doth most sweetly sing,
Sings in the shade when all things rest;
In lark and nightingale we see
What honor hath humility."

—Montgomery.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

Passenger Train Schedules

Arrival and Departure of Passenger Trains, Concord, N. C.

LV.	NO.	BETWEEN	NO.	AR.
1:40A	30	New York-Birmingham	30	1:40A
2:37A	29	Birmingham-New York	29	2:37A
5:12A	44	Washington-Atlanta	44	5:12A
6:32A	31	Atlanta-New York	31	6:32A
8:41A	137	Atlanta-New York	137	8:41A
9:25A	11	Charlotte-Norfolk-Richmond	11	9:25A
10:55A	36	New York Birmingham-New Orleans	36	10:55A
3:20P	45	Washington-Charlotte	45	3:20P
3:45P	46	Charlotte-Danville	46	3:45P
7:10P	12	Norfolk-Richmond-Atlanta	12	7:10P
8:18P	32	New York-Augusta	32	8:18P
10:20P	35	Birmingham-New Orleans-New York	35	10:20P
9:45P	138	New York-Atlanta	138	9:45P
9:31P	135	Washington-Atlanta	135	9:31P

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Schedules published as information and are not guaranteed.

R. H. GRAHAM. D. P. A.,
Charlotte, N. C.

M. E. WOODY, Ticket Agent,
Concord, N. C.

THE UPLIFT

VOL XI CONCORD N. C., MARCH 3, 1923 NO. 16

IT WAS MORE THAN COURAGE.

In the awful Park Avenue collision in New York City, one of the sufferers was a young man named Peter Murphy. His feet and legs were caught beneath the engine which had telescoped the car. He had worked one leg free and was about to pull the other loose when the roof of the car fell on both legs. While he hung there in agony Battalion Chief Farrel of the fire department came along, and Murphy begged him to lift the timbers off his legs. "If I do that," said Farrel, "the roof will fall on the other side. There are women there." "I didn't think of that," said Murphy. "Let it stay. I'll stand the pain." Heard you ever anything more Christ-like? So he waited, a long, terrible half-hour, till his fellow-sufferers were dragged from under the ruins. Himself he could not save. No wonder that on the ninth of March following (this was in January) 2000 people escorted the crippled hero from Bellevue Hospital to his home in New Rochelle. It was a tribute to something far finer than courage.—Pilgrim Teacher.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-setting by the Boys Printing Class. Subscription Two Dollars the year in Advance.

JAMES P. COOK, *Editor*, J. C. FISHER, *Director Printing Department*

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C. under Act of March 3, 1879.

"What is true of sports and of school is true of life as a whole. We get out of life anywhere just about what we put into it, and the sooner a boy wakes up to this fact and acts accordingly the more worth while, the more happy his life will be."

ANOTHER KIND FRIEND.

There is something extremely fascinating in having a part in the direction of and working for an institution, in which every vestige of selfishness and the hope of gain is negligible, if not entirely absent. It is pleasant to see the direct results of this "big brotherism" that needs to be paramount in the qualifications for efficiency in dealing with the unfortunate and those who have made a mistep or several of them.

But the most thrilling and satisfying experience in the whole business has been the opportunity and justification of revising our opinion of mankind in general. It has afforded the opportunity of learning that the world contains many more good people, generous people, helpful people, kindhearted people and unselfish people than the casual observer may think.

In our little memory book, where we keep the names and addresses of a large number of precious friends, is the secret why the Jackson Training School has accomplished so much on such small and inadequate appropriations. Except for these kind friends—and one is bobbing up his or her head

almost daily—the institution would have been compelled ere this to have gone out of commission. It is the gospel truth, sad but true. It takes trimming of the cloth, tightening of the belt a notch or two, now and then, but there is a faith that sustains.

Elsewhere in this number is a story of the generous and thoughtful treatment of the institution, by a nameless individual, on frequent occasions throughout the past five years. What she (for it is a woman) has given that materially contributes to the fine working of the cause amounts way into the dollars. They are things and conveniences and equipment and appliances and utilities, very much needed but beyond our purse. THE UPLIFT is (and what a pity) under oath never to divulge the name. If this good woman goes to heaven before THE UPLIFT makes its exit, that oath shall be broken —it ought to be broken, but the good woman's wishes must be respected.

This brings to mind another recent gift, which has been installed in the Rowan-Iredell Cottage. It is a high-priced, elegant victrola. We could not buy such equipment—we have to use our small income in buying food, clothes and providing instruction and medical care for our boys. This time this contribution comes from New York. All good folks are not in one state—they are scattered throughout the land; and loving service always ignores state or county lines. The brotherhood of man idea is world-wide.

Miss Jenn Coltrane, in a recent visit North, met again a most charming gentleman, who is an outstanding philanthropist, has done valuable and extensive research in the matter of prison reform—has given to the cause a personal and business-like touch that means permanent good, eschewing the idea of the exercise of charity momentary, and building and constructing for the future of the unfortunate. There is great room for this service, and any state that possesses a man like Col. Walter Scott (for that is our new friend's name) who strives to make the future of the unfortunate secure after paying the debt, is a valuable asset. Miss Coltrane told Col. Scott about what we are engaged in at the Jackson Training School, the proposition and problem that are ours; and before Col Scott dismissed the subject he asked the privilege of sending us his "compliments" in the form of a healthy-sized check.

THE UPLIFT is beholden to Miss Coltrane for always remembering us; and THE UPLIFT would be proud to be honored by a visit by Col. Scott, for the spirit that he manifests is charging every day the atmosphere at this institution—a spirit of service.

Page by page our Little Book of Memory is filling—fortunately it is one of these patented loose-leaf kinds, and additional pads make its life ever-

And here, too, is wisdom.

* * * * * * *

JUDGE WINSTON WRITING PIECES.

Robert W. Winston, formerly of Raleigh but now hanging out his [illegible] Washington, D. C., is writing some pieces for the New York Nation. [illegible] of his first article is "North Carolina: A Militant Mediocracy." [illegible] that is; it is presumed that the judge fully understands what he [illegible] this high-sounding entitlement of his piece.

Judge has taken a number of events, occurrences, transactions and [illegible], familiar to the reading public of the state for years and years, [illegible] them into a story highly Winstonian. It is readible stuff; but [illegible] have read it, there is no possible way by which you can discover [illegible] it has benefitted and aided any one.

Judge Winston is smart, he has an eye to business results for his publishers. [illegible] his piece talked about, discussed and perhaps cussed in certain [illegible], he side-stepped long enough to declare, regarding the great educational campaign that was inaugurated during Aycock's administration, "the press made no contribution to the problem."

There is a very clever introduction to the judge's piece when adopting [illegible]'s reference to North Carolina as the "freest of the free." Mr. [illegible] makes the suggestion that he might have added that she is "the [illegible] of the slow." "She got into the Union too late to vote for George [illegible]ton, she got out too late to vote for Jefferson Davis."

North Carolina slow! Why, by all rules governing races, in the sight of [illegible]tes and by the knowledge of all North Carolinians, the old state [illegible]ke loose and is running away. Judge Winston having turned his [illegible] his state and gone into an exclusive hole, fails to recognize the most [illegible]al material and educational progress that the state is now enjoying. [illegible]come, judge; or subscribe for the Charlotte, Greensboro and Raleigh [illegible]—keep up heart.

* * * * * * *

GONE AWAY BUT CAN NEVER BE FORGOTTEN.

Mr. S. Oscar Blair, a substantial and most worthy citizen of Monroe, died [illegible] suddenly on Friday last from the effects of a stroke of paralysis [illegible]. Friends and acquaintances and the papers give a most just estimate of the [illegible]'s great value to his community.

But any person, wherever he may be, whatever his condition in life, and

whatever his opportunities, could count himself fortunate to have said about him, when he is gone and unable to make reply, the beautiful tribute paid to Oscar Blair by the Monroe Enquirer man, who knew the subject intimately for years:

"After a man passes into the Great Beyond it is nearly always some little peculiarity or oddity of his personality which is remembered best by his fellows. Oscar Blair will be remembered most for his punctuality, his scrupluous honesty bordering on the meticulous, in all his dealings with his fellowman—always willing to meet one more than half way. Then, again, he will be remembered by many for the loans of small amounts to tide over temporary embarrassment—without questions and no sureties.

But those who saw the man daily, no doubt will remember him best because of his extreme love for little children. Few passed him unnoticed—and who does not remember him supremely happy while playing with someone's baby? The affection was mutual, for the children of the town loved Oscar Blair."

"His extreme love for little children." That's a big chapter in a big story of any man's activities while here in the flesh. It is an unquestionably true index to the real character of an individual. Having manifested and practiced this love, Oscar Blair, while dead, still lives in the lives of others.

* * * * * * *

THE SANITARIUM.

It is distressing to contemplate the impairment of the usefulness of the Sanitarium, which is undergoing a legislative investigation, whether Dr. McBrayer is sustained or condemned, or whether he quits or is retained. The scar is there; and it will take years to live down the evil effects of the very damaging statements regarding the management, true or untrue. For the sake of the institution, the investigation should be thorough, which it doubtless will be, and the truth established beyond doubt.

* * * * * * *

COTTON.

Two titles have been given to cotton—King and Fool. But whatever you may charge it with, it is one of the mightiest powers in the industrial and commercial world. Around it fortunes are constructed and about it monumental failures have at times walked along with it.

But a smile has come across the faces of hundreds of holders of the staple

the past few days. Thirty cent cotton has been prophecied for , and at last thirty cents has been reached. Thousands and thousands bales have been turned loose during the past week throughout the cotton One hundred and fifty dollars per bale of cotton make a tempting price holder. It sings a song, the music of which makes glad the heart of who has toiled. There is no music in a seventy-dollar bale of cotton. no little of this cotton could have been converted into money, months 42 cents per pound. It went into hiding when the bottom fell out.

* * * * * * *

ANOTHER LOSS.

Davidson College has sustained another frightful loss in the destruction Sunday, of the Watts Dormitory. Fortunately no one was personally ed except the loss of a few personal effects. Last year the institution by fire the Chambers Building, the chiefest of the plant.

ly the strong denomination behind this venerable institution, which ng so much good during all these years, will rally around its cause; here is reason to hope that even a greater Davidson will be the outcome manifestation of the deep interest its constituency has in the cause ristian education.

Work is going on as if nothing had occurred. Dr. Martin, the president, a harder blow than a fire to thwart him and his associates. His re- to the student-body on Monday were of the real hopeful kind.

* * * * * * *

TERRIBLE STRAIN.

is the week at Raleigh that causes nine-tenths of the legislators ly to resolve "Never again." The pressure and the strenuousness d in shaping up everything for adjournment taxes the members to the point.

d with this hardship there comes to many a regret in failing to put a certain piece of legislation, in which they had set their heart and by honest judgment.

* * * * * * *

RAILROAD TO THE LOST PROVINCES.

this writing there is no possibile way of telling the outcome of the to get legislative endorsement of the project of building a railroad the northwestern counties of the state.

THE UPLIFT feels that that section is entitled to state co-operation in

bringing that wonderful section of the state into direct touch with the balance of the state. The brilliant presentation of the cause made by Representative T. C. Bowie won many new adherents to the project and stiffened those who have been for years cognizant of the needs of that splendid section.

The road may not be secured in this particular period; but it is sure to come.

* * * * * * *

A LITTLE SHOP TALK.

It's a rare day that the mails fail to bring commendation of the spirit and character of THE UPLIFT. It is a joy to have these kindly letters, and urge us in the great business in which we are engaged.

Here's one from Prof. Robert L. Madison, President of Cullowhee Normal and Industrial School giving his estimate of THE UPLIFT:

"There is no cleaner, more inspirational periodical in the State than THE UPLIFT. Every issue is worth reading, re-reading, and preserving. It is unique, distinctive, fascinating, and elevating."

MARCH

By Robert Lee Madison

Now March, stern Gabriel, with trumpet blast,
To resurrection calls the trees and flowers,
The dormant blades, the naked, bloomless bowers,
The insect throng of varied hue and cast;
These hear the strident summons and full fast
They thrill with life and pulse with waking powers,
And, coming forth to brighten vernal hours,
Proclaim o'er Winter's might a vict'ry vast.
Now many a tuneful brook, long rendered mute
By Winter's seal of silence on its lips,
Regains its voice at touch of vernal breath
And hastens on with song and gay salute;
And skies no longer frown in dark eclipse,
But smile that Life has triumphed over Death!

SHALL I RUN FOR CONGRESS?

In 1898, this writer was traveling in the western part of Virginia. His business brought him into contact with a prominent lawyer, then a member of the Board of Trustees of the University of Virginia and at that time on a special committee charged with the delicate duty of finding the first president of that famous institution. What was said that night may have had something to do with the outcome; but it did locate "one of the most intellectual women in Virginia." That trustee, making reference to a certain lady in the little town of Marion, used that statement in sizing up her power. But not until seeing The Atlantic Monthly did the opportunity come to verify the statement of that Marion, Virginia, lawyer. And here it is:

By Mrs. Laura Scherer Copenhaver.

I have been urged by a number of prominent leaders of the political party which I have voted for the past two years to become the candidate of the party from my Congressional district. The district has been represented for the past twelve years by a gifted and popular man of the opposite party. Our politicians scent the possibility that a woman known in the district for disinterested work along civic lines might stand a better chance than a man of making a successful race.

At times the idea of running for Congress has appealed to me strongly. When I last stood in the House of Representatives and listened to a debate I decided that a woman used to managing women's clubs, missionary societies, classes in college English, and household expenditures for a family of seven, could introduce an element of coherence and unity into the Congressional Record, and see that needed legislation is expeditiously put through.

Again, today I am mightily minded to run for Congress, because the postman has just brought into our home the usual packet of seeds from the U. S. Department of Agriculture. The packets this year are augmented by a number exactly equal to the newly qualified voters in the family, information as to the increased number of these voters having evidently been conveyed to Washington. I should like to stop forever the blighted hopes and family quarrels resulting from the efforts of Congressmen to remain popular with their constituents by reason of an annual gift of seeds.

Spoiling Spring Hopes.

I speak thus bitterly of these seeds from an experience of three years, during which I have confidingly followed the directions on the back of the packages and sowed Congressional seeds, only to reap a harvest of family bickerings and tough vegetables. When our radishes, beets, and lettuce have reached the table I have been in the habit of blaming my husband for not having provided fertilizer and hoes in sufficient quantities to sweeten the vegetables. I am informed that the families of my neighbors in this rural section of Virginia the joys of spring are

...ed every year by heated dis... whether to plant the Con... seeds or destroy them. We ... Scootch-Irish stock and the ... on our consciences—having to ... the kitchen range seeds that ... money—throws us into a state ... nervous tension almost as severe ... disappointment we experience ... put the seeds into the ground. ...es, it is impossible that family ... and gardening space should ... out even with the little packets. We always have an annoying sur... of onion and lettuce seed. Does anyone ever really plant onion seeds when onion sets can be "swapped" ... neighbors across the fence?

... late I learned that no well... gardener, no matter how ... his heredity, plants Congress... seeds. Instead of being raised, ... fondly supposed, under the ... the Secretary of Agriculture, ... seeds are bought by Congress ... the lowest bidder, at an annual ... of about $300,000. The im... caption—"U. S. Department ... Agriculture. Please report result ... trial to this Department" ... means nothing; nothing whatever. ... maintains no experiment ... which utilizes the report of ... who plant their seeds. No ... of Agriculture watches ... paternal solicitude such horti... efforts. Far from it. These ... are sent out to obtain votes ... to further the interests of ... agricultural sections of the Unit... States.

The sum of $300,000 spent for ...—most of which will never be ..., and none of which ought to ... allowed to usurp good soil that might be devoted to carefully selected seeds from reputable gardeners! I regard this annual expenditure with the same emotions that I should feel if our missionary societies should vote to cut salaries in the foreign field and buy Persian rugs and Jacobean chairs for the office of the General Secretary.

How Great Is a Congressman.

In addition to saving this $300,000 and enacting legislation for rural schools and putting a few friends into post offices, I should like to be at the heart of our national life in order to measure my mental powers with those of the great statesmen of today. I should like to know once for all whether a middle-aged woman of mediocre ability, the mother of five children, a fairly successful teacher and housekeeper, may measure wits with the men who are running the Government, and may get done the obvious things that the common people of the country want to see done.

These motives and others urge me to yield to the "flattering importunities of my friends" and run for Congress. What restrains me? Is it that organized system of emotional complexes which we call sentiment, or is it an instinct shared with the pig and the pigeon? Whichever it be, the simple truth it that I find that I cannot leave home—the old house where my children and my mother's children were born; the old barn made over into a garage; the small town, which is growing so fast that I no longer know half the people in it; the first call of my husband and children as they open our front door, "Where's mother?" The

countless small tyrannies of the home, the habitual trivial duties have forged for me chains of triple brass. For so many Sunday mornings have I risen early and gone into the kitchen to get breakfast, while my husband read the Sunday School lesson to me; for so many nights have I watched the children roll back the music-room drugget for a little dancing (it was only yesterday that I mended the bust of Beethoven which had fallen into four pieces when "nobody was anywhere near it;") for so many years the creative instinct, working blindly in me, has wrought a home; now I find that I am going to give up the dazzling opportunity of my life, because I cannot leave home—even though I am no longer greatly needed, as in the old days when I was obedient to the "heavenly vision."

A negro was in the court room and on the witness stand. He was repeatedly asked by the lawyer to tell what he knew, and each time he would begin his reply with, "Well, sir. I think." Each time he was stopped short with the interruption, 'You were not asked to tell what you think. Tell us what you know.' Very meekly he replied, 'Boss, I ain't no lawyer; I'm just a nigger and I can't talk without thinking.'
—Mississippi Baptist Record.

OUR MRS. "SUNSHINE"

By Miss Vernie Goodman

Friends, like church members, are divided into two classes—the Professors and the Doers. And the Doers are again divided into two classes—those who don the mantle of publicity and announce their activities to the world, and those who walk so unassumingly that only the brightness that gleams along their pathway makes known that they have passed this way.

For years the Jackson Training School has possessed a friend who is a doer of the latter type, a gentle, gracious little woman, whom we shall call Mrs. Sunshine, because she prefers always to remain incognita, and because she just can't keep from shining whenever she sees a gloomy corner anywhere.

Always interested in anything that is being done to help anyone else, she became especially interested in the work here at the school. Oh no! she did not raise her lorgnette, take a general survey, and remark, "How very wonderful, indeed! I really must tell the members of my club about it!" In the first place, our Mrs. Sunshine isn't of the lorgnette type at all, and in the second place she just goes ahead and does things in the most tactful, unassuming way imaginable, and leaves folks to find out about it—if they can.

She "just wondered" if the boys wouldn't like some good books and magazines, and so for all these years

. . . have been coming to the school . . . quent intervals packages of . . and the best magazines—books . . enture that all boys like, good . . a whole set of Kipling. An- . . package might contain a curio . . rocks from deep in the earth . . the unmistakable imprint of . . fern leaves, or some . . interesting things. Always the . . of these packages has been . . nced only by their arrival, and . . has been no hint of any ex- . . ation of thanks. Mrs. Sunshiine . . thought the boys might like . . !

And recently a box came by ex- . . from Port Orange, Fla. There! . . nearly gave the whole thing away! . . anyway, there was a collection . . real treasures in that box. There . . re books and books, even Mark Twain was there; there was a rare collection of coins from all parts of the world; a pair of wooden sabots from Belgium; a curious bird,s nest from the Amazon river in South America; booklets of information . . t interesting places; souvenirs . . d cards of all kinds; beautiful shells, and seaweed, and coral, and . . ll—just everything! One of these . . s there will be a glass case for . . these things and they will be ar- . . ged so all the boys can see and learn about them.

And besides all she has given, there's another very special reason why Mrs. Sunshine is beloved by the Training School. That's her unfailing loyalty and sympathy for everything that concerns the institution. Others may come and display a passing enthusiasm for the work, and then go home and forget. But no matter how long or how dark the days, or how much she may have to occupy her time elsewhere, Mrs. Sunshine always remembers. And kindly is she, and so absolutely lacking in any appearance of condescension, that one never is conscious of any suggestion of alms-giving when she does remember.

We wish she would come to the Training School some time, and let us take her into the auditorium. We would like to stand her up right in the middle of the stage and tell her exactly what we think of her. But do you suppose she would aggree to that for an instant? Not her! Some day a quiet, modest little lady may come and walk over the place, stopping here and there for a word with the boys or officers, and leaving always the remembrance of a kindly smile. And before you know it she will have slipped away, and will be back at home wondering just what would be the very nicest thing she could do for the Jackson Training School. And that will be Mrs. Sunshine—don't forget to take off your hat!

To say a thing loud does not make it true, to say it louder does not make it truer, and to say it loudest does not make it truest of all. Yet some men preach after that style. Some lawyers behave that way before a jury in the court house. What's the use? For sound is not sense and tumult is not truth.—Greensboro Advocate.

CHURCHES AND TENANCY.

The following from the Chapel Hill News-Letter is touching at the very source of accurate information. The News Letter is unfortunately confining itself to sending out questionaires to the representatives of just four religious bodies in the state. To have made the information more valuable, the questionaires should have gone to the representatives of at least six of the religious bodies, if not to all. A whole hunk of information, bearing on a very vital spot, could have been secured had the opportunity been extended to the ministry of the Holliness adherents.

The country religions furnish three-fourths of the college professors and five-sixths of all the preachers of America, says Ashenhurst; but in North Carolina they are born and bred in the homes of farm owners, not in the homes of farm tennants. There may be exceptions, but they could not be brought to light by the research questionnaires of Rev. J. M. Arnette, a Baptist minister applying for a doctorate degree from the University of North Carolina. His conclusion is that the farm tenant homes of this state give no preachers to the churches of his faith, or so few as to be negligible in the total count of Baptist clergymen!

We definitely know that farm tenancy raises the ratios of white illiteracy and lowers the ratios of white church membership with fatal certainty in the South. Does it also blow out the light in the souls of our white tenants? If so, farm tenancy ought to probe to the quick of the intelligence and Christian conscience of church authorities and church members, for the sixty-three thousand white tenant households of North Carolina contain nearly one-fifth of the entire white population of the state.—Quoted from a bulletin of the University of North Carolina, pp 29-30.

In order to explore this matter further we are today mailing out two thousand questionnaire post cards to all the clergymen in four of the religious bodies of the state. They call for answers to the following questions:

1. Were you born an reared in the country?
2. Are you the son of a farm owner?
3. Or of a farm tenant?
4. Are you now serving country churches?
5. How many churches in your care?
6. Do you live in the country?
7. If not, where?
8. How do you travel to your country churches?

The answers will be summarized in an early issue of the News Letter.

A poll of 5,376 sixth-grade pupils in St. Louis revealed the fact that 40 per cent had never seen a sheep, and 17 per cent had never seen a pig. Only 12 out of every 100 had seen a cow. A cow and a pig will probably be placed in the municipal zoo for the benefit of the children who have not been fortunate enough to have a personal knowledge of these animals.

AS GOOD AS HIS WORD.

By Martha G. Purcell.

In the early days of Kentucky there dwelt in Lewis county a man by the name of Larkin Liles. He was a hardy son of a hardy race, who hunted and trapped. And while he knew not a letter of the alphabet, and never attended school a day in his life, nor heard of the golden rule, yet his rugged honesty and high sense of honor can never be surpassed.

On one occasion, when at Vanceburg in the above named county, he became involved in a rough-and-tumble with very serious results. For this offense he was tried, found guilty, and sentenced to serve one year in the penitentiary. It so happened that the sheriff of Lewis county at this time was a personal friend of "Jay Bird" Liles and knew the soul of honor hidden by the man's rough clothes.

After leaving the courtroom, the prisoner, in a voice husky with emotion, said "Uncle Buck"—everyone called the sheriff of Lewis county by this title—"Uncle Buck, won't you let me go home and get in my winter's wood? I want to fix to have my corn crop gathered, so as to fatten my hogs, so the children will have meat. Then I'll come over to Clarksburg and go with ye to the penitentiary."

Sheriff asked, "How long will it take ye, Jay Bird?"

"About two weeks," he said.

Then the man in the sheriff shone forth, and he replied, "Go ahead and do it." So well did he know the people with which Jay Bird kept a promise that he was confident of his return at the promised time.

The wood was cut, an arrangement was made concerning the crop, the good-by kiss was given to his weeping wife and helpless babes, and in just two weeks to the day and hour, Liles walked into the sheriff's office ready to be taken to Frankfort.

When he told "Uncle Buck" that he was ready to start, the sheriff shook his hand. On the morrow they would take the boat for Maysville and from there by stage to Lexington and on to Frankfort. Jay Bird's voice trembled as he thought of the disgrace of being publicly taken by a sheriff to the penitentiary, and again he made a most singular request.

"Say, Uncle Buck, I'd rather not do it. You go that way, but let me take my gun and walk through the mountains to Frankfort, won't ye? I'd rather do that, and maybe I might kill some game on the road. I'll meet you at any spot, on any day you appoint."

What do you suppose the sheriff replied? Looking him straight in the eye he answered, "All right, Jay Bird, suit yourself. Frankfort lies in your direction. You can't miss it. When you reach Frankfort go straight to the governor's office and tell him what you are there for—if I don't get there first."

Then this rugged mountaineer, this unlettered, unpolished son of the hills, started on foot to Farnkfort, one hundred and fifty miles away. There he would hear the lock snap as it closed the door that would shut him

in from freedom and friends.

Two days later, before the people of Frankfort were abroad, a tall, gaunt, determined-looking backwoodsman in buckskin clothes and a coonskin cap, looking as if he belonged to the days of Daniel Boone, made his way to the governor's house and quietly seated himself on a stone. As governor Clark started from the house after breakfast he was astonished to see this man of the mountains who quickly inquired, "Say mister, are you the governor?"

"Yes, my man, I am the governor. What can I do for you?"

"Well, governor, my name is Larkin Liles, and I came up here from Lewis county to get into the penitentiary for one year. Have you seen anything of Buck Parker?"

Utterly astounded Governor Clark asked, "Who is Buck Parker?"

"Why, Buck Parker is the high sheriff of Lewis county. I thought everybody knew that. We all call him "Uncle Buck" Parker. He was to come by stage and meet me here. I walked through."

Governor Clark looked the man over carefully. Then Jay Bird continued anxiously. "Say governor, the sheriff ain't here yet and I don't want to loose any time. Can't you let me into the penitentiary and tell Buck Parker where he can find me when he comes?"

More astonished than ever, Governor Clark said, "have you had your breakfast, Mr. Liles?"

Jay Bird shook his head and explained that he had traveled all night and had come straight to the governor. The governor at once took him in, gave him his breakfast, and then told him to go over to the capitol.

Ten hours later the sheriff came by stage and soon found Jay Bird at the governor's office. The governor immediately asked if it was a fact that this man, condemned to a year in the penitentiary, had trudged on foot, alone, all the way from Lewis county. When told it was just as Jay Bird had said, the governor asked, "Is the man crazy? Couldn't he have escaped?"

"Easily, and all the sheriffs, constables and rewards could never have caught him. No, Jay Bird is not simple. He is honest."

The governor was so interested he asked for all the details. Then Uncle Buck told of the fight, the trial, and the conviction; of how Jay Bird had kept his word when permitted to go to say good-by to his loved ones; of his long life of honesty and hospitality, and of how he had begged to come alone on foot to Frankfort, rather than as a common, convicted felon.

With eyes dimmed by tears, the governor hastily affixed his name and the seal of the state to a small piece of paper. This he handed to Larkin Liles and said in a husky voice, "Mr. Liles, go home to your family and kiss the little ones for me. You shall never enter the penitentiary while Clark is governor of Kentucky."

The book of etiquette doesn't mention it, but it is considered good form to return the book of etiquette.—Pottsville Journal.

THE ARK OF THE COVENANT.

Bible tells us that the Ark of the Covenant was a chest made of acacia olden bound, containing the Ten Commandments. "The Ark of the at has come to signify that which contains a most sacred possession." y Woodfen Grady, of the Atlanta Constitution, and whose memory ished throughout the South, first thought of the Capitol at Washington ation's Ark of the Covenant but upon reflection and appreciating the ne life of an American citizen concludes that our true Ark of the t is the Home. Here is the way Mr. Grady reasoned it out:

Sundays ago I stood on a Washington. My heart thrill- looked on the towering marble country's capitol and a mist in my eyes as, standing I thought of its tremendous nce and the powers there as- and the responsibilities there its president, its congress, its gathered treasure, its navy, and its sixty millions ons.

emed to me the best and st sight that the sun could in its wheeling course—this ma- home of a Republic that has the world its best lessons of —and I felt that if wisdom ice and honor abided therein, orld would stand indebted to ple on which my eyes rested, which the ark of my covenant ged, for its final uplifting and on.

days later I visited a coun- A modest, quiet house. by great trees and set in field and meadow, gracious promise of harvest; barns well filled, and the old odorous with treasure— ance of pink and hollyhock with the aroma of garden rd, resonant with the hum d poultry's busy clucking; inside the house thrift, comfort and that cleanliness that is next to godliness; and the old clock that had held its steadfast pace amid the frolic of weddings, and kept company with the watchers of the sick bed, and had ticked the solemn requiem of the dead; and the well-worn Bible that, thumbed by fingers long since stilled, and blurred with tears of eyes long since closed, held the simple annals of the family, and the heart and conscience of the home.

Outside stood the master, strong and wholesome and upright; wearing no man's collar; with no mortgage on his roof, and no lien on his ripening harvest; picking his crops in his own wisdom, and selling them in his own time in his chosen market; master of his lands and master of himself. Near by stood his aged father, happy in the heart and home of his son. And as they started to the house the old man's hand rested on the young man's shoulder, touching it with the knighthood of the Fourth Commandment, and laying there the unspeakable blessing of an honored and grateful father.

As they drew near the door, the old mother appeared: the sunset falling on her face, softening then its wrinkles and its tenderness, lighting up her patient eyes, and the rich

music of her heart trembling on her lips as in simple phrase she welcomed her husband and son to their home. Beyond was the good wife, happy amid her household cares. And the children, strong and sturdy, trooping down the lane with the lowing herd, or weary of simple sport, seeking, as truant birds do, the quiet of the old home nest.

And I saw the night descend on that home. And the stars swarmed in the bending skies, and the father, a simple man of God, gathered the family about him, and read from the Bible the old, old story of love and faith, and then closed the record of that simple day by calling down the benediction of God on the family and the home!

And as I gazed, the memory of the great Capitol faded from my brain. Forgotten its treasures and its splendor. And I said, "Surely here—here in the homes of the people—is lodged the ark of the covenant of my country. Here is its majesty and its strength. Here the beginning of its power and the end of its responsibility.

The home is the source of our national life. Back of the national Capitol and above it stands the home. Back of the President, and above him, stands the citizens. What the home is, this and nothing else will the Capitol be. What the citizen wills, this and nothing else will the President be.

"Sell your Ford and buy a mule" was Judge Shaw's order to a rather sorry sort of man who was arraingned in his court in Dobson for unlawfully operating an automobile. The order of the court further specifies that the aforesaid citizen shall not own or operate an automobile for a term of two years. If he violates this order of the court, the prospective owner of a mule will serve a sentence on the chaingang. All of this is very good, but what if the Ford will not bring the price of a mule? —Exchange.

JOHN MAYNARD.

The world's record is full of fine examples of personal sacrifices, sacrifices in which men give up their own pleasure, their own opportunities and even their lives that others may rejoice, succeed and live. These be heroes, whose names live in history or in the hearts of beneficiaries. This story, so graphically written by J. B. Gough, is an example of fine bravery and devotion to a duty—there are other John Maynards.

John Maynard was well known in the lake district as a God-fearing, honest and intelligent pilot. He was pilot on a steamboat from Detroit to Buffalo. One summer afternoon—at that time those steamers seldom carried boats—smoke was seen ascending from below, and the captain called out, "Simpson, go below, and see what the matter is down there."

Simpson came up with his face pale as ashes and said, "Captain,

the ship is on fire."

"Fire! fire! fire on ship-board!"

All hands were called up. Buckets of water were dashed on the fire, but in vain. There were large quantities of rosin and tar on board, and it was found useless to attempt to save the ship. The passengers rushed forward and inquired of the pilot, "How far are we from Buffalo?"

"Seven miles."

"How long before we can reach there?"

"Three-quarters of an hour at our present rate of steam."

"Is there any danger?"

"Danger here! See the smoke pouring out! Go forward if you would save your lives."

Passengers and crew—men, women and children—crowded the forward part of the ship. John Maynard stood at the helm. The flames burst forward in a sheet of fire, clouds of smoke arose. The captain cried out through his trumpet. "John Maynard!"

"Aye, aye, sir!"

"Are you at the helm?"

"Aye, aye, sir."

"How does she head?"

"Southeast by east, sir."

"Head her southeast and run her on shore," said the captain."

Nearer, nearer, yet nearer, she approached the shore. Again the captain cried, "John Maynard!"

The response came feebly this time, "Aye, aye, sir."

"Can you hold on five minutes longer, John?" he said.

"By God's help, I will."

The old man's hair was scorched from the scalp. One hand disabled, his knee upon the stanchion, and his teeth set, with his other hand upon the wheel, he stood firm as a rock. And he beached the ship. Every man, woman and child was saved—except John Maynard.

THE FIRST ROBIN.

The sweetest sound our whole year round—
'Tis the first robin of the Spring!
The song of the full orchard choir
Is not so fine a thing.
The veil is parted wide, and lo,
A moment, though my eyelids close,
Once more I see that wooded hill,
Where the arbutus grows.

—The Atlantic Year Book.

PORTO RICO AND THE VIRGIN ISLANDS.

By Mrs. Chas. P. Wiles.

A sail of five days brings us to the island of Porto Rico, a name meaning rich port. It is sometimes called the "Land of Manana," meaning the "Land of To-morrow," for, like others in the tropical climes, the inhabitants of Porto Rico do not believe in doing today what can be put off till to-morrow.

Porto Rico is te most eastern and the smallest of the four greater Antilles. In size it is about half the size of New Jersey; being forty miles from north to south and one hundred from east to west. It is so densely populated that one can never know solitude. Never are you out of sight of people. These people are for the most part white, two-thirds of the inhabitants being descendants of the Spanish, the remaining third being black or of mixed blood.

Who Owns Porto Rico?

Until the Spanish-American War, which began in April, 1898, Porto Rico was under the domination of Spain and a discontented, rebellious people the Porto Ricians were. By October, the Spanish troops had evacuated the Island and the American flag was flying over San Juan. On December 10th Spain ceded Porto Rico to the United States. Now the American flag floats over a million people who are fast becoming Americanized. Under American rule and with the introduction of American methods a steady advance in the welfare of the Island is marked.

Education.

In 1899 it was estimated that three-fourths of the people could not read or write. Since American occupation they have a school system similiar to that of the United States. Graded and rural schools, three high schools and a university have been established. The teachers are either Americans or Porto Ricans who have had special training in the United States.

Religion.

The Catholic chaplain of the American Army in Porto Rico wrote in a Catholic journal:

"Porto Rico is a Catholic country without religion. The clergy seem to have no firm hold upon nor lively sympathy with Porto Rico or the Porto Ricans. Religion is dead on the Island."

Economic Conditions.

We find in Porto Rico as in other lands dominated by the Catholics, not only illiteracy, but absolute poverty of the masses. In San Juan, the capitol of the island, we find in walls surrounding the patios, many holes, each the dwelling-place of a large family. Without privacy, with no proper sanitation, no comforts, the blue sky and the brilliant sunshine are their only salvation. In other cases, the homes of many consist only in a palm-tree and a coffee-pot. A hammock of plam-leaves in

mother and babe may rest ...ates the furniture.

The Virgin Islands.

...three principal islands in this ...are St. Croix, St. John and St. ... The latter is noted for ... harbor. Here the United ... has established a great naval ... The value of the harbor was ...ed by our government, so that ... willing to concede to Denmark and pay March 17, 1917, the price demanded of $25,000,000 for the Islands.

The People.

Are principally mixed races, 85 per cent being descendants of African Negroes, a mixture of European and Negroes, coolies from India and coolies from China and a few Indians, the remaining 15 per cent being white.

SON OF SLAVE-HOLDER AND SON OF HIS SLAVE.

Every town in the South has its Rev. Logan, Tom Martin, Prof. S. G. Atkins, outstanding representatives of the colored race, distinguished for their great usefulness, their politeness and unquestionable purpose to lead their own to better things. Such are always applauded by their white neighbors. Occasionally there appears among them an arrogant specimen that ...ds to step across the border line. In 1913, when the Socological Congress ...t in Atlanta, one-third of the delegates were colored. Those from North Carolina wore a typical badge representing a tar heel. So far, so good; ... there was a colored North Carolinian among them, who got notions in ...d. He misconstrued the cordiality given the colored delegates at that ...ention as an invitation to the realm of social equality.

That guy went so far as to engage the drawing-room on No. 44 that ...e carried a pullman car to Greensboro, N. C. That arrogant negro caused Rev. R. L. Davis and Hon. W. H. Swift either to sit up all night or crawl ... upper unclaimed. It is the first time that negro ever occupied ...p in a pullman, and, filled with false notions gathered from a kind ...d cordial spirit that prevailed at that convention, monopolized the very ...t hand. The influence of that negro has waned ever since.

...e following story, via The Presbyterian Standard, relative to a son of a ...-holder and the son of a slave, is a most unique occurrence. During ... years Prof Atkins, a highly esteemed and most respectable colored ... has labored most successfully in an important field, and has been to ... a benediction and the results of his earnest and well-balanced efforts ... to the white people themselves a source of benefit in that he has ... so many of his race to take worthwhile stands in the activities of the ...ty and the state. This deserved notice will not turn Atkin's head ... than it would Rev. Logan's in Concord or Tom Martin's in Greens-

boro or thousands of others throughout the state:

A unique incident occurred at the recent annual meeting of the Executive Committee of the Federal Council of the Churches at Indianapolis, which excited deep interest and was a striking symbol of the growing co-operation between the white and the negro races. Dean W. F. Tillett, of Vanderbit University, who has been a member of the council and a regular attendant upon the annual meetings of the Executive Committee almost from the beginning of the council, arose under a request for personal privilege, and addressed the chair in substantially the following words:

"Before passing from the consideration of the subject of Christian Education to the next subject on your program. I ask that I may be permitted to make a few remarks that are personal to myself and one other member of this Executive Committee who is present here this afternoon, and whose work in life, like my own, has long been that of Christian Education. I am quite sure that the relationship that exists between me and this fellowmember of the council to whom I refer is one that does not exist between any other two members of this Executive Committee; and I am equally sure that this peculiar relationship will not likely ever again be duplicated in all the future history of the Federal Council. I allude to the fact that the son of a former Southern slave-holder and the son of one who was formerly owned by him in the days of slavery are together here in this room this afternoon as fellow-members of this Federal Council to whom I refer is Prof. S. G. Atkins, the founder and the president of Slater State Normal College, of Winston-Salem, N. C., one of the most useful and successful of the institutions for the education of Negroes in North Carolina.

In Slavery Days.

"My father, a Methodist preacher, and my mother were slave-holders, as most people of their class in the South were. Servants found necessary for work about the house were owned as slaves. But my father was everywhere recognized as a deeply conscientious and truly Christian master—a thing which I suppose some people would regard as an absolute impossibility, so incompatible do they regard being a Christian and the owner of slaves. I remember distinctly how daily at the hour of family prayer, the slaves that we owned were brought into our family room, and how they sat, listening with us children to the reading of the Bible, and how they knelt with us at the family altar, and our father prayed for them just as he did for his own children. He looked after their needs and treated them always considerately and kindly. He believed that the time would come, and should come, when they all would be free; and he prayed for the coming of that day. Indeed most Southern slave-holders, as I knew them in my childhood, were far from being such odious characters as the slave-holders described in Uncle Tom's Cabin and those whose cruelties stirred the righteous soul of Whittier, and inspired those pathetic and passionate poems which in

...ed the souls of others. And
...d the sermons of my Metho-
...ther father flame out in de-
...n of wrong more than when
...ched against cruelties and
... perpetrated by heartless
...ers on their helpless slaves.

...n Slavery: Now An Educator.

...ng the small number of sla-
...ed by my father and mother
... early childhood, the one we
... the most of and trusted most
...ved best was named Allen At-
...n that man's son, born in
...der of the Civil War, in the
... of Haywood, N. C., who is
...today as a member with me and
... of this Executive Committee and
...honored representatives of one
...churches constituting this coun-
... He was educated at St. Augus-
... Normal and Collegiate institute,
... Raleigh, which is recognized as
...ps the best institution of its
...ind for the education of colored
...ple that is conducted by the Epis-
...al Church in the South. Soon af-
... graduating at this institute, Mr.
...kins founded the institution at
...Winston-Salem, now some 30 years
...ago, of which he has always been the
...head and which is now the property
... the State of North Carolina. The
...fact that the State should be wil-
...ing to take over the property and
...retain Professor Atkins so long at
...its head of it, is the highest possible
... compliment to the character of the
...school and to the executive ability
... and moral worth of its president.
...With this bit of information con-
...cerning his father and his own achie-
...vements, I am now going to ask
...President Atkins to come forward
...that I may present him to the coun-
...cil."

As he came forward Dean Tillett extended his hand and said: "If thy heart is as my heart, give me thy hand." Having shaken hands, as the two stood before the audience, Dean Tillett said further:

"President Atkins, I honor the memory of my father and am proud of my descent from him; but I want to say that I also honor and revere the memory of your father, Allen Atkins. He was a good and true man; and I congratulate you both on account of your descent from so good a man and also on account of your ascent in that you have risen from the conditions of poverty and obscurity in which you were born to a large and high place of influence in your race—and this you have done not by self-seeking but by merit and by service to your race, your Church and your native State. And when I think of these conditions that you have overcome, and what you have accomplished, I feel that your achievement in life is greater than anything that I can claim to have done. If all the members of your race and mine could understand each other and feel towards each other as you and I do, there would, I think, be no race troubles between the black man and the white. It was one of my own former students, Dr. W. W. Alexander, who on yesterday spoke to the council and showed us how much he and other leaders of both races are trying to do to promote and maintain right relations between the two races. I rejoice in the fact that you and I are both now free; for the emancipation of the Negro race in this country meant also the emancipation of the white race; for as long as the incubus of

slavery lasts, the slave-holders and the slave are both in bondage and both are inevitably kept back from their highest and best racial development."

Co-Workers In Christian Education.

"The worth and the greatness alike of individuals and of races depend not upon the color of the skin but upon their culture, character and service to mankind; and it it your lot and mine as educators of the young men and the young women of our respective races so to develop them in intelligence and moral character and capacity for efficient service that the white race and the black race shall each respect and serve the other, and both together work, in a Christian spirit and in a Christian way, to make our country and our nation great not only commercially but morally and spiritually. Your father and mine were both alike willing bond-servants of Jesus Christ while here in the flesh. They are together now in a land where both are free; and I can but think, if they look down upon us from the glory land, they rejoice to see their sons associated together in the freedom and fellowship of this council and in the work of Christian Education. Thanking the chairman for giving me time to say those words about my father and yours, and to express to you in this presence my high regard for you and the work you are doing, I pray God's blessing upon you and your people."

Prolonged applause followed these remarks as Dr. Tillett and President Atkins returned to their seats; and the applause did not cease until President Atkins was called back to the platform by the chairman and requested to say something. His remarks which were brief and delivered with modesty, were listened to with deep interest by the audience. He spoke as follows:

"This is a gracious moment for me, and one of hopeful suggestiveness for my race. The name of Rev. John Tillett was greatly honored and revered in the humble home of my childhood; and this gracious consideration of me and my race by his son, Dean Tillett, is in line with my feeling that it is desirable to bring out the bright spots in this matter of race relations. There are of course many dark spots, many things to discourage, but I believe in stressing the bright spots.

Progress In Race Relations.

"As a colored man and citizen of North Carolina, I recall that the first appropriation made by the State legislature for a school for the special training of Negro teachers in our State was the small sum of $2,000. Our General Assembly, two years ago, appropriated nearly one million dollars for this same purpose, and we are hoping that our Legislature which is soon to assemble, will be actuated by a like spirit and make a like appropriation to carry forward the wise and liberal program now under way for the education of Negroes in North Carolina. This spirit of liberality and good feeling is naturally the fruits of the fine and gracious sentiments expressed by Dean Tillett, and such a spirit is characteristic of the noble type of Southerner which he represents. It is this phase of this whole subject which I think should be most of all stressed at this time. To think

... out continually more ... bright spots rather ... ones will tend to make ... spots less dark and the ... in our race relationship ... and more lasting.

"I want to say in conclusion that I appreciate very much the consideration of Dean Tillett which he has manifested this day in this presence toward the son of the man who was once owned by his father."

AN OBJECT LESSON FOR CABARRUS.

Dunn, Feb. 25.—After many unavoidable delays, the pupils of three ... schools in Black River township, Cumberalnd county, near Dunn, ... known as McMillian, Oak ridge and Five Oaks, are now housed in a ... brick building, which is conceded to be one of the handsomest ... buildings in the county. The new building contains six large ... rooms, six smaller rooms for offices, etc., and a large auditorium ... will seat 500 people, besides two dressing rooms and a stage.

The enrollment totals approximately 200, with the following faculty: ... J. D. Messick, principal; Miss M. L. Moorefield, high school; L. ... Starling sixth and seventh grades; Miss McMillian, fourth and fifth ... Miss Ella Godwin, second and third grades; Miss Clyde Bryant, ... grade and Mrs. L. A. Culbreth, music and primary. The district ... committee is composed of G. D. Godwin, L. W. Jernigan and W. C. Wil-...

Two trucks are used in transferring the pupils to and from the school. The county officials who have visited the school expressed themselves as being highly pleased with the new building and the work being done.

CONTRASTED SOLILOQUIES.

... across an old Reader the other day. It was full of the recognition ...; it accepted religious truths without question; it dealt with practical ...: and was throughout informative. A boy or girl could not read ... that old reader without being brought directly to the consideration ... higher exalting thoughts that most of the modern readers ignore ... selections. How many of us recall the list of words at the head of ... lesson to be learned and the definitions thereof memorized. That's ... that is training—a practical demonstration of how and in what con... the word is used.

... Taylor's soliquies have a repetition today, and here they are:

"Alas!" exclaimed a silver-headed sage, "how narrow is the utmost ... of human science! how circumscribed the sphere of intellectual exertion! I have spent my life in acquiring knowledge; but how little do I know! The further I attempt to penetrate the secrets of nature, the more I am bewildered and benighted. Beyond a certain lim-

it, all is but confusion or conjecture; so that the advantage of the learned over the ignorant, consists chiefly in having ascertained how little is to be known.

"It is true that I can measure the sun, and compute the distances of the planets; I can calculate their periodical movements, and even ascertain the laws by which they perform their sublime revolutions; but with regard to their construction, and the beings which inhabit them, what do I know more than the clown?

"Delighting to examine the economy of nature in our own world, I have analyzed the elements, and have given names to their component parts. And yet, should I not be as much at a loss to explain the burning of fire, or to account for the liquid quality of water, as the vulgar, who use and enjoy them without thought or examination?

"I remark that all bodies unsupported, fall to the ground; and I am taught to account for this by the law of gravitation. But what have I gained here more than a term? Does it convey to my mind any idea of the nature of that mysterious and invisible chain which draws all things to a common center? I observe the effect, I give a name to the cause; but can I explain or comprehend it?

"Pursuing the track of the naturalist, I have learned to distinguish the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms; and to divide these into their distinct tribes and families; but can I tell, after all this toil, whence a single blade of grass derives its vitality? Could the most minute researches enable me to discover the exquisite pencil, that paints and fringes the flower of the field? Have I ever detected the secret, that gives their brilliant dye to the ruby and the emerald, or the art that enamels the delicate shell?

"I observe the sagacity of animals; I call it instinct, and speculate upon its various degrees of approximation to the reason of man. But, after all, I know as little of the cogitations of the brute, as he does of mine. When I see a flight of birds overhead, performing their evolutions, or steering their course to some distant settlement, their signals and cries are as unintelligible to me as are the learned languages to the unlettered rustic. I understand as little of their laws, as they do of Blackstone's Commentaries.

"But, leaving the material creation, my thoughts have often ascended to loftier subjects, and indulged in metaphysical speculation. And here, while I easily perceive in myself the two distinct qualities of matter and mind, I am baffled in every attempt to comprehend their mutual dependence and mysterious connection. When my hand moves in obedience to my will, have I the most distant conception of the manner in which the volition is either communicated or understood? Thus, in the exercise of one of the most simple and ordinary actions, I am perplexed and confounded if I attempt to account for it.

"Again, how many years of my life were devoted to the acquisition of those languages, by the means of which I might explore the records of remote ages, and become familiar with the learning and literature of

...mes! And what have I gath-
...an these, but the mortifying
...t man has ever been strug-
...ith his own impotence, and
...deavoring to overleap the
...which limit his anxious in-
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...! then, what have I gained
...laborious researches, but a
...conviction of my weakness
...orance! How little has man
...best estimate, of which to
...! What folly in him to glory
...contracted power, or to value
...upon his imperfect acquisi-
...!"

..."Well," exclaimed a young lady, ...turned from school, "my edu-...at last finished!" Indeed, it ... strange, if, after five years' ...plication, any thing were ...complete. Happily, that is all ...ow; and I have nothing to do, ... exercise my various accom-...ents.

..."Let me see! As to French, I ...complete mistress of that, and ... it, if possible, with more fluen-...n English. Italian I can read ...ease, and pronounce very well; ...ell, at least, as any of my ...ds: and that is all one need wish in Italian. Music I have learned till I am perfectly sick of it. But, now that we have a grand piano; it will be delightful to play when we have company: I must still continue to practice a little; the only thing, I think, that I need now to improve myself in. And then there are my Italian songs! which everybody allows I sing with taste; and as it is what so few people can pretend to, I am particularly glad that I can.

"My drawings are universally admired; especially the shells and flowers, which are beautiful, certainly: beside this, I have a decided taste in all kinds of fancy ornaments. And then my dancing and waltzing, in which our master himself owned that he could take me no further; just the figure for it, certainly; it would be unpardonable if I did not excel.

"As to common things, geography and history, and poetry and philosophy; thank my stars, I have got through them all! So that I may consider myself not only perfectly accomplished, but also thoroughly well informed. Well, to be sure, how much I have fagged through! The only wonder is, that one head can contain it all!"

THERE ARE TOO MANY DON'TS

(Oxford Friend)

A razor that shaves a man can ...another's throat; the hand that ... a friendly shake can pick a ...; the fire that warms can pitiously destroy; everything that has the capacity to bring about beneficial results can, in reverse, bring about damage in proportion to its potential strength. If you were able to make everything from man down to the most trivial inanimate object foolproof—that is, incapable of causing some form of destruction—you would by the same remedy destroy its ca-

pacity for accomplishing good results.

Except in specific cases people are not going to be upright and efficient by stopping the use of all the agencies that are misused. Only the right sort of education will stamp out the evils, and it is going to take a long, long time to get them all out. Perfection is not in sight for great-great grandchild of the youngest infant in the world today. But the head of every one must be turned in that direction. Only education and understanding will orientate the heart of humanity to the right. Here and there you can kick a man into the right; but the names of those ruined and made worse by the kick is legion. When a man reaches enough understanding of life he will want to do right and make his own way; he is going to be a laggard or bolshevick until he learns the game. He must be educated. In order to be educated he must think soundly and strive. There must be a universal recognition of the doctrine of the brotherhood fo man. Every one must be given opportunity to display the best in him and be taught to accept his share of responsibility in the general good.

Some men want to be relieved of responsibility and get on the preferred list because they are poor; some because they are rich; some because they are intellectual; some because they are socially desirable; some because they are leaders; some for this and that reason. There is a universal appeal to George to do all the disagreeables and a universal desire to shoot him when he wants to collect the luxuries and emoluments.

"After me the deluge," think the majority. Just so me and mine get what is coming to us, maybe a little more, we are not interested in what happens to the remainder.

This has been largely the gospel of class; of business. It has been passed from generation to generation; those living today did not originate it. But a smaller part of the fault is theirs.

Make this plain to people and they will see the point. They will respond to the needs, but not in a month or a year.

The man who fights or obstinately "knocks" universal education fights for the perpetuation of age-old evils of selfishness and helps to continue the misapplication of the agencies intended to free men.

POTENCY OF THE BIBLE

(David Shaw in Charlotte Observer)

Let us be thankful that there are havens like New York, Chicago and Petrograd for Rev. Mr. Grant and the few of his misguided and pestiferous ilk. They serve to bring into bolder relief the eternal verities of Life. The arrogant and pitiful assaults upon the Bible by these selfish men make the searchlight of Truth gleam with beautiful splendor. The time spent in such endeavor could as profitably be used in throwing cork stoppers in Gibraltar's face.

high and the low, the mighty
the weak, have found inspira-
and strength in the blessed
of this wonderful Book. It
standby of George Washing-
comforted and cheered
E. Lee, Stonewall Jackson
Abraham Lincoln. It gave
power and eloquence to Tal-
Moody, Ryan, and our own
Kilgo. It gave solace and
companionship to our old wrinkle-
grandmothers and white-haired
mothers in the big houses and
nestled away back among the
North Carolina pines. Today—thank
God—the Bible is a quickening fac-
in the life of Charlotte. Our
consecrated preachers and fearless editors not only accept its truths without mental reservation, but in compasslike fashion mark the trail for the uncertain to its pages of peace and happiness.

The Bible is a faithful and accurate chart. One who follows the course it has established never will strike a snag in the sea of Life.

The trouble today, Mr. Editor, is not with the Bible. It lies in Man—the son of Adam. Whenever some secret sin, some evil or selfish purpose or ambition, creeps into the life of a person, that doesn't square with the teachings of the Holy Book, then it is that the time-honored old thing becomes a fable and a myth!

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Pressly Mills.

Foster Walter Cummings has been assigned the pump job.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Foster Harry Hayes, who was recently paroled last month, paid a visit to the inst

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The happy squad last Wednesday 21 consisted of the follo Pressly Mills, Paul G Everhart and Valton

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Electricians are putting the finishing touches onto the lighting f recently put on the memoria bridge erected to the memory of the Veterans of the late world war.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Friends of Mr. R. B. Cloer will

the fire were of no avail, they tried to get the live stock out, but it was impossible on account of the flames that were enveloping the barn. But however, they succeeded in rolling out a few bales of cotton, the fire claimed two horses and several bales of cotton, whose value was estimated to be upwards of a thousand dollars.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Boys are arriving daily, this being due to the fact that the new cottage is soon to be opened and because about forty boys have been paroled in the last few months. These vacancies will soon be filled however and these arrivals will gradually diminish.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Ex Senator Swain delivered an interesting speech on the Near East Situation in the auditori last Sunday. He told of the terr things that were happening ove Armenia. How children and men were being slaughtered beasts, and more than once d tears from his listeners. Mr. En kian an Armenian, who was at time confined in a prison in country, but who luckily esca and came to America, sang the ional anthem of his country, was a beautiful song, but, he s one still more beautiful than the music of which was wr by himself, this beautiful song "The Lords Prayer." Mr. Emur announced that some day he coming back and sing several s for the boys, and they are wa patiently for that time to come

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SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

Passenger Train Schedules

Arrival and Departure of Passenger Trains, Concord, N. C.

LV.	NO.	BETWEEN	NO.	AR.
1:40A	30	New York-Birmingham	30	1:40A
2:37A	29	Birmingham-New York	29	2:37A
5:12A	44	Washington-Atlanta	44	5:12A
6:32A	31	Atlanta-New York	31	6:32A
8:41A	137	Atlanta-New York	137	8:41A
9:25A	11	Charlotte-Norfolk-Richmond	11	9:25A
10:55A	36	New York Birmingham-New Orleans	36	10:55A
3:20P	45	Washington-Charlotte	45	3:20P
3:45P	46	Charlotte-Danville	46	3:45P
7:10P	12	Norfolk-Richmond-Atlanta	12	7:10P
8:18P	32	New York-Augusta	32	8:18P
10:20P	35	Birmingham-New Orleans-New York	35	10:20P
9:45P	138	New York-Atlanta	138	9:45P
9:31P	135	Washington-Atlanta	135	9:31P

Through Pullman sleeping car service to Washington, Philidelphia, New York, Richmond, Norfolk, Atlanta, Birmingham, Mobile, New Orleans

Unexcelled service, convenient schedules and direct connections to all points.

Schedules published as information and are not guaranteed.

R. H. GRAHAM. D. P. A., Charlotte, N. C.

M. E. WOODY, Ticket Agent, Concord, N. C.

Which Whipped---The "Virginia" or The "Monitor?"

See Page 11

THE UPLIFT

VOL XI CONCORD N. C., MARCH 10, 1923 NO. 17

TODAY

"With every rising of the sun
Think of your life as just begun.
The past has shriveled deep
All yesterdays. There let them sleep.
Nor seek to summon back one ghost
Of that innumerable host.
Concern yourself with but to-day,
Woo it, and teach it to obey
Your will and wish. Since time began
To-day has been the friend of man;
But in his blindness and his sorrow
He looks to yesterday and to-morrow.
You and to-day! A soul sublime,
And the great pregnant hour of time,
With God Himself to bind the twain
Go forth, I say. Attain! Attain!"

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-setting by the Boys Printing Class. Subscription Two Dollars the year in Advance.

JAMES P. COOK, *Editor*, J. C. FISHER, *Director Printing Department*

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"It's no use to grumble and complain;
It's just as cheerful and easy to rejoice;
When God sorts out the weather and sends rain,
Why—rain's my choice."—J. W. Riley.

"ONLY ONE OF THE KIND."

In the Charlotte Observer of the 3rd, speaking of another institution for North Carolina along the lines on which the Jackson Training School is built and conducted, very kindly says editorially under the title of "Only One of The Kind:"

"As a matter of course the State could not have too many institutions like the Jackson Training School, at Concord, but it is a question if it could have another, "just like it." It might legislate in that direction and yet not develop another school of its exact equipment, management and characteristics. Perhaps the $50,000 the Legislature is asked to appropriate for establishment of a similiar institution in some part of the east, might be applied to enlargement of the capacity of the Jackson Training school with better results. It would be the safe policy to make an established good thing still better, for no risks would be envolved. But there is the strong argument that the east needs a school of the kind and that honors should be divided. The Observer would caution, however, against too great an assurance that they are to get a school "just like" that at Concord, in all respects. The better probability is that there will be only one of the sort for some time to come."

Neither THE UPLIFT nor any official of the institution, so far as this writer is aware, made any effort to secure the defeat of the measure before

the legislature, or to throw a single obstacle in its way of passage. We abstained from comment. Now that the matter has been settled, a statement may not be out of place to prevent, if for no other reason, a general misunderstanding.

When the Jackson Training School was inaugurated, it was regarded a severe innovation into the educational and welfare activities of the state. It has been in operation now just fourteen years. During this time it has worked its way, by its conduct and its accomplishments, into the respect and confidence of the entire state. From a small beginning with but little to aid, it has grown from within out. The faith of those, who put their life into it and bore the burden when it was a trying one, has been fully and completely vindicated.

Up to two years ago, the plant was not prepared to receive all the applicants for enrollment; neither have any other public institution in the state, other than the state penitentiary, been able to meet all the demands made upon it; and yet all of them, save Samarcand and the Caswell, are many years older, and they had special and enthusiastic friends at court. The board of trustees inaugurated a plan by which the capacity of the institution might be enlarged to meet all the needs of the state. This plan has been a success—it has not cost the state, the institution or the board a single browny. It was a contribution.

Following the successful execution of this plan, there has been since a capacity equal to all legitimate and acceptable applicants for admission. There is at this very date room for sixty more boys, with an additional room for sixty more within the course of a few months. The statement, therefore, that the institution could not care for all the demands made upon it is absolutely untrue, so far as capacity is concerned. But the institution lacked an adequate maintenance support. That was and is no fault of the officials—the blame, if any, lies elsewhere, and not with us.

The notion (and that is all it is) prevails with some that the institution is now large enough to do effective work. This view is entertained by only those that are not familiar with the plans and practices in all modern institutions in the country. Some of the most efficiently managed and successful institutions dedicated to a similiar work have an enrollment of over fifteen hundred. Numbers make no difference, except the larger the enrollment less the per capita cost of maintenance, and more efficiently does the system work, in the maintenance and conduct of the various activities of the institution. Fancifully you hear these people speak of the loss of "the personal

...ble" There is nothing whatever in that suggestion. There is no one man ... earth today, or ever will be, who can maintain a workable "personal ...ch" with the enrollment of any institution of this kind. He couldn't do ...ccessfully even with an enrollment of only two hundred, and live long.

It must be remembered that in planning the Jackson Training School ...re was exercised by the board to make a thorough investigation of prac...ally all similiar institutions in the country that had made a reputation ...fore a single brick was laid in our proposition. Thus mistakes were avoid...d, and only the best was adopted. Instead of the dormitory system, into ...ch all are promiscuously crowded, the board adopted the "Cottage sys...." In this the family or home feature is maintained. The plant is con...ucted on the unit plan, with just thirty boys to the cottage. Over these ...reside a house mother, and two officers, specially selected for their capacity ...d love for the work. These three people are giving the "personal touch" ...der the direction of the superintendent and the board, followed by ...specific training in the several school rooms. At the Jackson Training ...School, under this ideal plan, two thousand or more boys could be cared for ...thout the loss of a single virtue contained in the idea of "personal touch." ...r the contrary many advantages could be had in large numbers, making ...ssible additional features now not practicable. But North Carolina does not ...w need to provide for 2,000; and will never need to make provision for that ...mber, unless home life breaks down completely, and the church retires ...m the field of activity.

The plant represents a value in the neighborhood of a round million dollars, ...e-fourths of which has been contributed by the great hearts of the men ...d women of the state. There are hundreds of others ready to respond to ...s for additions and the strengthening of its facilities; but no one has ...heart to go out and invite individuals to contribute bread, meat, clothes, ...edicine (all of which are responsibilities of the institution, without a single ...t from the pupil or his parents towards these items) to sustain and care ...r the wards of the state.

If the Jackson Training School is given a sufficient maintenance fund, it ...n wisely and satisfactorily take care of every demand of North Carolina, ...s far as her wayward boys are concerned for all time. We have been un...ble thus far to get a legislative committee to visit us, and we have courted ...other officials with pressing invitations to give us the "look over."

If there is any wisdom in the argument for another institution similiar to the Jackson Training School, that very same argument would apply to the

establishment of another University, another Caswell Training School, another Samarcand, another Deaf and Dumb, another Blind School, and others, for the state of North Carolina.

Notwithstanding our inability to see the necessity or the wisdom of the establishment of another Training School, when all the capacity at the Jackson Training School is not now utilized, for the want of maintenance sufficient so to do; we nevertheless sense a high compliment involved in the movement of "building another institution like the Jackson Training School." That's a commendation most gratifying to all those who have contributed to bringing into existence this institution and nursing it to its present state of usefulness and capacity for service.

The Jackson Training School started on an initial ten thousand dollars, spread out over two years in amounts of one thousand dollars at a time. Loyal standbys made the proposition a possibility.

* * * * * * *

OLD FASHIONED REMEDIES.

Editor Eugene Asheraft, who runs a column or two in each issue of the Monroe Enquirer under the fine-tooth title of "Catch-All-Column," occasionally gives out and thus revives some old fashioned remedies. He has not yet prescribed the old stand-by, castor oil, and given an example where it made a marvelous cure—but it's not too late, for Asheraft is not near exhausted.

A few weeks ago he brought out anew a simple remedy for the most painful trouble known to suffering mankind, that of ear ache. He recalled that when he was a boy (too many years ago to name) he suffered terrible agonies with earache, and Dr. John Blair came along and used a simple remedy that has been used by old fashioned doctors ever since glycerine, laudanum, sweet oil, alcohol and spoons were discovered. It cured him then, and has done so instantly in all the years that followed, when the trouble was brave enough to make a return visit.

The last number of The Enquirer gives a remedy for chicken cholera and a prevention of that disease. Asheraft has discovered among his consistuency a man, who would just as soon buy chickens aflicted with cholera as not; in fact, if the price is lower, he would rather have cholera chickens. That admiring subscriber and old-timer just puts a teaspoonful of venetian red (powdered) paint in each gallon of the chicken's drinking water. It is confidently claimed that this remedy will not only cure cholera, but will

prevent it.

That Catch-All Column, the child of Asheraft, is an institution.

* * * * * * *

DIVORCES.

The General Assembly just adjourned had much discussion over certain divorce bills. Just what changes were made in the laws, if any, does not now appear; but instead of lightening up, it should be more difficult to secure a legal separation of marriage contracts. The number of divorces now granted and applied for in the several courts throughout the state approaches a scandal, and indicates that this sacred contract is being too lightly trifled with.

In most states, it is practically as bad as it appears in North Carolina. Last week, in Johnson City, Tenn., a sorry specimen of man procured a divorce from his wife in the circuit court, on the third floor of the legal building; immediately he procured a marriage license from the clerk on the second floor; and was married by a minister on the first floor, and left with the number two, having been engaged in the whole process only a few minutes. If that legal building, like many in the country, is supplied with cells in the basement, the sorry fellow ought to have been introduced to another floor of that building, set apart for the execution of the laws of civilization.

* * * * * * *

THREE DISTINGUISHED 'SQUIRES.

Away back in the latter part of the nineteenth century, a Concord newspaper man, after being drawn among the number composing the grand-jury, made an effort, through the kindly offices of an attorney, to secure a release from that jury service. The presiding judge, showing very visibly the effects of too large a morning tonic, ordered the newspaper man to stand up. "You say you are a newspaper man?" inquired his honor. "Yes, sir," was the polite reply. Continued the judge: "If there is any man in the whole community that knows all the rascality and crime that is going on, and who are the guilty ones, it is the newspaper man; I believe that you will make a good grand-juryman; Mr. Clerk, swear him for foreman of the jury."

Messrs Ben Dixon McNeil, R. E. Powell and W. Tom Bost, three brilliant newspaper men of Raleigh, have been made, by the recent General Assembly, Justices of the Peace for Raleigh township. These 'squires should have

no trouble of putting the screws on to every victim of their courts—they know all the devilment and need no witnesses. Some folks in Raleigh had better walk a chalk line and guard well their speech, else Squire McNeil, or Squire Bost, or Squire Powell will bring them into their court, on contempt charges or something akin thereto. Squire Brock Barkley would sound powerfully good, but being a Charlotte man, he could exercise no Jurisdiction in Raleigh unless under special legislation, and the legislature overlooked this.

* * * * * * *

THE NEW TOWN OF SWINK.

SWINK is the name of the new town authorized by a liberal and comprehensive charter that Mr. W. J. Swink, of China Grove, and Mr. Charles A. Cannon, of Concord, having secured. The central figure of this new town will be a two million dollar cotton manufacturing proposition. They'll put it across alright—and it will not be long before that point near Sumner's Siding between Concord and Salisbury, on the Rowan county side, will blossom into a city. The spirit. enterprise and progressiveness of these hustlers make this not a prophecy, but a certainty. They have associated with them other strong men and interests.

In full view of the National Highway and the main line of the Southern Railway, this will soon become one of the busiest scenes in Piedmont North Carolina. About once in a moon a local train now stops at Sumner's, and in another moon all of the locals will be stopping there. If this thing keeps up. to accommodate the great developing enterprises between Salisbnry and Concord, the Southern will have to operate electric cars on its tracks, or else it will take four or five hours to make the trip over the 44 miles from Charlotte to Salisbury.

Here's fine sailing for the newly-born town of Swink—may you have long and prosperous life, and reach the proud distinction of a city by and by. But don't you, you successful town builders, move yet to make it a regular stopping place for 37, 38 and othe (f the fast

* * * * * * *

J. LOCKE ERWIN.

Handsome in physique, democratic in companionship, folksy and sincere in his friendships, faithful and scrupulously upright in his dealings, patriotic and intensly useful in his citizenship, and of engaging personality —this was J. Locke Erwin, a prominent citizen of the state, who died sud-

denly at his home in Charlotte Sunday evening.

Mr. Erwin belonged to one of the state's best and most prominent families, was conspicuous in the manufacturing and commercial life during his mature years. He leaves several brothers and sisters and a widow, his two children having preceded him to the beyond, one in infancy and the other a fine boy of fourteen years.

* * * * * * *

THE JUDICIARY NOT INCREASED.

The legislature did not see its way clear to provide for more superior court districts and, therefore, more judges. Hon. Lindsey C. Warren, the courageous fighter and positive representative from Beaufort county, when the matter came before the lower house, paid his respects to the movement by simply saying: "We do not need more judges; but we need some new judges."

THE DEMAND

(Rev. F. M. Urich in a Philadelphia Exchange)

The Great Need of the hour is for spiritual vision and greater witnessing power in the lives of Christ's professed followers.

Cheap substitutes for Christian life and practice are offered on every hand. Scarcely a day passes but that some champion of a new plan of righteousness arises to enlighten the public mind. Even our pulpits are affected by the low-grade standards of life and thought proposed by these advocates of a superficial religion.

In many pulpits sin is not stressed. Ethical talks in place of the pure preaching of God's Word is the food which is offered to the occupants of the pews.

We need a revival, but not the kind which relies upon some acrobatic and peripatetic evangelist who sweeps atwon off its feet, and who for six weeks sends its luckless inhabitants up the emotional sawdust trail, and which upsets the well regulated and orderly modes of worship in reputable churches, but a revival which gets down to a sane and sober consideration of the eternal verities of God on the part of every citizen.

There are too many saltless Christians in and out of the Church. Too many of us have gone back to the earthly, the worldly and the carnal things of life.

"Ye are the salt of the earth." Fine. "But if the salt have lost his savor, wherewith shall it be salted?" A profound interrogation, surely. "It is henceforth good for nothing, but to be cast out, and to be trodden under the foot of men." A challenge to us if we have not lost the power of sober reflection. God is waiting for a demonstration of our savoriness.

THE FIRST TIME IRON CLAD SHIPS MET.

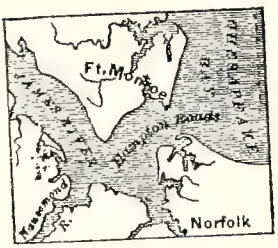
Today (March 9th) is the sixty-first anniversary of the battle in Hampton Roads near Norfolk, Virginia, between the Merrimac-Virginia, of the Confederate States Navy, and the Ericsson Monitor, of the United States Navy. One of that event grew the character of the battleships of today and caused the former sea-fighting instruments to be junked.

No two histories give exactly a similiar account of this engagement. The story has gone out that the Monitor whipped the Virginia. It is not true. People for years wondered what the true facts are. It is not in a spirit of controversy, jealousy or vanity or prejudice—but that there have been differences with respect to this historical event rather encourages the spirit of investigation. Through the kindness of Mrs. W. B. Ferguson, of Suffolk, Va., this writer has been given access to the printed and candid statement of an actual witness and participant in that historical engagement, and, with this and other sources of reliable information, the following story has been made possible.

It is with no purpose to raise discord or to satisfy any prejudice or even a whim, but nothing is more entertaining than a search after truth—truth makes us free.

The Problem.

The War Between the States had been going in such a manner and with such progress that both sides had come to the conclusion that



Hampton Roads—Where Famous Combat Occurred.

every resource and power at the command of each section would be required to bring the contest to an end. During the early part of the conflict the honors and fortunes of war seem to have been with the Confederacy.

Having discovered that the South was receiving some supplies and equipment, in return for cotton, from other countries, President Lincoln established what he conceived a perfect blockade of all Southern ports, thus cutting off this exchange of products between the South and other countries.

When the war began in 1861, the North kept nearly all of the ships that had belonged to the whole country. The Southerners seized a few and built others.

In a heroic effort to meet the conditions forced upon the South, by this blockade, the Confederates built swift vessels called blockaders. These slipped in and out under the cover of darkness and brought guns and cloth from England and France for the

Southern people. Some Confederate warships were sent out to capture the Northern vessels that were sailing back and forth to bring guns and cloth to the Federal side. But this is another story for another occasion when the brilliant course of the Alabama, under Raphael Semmes, will engage us.

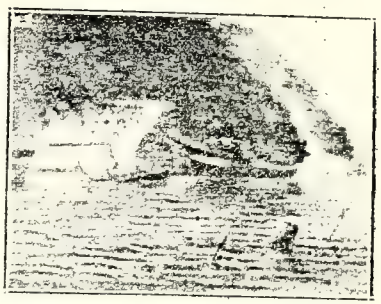
"The Merrimac."

Was a steam frigate, belonging to the United States. Her hull was built at Boston, Mass., her engines at Cold Springs, N. Y., and she was placed in commission in 1855. Early in 1856 she was officered and manned with a crew of 650 specially selected men, with an armament of 60 guns. Being considered at the time one of the best type of war-ships, and making a trip to European waters, she returned with reports of royal entertainment and covered with a glorious satisfaction with herself. She went on a four year cruise, and upon her return she was put out of commission at the Portsmouth, Va., Navy Yard; and when Norfolk and Portsmouth were evacuated, April 19, 1861 by Federals, the Merrimac along with others was dismanteled and burned to the water-line.

The "Virginia."

Is the outgrowth of a development upon the hull of the destroyer "Merrimac." Driven to the necessity of protecting the Norfolk harbor, the Confederate authorities decided to raise the "Merrimac" and construct on her hull a powerful battery. A Virginian, whose name we could not definitely ascertain, furnished the plans by which the work of construction was carried to completion.

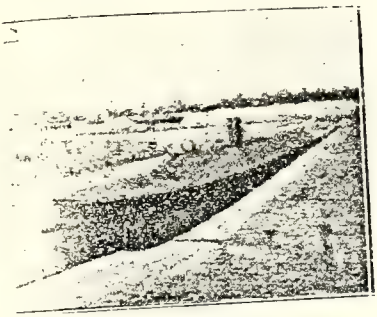
Capt. E. V. White, a Georgian, but becoming a citizen of Portsmouth, Va., after the surrender, a witness and participant in all that took place in the story that follows, and whose printed account we have at hand, says this of the "Virginia," the Confederate Iron Clad warship, the first in all history: "She was covered amidships with a roof 170 feet long, built at an angle of 45 degrees, constructed of 20-inch heart pine, and covered with four-inch oak. Upon this wood backing there were



The "Merrimac" destroyed at the burning of the Norfolk Navy Yard, April, 1861.

two iron plates two inches thick and seven inches wide, one laid horizontally and the other vertically, making the armament four inches thick. These plates were bolted through the wood and clinched on the inside. Her bow was armed below the water with a cast-iron prow about six feet long, to be used as a ram. Her weakest element was her motive power, her old engines and boilers having already been condemned. Her ordinance consisted of ten guns, two 7-inch steel-banded Brooke rifles, mounted as pivot-guns at the

...w and stern; two 6-inch rifles of the ... pattern and six 9-inch Dahlgren ...ooth-bore broadside guns. Her ...mander was Commodore Franklin ...chanan, one of the bravest and ...est officers of the old service. Her ...ond in command was Lieut. Cates... ...p. R. Jones, distinguished both ... ability and great gallantry. Her ...ew numbered 350, most of whom ... volunteered from the army for ... ...casion, and the emergencies of



"Merrimac" in dry dock, being converted into the iron battery "Virginia."

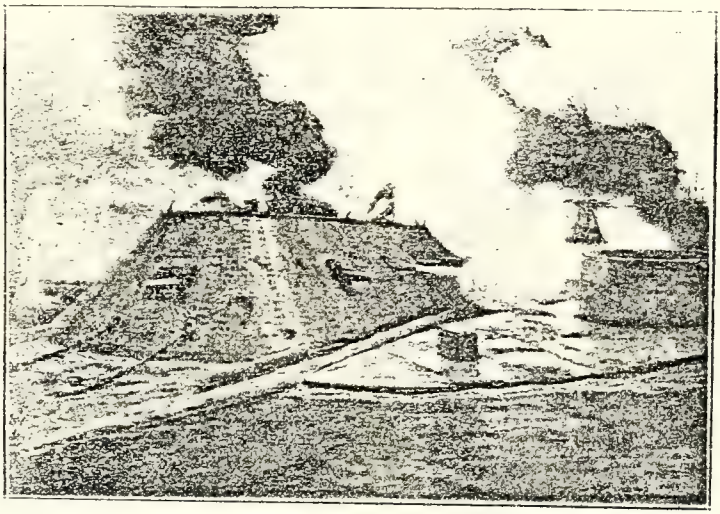
... service allowed little time for ... her testing her engines or drilling ... crew."

"War of Brothers."

The designation of the conflict be... the Federal and Confederate ...ernments has included a number ... names. The name that pleases ... of those who have justice in ... hearts and no malice is "The ... Between the States;" others ... of that struggle as "The Civil War—some thoughtlessly and others ... they so regard it as having ... such. The brevity of the title ...ches others, particularly newspaper writers. That designation is detestable, incorrect and vicious. Even the historian Muzzy, who has strained to see anything specially good in anything Southern, says, "strictly speaking it was not a 'Civil War.' That term refers to a struggle between two opposing factions or parties (religious or political) living on the same soil." But the old sinner in his vicious yet fascinating written school history calls it "The Civil War." Others call it the "War of Secession." Alexander H. Stephens insisted on the name of "The War Between the States." Right recently, in one of his interesting stories written when "on the rail" Ex-Secretary Daniels of the U. S. Navy declared himself as rather liking the designation as "The War of Brothers." That, at the time, sounded queer and out-of-place. Brothers do sometimes raise the devil; but since that time certain researches have revealed the fact that there are hundreds of instances where brothers and members of the same family were arrayed, by choice or circumstance, on either side of this contest.

It certainly was in part a "War of Brothers" in the case of the struggle in Hampton Roads. Rumors began to circulate on the fact that commander Buchanan was a brother of the commander of the "Cumberland," one of the Federal fighting machines that the Confederates had determined to put out of commission. This restlessness and uneasiness reached Commander Buchanan, of the Virginia, and felt constrained to deliver himself as follows: (Quoting Capt. White,) "Finally the great ship was reported

ready for duty, and well do I remember the words that fell from the lips of our commander, Commodore Buchanan, who had but recently taken charge. He told us not to mistrust him; that he intended to do his duty, and expected the same from one and all on board.'' How well he lived up to this declaration will appear later in this story.



The ''Virginia'' and The ''Monitor'' in Combat March 9th, 1862.

Beginning Execution.

At 12 o'clock, noon, March 8th, 1862, after months of building and preparation, the ''Virginia'' cast loose from the wharf at the Navy Yard and steamed away slowly to the work of the day. Passing down the Elizabeth River, the Virginia was saluted by the batteries and the citizens and soldiers from either side of the river. This was a momentous event. It was a bold, daring undertaking by a wonderfully conceived instrument of destruction. (I am constrained to believe that the preparation going on fitting up the old ''Merrimac'' into a Confederate Iron Clad was not sufficiently guarded to prevent the knowledge of the undertaking reaching the enemy. The fact that the Federals so quickly met the Virginia with a similiar instrument of warfare lends color to the belief quite prevalent at the time that there was some leaking of the plans.) Capt. White, who was in the thickest of this engagement, writes:

''Passing through the obstruction at Craney Island, the Virginia headed directly for Newport News, where the U. S. S. ''Congress'' and the U. S. S. ''Cumberland'' lay riding at anchor, blockading the James

The day was beautifully calm and clear, and nothing in the tranquil scene gave indication of the mortal and bloody conflict to be enacted. When she reached these ships several large Men-Of-War started from Old Point to the help of their sister ships; among them the "Minnesota," which grounded near Newport News point. The "Congress was the first to fire, with a full broadside, upon our ship, followed by the "Cumberland," and from the latter's shot the hog chain was parted and driven back into our ship, killing one man and wounding several others. Every available Federal gun that could be brought to bear on the "Virginia" opened fire. Reserving her fire until within easy range, the Virginia's bow rifle was used with terrible effect; and, as has been frequently stated, opened a hole in the "Cumberland" large enough for a horse and cart to drive through (That's the nearest approach in those days, and largely so today, to a team and wagon, in eastern Virginia.) We made directly for the latter vessel. When probably at fifty yards distance, with slackened speed, but with determined purpose, we moved on to the gallant ship, and struck her the deadly blow, but with little jar to the "Virginia," backing our engines at once until we had cleared the disabled vessel. A shot from the "Congress" struck the muzzle of one of our broadside 9-inch Dahlgren guns, breaking off about two feet of it, killing one man and wounding a few others. Reversing our engines we passed the "Cumberland," which, though now sinking, was bravely fighting her guns and exhibiting a heroism worthy of all praise, and which entitled her to the renown that has since that day been attached to her name." (Here is where two brothers valliantly and courageously facing each other in deadly combat, gives a color of accuracy to Mr. Daniel's suggested designation of the conflict as "The War of Brothers."

"We then moved up the James River," continues Capt. White in his narrative, "to a place of easy turning for our ship, and started back, being joined in the meantime by the James River fleet, consisting of several steamers. Then, with probably one hundred guns firing upon us from various points, we came within two hundred yards of the grounded "Congress," upon which we opened fire. After we had delivered several well-directed shots that sent disaster to that ship, and many souls to their eternal home, she (the "Congress") hoisted the white flag, and all firing ceased. Arrangements were then commenced for receiving the surrender and removing the dead and wounded from both the enemy's ship and our own. While the officers were aboard the "Congress," and many on the upper deck of the "Virginia," exposed because of the Federal's white flag—which was a signal for help—being displayed, the enemy opened fire from the shore battery upon us, wounding many, amongst them Commodore Buchanan, shot through the thigh, and Lieut. Minor, shot through the side," and Commodore Buchanan turned the command of the ship over to Lieut. Jones, instructing him to set fire to the "Congress." I re-

ceived orders (Capt. White himself was junior engineer, and placed on the gundeck in charge of the engine-room gong and speaking tube) for three hot shot, and soon the vessel was in flames. The "Cumberland," the while, had gone down beneath the waters of the James, taking with her in that awful plunge many who had gallantly remained at their posts of duty."

"It being now nearly dark, and the work of transferring the dead and wounded, to be conveyed to the naval hospital, being completed, we steamed over to the buoy at Sewell's Point, and came to anchor for the night. As I was one of the unfortunate ones placed on first watch, I had very little rest, but was fully compensated for the performance of this arduous duty by witnessing the grand and impressive sight of the explosion of the "Congress" later in the night—a scene too solemnly beautiful to attempt to describe."

At the conclusion of the day's execution a correspondent of a Washington paper, and the report of a correspondent who witnessed the conflict from the shore, together threw the federal authorities into a state of terror. The very same correspondent, in reporting the combat on the next day between the "Virginia" and the "Ericsson Monitor," employed so many inaccurate statements that the truth became beclouded, and from that date the erroneous ideas about the final outcome of the whole engagement started. No facts justified the correspondent's statements, and thus the country was misled.

The Events of Sunday, March 9th.

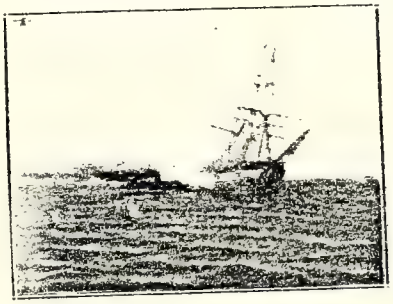
A consultation was held. The courageous Catesby Ap. R. Jones presided. Under him, as executive officer, the construction of the armament of the "Virginia" was completed. It was decided to return to the scene and complete the destruction of the now almost abandoned "Minnesota," even while "our ship was taking water freely at the opening in her bow, caused from the loss of the cast-iron prow left in the "Cumberland when we ran into her."

Again quoting from the participant and an officer, Capt. White: "However, we got under way, making for the "Minnesota," when suddenly we grounded on what is known as the Middle Ground of Hampton Roads, and there we stuck for a considerable time. But before we had grounded, the "Monitor" was discovered coming out from where the "Minnesota lay aground, appearing to us, as she has been called, "a cheese-box," or a "tin can on a shingle." It was not long before she was recognized as the Ericsson "Monitor," and we opened fire upon her with our bow-rifle, but with no effect. Straight on she came toward us, and when in good position let loose her heavy guns, giving us a good shaking up. Thus she continued circling around us, and every now and then throwing the heavy missiles against our sides. We, in response, as she passed around, brought every gun aboard our ship to bear upon her. It was now "Greek meeting Greek;" iron agianst iron."

Hundred-pound shot rattled against the mailed and impenetrable sides of the combatants in this tremendous duel and glanced off like hail. Never before had ships met carrying

such heavy guns. From both vessels the firing was executed with great rapidity and with equal skill, with but little effect on either side. However, our weak points seemed to be known to the commander of the "Monitor," and so well did he attack these, that soon on the starboard midship, over the outboard delivery, he so bent in our plating that that massive oak timbers were cracked, and from this and the continued ricochet shot of the "Minnesota" considerable concern was beginning to be felt by our commander and all on board. Soon, however, we were relieved, by the moving of our ship, from the position which, for such a trying period, we had occupied. Then, with a settled determination on the part of our commander to run the "Monitor" down, as a last resort, seeing that our shots were ineffective, I was directed to convey to the engine room orders for every man to be at his post. We caught and did run into the "Monitor," and came near running her under water; not that we struck her exactly at right angles, but with our starboard bow drove against her with a determination of sending her to the bottom, and so near did we come to accomplishing our object that from the ramming, and a shot of our rifle gun that blinded her commander, she withdrew to shoal water near the "Minnesota," whence, by reason of our heavy draft we could not follow—never again to offer or accept battle with the "Virginia." After waiting on the ground of our victory, without any signs of her return, for possibly an hour or more, we steamed up to the Navy Yard, receiving the shouts and huzzas of the thousands of our people who had witnessed our great triumph."

Capt. White further says: "I wish



"Virginia" sinking the "Cumberland, March 8th, 1862.

to emphasize the facts just related of the purposed collision with the "Monitor" and our desire to repeat it, and of her withdrawal from the field, and her refusal then or thereafter to engage in battle with the "Virginia," notwithstanding this statement is in positive contradiction of the theory generally accepted at the North, and even published in the school histories of today. An incident on this point will illustrate the prevalence of an incorrect record of the case. Some years ago, when in New York I visited the cyclorama illustrating this fight, then on exhibition. When, during the course of his lecture on the subject to the spectators, the manager made statements that were not facts, I interrupted him and called his attention to the same. He asked what I knew about it. I answered that I was an officer on board of the "Virginia," and he politely requested an interview with me. After finishing his

talk he came to me and said he was well aware of the errors he was circulating, but that in order to make his show popular he was forced to state what he did."

Back To Navy Yard Under Her Own Steam.

By 4 o'clock the Virginia was in the dry dock at the Navy Yard, and she was a picture to behold. It would have been almost impossible to find a space as large as a human hand that did not show the effects of the shot from the Merrimac.

Large and important improvements were at once commenced, under the direction of Commodore Tatnall, of Georgia, who assumed command owing to the disability of Commodore Buchanan. When completed the Virginia went down to Old Point and dared the Monitor and all the great wooden ships of the U. S. Navy, including the "Vanderbilt," which ship had been specially brought forward to accomplish the destruction of the Virginia. Neither the Monitor or any of the ships would come out from under the protection of the guns at Fortress Monroe; yet one of the Confederate steamers, "Jamestown," was sent in near Hampton and captured three schooners loaded with hay and grain, and carried them safely to Norfolk. The facts are well established that the Virginia and her associates did everything, known to sea warfare to tempt and seduce the Monitor and her associates to join battle, but without avail. It is understood that small craft, and even the "Jamestown," which had boldly steamed up capturing several schooners right under the nose of the Monitor, resorted to these daring feats, hoping to tempt the Monitor out of her place under the security afforded her by the guns at Fortress Monroe. And yet, upon the unsupported testimony of a correspondent and in the face of established facts, the world was permitted to settle down to the belief that the Monitor had whipped the Virginia.

Nothing Doing.

Commodore Tatnall, disgusted at the Monitor silently declining his prolonged challenge to battle, returned to the buoy off Sewell's Point, and anchored for the night. The Virginia next day steamed into Norfolk.

Several days thereafter, hearing firing and receiving orders to go to the aid of the batteries at Sewell's Point that were being bombarded by the "Monitor" and other ships, the Virginia hastened, going directly toward the Monitor, to the scene. It is well established that upon sight of the Virginia, the firing at Sewell's Point ceased and the Monitor and her escort of vessels retreated below the forts, refusing to entertain the Virginia in any sort of battle. Thoroughly disappointed, Commodore Tatnall ordered the Virginia back to her buoy at Sewell's Point.

The End of the Virginia and the Reason.

Again quoting from Capt. White, this eye-witness and participant to to the whole proceedings: "The next day, or soon thereafter, we noticed that our batteries were not flying our flag, and upon learning the cause we found that Norfolk was being evacuated, thus ending the nec-

GIVE US HOMES.

(Exchange)

The public press of the country is reporting a speech made recently by Judge Ben Lindsey, head of the juvenile court of Denver. And what did the judge say? He says that America needs parents. He lays ninety-nine per cent of the delinquency of children at the door of the parents. He declares that almost eighty per cent of the fathers and mothers today are unfit for parentage. And he was not speaking of religion specifically, perhaps not at all. He was speaking of the whole problem of parenthood.

Judge Lindsey explained a new bill to compel parents to go to school three nights a week, which will go before the Colorado legislature next month. He is the author of the bill and has obtained the co-operation of the leading women's clubs and social organizations of that state. I quote from him. He says:

"I expect to see the bill become a law in Colorado and in every state in the Union in time. It provides that at least one of the parents attend three lectures a week, during the school year at designated schoolhouses.

"By this means we expect to teach the parents how to properly instruct their children in social hygiene and how to prepare for parentage, and to outline the fundamentals in food preparation, malnutrition and home discipline.

"Each subject will be taught by physicians and other specialists. With the general enforcement of this law for two generations the world would be ahead 1000 years. Parents themselves are ignorant of the causes of so much so-called delinquency and are, therefore, unfit to prevent it in their offspring.

"Many acts of boys are the result of misdirected energy on their part which could be diverted into constructive channels by the proper agencies. Marriage is fast going on the rocks and something must be done to change matters. Out of 39,000 marriages in Chicago last year there were 13,000 divorces. That does not include the separations. Youth is flowing along like a river, swift and silent, and unless we learn its possessions and nature and how to mold it we will lose our present institutions, or make a change in our moral standards."

This plea by the distinguished Judge makes its appeal to every lover of home and country. The key to the religious problem lies in the home, too. We can build nothing in our land securely apart from the home. We must have faithful Christian parents if we are to have faithful Christian children. It violates all the laws known to us to expect good children to come out of homes of bickering and godlessness. Not for a single moment do we think of taking over into church organizations, complex as they are, the duties and responsibilities of parents. Far be the hand that would attempt the transfer of duties. We are working together, home, church and school for the faithful training of the children.

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...ary culture.

...ing that concerns us is that ...ung people shall have the ...ount of thought lavished ...on in the education of their ... nature. Children are born ... world with an instinct and ... for religion. And no edu- ... complete unless this side ... nature is developed in har- ... with their physical, intellectual ... life. Here and there we ... who are just as anxious ... their children go out into ... busy world as thoroughly ... religiously as in any other ... But this group is not as large ... should be.

... does matter what pictures ... have hanging on our walls. It ... matter what papers and books ... and girls read. It does matter, and far more than most of us think, whether or not their reading is supervised. It is by reading very largely that their ideals are formed, their taste for the best is cultivated, and their attitude toward the Church and the Sunday school is made what it should be. Let me select the books for the children of the nation to read and I do not much care who makes the laws for the nation. The law of self-control, the law of right thinking, the law of good will and sympathy, cultivated in children and young people through what they see and read, means far more that all the laws that can be written upon the statute books. Good reading is to the mental and spiritual nature what good food is to the physical nature.

THE DOOR OUT.

J. H. Dickson

Not long ago it was my pleasure to give the commencement address to the graduates of a night high school in Pittsburgh. The man of the class was a Russian Jew who had been in this country just four years, but in that time he had not only learned our language, but had completed a four-year course and stood at the head of his class.

He gave the valedictory address on the subject of "work"— subject he had exemplified in his own life with the results noted. He had labored hard earning money in the daytime, studying and going to school at night, giving time that many a young fellow gives to the card game, pool and the smoke house.

Work, honest work, is the door-way through which any young man in the country can enter into a life of usefulness that is worth while. The trouble with too many of us is that we think we have no chance, when all the time we do not have the backbone to make use fo the chance that is right at hand. Success is more from within than without after all. No work that is honorable is a disgrace. The disgrace lies in our failure to do our best, even with menial tasks.

rious and a queer view of the prospective "exodus"—an exodus that will never take place, though the money of the negroes may change hands. The New England idea is that if the negroes leave the South, the textile industry moving South from that section would find itself without the labor it was counting on. The Boston Post argues mightily against the coming to that section, for instance, of the negroes. The loss to the South, it argues, would be no gain for New England or to any other Northern section to which they should migrate. To promote this change of homes, the Boston paper is certain, "would not only be an economic, but physical hardship."

Cotton News, published down in Brother Wannamaker's town, got hold of the new angle of the ever-troubled negro situation, and found occasion to inject comment more or less pertinent to the question. It reminds that the Northern press, backed by New England abolitionists, has done everything in its power to create unrest among Southern negroes and sought to introduce social equality among the Anglo Saxon and negro race in this section of the United States. Massachusetts was the first State to import slave labor from Africa and after finding out that the climate of New England was fatal to a race from the equator of Africa, shipped her slaves down into the cotton belt and sold them at good prices to the Southern cotton planters. Later on, after having sold out their slaves at high market value, the New Englanders became extreme abolitionists, but their consciences would never permit a return to the Southern purchasers of any part of the money paid them for slaves. They want to solve the negro problem in the South and not by opening their arms to them in the North. They want the negroes to remain in the South and their labor to be utilized in the continued production of cheap cotton for the New England mills.

Instructor—"What is a fishing-net made of?"

Smart Boy—"A lot of little holes tied together with bits of string. —Ex.

TWO-FOOT BOOKSHELF

(Selected)

A model two-foot bookshelf, including twenty-five books, selected for the children who attend the little red schoolhouses of America, is to be exhibited in the School of Journalism Building of Columbia University. These volumes were chosen by the American Library Association and and the National Educational Association out of a possible hundred volumes. The list includes such well-known books as "Little Woman," "Alice in Wonderland." "Treasure Island," "Boy's Life of Abraham Lincoln," "Mother Goose," and twenty others. One stands almost amazed at the advantages of the young people today in the way

THE NEGRO: HIS FRIENDS AND ENEMIES.

Charlotte Observer

... J. A. Williams, one of the ... of the negro leaders in ..., was aforetime Consul to ... He had a due sense of the ...ence of his job, but was pow... glad when his four years ... and he was once more privi... tread the streets of Char... Doctor Williams was cured ...olities and of all desire to get ... from home again. He was al... a good citizen, but his experi... in political life made a better ... of him. It is only occasion... that The Observer meets him on ...unds and yesterday we were ...d to ask if he was once more ... notion of going to Liberia ...ywhere else. "Never a bit of ... was his instant reply, "for I ... found that North Carolina is ... best place in the world for the ..., and it is getting better for ... all the time." Doctor Williams ... recounted some of the blessings ...ch have been created in the State ... the South for the negro people, ... he spoke enthusiastically of the ... new school building Charlotte is ...ding for the race. Education ... been his hobby: he was a friend ... promoter of the Frst Ward grad... school; and an influential factor ...ing up to the new and more ...ern building. Nowhere in this ... other country, he argued, are ...ational facilities comparable to ... established all over the South ... the colored children to be found. ... than that, nowhere does the negro have friends of the staunch character that surround him in the South. His late concern was over the tendency to induce the negroes to leave the South and he is urging upon the negro preachers to make this matter the subject of their Sunday sermons, to the end that any movement in seducing them may be counteracted. The negro who cannot do well in North Carolina, he believes, would do worse anywhere else. The concern being manifested by Doctor Williams is shared by all other leaders of intelligence in the South. The Observer would assist their counteracting endeavors in any way possible, for it is not among those who contend that if the negro wants to leave the South—let him leave. The friendliest office that could be rendered the negro population would be in an undertaking to rescue him from the delusion of the exodus organization, headquarters of which are located in Boston and New York. Back of this enterprise, as there was back of the Liberian schemes, is the lining of organization official's pockets at the expense of the victimised negroes of the South.

Boston has heard that a National Negro Conference is booked for Washington, at which it is planned to "assist" 3,000,000 negroes to leave the South, but for what particular locality is not stated. That organization would get the negroes' money and leave the negroes in the South. But New England is taking the se-

Said he, "It is now twenty-four hours since I tasted bread." The widow's heart bled anew as under a fresh complication of distresses; for her sympathies lingered not around her fireside. She hesitated not even now; rest and a share of all she had she proffered to the stranger. "We shall not be forsaken," said she, "or suffer deeper for an act of charity."

The traveler drew near the board, but when he saw the scanty fare, he raised his eyes toward heaven with astonishment: And is this all of your store "and a share of this do you offer to one you know not? then never saw I charity before! but, madam," said he, continuing, "do you not wrong your children by giving a part of your last mouthful to a stranger?"

"Ah," said the poor widow, and the tear-drops gushed into her eyes as she said it, "I have a boy, a darling son, somewhere on the face of the wide world, unless heaven has taken him away, and I only act toward you, as I would that others should act toward him. God, who sent manna from heaven, can provide for us as he did for Israel; and how should I this night offend him, if my son should be a wanderer, destitue as you, and he should have provided for him a home, even poor as this, were I to turn you unrelieved away."

The widow ended, and the stranger springing from his seat, clasped her in his arms: "God indeed has provided your son a home, and has given him wealth to reward the goodness of his benefactress: my mother! oh my mother!" It was her long lost son, returned to her bosom from the Indies. He had chosen that disguise that he might the more completely surprise his family; and never was surprise more perfect, or followed by a sweeter cup of joy.

That humble residence in the forest was exchanged for one comfortable, and indeed beautiful, in the valley; and the widow lived long with her dutiful son, in the enjoyment of worldly plenty, and in the delightful employments of virtue; and, at this day, the passer-by is pointed to the willow that spreads its branches above her grave.

"I want to get a good novel to read on the train—something pathetic," said a woman to a book salesman. "Let me see. How would "The Last Days of Pompeii do?" asked the salesman.

"Pompeii? I never heard of him. What did he die of?"

"I'm not quite sure, ma'am," replied the salesman; "Some kind of eruption, I've heard."—Paper Book.

THE RIGHTEOUS NEVER FORSAKEN

... was Saturday night, and the ... of the Pine Cottage sat by her ... fagots, with her five tattered ... at her side, endeavoring by ... to the artlessness of their ... to dissipate the heavy gloom ... pressed upon her mind. For a ... her own feeble hand had pro... for her helpless family, for she ... supporter: she thought of no ... to all the wide, unfriendly ... round.

... that mysterious Providence, ... wisdom of whose ways is above ... comprehension, had visited ... with wasting sickness, and her ... means had become exhausted. ... now, too, midwinter, and the ... lay heavy and deep through all ... surrounding forests, while storms ... seemed gathering in the heavens, ... the driving wind roared amid ... neighboring pines, and rocked ... puny mansion.

... last herring smoked upon the ... before her; it was the only ... of food she possessed, and no ... der her forlorn, desolate state ... ht up in her lone bosom all ... anxieties of a mother, when she ... ed upon her children: and no ... der, forlorn as she was, if she ... ed the heart swelling of des... to rise, even though she knew ... He, whose promise is to the wi... and to the orphan, can not for... his word.

Providence had, many years be... taken from her her eldest son, ... went from his forest home to ... his fortune on the high seas, since ... she had heard no tiding of ... and, in her latter time, had, by the hand of death, deprived her of the companion and staff of her earthly pilgrimage, in the person of her husband. Yet to this hour she had upborne; she had not only been able to provide for her little flock, but had never lost an opportunity of ministering to the wants of the miserable and destitute.

The indolent may well bear with poverty, while the ability to gain sustenance remains. The individual who has but his own wants to supply, may suffer with fortitude the winter of want; his affections are not wounded, his heart not wrung. The most desolate in populous cities may hope, for charity has not quite closed her hand and heart, and shut her eys on misery.

But the industrious mother of helpless and depending children, far from the reach of human charity, has none of these to console her. And such a one was the widow of the Pine Cottage; but as she bent over the fire, and took up the last scanty remnants of food, to spread before her children, her spirits seemed to brighten up, as by some sudden and mysterious impulse, and Cowper's beautiful lines came uncalled across her mind:

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning Providence
He hides a smiling face.

The smoked herring was scarcely laid upon the table, when a gentle rap at the door, and loud barking of a dog, attracted the attention of the family. The children flew to open it, and a weary traveler, in tattered garments, and apparently indifferent health, entered, and begged a lodging and a mouthful of food.

THE LIVES OF OTHER MEN.

It takes "all kinds of men to make up the world" is the way the average person sizes up the situation. This thing that you call money is not the measure of success. There is a dignity in labor, however humble, if the work is executed faithfully, earnestly and efficiently. He may not become famous, his accomplishments may not get into poetry, yet the shoemaker, who makes a shoe that is comfortable and does not put the wearer into torture, is just as much a success as the fellow that made a fortune. The blacksmith that is the master of his trade, is just as much a success as a banker who amasses a fortune. It's all in how you do a thing, the faith you put into your job and looking the world square in the face.

The Oxford Friend gives us an interesting discussion about "the lives of other men," which is full of good solid sense:

Most biographical literature, it must be confessed, is dull and disappointing. Usually a biography is written by some too ardent an admirer or relative of the subject, and there is an ever-emphasis of detail. Non-essentials are played up too heavily.

Nevertheless, there is no better time spent than that employed in studying how other men—the men who succeed—discover and apply the principles of life. You find, from industrial magnate to circus clown, that they are all hard-workers and masters of their emotions. It matters not how inconsequential a man's business or profession is, in order to carry out his ideas of success he has to use his head and his time continuously. From the small things to the big ones the man who does not take his job seriously hasn't a look-in on success.

We see a clown or a slap-stick performer whose work looks silly and bores us to death. Yet some men get more money for doing these stunts than college presidents. They look idiotic and seem to be doing nothing worthy of a grown man's attention; they seem utterly irresponsible. But read something about them. They are as methodical and persistent as are the men who do the more important things.

Nature has little use for the person who trys to collect a living by spasmodic efforts or none at all. Somebody said that the world owes every man a living, but nature says that is not true. Nature made society to be a unit, and a unit it is and is ever going to be. There is so much work to be done and so much property and privilege to be divided. Nature furnishes the raw material to be handled and the laws to handle them by, and turns the job over to men. It is up to men to do the rest.

To the stage of life there is an entrance fee and regular dues. The entrance fee is the willingness to do and the regular dues are the regular contributions of worth-while work. The fellow who stops paying his dues soon gets in bad standing. He promptly gets the hook.

...ama;
...gineer H. Ashton Ramsey Virginia;
...gineer John W. Tynan Virginia;
...gineer Louden Campbell Virginia;
...engineer Benjamin Herring North Carolina;
...engineer E. A. Jack Virginia;
...engineer E. V. White Georgia;
...wain Charles H. Hasker
... C. B. Oliver
...enter Hugh Lindsay
... Arthur Sinclair, Jr.
...ered Aid Douglas F. Forrest
... Thomas Kevill
... Master William Parrish
... William Clark
... Hezekiah Williams
... George Wright
... Thomas Cunnigham
... Corps Sergeant Tabb.

Significance of the Virginia-Monitor Combat

... to this time the great naval ...es of history had been fought ...olden vessels. The success of the ... made wooden vessels worthless ships of war. The ironclad ...ple embodied in the Virginia ...successfully tested at Hampton ... is now employed in all the ... navies of the world, and is ... in every heavily armored battleship and protected cruiser of today. The principle of the revolving ... has also come into general ... Thus this one naval engagement revolutionized modern naval ...struction, destroyed the effectiveness of all wooden ships of war, and caused the maritime nations of the earth to begin anew the construction of their navies.

John Ericsson, the Swedish Inventor.

John Ericsson, who planned the "Monitor," which entertained the "Virginia" in such a lively manner, at Hampton Roads in March, 1862, was born at Langbanshyttan, Swed-

en, in 1803. He entered the Swedish army, but left it after several years' service, to give his entire time to his inventions. He is the author of a number of useful inventions. In 1839, he came to the United States, and designed the warship Princeton, the first steamer that had her engines and boiler below the water line, so as to be out of reach of shot. He was engaged by the Federal government to plan a sea-fighting machine to withstand any kind of an attack and having the power to execute complete destruction to other vessels; how well he succeeded may be understood by the career of the "Monitor. He died at New York March 8, 1889, exactly twenty-seven years to the day that him Monitor entered Hampton Roads. A Swedish war vessel conveyed his body, according to his wish, to his native land for burial. A statue has been erected at Stockholm to his memory.

reproduce it. It emphatically establishes the fact that instead of the "Monitor defeating the "Virginia" the victory is entirely with the "Virginia." But the sensational correspondent, having got in his story where it could be more easily disseminated, found lodgment in the public mind as accurate, and thus the story that the "Monitor" having defeated the "Virginia" got into the school histories of those, who, like the theatrical performer Capt. White met in New York, love to please and entertain their constituency.

The Losses In The Engagement.

Surgeon D. B. Phillips, of the "Virginia," reported the casualties of the 8th as follows:

"Flag-officer F. Buchanan wounded in the left thigh, a minieball having passed entirely through the fleshy portion, grazing femoral artery and inflicting a serious wound. Lieut. R. D. Minor wounded in the left side. Midshipman Marmaduke, slight wound on the arm. Killed: Charles Dunbar and——waldeck. Wounded: William Burkes, seaman; John Capps, Company E., 41st Regiment; A. J. Dalton, Company E, 41st Regiment; Emerson Ivas, seaman; and John Leonard, seaman.

The Federal loss in the battle was 201 killed and 108 wounded.

The Confederate loss was 7 killed and 17 wounded.

On the 8th and 9th of March, 1862, the Confederate States fleet successfully encountered and defeated a force equal to 2,960 men and 220 guns as follows:

Congress, burned, 480 men, 50 guns;
Cumberland, sunk, 360 men, 22 guns;
Minnesota, riddled, 550 men, 40 guns;
Roanoke, driven off, 550 men, 40 guns;
St. Lawrence, driven off 550 men, 40 guns;
Two or three gunboats, disabled, 120 men, 6 guns;
Monitor, iron-clad, disabled and driven off to shoal water, 150 men, 2 guns;
Forts at Newport News silenced, 200 men, 20 guns.

The foregoing is a wonderful record of execution for the first iron-clad sea-fighting vessel the world ever knew; and her brief, though game and gallant life, excited the interest of the entire world.

Officers of The Virginia.

Commodore Franklin Buchanan, Maryland;
Lieutenant Catesby Ap. R. Jones Virginia;
Lieutenant Charles C. Simms, Virginia;
Lieutenant Robert D. Minor Virginia;
Lieutenant Hunter Davidson Virginia;
Lieutenant John Taylor Wood Louisiana;
Lieutenant Walter R. Butt Portsmouth, Va.;
Midshipman R. C. Foute Tenessee;
Midshipman H. H. Marmaduke Missouri;
Midshipman H. B. Littlepage Virginia;
Midshipman W. J. Craig Kentucky;
Midshipman J. C. Long Tennessee;
Midshipman L. M. Roots Virginia;
Paymaster James Semple Virginia;
Surgeon D. B. Philips Virginia;
Asst. surgeon A. S. Garnett Virginia;
Captain of Marines, R. T. Thom

of holding our present position. The next thing to do was either to go out to sea, which all agreed if permitted, or go up the River. Positive orders were to come up to Richmond. consultations with the pilots learned that if we could lighten the ship enough to let her draw five feet less, we could go the bar. This action was agreed and all were set to work heav-

Destruction of the "Virginia," May 11th, 1862.

ing over the ballast and other articles, in order to bring her up to eighteen feet draught. We learned by 12 o'clock Saturday night that we could not get up the river for some reason, and now being exposed by having some two feet of the wooden hull out of the water, nothing was left but destroy the ship, in order to keep her from falling into the hands of the enemy. She was then run aground, above Craney Island, and the work of destruction commenced. We had but two boats to land our large crew safely on shore; consequently we had to leave all our personal effects on board the steamer. I was one of ten selected to destroy the ship, and held the candle for Mr. Oliver, the gunner, to uncap the powder in the magazine to insure a quick explosion, and, necessarily, I was among the last to leave her decks. A more beautiful sight I never beheld than that great ship on fire, flames issuing from the portholes, through the gratings and smokestack—the conflagration was a sight ever to be remembered.

Thus closed the life, on Saturday night, May 12, 1862, of our gallant ship. Our crew landing Sunday morning, possibly about 4 o'clock, we had to march to Suffolk, arriving that night, having been without food since Saturday morning. We took the train and arrived at Richmond the next day, and were ordered to Drewry's Bluff, and there we prevented the enemy from reaching Richmond, stopping the progress of the entire fleet, including the "Monitor" that had refused to meet the same men on the decks of the "Virginia" before her destruction. With considerable loss to them, and but little to us, we drove the entire fleet back down the river."

Facts Verified By A Frenchman.

Were anybody disposed to question the accuracy of the statement of Capt. White, he could be thoroughly satisfied by reading the report made by the commander of the "Gassendi," a French man-of-war, who witnessed the combat and made a report to his government of the entire engagement. In every important feature of Capt. White's the Frenchman's report give a complete substantiation.

THE UPLIFT, were that report which is at hand not so lengthy, would

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

Passenger Train Schedules

Arrival and Departure of Passenger Trains, Concord, N. C.

LV.	NO.	BETWEEN	NO.	AR.
1:40A	30	New York-Birmingham	30	1:40A
2:37A	29	Birmingham-New York	29	2:37A
5:12A	44	Washington-Atlanta	44	5:12A
6:32A	31	Atlanta-New York	31	6:32A
8:41A	137	Atlanta-New York	137	8:41A
9:25A	11	Charlotte-Norfolk-Richmond	11	9:25A
10:55A	36	New York Birmingham-New Orleans	36	10:55A
3:20P	45	Washington-Charlotte	45	3:20P
3:45P	46	Charlotte-Danville	46	3:45P
7:10P	12	Norfolk-Richmond-Atlanta	12	7:10P
8:18P	32	New York-Augusta	32	8:18P
10:20P	35	Birmingham-New Orleans-New York	35	10:20P
9:45P	138	New York-Atlanta	138	9:45P
9:31P	135	Washington-Atlanta	135	9:31P

Through Pullman sleeping car service to Washington, Philidelphia, New York, Richmond, Norfolk, Atlanta, Birmingham, Mobile, New Orleans

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Schedules published as information and are not guaranteed.

R. H. GRAHAM. D. P. A., Charlotte, N. C.

M. E. WOODY, Ticket Agent, Concord, N. C.

HOW MILLET MADE I

Young people.

It is said that three out of every ing
[illegible] of those failing to reach their er
[illegible] do so because they have not t
sufficient faith in themselves.

Before we can expect others to have faith in us we must always possess that faith ourselves.

When Millet, the famous painter, commenced his career he resolved that nothing but the real and true should ever come from his brush.

On picture after picture being produced and exhibited, they failed to arouse a spark of interest in would-be buyers. They regarded Millet's work as common-place.

Soon poverty overcame the artist still his pictures portrayed the real and true, as before.

Then it was that people began to scoff and sneer at the poverty- stricken man. Other artists were produc- [illegible] purpose, no matter the cost.

INSTITUTION NOTES

(Pressly Mills Reporter)

Master Odell Ritchie, of Concord, went home on a hurried call to the bedside of his sick mother.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Master Luther Grant did such fine work on the outside that Mr. Groover decided to give him a chance in the cotton shop.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Rev. Mr. Myers of Concord conducted the religious services in the Auditorium last Sunday, March 4. He took his text from Isaiah, 54-2.

A new barber chair arrived at the institution a few days ago, and as some of the barber boys said it is really a pretty one.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The smaller boys [illegible] ing chairs. Fo [illegible] paid and they [illegible] their honestly earn[illegible]

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Last Wednesday the followiug boys received visits from their loved ones: Paul Funderburk, Baynes Porterfield and Elwood

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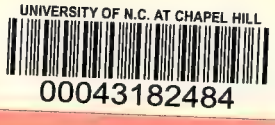

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THE UPLIFT

VOL XI CONCORD N. C., MARCH 17, 1923 NO. 18

THE CHOICE IS OURS

"I read of a boy who had a remarkable dream. He thought that the richest man in town came to him and said: 'I am tired of my house and grounds; come and take care of them, and I will give them to you.' Then came an honored judge and said: 'I want you to take my place; I am weary of being in court day after day; I will give you my seat on the bench if you will do my work.' Then the doctor proposed that he take his extensive practice and let him rest, and so on. At last up shambled old Tommy, and said: 'I'm wanted to fill a drunkard's grave; I have come to see if you will take my place in these saloons and on these streets.' This is a dream that is not all a dream. For every boy in this land today, who lives to grow up, some position is waiting as truly as if the rich man, judge, doctor, or drunkard stood ready to hand over his place at once. Which will you choose, boys? There are pulpits to be filled by God-fearing ministers, and thousands of other honorable places; but there are also prison cells and drunkard's graves. Which will you choose, a place of honor or of dishonor?"—The Canadian Presbyterian.

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

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JAMES P. COOK, *Editor*, J. C. FISHER, *Director Printing Department*

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Those who live upon a low plane are satisfied because they do not know a higher plane. Some know nothing but the flesh and the pleasures that come through the flesh. They cannot understand how the things that delight them do not bring pleasure to the intellectual and the spiritual.—Bryan.

WHICH SHALL IT BE?

There is some confusion about which day this year is to be Easter Day. Unlike Christmas and some other festival days, Easter is not on a fixed date. Editor Sharpe of The Robesonian has quoted Webster's International Dictionary on the subject. And it is as follows: "In accord with the decree of the Council of Nice, Easter Day is always the first Sunday after the full moon that falls on or next after the 21st of March; if the full moon happens on Sunday, Easter is celebrated one week later. The date of the full moon is ascertained according to certain calendar rules, and may differ from that of the actual (astronomical) full moon." The Robesonian has a correspondent that figures out that Easter this year is April 8th. But the Salem Almanac puts it on April 1st.

This calculation seems in accordance with Webster. The first full moon after march 21st is on April 1st, which is Sunday, then Easter must come "one week later."

The century dictionary gives another method of ascertaining the date of Easter, which is: "Easter is the Sunday which follows that 14th day of the calendar moon which falls upon or next after the 21st day of March."

Fourteen days after March 21st will carry the date beyond April 1st, which is Sunday, and it seems that the Century would figure Easter as coming on the 8th.

THE UPLIFT, along with the boys, intends to celebrate Sunday, April 1st, as Easter; we prefer to follow our Sunday School lesson and the Salem Almanac. Should there be any error, we will have a chance at the 8th. also.

* * * * * * *

MADE A RECORD.

Just about this time of year those who have watched and applauded the record of accomplishments by Mr. C. C. Wright, superintendent of the Wilkes county schools, expect to see a printed report of what his schools have done during the preceding past twelve months.

Mr. Wright's latest report shows a commendable progress, and he singles out by name the pupils throughout the county that have won distinction by their faithfulness to their duty—the number is large. This capable school official recognizes that the public schools are instituted for the benefit of the children and not to give him an easy berth. No wonder, with such a record behind him, that he is willing to give in print an account of his stewardship. There are some who have nothing to report, and even too indifferent to publish an annual financial statement of receipts and expenditures, as the law requires.

* * * * * * *

HON. TAM C. BOWIE.

When Hon. Tam C. Bowie, the representative from Ashe county, one of the most remote counties of the "Lost Provinces," alighted from the train at Wilkesboro on his return home from the legislature, the populace figuratively and bodily took him to their bosom. That was right. He is a hero in a great accomplishment. It is no small thing, even in this opulently spirited period, to pull down a ten million dollar appropriation to a cause, which the selfishness of an average people is slow to permit them to see justice in.

There were doubting Thomases when the North Carolina railroad from Goldsboro to Charlotte was suggested. Its building was a god-send to the state, for the fine towns with their innumerable industrial plants and the general prosperity of the section which it traverses are brilliant attestations of fine vision and judgment. There are quite as many hopeful possibilities in the section that Mr. Bowie's bill proposes to open up and attach to the

balance of the state. In addition to this, if the state lends its credit and influence towards the development of one section, why not another which makes such fine promises.

Of course, Mr. Bowie, bearing the brunt of the battle—the real boy on the deck—had valliant assistance and counsel in the personage of the "Grand Old Man," of Alleghany, and the eighty-odd year old Capt. Lovell (spry as a cricket and never sleeps) and Prof. B. B. Dougherty, both of Watauga county. The reason they were not picked up and banqueted on their return, is that they slipped home before folks could assemble and show them their gratitude.

THE UPLIFT, perfectly delighted that justice at last is about to be meted out to this wonderful section of North Carolina, wants to publicly congratulate the able, courageous and intensely honest representative of the county of Ashe. Mr. Bowie, you are a trump.

* * * * * * *

SEEMS TO HAVE TEETH.

Just after the North Carolina legislature had written its ediet in making the state law square with the federal law in the matter of intoxicants, it began to be orated about that a big gap had been left open. THE UPLIFT could not subscribe to this fear, having in mind that an arch enemy of whiskey was the wet nurse in the preparation of the bill. Who ever caught Heriot Clarkson napping in a vital matter like this? No one has yet spoken.

It appears in the public print that when representative Fountain, of Edgcombe county, alighted from the train at Rocky Mount, a colored client hurried him off to court to defend him in a whiskey case. It appears from the same report that Mr. Fountain had a small hand in the making of the North Carolina bill. His client nevertheless was convicted, and the legislator is himself convinced the "law has teeth in it."

Whatever joy the lawless were getting out of the belief that a great and mighty gap existed in the new law, will have another notion after they have ascertained the truth in the following statement from the Monroe Journal:

"If any one thinks he has the right to have liquor in his possession because of the way the recent prohibition was reported in the papers, he has another think coming to him. Some of the reports left the impression that if a man could by hook or crook get possesssion of some liquor and had it in his house he would not be subject to indictment for having it in his possession. That is wrong.

If, prior to January first, 1920, when the prohibition amendment went

into effect, you had some whiskey, which had been legally secured, and you still have that whiskey, you are not violating the law. But if you have whiskey which was secured since that time, and it is discovered, you are on the way to a disagreeable experience in the federal courts. You fellows who have decided, by reason of the late legislation at Raleigh, which makes the state law conform to the Volstead law, that you can sneak in a little hooch and hold it after getting it, better take another thought."

* * * * * * *

FIFTY-FIFTY.

There has been much written about the accomplishments of the recent legislature and with respect to its attitude to Governor Morrison. Ordinarily a governor shoots his biggest and best load with the first general assembly to meet during his term. The session of 1921 is famous. It is a matter of history that in the second session the governor cuts usually a small figure.

Gov. Morrison was distinctly heard from in the legislature of 1923. He scored a record of having his wishes written into law to an extent surpassing any governor in these latter years. Though he recognized the presence of a "poison squad," he has reasons to feel, as he is quoted as feeling, pretty well satisfied with the outcome. The results are at least 50-50, and that itself is some record.

* * * * * * *

EDWARD GILLIAM.

The first editor of the Reidsville Review, the brilliant Edward Gilliam, died last Friday at his adopted home in Boston, Massachusetts. Mr. Gilliam when he was actively engaged in the newspaper business in North Carolina occupied, as a writer, a position in a measure with such men as R. R. Clark, W. F. Marshall, Howard Banks, and in latter days with such men as Beasley, Godbey and a number of others who show marked ability and know how to make words knock the bark off with just a little effort.

Mr. Gilliam's remains were brought back to his native heath for burial in the soil which he loved, but which the tyranny of business engagements made him temporarily leave.

* * * * * * *

THE WAY IS CLEAR.

Now that the famous ground-hog ended his regime on the 15th, his patrons may bestir themselves—the winter is over. Don't you see the buds swelling?

peach blossoms are coming out and the glorious bushes with their yellow bloom are making certain spots look like glittering gold, or words to that effect.

Evidences of returning life in the old earth are everywhere to be noticed; and may we confidently rest assured that after all there is no such thing as death—just a change.

* * * * * * *

PICKING GOVERNORS.

One of the Raleigh 'Squires is busy making gubernatorial candidates. He is still racing the Hon. Josiah William Bailey.

* * * * * * *

THE BUG STILL LIVES.

It's hard to get away from the memory of the old St. John's and Poplar Tent County Fairs. Succeeding them, came the consolidated effort that resulted in the Cabarrus Fair, for years annually held on the then southern outskirts of Concord.

The drawing cord at Poplar Tent was Lee Martin's Bull—when he died, the Fair went to pieces. The chief feature at St. John's was a fenced in ground with cotton sacking and the family horse, driven without breeching, pulling a load of babies around the track.

Just awhile before the Cabarrus Fair reached its expiring breath, the late Senator Zeb Vance was the draw cord. It was among the very last speeches made by the distinguished North Carolina son. The crowd he drew enabled the association to liquidate without busting any one, if not enabling the paying of a dividend.

There is a movement on foot to revive the Cabarrus Fair. Mr. J. F. Cannon has offered a site without charge for a term of years. There is nothing that creates a county spirit better and quicker than a County Fair. They are not money makers, but there is a something in the making of a county spirit not measured by money.

* * * * * * *

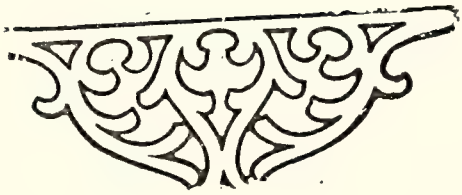
DISTINGUISHED SOUTHERNER PASSES.

Dr. W. Gill Wylie, one of the most distinguished physicians and surgeons of the whole country, died at his home in New York, on the 13th.

Dr. Wylie was the real pioneer in the development of hydro-electric power in the South. He was a native of Chester, S. C. It was he who secured

the interest of Mr. J. B. Duke in the extensive operatons that have harnessed thousands of horsepower in South and North Carolina.

To him, along with Mr. Duke and his associates, belongs the distinctive honor of turning waste values in the South into profitable and producing agencies of industrial commerce and better living.



W. S. LEE–THE SOUTH'S ENGINEER GENIUS.

THE UPLIFT has just been lying in wait for just such an article for reproduction in its columns as that which William Banks, a prominent newspaper man of South Carolina, has just given out. It is all about the indefatigable and resourceful W. S. Lee, who has made an enviable reputation in the hydro-electrical engineering in his capacity as one of the chief officers of the Southern power company. Some of these days, the public will come into a proper and full realization of the god-send that the genius and vision and faith of Mr. J. B. Duke amount to in the development of the water power. It has made the whole industrial world jealous of the opportunities that are now slopping over in piedmont North Carolina and that of South Carolina.

Mr. Lee, to make a historical confession in the name of accuracy, was born in South Carolina; but his wishes not having been consulted this is not to be held against him, for just as soon as the possibility arrived he corrected the whole thing by taking up his delightful residence in North Carolina, where he looks, acts and is esteemed an honest-to-goodness North Carolinian.

This fellow Banks, who has given us this very deserving estimate of the subject of this article, is himself of North Carolina stock probably a first cousin of Howard Banks, who, when engaged on the Charlotte Observer, learned to write in such a manner that neither he nor the Old Man could tell the author after the thing got into type. It took the original copy to identify the paternity. But hear Mr. Bank's story:

"The convening of the South Carolina general assembly has its good features. There are drawbacks, of course, but occasionally there is a bright side. Take Bill Lee, for instance.

For a long time he was not seen around these parts and his friends missed him. For some men sometimes get too big to have friends, but not W. S. Lee. He never outgrows them any more than he could change his name. When bills affecting water power development began to flutter into the channels of legislation Mr. Lee resumed his visits to his old home state.

His stay was brief this year. There was but one bill, to place a tax on hydro-electric development. There were 20 men on the committee that heard the discussion on the merits of the bill, and of this number a grand total of 20 voted against the bill. Swayed by the oratory of "Bill" Lee? No, rather convinced by his plain statements, his business-like way of presenting facts.

He came down from Charlotte on the noon train and left in the morning. As a matter of fact, it does seem that it would be a fair and just tax, this levying on the developed water power of the state. But it would be indefensible from a standpoint of economy for the power

companies would, perhaps, be relieved of more direct taxation than would be placed upon them by indirection. And they would just pass the buck to the consumers.

A Great Engineer.

And who and what is W. S. Lee, and whence comes he? He is the vice president and general manager of the Southern Power company, the principal promoter of all the great developments of that company in this state, and he comes from Charlotte, N. C., which is the business headquarters of that company, because the city counsil of Columbia refused to let the Southern Power company come here in 1909.

A man who has been dabbling in water power developments for several years and knows all of the leading engineers of this country told me a few days ago that W. S. Lee is the outstanding figure of this country in hydro-electric development, that he is the "biggest" engineer in the United States, which means in the whole shining world.

W. S. Lee was born in Lancaster county, S. C., the county which gave to the world Andrew Jackson, J. Marion Sims and other world figures. I started to say Wm. H. Crawford, but A. S. Salley called me down hard for mentioning that once before. He says Crawford was from Long Crane, Abbeville, and not from the Waxhaws Crawfords. So be it. As a youth W. S. Lee cut stove wood on Saturday for neighbors in the city of Anderson in order to get the money to prepare himself for the Citadel. And he isn't ashamed to own it in any company.

My first impression of Mr. Lee was when he was in the graduating class at the Citadel. He was a magnificent specimen of manhood, captain of A company, if I mistake not, the ranking captain of the battalion. In resenting what he considered a slight from an officer of similiar rank, he was reduced to ranks on commencement Sunday. His friends loved him all the more for what they considered his chivalrous conduct in this episode, although the authorities saw in it an infringement of the rules of the academy. But that is Bill Lee, standing on both feet fighting for principle and his rights.

Returns to Anderson.

After graduation he returned to Anderson, the town in which he had grown up, and for two years he

taught in the schools in the Anderson mill village. He does not consider that in so doing he has discharged in full his obligation to his mother state for the education he received as a beneficiary pupil, for there are many things that stand as testimonials to his love for South Carolina. As an instance there was no alumus who contributed more to the success of the movement for a greater Citadel. And look what he has done for the industry in South Carolina.

W. C. Whitner, of Anderson, is the man who, at Rocky River, four miles east of Anderson, at a lovely spot now owned by Bill Brissey, built the first hydro-electric plant in this country. It was a small affair, not more than 700 horsepower, but it demonstrated what can be done. Mr. Whitner worked on Portman Shoals development on the Tugaloo river and on a power plant at Columbus, Ga. In these latter operations he called in the assistance of W. S. Lee. The young engineer made good from the jump. He was later put in charge of completing a development for Mr. Whitner. Dr. W. Gill Wylie and others at Catawba, three miles from Rock Hill. This put him i ntouch with Mr. J. B. Duke, head of the American Tobacco company, a man of unlimited wealth and a native son of the south, who is deeply interested in the welfare of his section.

Mr. Lee is more than an engineer. He is more than a promoter. He is a diplomat. All of the developments made by Mr. Duke's money testify to the financier's unlimited confidence and unqualified affection for Mr. Lee.

Going to Canada.

And now they are going to Canada with their brains, their resources, their initiative, their pluck, their tenacity, to project and complete a power development that in one unit will have more energy than all of the stations of the Southern Power company in this state. The turbine wheels alone will cost $1,000,000. Just consider then how much will be the cost of the plant and the dam.

This titanic undertaking is backed by the Canadian government. The power that is to be generated is to be used almost exclusively in pulp mills and paper making. There may be subsequent development in Canada. But, at that, it is not probable that all of the financial power of Mr. Lee's backers will be exhausted and South Carolina has undeveloped powers that are begging some wizard to come and convert into commercial energy.

The Southern Power company has already five great powers on the Catawba-Wateree river, and another —"Dearborn"—will be thrown open in a few weeks. This is named for the old fort of the United States government that stood at the head of the Great Falls of the Catawba, the spot laid out by the brusque old Colonel Senff, the spot that lacked only one vote in Congress of being selected as the site for the United States Military academy. There is a legend that it went to West Point on the Hudson by the vote of a southern Congressman.

There is Mr. Lee, the engineer.

A man of intellect, courage and force. Mr. Lee, the man, is not so generally known. But to those by whom he is known as friend, there is one thing that stands out as the philosophy of his life, and that is Kipling's "IF." He is the same in climbing the heights that he was down below. And when all things appear to be going to pot around him, he never loses his grip.

South Carolina may have produced greater men—but there remains fortunately a lot of his life to be given to his state, and not for some years yet will it be proper to try to take the full measure of a man like this who is just at the zenith of achievement, just doing his best.

Before and on June 30 if you drive onto a railroad grade crossing without first stopping, looking and listening, you may be hit by a locomotive and killed. On and after July 1 if you drive onto a crossing without first stopping you are liable to arrest.

SAMUEL F. B. MORSE, ARTIST.

It behoves us for our own good and inspiration to keep a line on those who wrought in such a way as to contribute largely to the conveniences and advancement and joys of the country. Three important inventions by Americans were given to the world within a few years of one another. The first of these was the electric telegraph in 1837 *and thoroughly demonstrated in* 1844; *in* 1846, *the sewing machine by Elias Howe; and in* 1847 *R. M. Hoe invented the cylinder press.*

This article it particularly about Samuel Finley Breese Morse, born in Massachusetts in 1791. *The world at large associates his name entirely with a contribution to the business life of the world; but there is another side to the man's effort and achievements that affords a deep interest to a large class engaged in another line of work that adds to the sum total of the things that makes a country great and outstanding.*

Miss Maria Leith in Young Folks has given us that other side of Morse, and is an engaging story:

The world today rememberss Samuel F. B. Morse, 1791-1872, as a scientist and inventor. Whereas the truth is that he was an artist of renown long before he became the commanding figure in American telegraphy. Painting was his profession, scientific investigation merely his pastime until the great invention superseded all.

During college days at Yale, Morse began his career as an artist by producing minatures and profiles of his fellow students. Even then he displayed no small ammount of talent. For more than a quarter of a century he followed the profession of his choice. At the time his famous invention was perfected he was serving as Professor of arts of de-

sign at the College of the City of New York. Time after time when petitioning Congress for aid he threatened to abandon telegraphy and return to his own profession.

The pupil of Washington Allston, the protege of Benjamin West, he he was no mere dabbler with the

brush. His work as a student was the delight of both those eminent American artists. While studying under their direction in London he exhibited at the Royal Academy with Turner, Northcote, Lawrence, Wilkie, and other English artists of the day. That his canvas, "The Dying Hercules," was accounted among the nine best pictures in a gallery of a thousand is ample proof of the high degree of his talent. This famous painting now hangs in the Art Museum of Yale University.

Morse returned to his native land after five years of the best training that London then afforded. He had associated not only with West and Allston, but with the leaders of the English school, such as Turner, Northcote, Fuseli, Flaxman, and Lawrence. He knew many of the promising younger artists as well, and was also intimately acquainted with Wadsworth, Coleridge, and Crabbe. The brilliant young painter was indeed a man of the world.

Arriving at Boston in 1815 he at once opened a studio and set up as a portrait painter, exhibiting as a special attraction, "The Judgment of Jupiter." However, as the moun-

tain did not come to him, he was soon forced to go to the mountain. Taking his brush and easel he toured the states of New Hampshire and Vermont in search of orders. He found many patrons in the country towns. In fact, the work was so profitable that he continued it for two years. Feeling then that his fortune was assured, he married Miss Walker, of Concord.

When Morse had completed his tours of the north, he turned his attention to the south where he met with equal success. Orders for portraits came readily and prices were most fair. It was at this time that he painted the portrait of President James Monroe for the Council of Charleston. While in that city he also took part in the founding of the South Carolina Academy of Fine Arts. Times seemed most promising for the young portrait painter, and he deemed that the moment had arrived for his entrance into other fields.

Consequently, in 1822, he tried his hand at historical painting, a branch of his art that had long been tempting him. His first work was a picture of the National House of Representatives showing a great number of the most important members. It was widely exhibited and very much admired by the public, however, it was not the kind of a picture that the average collector cared to buy. It is preserved today in the Corcoran Gallery at Washington. As can readily be understood the artist abandoned historical painting to return to his former field.

He next opened a studio in New York City, believing that the town would grow and prosper at the trade from the great Erie Canal made its way into the port. Orders for portraits came but slowly to the painter at this time. Perhaps the most notable of his work of this period is the portrait of Lafayette, which hangs in the City Hall of New York. Though his canvases were few they were of the very highest quality, a fact which his brother artists soon perceived.

Morse made friends with the painters of the city, especially with the younger set. They being dissatisfied with the management of the American Academy decided to found a society of their own. The new organization was called the National Academy of the Fine Arts of Design. Morse became its first president in 1826, a position which he held for nearly twenty years.

Meanwhile he had become better known in the city. He was at last able to secure more commissions than he could execute. However he found time to deliver a series of lectures on art, perhaps the first of the kind ever heard in this country. Though he was recognized everywhere as an artist of the first rank, he was not entirely satisfied with the work he was doing. For the purpose of further study and improvement he planned a trip to Italy, sailing in 1829.

While there he copied picture after picture in the famous galleries, for he had decided on this method of becoming familiar with the work of the old masters and incidentally improving his own technique. His copies were for the most part purchased by his New York patrons. He spent altogether three years abroad, visiting France and England

as well. He numbered among his intimate friends such celebrities as Thorwaldsen, and Baron Von Humboldt. While in Italy he met his fellow countryman, James Fenimore Cooper.

When Morse returned to New York he found himself forgotten except by his own circle of artist friends. He was then in his forty-second year, and equipped to do such work as he had never done before. Orders, however, came in so slowly that he was forced to resort to teaching to provide himself with the necessities of life. General Strother, the "Porte Crayon" of magazine fame, was one his pupils at this time.

As President of the Academy of Design, Morse occupied a high place in the world of art. He was indeed second only to Washington Allston, his former teacher and guide. His influence was powerful and far-reaching; his theories and methods widely copied. Knowing his ambition to enter the historical field, his loyal friends tried to secure his appointment for the painting of a rotunda picture for the National Capitol. When the plan failed because of sesious misunderstanding, Morse was bitterly disappionted. It was a blow that his sensitive nature never forgot.

A form of consolation was tendered him in the professorship in the New York City University. Having accepted this he turned from his labors with the brush to the perfecting of his invention, the plan for which had been growing in his mind ever since his return from abroad. He still retained his position as President of the Academy of Design. During a trip to Europe in 1839 in the interest of his patent, Morse met Daugerre and learned from him the principles of photography, which he then introduced into his own country.

That this artist's hand did not lose its cunning through the long years of scientific experiment is shown by the beautiful portrait of himself now hanging in the Museum of the Brooklyn Institute.

The people of North Carolina know—at least they have been told often enough to know—that we are building good roads faster than any other state in the Union, Pennsylvania alone excepted; but also that our improved highways do not yet reach the total mileage of good roads in Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, or California.

DON'T DIE ON THIRD.

Another season is here—that of baseball. This story is adapted from an editorial in the Detroit News, having the basis for the great lesson it teaches in a noted game of ball. It is the production of W. J. Cameron:

"The Tigers were playing the team from Cleveland. Around the chalk-lined arena 18,000 persons strained themselves in tense expectancy. The score was a tie. Two men were out. The fate of the game centered in the white-bloused figure that shuttled back and forth near third. Tigers and Naps stood up in their benches, for the decisive had come.

Moriarty was on third.

He got there by the ordinary events of the game. At the bat he hit the ball and ran to first. Another player bunted and sacrificed himself to run Moriarty to second. Then a long fly advanced him to third. There he stood, alert and active, with the fate of the game in his quick eye, his quicker brain, and running legs.

If he failed, he failed not alone, for the team failed with him. If he won, he won not alone, but gave the men behind him their chance for home. In him centered the hopes and fears of thousands upon thousands of spectators who had forgotten to breathe, and so still was the great park that even the breeze seemed forgetful to blow.

Moriarty was on third.

Much as meant to have advanced that far, nothing had been accomplished by it. Three-quarter runs are not marked up on the score boards. Third-base runs never raised a pennant. Third base is not the home plate, but the last little way station on the road home. It is better not to have run at all than to run to third and die. The 18,000 spectators that kept silent at that moment could be changed into a great cheer or into a groan by the kind of work a man did between third and home.

The question is how to get safely away from it. The man on second wants your place—he can get it, but if you get safely home no one can take that glory. One way to get off third is to wait for some fellow to bat you off; another way is to get home by your own quick brain and legs.

Moriarty was on third.

It was ninety feet from third to home. Sometimes that ninety feet is a mile. If it is a mile to you, you are a failure, and the great circle of spectators groan for your weakness; if it is but a lightening streak, you are the great man of the baseball day. Moriarty was intent on cutting down ninety feet instead of lengthening it.

How many things converged in the few moments he stood there! He watched the signals of the Cleveland catcher—he gathered that they meant a high ball. A high ball meant that the runner might duck low to the base while the catcher's hands were in the air after the ball. Moriarty knew, too, that a high ball required that the pitcher wind up his arm in a certain way. He knew also that pitchers have a way of wind-

ing up when they don't intend to throw the ball. More than that he knew the pitcher in the box was left-handed and could not keep his eyes on third when winding up. That was why Moriarty closely followed all the strange little signals pitcher and catcher were making.

There was another consideration, too—Mullen was up to bat. Moriarty knows that Mullen has a batting average of something like .250, which means that Mullen hits safely about once in four times at bat. Would the ball about to be thrown be one of the hit or one of the missed? No human calculation could even guess at it. If Mullen missed, it would useless for Moriarty to run. If Mullen hit, there were still chances of his being put out at first, making Moriarty's run wholly unaccounted and ending the inning.

There was only one thing to do—make home between the time the pitcher wound up his arm past all recall and the time the ball landed in the catcher's glove—make home in the second of time when Mullen's hit or miss hung in futurity.

It was to be a contest in speed between a five-ounce ball delivered with all the force of a superb pitching arm, and the 170-pound body of Moriarty. That was something of a contest.

All these considerations are in the mind of Moriarty. He sees the Cleveland pitcher winding up his arm —round and round it swings—he poised himself—there is yet a fraction of a second in which he can recall the pitch. Moriarty is crouched like a tiger about to spring—Now! Now!

There is a white streak across the field!

A cloud of dust at the home plate!

The umpire stands with his hands extended, palms down.

A great cheer echoes and reechoes across the space of the park. Again and again it bursts forth. Thirty-six thousand eyes strain toward the man who is slapping the dust from his white uniform.

Moriarty is home!

You are one of the players. Perhaps you have reached First—completed the primary school. It may be that by the fair promise of your good gifts you have reached the sixth grade and are on Second. Then, by the sacrifice of your parents, you are going to graduate—have advanced to Third.

Don't die on Third.

What are you doing to win the score that life is ready to mark up against your name? Third base has no laurels on which you can rest. What are you doing to get away from Third? Are you waiting for some one to bat you in? Suppose he misses; his miss is yours too. If you depend on some one else, his failure will be yours.

What are you doing on Third? Waiting for something to turn up? Don't. Nothing turns up; but the thumbs of thousands of men who watch you may turn down and make you a failure, forever. Moriarty would not have scored had he waited, for Mullen didn't hit the ball, and that run was absolutely necessary to save the game. That run was gained in a fraction of time, but the difference between success and failure is very often measured in seconds. A

few months more of school might bring you to business—enable you to score.

Don't die on Third.

"Chimmie, wot's a island?"

"Why, it's a place you can't git away from without a boat."—Youth's World.

HOW WE GET OUR SPONGES

By A. M. Barnes

Whence do we get the soft, springy, porous substance we know as sponge, and how is is formed? The sponge that comes to us for our use is the "skeleton" of a jelly-like sea animal belonging to the order Coelenterata. That means that it is classed as one of the very lowest branches of the animal kingdom. The coelenterata—pronounced se-len-ter-a-tah—includes many-celled animals, having very simple organisms, with no distinct body cavity and no distinct circulatory system. These animals are usually symmetrical in form, with parts radiating from a center. The parts consist of numerous small tubes which unite form larger ones. The openings in the smaller tubes contain a number of digestive tracts, or stomachs, where food is assimilated. In the living sponge the tubes are lined with the flesh of the animal. Tenacles are grouped around the center, or "mouth" of the animal, and it is by means of these tenacles that food is captured and conveyed to the mouth. To this order belong the sea anemone, the coral, and sponge.

Sponges are found in the ocean in several parts of the world, but chiefly in regions where the seasons are never very cold. They are usually found in masses, known as "sponge gardens," clinging together, for, like the oyster, the sponge does not travel about, as do the other inhabitants of the sea. These sponge gardens, an old sponge gatherer told me, are not unlike a patch of cabbages of various sizes, though sometimes the sponges assume very queer shapes, fantastically so in some instances.

Sponge gardens are often planted by the fishermen. To do this the "seed" sponges are obtained by cutting one large sponge in a number of pieces. These are planted in cement dises, or small frames, and pegged down on the floor of the sea. If the water is shallow the seed sponges are placed right on the bottom without the trouble of securing them. The seed sponges grow fast and produce other sponges. The old sponge fisherman, whom I interviewed in Florida, said to me that when the sponge seed are carefully planted, they grow as fast as vegetables in a well-tilled garden. He told me of watching a special one to see just how long it would take to develop. In three months it had grown to six times its size. It is well known that the sponge loves a rocky bottom, and

where favorable places of this kind are found it is little trouble to plant, as the rocks serve as excellent anchoring places. If the gardens were not planted from time to time, the sponge supply would soon give out, so great a demand is there for it. A sponge seed will attach itself to anything at hand, provided it is beneath the water, and proceed to grow. One of the Florida fishermen told me of finding a sponge that had grown about a large kitchen spoon, covering it completely. A ship's cook no doubt had dropped the spoon overboard and the sponge had appropriated it.

The best grade of sponges is obtained from the Mediterranean and Red Seas, where they thrive in deep, clear water from 100 to 150 feet below the surface. The warm seas that wash the Florida coasts are exceedingly favorable to the growth of marine life. Here the sponge especially grows rapidly. The majority of the sponges of the commerce now come from Florida and the Bahama Islands. The World War seriously interfered with the sponge industry of the Mediterranean and Red Seas, greatly increasing that of the United States. Tarpon Springs, Florida, is now rated as the world's greatest sponge market. Millions of pounds are brought in annually by sponge fleets off the Florida coasts.

The old method of gathering sponges was by means of a sponge rake of three lines, attached to a long pole, each line curved like a hook, and a bucket with a glass bottom, carefully waxed around, known as a "water telescope." When a sponge garden was located, the sponge fisherman lowered his glass-bottomed bucket. Then leaning over the side of the boat, he peered carefully down through his "water telescope," moving the bucket from side to side, till he was quite sure he saw a sponge of the size and quality he wanted. Then the rake was lowered and care taken to attach the prongs of the rake to the sponge in such a way as to bring the sponge to the surface without injuring it. While this old way still prevails to some extent among the sponge fishermen of the Florida coasts, the newer and better way has been the more extensive adopted of securing the sponges by means of divers in modernly equipped diving outfits. In those early days of sponge fishing, the gathering of the sponges was usually done by two or three men in small row or sail boats. Now the boats go out in fleets, many of them equipped with gasoline engines, with quite a crew aboard each boat.

The finest sponge known to the Florida fishermen is called "sheep's wool," because of its soft texture and clear color. This grade often sells as high as three to five dollars a pound. The yellower sponge with which we are more familiar is much cheaper, bringing only sixty to seventy-five cents a pound.

To those of us who know the sponge only after it is dried, cleaned, and put on the market, the substance as it is brought in by the fisherman would not be recognizable. As it lies in the boats just after it is brought in from the sea, it is a somewhat compact-looking slimy stuff, varying color from a light gray and grayish yellow through several shades of brown. Some of it is even darker, looking like pieces of beef

liver perforated with holes. As has been stated, the sponge of our markets is but the skeleton, the framework that gives strength and form to the gelatine-like tissues of the living animal. The sponges must be dried either by being burned in the warm sand or exposed to the heat of the sun. They are then beaten and cleaned, when they are ready for market.

Many thrilling stories could be related by sponge divers of the rare and beautiful scenes they have witnessed beneath the sea, for there are vistas of marine growths as lovely as a fairy garden. There are exciting adventures, too, for the man who walks on the floor of the sea, encounters with sword fish, sharks, and other dangerous inhabitants of the deep.

MISTRESS MARCH

Mistress March, with hair ablowing,
What have you for springtime showing?
  Pussy-willows, crocus too;
  Skies of ragged gray and blue;
Ice atinkle, water flowing,
Roots astir and buds agrowing,
Bursting seeds of last year's sowing,
  These and more I'll show to you.

Mistress March, pray tell me truly
Why your winds are so unruly?
  They must sweep the earth and sky
  Free of winter as they fly.
And though clouds may weep unduly,
'Tis that earth may bourgeon newly,
'Tis that violets shall bluely
  Blossom for you by and by.

—Exchange.

MAJOR LEGISLATION 1923

Highway Bond Issue, providing an additional fund of $15,000,000 *for the continuance of the present road building program, and the levy of an additional 2-cent gasoline tax.*

Permanent Improvement bond issue for State institutions and the completion of work now under way, totaling $10,667,500.

Appropriations bill carrying a total of $15,000,000 *for the maintenance of State institutions and departments for the biennial period.*

The Revenue Act, re-enacting the 1921 *schedule of license and privilege taxes, and the* 1921 *schedule of taxes on incomes and inheritances, and also exempting stocks in foreign corporations held by citizens of this State from ad valorem taxation.*

The Machinery Act, providing for the valuation of all property under the direction of the county commissioners and strengthening the power of the State Revenue Commission to maintain a uniformity of values between the counties.

The Townsend educational bill providing for the repeal of the mandamus to compel the levy of taxes, and requiring the county boards of education to sit jointly with the county commissioners in preparing the county school budget. Power of the board to contract debt is limited to the amount of the budget.

Mother's Aid bill appropriating $50,000 *a year to be matched by the counties for aid to worthy mothers deprived of the support of their husbands.*

Permitting two or more adjoining counties to build county homes together

Providing for state-wide eradication of ticks by the counties with State and Federal aid.

The Grist bill submitting to popular vote the question of issuing $2,500,000 *in bonds for loans on homes to veterans of the World War.*

The Turlington codification of the State liquor laws to establish conformity of State laws to the Volstead act.

The Moore-Warren Solicitors' Salary bill, placing the solicitors on a salary of $4,500 *annually with an expense account not to exceed* $750.

The "Lost Provinces" railroad bill, pledging the credit of the State not to exceed $10,000,000 *for building a railroad across the Blue Ridge mountains into Alleghany and Ashe counties.*

Three constitutional amendments, providing for the (1) *limitation of the State debt to* 7½ *per cent of the assessed property valuation;* (2) *the inviolability of sinking funds to retire the State debt, and* (3) *to exempt from taxation one-half farm and residential property under mortgage and one-half of such mortgage, not to exceed* $8,000.

Raising the age of consent from 14 *to* 16, *but amended to provide that violations by persons less than* 18 *shall be punished as misdemeanors.*

Abolition of the criminal insane department of the State Prison, and providing for a sanitorium for the treatment of tubercular criminals.

COL. HARRIS MAKES A PICTURE WITH HIS ARTISTIC PEN

(Editorial in Charlotte Observer)

The eastern boundary of Concord is fringed with a chain of bluffs which drop down into the valley of Three-Mile branch, some in gentle slope and others in precipitous decent. Between are indentations running well up into the town—to the rear of the Central Methodist church at one point; to the rear of the old Billy Boyd cabinet shop at another, while at a third a deep wedge runs by the Lutheran church, butting against the walled-up street, where the Alpine home of Mrs. Quantz was located, with front door on the street level, kitchen and dining room below that, and the garden yet lower in a receding valley. The earlier settlers from the Lutheran section of Europe, attracted by the rugged lay of the land, built along the hilltops on the eastern borders and they lived in surroundings resembling to some extent the old country. The main street, running from the old McDonald factory at the head of the town south toward Bloom's Field, lies like a broad, flat backbone, the land sloping gently to the west into the basin of Buffalo Creek. This western slope is spread out from the heights occupied by the county home like an inclined canvas, and in the light of the afternoon sun there is presented upon it a picture of civic activities. The greater part of the town, now compactly built up, shows in cameoed splendor. Factories and homes, steeples and stores are clustered in a picture of great natural beauty. The air is hazy with the smoke of industry, which forms an ever-present and a continuing wreath. In the foreground along the foot of the slope the landscape is blotted at intervals by the steam of passing locomotives which steams in white-ribboned clouds; from those of the streets that present perspective the glint of sunlight beaming from the shields of speeding automobiles suggests a battle of flashlights.

No doubt there are some people in Concord who at times feel in need of a little inspiration. That happens to some people in all towns, but not many towns have the source for real inspiration so readily at hand. The Concord inhabitant has only to travel out to the top of the Brown Mill hill any afternoon when the sunlight is at its best, then about face and take a look at the town in which he lives. It would make a wonderful front-page picture. Laid on calendared paper and developed in colors, it would prove an emotion-stirrer. But no pallette or printing press could reproduce this picture as nature presents it every bright day. The people of Concord ought to put up an observatory at that place as a shrine for local pilgrimage and a source of incidental delight for the people who travel about and who have an eye for the beautiful in scenic effects.

An untrustworthy tongue can spoil a fine character.—Queen's Garden.

MAN AND THE LESSER ANIMALS

The chief difference between man and the other animals consists in this, that the former has reason, whereas the latter have only instinct; but, in order to understand what we mean by the terms reason and instinct, it will be necessary to mention three things, in which the difference very distinctly appears.

Let us, first, to bring the parties as nearly on a level as possible, consider man in a savage state, wholly occupied, like the beasts of the field, in providing for the wants of his animal nature; and here, the first distinction that appears between them is, the use of implements. When the savage provides himself with a hut, or a wigwam, for shelter, or that he may store up his provisions, he does no more than is done by the rabbit, the beaver, the bee, and birds of every species.

But the man can not make any progress in this work without tools; he must provide himself with an ax, even before he can cut down a tree for its timber; whereas these animals form their burrows, their cells, or their nests, with no other tools than those with which nature has provided them. In cultivating the ground, also, man can do nothing without a spade or a plow; nor can he reap what he has sown, till he has shaped an impliment with which to cut down his harvest. But the inferior animals provide for themselves and their young without any of these things.

Now for the second distinction. Man, in all his operations, makes mistakes; animals make none. Did you ever hear of such a thing as a bird sitting on a twig, lamenting over her half-finished nest, and puzzling her little head to know how to complete it? Or did you ever see the cells of a bee-hive in clumsy, irregular shapes, or observe any thing like a discussion in the little community, as if there were a difference of opinion among the architects?

The lower animals are even better physicians than we are; for when they are ill, they will, many of them, seek out some particular herb which they do not use as food, and which possesses a medicdal quality exactly suited to the complaint; whereas, the whole college of physicians will dispute for a century about the virtues of a single drug.

Man undertakes nothing in which he is not more or less puzzled; and must try numberless experiments, before he can bring his undertakings to any thing like perfection; even the simplest operations of domestic life are not well performed without some experience; and the term of man's life is half wasted before he has done with his mistakes and begins to profit by his lessons.

The third distinction is, that animals make no improvements; while the knowledge, and skill, and the success of man are perpetually on the increase. Animals, in all their operations, follow the first impulse of nature, or that instinct which God has implanted in them. In all they do undertake, therefore, their works are more perfect and regular than those of man.

But man, having been endowed with the faculty of thinking or rea-

soning about what he does, is enabled, by patience and industry, to correct the mistakes into which he at first falls, and to go on constantly improving. A bird's nest is, indeed, a perfect structure; yet the nest of the swallow of the nineteenth century, is not at all more commodious or elegant, than those that were built amid the rafters of Noah's ark. But if we compare the wigwam of the savage with the temples and palaces of ancient Greece and Rome, we then shall see to what man's mistakes, rectified and improved upon, conduct him.

When the vast sun shall veil his golden light
Deep in the gloom of everlasting night;
When wild, destructive flames shall warp the skies,
When ruin triumphs, and when nature dies;
Man shall alone the wreck of worlds survive;
'Mid falling spheres, immortal man shall live.

HELEN KELLER HELPED HIM.

Sardar is a very bright ten-year-old Mohammedan boy who does not like to go to school. It isn't any wonder. The schoolhouse stands in the middle of a dusty lot, where there is not shade. It is hot and dirty. They all sit on the floor studying out loud. The teachers are not always kind. Sometimes they are cross and surly. Big boys are overbearing and rude to little boys. So altogether one is not surprised that Sardar does not like school.

One day a missionary gave him a little story of the life of Helen Keller. Next day she called at the house and missed the little fellow and inquired where he was. His sister replied: "Oh, he has started to school! He read that story of the blind, deaf and dumb girl and said, 'I have all my senses and am doing nothing,' and went off to school at once."—Sunshine.

THE EDUCATION I WISH I MIGHT HAVE HAD

By Dr. Frank Crane

Education is probably the most interesting subject that comes before the human race.

For it is simply another name for life. Everybody has his particular views on education. Some of these are practical, some too practical, some unpractical, and many fantastical.

It seems to me it might be interesting for a man past 50 to tell the kind of education he wished he might have had. What could be more practical than this.

Freed from all theories, fads or groups and looking at the matter

purely in its relation to human life and its values in contentment and attainment, I can say that instead of the education I did have, which is about the same that most people get in the American public hight school and university, I wish I had been trained as follows:

1. I wish I had been early surrounded by gentle, cultured people, reverent, of high principles, with a quick sense of honor, and all the other essentials of true religion and good morals, and that it had been early impressed upon me that sects and religious organizations are of little or no importance. Thus I would have got moral training in the only way it is to be gotten, which is by personal influence, and would have been saved a lot of needless trouble.

2. I wish my will had been early trained by vigorous, intelligent, and loving discipline. I wish that I had early learned what I found out only late that the best joys in life are those that come from self-mastery and not from self-indulgence.

3. I wish that my powers of observation had been carefully drilled and developed, and that I had someone to teach me the rudiments of the sciences in the field and not alone in books.

4. I wish that the whole problem of sex had been explained to me before I was 14 years old, so that when the fires of adolescence came, I should have dealt with them more intelligently.

5. I wish that every year during the fair weather, till I was 21, I had lived outdoors, and that I had come to manhood with a body as healthy as that of a panther.

6. I wish I had been early taught the dignity and moral self-respect of waiting on myself, and the shame of being waited on.

7. I wish that some intelligent teacher had studied me and helped me to discover that part of the world's work which I could do best. It took me almost 50 years to find this out. With proper education I would have found it out before I was 25.

8. I wish that I had been taught the sacredness and value of money; how to make it, how to save it, and how to spend it.

9. I wish that I had been taught how to live alone, how to find resources within myself and not to depend upon other people.

This, of course is but a partial list, and consists in just a few things that occur to me now.

True self-denial does not starve the soul. It makes it grow.—Young People.

ARE THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS DOOMED?

(Archibald Johnson in Charity & Children)

The report of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching, made last week in New York, is very interesting. We quote from that report; "The cost of modern education is becoming so great,

the burden on the taxpayer is so heavy, that unless some way is found to meet the problems, there will be an eventual curtailment of education and free public education will be endangered.". The report goes on to say that the system of training in our public schools is superficial. They try to cover the whole field of training, specialized and fundamental and do neither thoroughly. Only by separating specialized from fundamental training can the evil of superficiality be remedied. The force of this reasoning will be felt by thousands of parents who have long realized that our public schools are trying to cover too much ground. The thorough and drasting drilling of the "old field school" is a thing of the distant past. The crowding of children into the class rooms and the rushing speed with which they cover the ground, is bound to mean superficiality. The child goes through all the grades and comes out with a certificate to find himself unable to enter college. There is bound to come a reaction some time unless there is a change in our methods. The enormous taxes we are paying demand a suitable return and our system of public school training is not delivering the goods. The salaries of teachers, according to this report, increased from ninety-six millions to four hundred and thirty-six millions from 1890 to 1920, and the cost of the public schools for the same period has risen from one hundred and forty millions to one billion dollars. This prodigious increase in cost to the country demands the highest and most efficient service, which the public schools are not rendering. Some plan must be devised to provide better training for the money or the whole system will go to smash.

It's the little things you do, of which no one knows but yourself, to brighten some soul-wearied wanderer's path, that make your own beaten path a path of gold.—Young People.

SETTING A PACE

(Manufacturers Record)

With $120,000,000 going into the building of highways through state, county, and Federal co-operation, North Carolina in proportion to its population and wealth is, we believe, taking the lead far and away over every other state in the Union.

This good old North State has been pushing forward regardless of bad times with an energy that sets a standard which few states in the Union have ever been able to surpass. Its works should be an inspiration to every other state. Moreover, there are other features connected with the progress and prosperity of North Carolina as evinced in its wonderful road building campaign which may well cause the nation to pause and study.

Probably no state in the Union is at the present time surpassing North

Carolina in material and educational progress. It is doing marvelous things outside of its road building campaign. Its progress is not halted by the lack of foreign immigration. North Carolina finds full employment for its own people, and it asks no help from foreign immigration.

North Carolina is building schools and colleges and the university with an amazing activity. Its cotton mill development has been one of the marvels of the age. It ranks as one of the greatest furniture producing centers of the country. Indeed, it has a wide and ever increasing variety of industries, created, managed and financed mainly by local people and local money. In doing this work it lifts up a standard, and it challenges every other state in the Union to match the rate of its growth; and the whole of its growth is largely typified and measured by the tremendous and unprecedented road building, a campaign which that state is carrying on.

There is another feature in connection with North Carolina's wonderful progress which should command attention. It is one of the most law-abiding states in the Union, and always has been. No state in the Union, we think, surpasses North Carolina in that respect. Its law-abiding qualities are indicated in the fact that during the last year there was not a single lynching in North Carolina, though there were five each in Arkansas and Florida and to their everyasting disgrace eleven in Georgia, and nine in Mississippi with Texas leading with eighteen.

Wherever the mob law which finds expression through lynching prevails there is a spirit of lawlessness which lessens the moral backbone of the people, breaks down every sense of moral responsibility, lynches the sovereignty of the state, and lessens its progress in material as well as in educational things.

All honor, then, North Carolina which has done so marvelously well in material progress and which had not a single lynching in 1922 to blacken its fair name! May its example in this respect, as in highway building, school expansion, church construction and all other good things, be followed by all other states in the Union.

Air Cooled Milk.—Two tourists from New York City were passing through Holland. The wife, on seeing a windmill, said to her husband: "O John, isn't it nice of those people to put up that big fan to cool the cows?"

INSTITUTION NOTES

(Pressly Mills Reporter)

Mr. J. A. B. Goodman, of Mooresville, visited his daughter, Miss Vernie Goodman, at the school, last Tuesday.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The following boys received visits from their relatives last Wednesday, March 7: Hubert Pressley, Julian Strickland and John Kemp.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

A new addition of machinery has been placed in the carpenter shop. A lathe has arrived and has been given a place along with the other machines in the shop.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Master Paul Grooves had his tonsils removed in the hospital at Concord a few days ago. His presence was greatly missed in the shoe shop at that time. He is now well and back on the job.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Several dozen new pie pans were received in the bakery last Wednesday. All of the boys who work in this department, this also including Mr. Spaugh, were highly delighted when they saw these pans.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Every afternoon the boys play ball owing to the favorable climatical conditions. The boys now work hard to have their lessons perfect having at the same time this thought of reward fixed firmly in their minds.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Rev. Mr. Lawrence, of the Episcopal church of Concord, conducted the religious services in the Auditorium, Sunday, March 11. He preached a very interesting sermon taken from the first chapter of Mark.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

A new Fordson tractor arrived at the institution a few days ago. This tractor will become a valuable asset in the farming department during the coming season. The boys of this department will work hard so they can win the favor of the officer or officers over them and get the job of running and looking after this tractor.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Owing to the large number of new boys who are arriving every day the Auditorium is now filled to overflowing. About thirty boys have arrived in the past two months and still more are coming, in pairs, in threes and some four and five at a time so very soon a new structure must be erected in which the religious services will be held.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Last week all of last year's band boys were called out of their lines at the tree by Mr. Boger. Several new boys were added to this squad and they at once began to take their first music lessons.

Mr. Stebbins, this year's bandmaster, is encouraging them in every manner. We want to have the best band ever had here this year and the boys are determined to make it the best.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The Training School shoe shop

boys are coming to the front. Last month they turned out something over three hundred pairs of shoes. The cost of the material used in fixing these shoes alone was something more than $400. The boys of this department are learning a good trade and Mr. Goover. the instructor, is seeing that the boys are learning this trade to perfection. Some of these boys are: Douthey Everhart, Paul Grooves. Herbert Apple, Ralph Freeland, Avery Rothrock. Luther Grant, and Walter Brockwell.

YET A LITTLE HOPE.

Some days ago the Concord Tribune published a school bill that had just passed the General Assembly looking to the development and advancement of the public rural schools of Cabarrus county. It caused rejoicing throughout the county that the officials had at last awakened to the fact that they were shamefully lagging behind all other counties in the state.

A few days before the adjournment of the legislature a simple announcement in the papers told of the repeal of that Cabarrus School measure. This was a great disappointment. Representative Sherill, who introduced the measure just as soon as the head of the Cabarrus schools sent the bill down to Raleigh, and that was, of course, consistent with the established record made in the educational matters in the county, right at the tail-end of the session of the legislature. Mr. Sherill discovered, after the passage of the bill, then too late to remedy the matter, that it was a roll-call bill and, therefore, its passage was not legally accomplished.

Representative Sherill was assured by Dr. Brooks, state superintendent, that under the general law it is possible for the local school authorities to put progress, life and efficiency into the administration of school affairs in the Cabarrus schools even without this special measure, which failed of becoming a law, if there is active and wise leadership.

As the situation is, the hope of any substantial and aggressive measures being taken to improve our rural schools, to provide an even chance to the rural child and to place in reach of all the opportunity of high-school instruction, hangs, and pity it is, by a very slender thread, unless the Board of Education Alamances its executive officer, or sheds a directing factor who stands in the way of enlarging high school facilities.

HONOR ROLL

"A"

Frank Lisk, Jas. Shipp, Pressly Mills, Robt. Watson, Ralph Cutchin, Max Thompson, Loxley Saunders, William Gregory, Loyd Winner, Jno. Wright and Paul Funderburk.

Eugene Long, Joe Mason, Will Ellington, Ralph Nunery, Clayton Stephens, Daniel Johnson, Abraham Goodman, James Turner, Kenneth Lewis, Olen Williams, Charlie Almond, Johnie Hill Charlie Haynes, Travis Browning Willie Harvel, Carlton Hager, George White, Silvon Gregg, Bloie Johnson, Wayne Carpenter, Clay Bates, Lester Bowens,

Percy Briley, Jennings Cain, S. Combs, A. Duke, Paul Greene, H. Greer, Claburn Hale, P. Johnson, Albert Johnson, S. Morrow, George McCone, Watson O'quinn, Lee Rogers, G. Stone, Odis Scott, S. Oslorne, Walter Mills, Herbert Apple, Jonnie Branch, J. Jordan, Paul Kimmery, Emmett Lassiter, Chas. Lisk, Irwin Moore, M. Mooney, J. Strickland, Jesse Wall, Fred Wiles and George Scott.

Eugene Myers, Geo. Scott, Vestal Yarborough, Jack O'neil, Claiborne Gilbert, John D. Windham, James Autry, Mark King, Glenn Monday, Marshal Williams, Robt. Carswell, Floyd Linville, Wesley Cook, Harry Dalton and Everette Goodrich.

Sanford Wilson, Preston Winders, Lee Yow, Hazen Ward, Herbert Orr, Henry Nunnery, Rhodes Lewis, Clyde Trollenger, Sam Poplin, James Ford, Earnest Allen, Solomon Thompson, Earnest Cobb, Breaman Britton, Earle Little, Joe Wilkes, Charles Parton, Mack Duncan, Hugh Tyson, John Kemp, Harry Shirley, Worth Stout, Charles Jackson, Clifton Rod-Thomas A. Oglesby, Charles Padget, gers, Lester Staley, Joseph Pope, Avery Rothrock, Leon Allen, Herman Cook, Carlyle Hardy, Baynes Porterfield, George Everheart, Barnie McRary Clyde Pearce, Samuel Carrow, Whittock Pridgen, Aughtry Wilkerson, Clyde Hollingsworth, John Wofford, Erma Leach, Normie Lee, Sanford Hedrich, Graham York and Grover Lyerly.

"B"

Bill Cook, Jno. Moose, Elbert Perdue, Ralph Freeland, Paul Groves, Carroll Guice, Chas. Roper, Garland Banks, Earnest Jordan, Norman Iddings and Stanley Armstrong.

Aster Adams, Geo. Howard, Chas. Blackman, Earle Crow and John J. Bostick.

James Alexander, Lee McBryde, John Henry Vann, Edward Finch, Grover Cook, Walter Cummings, Carl Henry, Lewis Norris, Vernon Lawder, Carl Osbon, Oler Griffin, Unice Byers, Chas. Beach, Anderson Hart, Odell Ritchie, Brevard Bradshaw, Irwin Cumbo, Henry Reece and Argo Page.

D. Driver, C. Friske, Pearl Graham, E. Greene, Louie Pate, W. Smith, Lee Smith, Chester Shepard, Walter Taylor, Connie Loman, R. Johnson, J. Allen, Sam Deal, Roy Fuqua, H. Hatem, P. McNeil, A. Roberts, Robert Rising, H. Tollie, T. Wilkerson, Edgar Warren, Donald Pate and D. Queen.

Willie Waford, Lester J. Campbell, Forest Byers, Fletcher Heath, Moody Parker, Blaine Ensley George Moore, Ed Moses, John Forester, Turner Anderson, Sam Dixon Luther Grant, Murphy Jones, Luther Gray, James Phillips, J. Lambeth, Brody Riley, Arthur Tyler, Roy Johnson, Sam McPherson, Preston A. Wiles and Paul Hager.

Henry Brewer, Joe Stephens, Harry Stephens, Obed McClain, Jerome Williams, Jesse Foster and Hoke Ensley.

Second thoughts are best. Congress introduced 13,000 bills at the last session and only passed 1,000 of them.—Washington Herald.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

Passenger Train Schedules

Arrival and Departure of Passenger Trains, Concord, N. C.

LV.	NO.	BETWEEN	NO.	AR.
1:40A	30	New York-Birmingham	30	1:40A
2:37A	29	Birmingham-New York	29	2:37A
5:12A	44	Washington-Atlanta	44	5:12A
6:32A	31	Atlanta-New York	31	6:32A
8:41A	137	Atlanta-New York	137	8:41A
9:25A	11	Charlotte-Norfolk-Richmond	11	9:25A
10:55A	36	New York Birmingham-New Orleans	36	10:55A
3:20P	45	Washington-Charlotte	45	3:20P
3:45P	46	Charlotte-Danville	46	3:45P
7:10P	12	Norfolk-Richmond-Atlanta	12	7:10P
8:18P	32	New York-Augusta	32	8:18P
10:20P	35	Birmingham-New Orleans-New York	35	10:20P
9:45P	138	New York-Atlanta	138	9:45P
9:31P	135	Washington-Atlanta	135	9:31P

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Charlotte, N. C.

M. E. WOODY, Ticket Agent,
Concord, N. C.

THE UPLIFT

CONCORD, N. C., MARCH 24, 1923 No. 19

KEEPING TRUE.

A few minutes before noon daily, by the Eastern standard time, every Western Union Telegraph Company's instrument cuts its connection, and is put in communication with the instrument in the Naval Observatory in Washington. At five seconds before twelve a warning tick sounds over the wires. When the skilled operator in the observatory sees that the sun is directly over the imaginary line of longitude passing through the city, that moment the fact is flashed over miles of wire, and every one of the company's clock made true. Then business is resumed. The work of the day is planned with reference to this appointment.

Shall not we, not whose lives are so utterly dependent on the Master, cut clean our connections with every outside thing at least once in every twenty-four hours, and put our hearts beating time and tune with his heart, that he may have a chance to set and keep us treu?—Daily Bible.

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

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JAMES P. COOK, *Editor*, J. C. FISHER, *Director Printing Department*

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We are not to cuddle up comfortably in our corner and do nothing for the world's good. "Go ye!"—Selected.

GETTING BUSY.

Already Gov. Morrison has notified the various boards and commissions, appointed to look after the various institutions and enterprises authorized by the legislature, to get busy. He is ready to start on his programme. Except for an unforeseen illness in his family, the fishery proposition, the ship undertaking and the inauguration of the directorate of Samarcand would have had their initial consideration this past week in the governor's office.

• • • • • • •

BRINGING OUT A LINE ON THEM.

In an issue recently, THE UPLIFT carried a story about the engagement of the first iron-clad fighting vessels the world ever knew. It will be recalled that this story was about the Virginia and the Monitor, meeting at Hampton Roads. The testimony and the unquestionable evidence by the eye-witnesses in that engagement made it clear that, if there was any victory growing out of that meeting, it properly belongs to the Confederate "Virginia."

In that story the names of the officers, who took part in manning the Virginia on that extremely dangerous and hazardous undertaking,

were published along with the story.. Growing out of the publication of these names, different ones have recalled the acquaintance they made later on with certain ones of those officers.

"I read your story with great pleasure about the Virginia and Monitor combat, in Hampton Roads in 1862," said Mr. D. B. Coltrane, president of the Concord National Bank. Continuing, Mr. Coltrane told a story that is altogether very interesting. Quoting him from memory, this is the way the Concord gentleman met one of the officers of the "Virginia," Mr. H. H. Marmaduke:

Being sent home from the Confederate army (bare-footed, of course) just before the surrender at Appomattox, Mr. Coltrane lingered awhile about the old home in Randolph county. Deciding to go west, seeking to make a living and perchance "getting a start in the world," he took the precaution to intervlew a Federal officer then located at Greensboro, who seemed to be the official that was giving a clean bill of health to all who had left the army before the final breakdown. This officer gave Mr. Coltraine a "parole."

Reaching Missouri, the first night found this Confederate boy at a little town on the banks of the Missouri river and the name of the town was Arrow Rock (every state has a Rock, by various names; Col Harris of the Observer located a "Whistling Rock" out west, but this Rock in Missouri is an Arrow Rock). Applying at the only hotel for a night's lodging, Mr. Coltrane was informed that the only accommodation possible was to take a room with another party but each would have a bed to himself. The best that could be done, he accepted. Retiring before his room-mate made his appearance, he began to turn over the proposition that had brought him from his North Carolina home way out to Missouri looking for an opportunity of making a living. A kind of a country fellow, just a little skittish, long ways from home and no return ticket to North Carolina and scandalously little money, young Coltrane began to wonder what kind of a room-mate he had drawn. Those of us who used to attend the state fair at Raleigh when the Yarborough was making the money to put up the public library and to occupy a room filled with cots, arranged like sardines in a box fully understand how Mr. Coltrane felt,—that's how, this writer formed the acquaintance in the wee small hours of the morning of Col. J. J. Laughinghouse, the only surviving member of the old order of K. K. K. The introduction was so out of the ordinary, the collapsing of a cot, that it

proved to be an impressive one.

The room-mate finally came in, and, approaching the bed of Mr. Coltrane, very politely inquired, "who may be my room-mate?" The Confederate Coltrane told his story, and invited his room-mate to look into his bag (bet it was one of the old-fashioned carpet-sacked arrangement that was the joy of travelers and a mark of distinction in those days) and there he found the parole that made a perfect identification. Mr. Coltrane's room-mate proceeded then to give a line on himself. It turned out that he was Mr. H. H. Marmaduke, one of the brave and courageous officers that made the first iron-clad ship—The Confederate Virginia— a mighty big place in all history. Mr. Marmaduke was the grand-son of a governor of Missouri, and in later years his own brother became the governor of the state.

The high character and prominence of the Marmaduke family turned out to be a blessing and a pleasure to the young Confederate soldier, who, leaving North Carolina, found himself in Missouri seeking a living and a start in life.

The only representative from North Carolina among the officers of the "Virgina" was a man by the name of Herring. We make no doubt that he was a Sampson county product; and ever since we discovered the fact that a Herring represented North Carolina in that famons engagement, we have been trying to persuade our own Dr. Herring that it was a close kinsman of his. To sustain our suspicions, the genial doctor is turning a search light on his Sampson county connections. We'll see what we will see, by and by.

* * * * * * *

COMMENDABLE EFFORT.

More and more is the public becoming impressed with the necessity of introducing into public school training the matter of instrumental and vocal mnsic. The world has long since recognized the refining influence of music, besides it is a safety valve for the fine young spirits that must necessarily for long periods be pent up.

Just why the important town and city school systems do not all have a music department, is curious if not serious. Recently we saw the evidence of the ambition of high school boys, hungering for music, and the course not providing for same, who at their own expense equipped themselves with the necessary instruments for an orchestra. Without teacher or without special instruction. they manage to make a kind of mu sic that indicates that with training they would develop into musicians of con-

siderable class. They played simple little jingles, and while most of it bordered on the "rag-time" stuff that you hear in public music halls and other places where levity runs riot it nevertheless filled an aching void. Under instruction and training the ambitious young fellows, and they deserve it, would fall into a better class of music—and it would tell in their lives until the end of time. This is worth while.

The progressive board of a progressive school system in any progressive town or city will not long neglect introducing into its course of study specific instruction in music under a competent leader. Music is lots more valuable and reaches further in the formation of character than much of the stuff that is emphasized in some of the school work and activities of this day.

* * * * * * *

"PLACES QUEENS AT A DISADVANTAGE."

Commenting on the long and useful life of Queen's College for Women in Charlotte, editor Bridgers of the Presbyterian Standard takes occasion to say:

> "From her walls there have gone forth many fine women whose influence has tended to make this State famous for its godly homes. Her history has been one of heroic struggles, and at times her life was nearly gone. Since 1917 her prospects have brightened, and her debt of $180,000 that was crushing out her life has been lifted, and now she is paying her own way from her receipts, which is remarkable in these days.
>
> "Her great value to our people has always been as a training school for teachers, so that many a poor man has denied himself in order to make his daughter self-supporting by means of college training.
>
> "Under the ruling of our State Board of Education, graduates from a standard college get $33.33 per month more than one from a non-standard college. This ruling places Queens at a disadvantage, because she is not a standard college, owing to several facts, one of which is not having an endowment."

The same condition confronts other worthy and successful institutions, whose products must be punished and ill-treated that an educational fad may survive. It is hard to remedy a situation when you have to go up against the pride of opinion, which has never been magnanimous enough to out and out acknowledge an error. There is, however, hope of some relief of the injustice. The state superintendent has asked for a committee made up of one delegate from each educational unit in the state to meet with him to make such rules and regulation as will save the theory of "certification," and still let in certain of the very worthy teachers,

whose alma maters do not meet the mechanical rules, or who do not fully measure up to the theory that governs the "certification" idea, or words to that effect.

The students of Queens, along with other worthy students, may take courage and abide the fates, which with big powers act slowly.

* * * * * * *

CARRYING THE LAW TO THE COUNTIES.

State Superintendent Brooks, recognizing the futility of securing that interest and knowledge of the new school code that the cause requires, at least on the part of some of the county school officials, in any other way, has adopted the plan of holding meetings at different places in the state at which the superintendents, the members of boards of education and county commissioners are expected to attend. These meetings are fixed as follows: Asheville, April 11; Charlotte, April 13; Greensboro, April 18; Raleigh, April 20; Greenville, April 25; and Wilmington, April 27.

This is a wise movement, and, on account of the burning importance of the subject, it is assumed that any friend and interested citizen aside from these officers may be welcome at these meetings. It will do the great cause much service by having the general public to understand what is expected from these officers and lend whatever help they may in advancing the cause of rural education.

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THE NEW ORDER.

It is claimed for the new school law that it defines the duties of the several school officers, state and county, in such a manner that there can be no doubt as to where the responsibility lies.

This claim seems to be justified, and it is a source of much gratification to the friends of public education. There has been too much of the spirit, to quote the language of the street, of "passing the buck." Certain officers pursuing the do-nothing policy, have been blaming the head office for being tied up by red-tape.

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JOHN SHARP WILLIAMS.

That's a fine interview and close up sounding of Ex-Senator Williams who voluntarily quits the United States Senate to return to his home in Mississippi to enter upon a life very folksy. It is reproduced in this number of THE UPLIFT. The unique and talented American got back home

just in time to witness one of Mississippi's tornadoes. But Williams is hardened to storms.

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WHICH WAY IS BIGNESS.

A big body does not make a big man, does it? It may be a desirable thing to have. We like to look on a tall, well built muscular man. We say he as an attractive appearance. We wish we could be like him. But it requires more than a well proportioned body, an attractive looking physique, to make a man. Suppose such a one had a selfish disposition, a sordid soul, and a sinful life, would you care to be like him? The outward appearance may be ever so attractive, but if truth and purity are not found within there is lacking the first essential of manhood. Of what use is a safe, with the most perfect combination and with bars that no burglar could break apart, if there is nothing worth preserving kept within it? It is a fine, big piece of mechanism, but if it contains nothing it is not worth the room it occupies, Perhaps we cannot all have attractive bodies, but what counts for much more we may all have. An attractive personality may look through a very unattractive body. Sometimes persons who lack in physical appearance try to make up for it in the special cultivation of habits of mind and qualities of soul. Now and then it happens that a person with splendid bodily form thinks that he is sufficient and does not give the attention to the cultivation of those inward graces without which all else is an empty and vain show.—Selected

OLD-FASHIONED TELEGRAPHS.

In the issue of THE UPLIFT of last week we had a story of the achievements of Morse, the inventor of the electric telegraph, and who had reached fame as an artist. Long before the time of Morse's perfection of the electric telegraph, it was necessary at times to employ some means of communication with distant neighbors. It is the purpose of the following story, adapted from the writing of Edward Eggleston, to tell of some of the old time methods of telegraphing.

There are many people living who can remember when there were no telegraphs such as we have now. The telephone is still younger. Railroads are not much older than telegraphs. Horses and stage coaches were slow. How did people send messages quickly when there were no wires?

When colonies in America were first settled by white people there were wars with the Indians. The Indians would creep into a neighborhood and kill all the people they could, and then they would get away before the soldiers could overtake them. But the white people made a plan to catch them.

Whenever the Indians attacked a settlement, the settler who saw them first took his gun and fired it three times. Bang, bang, bang! went the gun. The settlers who lived near the man who fired the gun heard the sounds. They knew that three shots following one another quickly, meant that the Indians had come.

Every settler who heard the three shots took his gun and fired three times. It was bang, bang, bang! again. Then, as soon as he had fired, he went in the direction of the first shots. Every man who had heard three shots, fired three more, and went toward the shots he had heard.

Farther and farther away the settlers heard the news, and sent it along by firing so that others might hear. Soon little companies of men were coming swiftly in every direction. The Indians were sure to be beaten off or killed.

This was the kind of telegraph. But there were no wires; there was no electricity; only one flintlock musket waking up another flintlock musket, till a hundred guns had been fired, and a hundred men were marching to the battle.

Telegraph By Fire.

The firing of signal guns was telegraphing by sound. It used only the hearing. But there were other ways of telegraphing that used the sight. These have been known for thousands of years. They were known even to the savage people.

The Indians on the plains used fires to telegraph to one another. Sometimes they build one fire, sometimes they build many. When a war party, coming back from battle, builds five fires on a hill, the Indians who see it know that the party has killed five enemies.

But the Indians have also what are known as smoke signals. An Indian who wishes to send a message to a party of his friends along way off, builds a fire. When it blazes, he throws an armful of green grass

on it. This causes the fire to send up a stream of white smoke hundreds of feet high, which can be seen fifty miles away in clear weather. Among the Apaches, one column of smoke is to call attention; two columns say, "All is well, and we are going to remain in this camp;" three columns or more are a sign of danger, and ask for help.

Sometimes longer messages are sent. After building a fire and putting green grass upon it, the Indian spread his blanket over it. He holds down the edges to shut the smoke in. After a few moments he takes his blanket off; and when he does this, a great puff of smoke, like a balloon, shoots up into the air. This the Indian does over and over. One puff of smoke chases another upward. By the number of these puffs, and the length of space between them, he makes his meaning understood by his friends many miles away.

At night the Indians smear their arrows with something that will burn easily. One of them draws his bow. Just as he is about to let his arrow fly, another one touches it with fire. The arrow blazes as it shoots through the air, like a fiery dragon fly. One burnig arrow follows another; and those who see them read these telegraphs, and know what is meant.

A Boy's Telegraph.

The best telegraph known before the use of electricity, was invented by two schoolboys in France. They were brothers named Chappe (shappay.) They were in different boarding schools some miles apart, and the rules of their schools did not allow them to write letters to each other. But the two schools were in sight of each other. The brothers invented a telegraph. They put up poles with bars of wood on them. These bars would turn on pegs or pins. The bars would turn up or down, or one up and another down, or two down and one up and so on. Every movement of the bars ment a letter. In this way the two brothers talked to each other though they were miles apart. When the boys became men, they sold their plan to the French government. The money they got made their fortune.

About the time they were seeling this plan to the French government, a boy named Samuel Morse was born in America.. Fifty years later this Samuel Morse set up the first Morse electrical telegraph, which is the one we now use.

In the old days before the telegraph wires were strung all over the country, it took weeks to carry news to places far away. There were no railroads, and the mails had to travel slowly. A boy on a horse trotted along the road to carry the mail bags to country places. From one large city to another, the mails were carried by stagecoaches.

When people had voted for President, it was weeks before the news of the election could be gathered in. Then it took other weeks to let the people in distant villages know the name of the new President. Nowadays a great event is known in almost every part of the country on the very day it happens.

Procrastination is more than the thief of time; it is the murderer of opportunity.—The Manufacturers Record.

INTERESTING RECORD.

Rev. W. Hampton Eubanks, pastor of Poplar Tent Presbyterian church in Cabarrus county, has contributed to the Presbyterian Standard an article bearing on this old historical church, its cemetery and gives valuable information about the part played in the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence by a former pastor of this church and whose remains lie buried in that church's cemetery.

Its a small margin at times in locating and naming a historical event. Had our forefathers been just a little quicker in setting up this territory as a county, cut off from Mecklenburg, that famous document might have borne another name. To be known in history as the Cabarrus Declaration of Independence would sound real good even at this late day. As it is, it seems pretty certain that he who wrote that great document lived, labored, died and is buried in a section now embraced by Cabarrus county.

No one, unless his soul be dead to the nobler things of life, can walk among the tombs of the heroes of the American Revolution without feeling a thrill of emotion, a feeling that he is treading upon holy ground, ground made sacred by the dust of those whose mighty deeds and great sacrifices in the cause of civil and religious liberty entitle them to everlasting remembrance and their names to be revered as long as the spirit of liberty shall live in the hearts of men.

It is with such feeling that one visits the historic old church and cemetary of Popular Tent—a spot rich in history that should be dear to every true lover of liberty but especially to every North Carolinian whose ancestors lived on North Carolina soil during the trying days of the Revolutionary war.

Poplar Tent, near the city of Concord, is one of the oldest churches in the state. It was organized in the year 1764. Its first regular pastor was Rev. Hezekiah James Balch, who was licensed by the Presbytery of Donegal in the year 1766, and ordained by the same Presbtery in 1769. In the year of his ordination he was installed as pastor of Poplar Tent and Rocky River Churches and continued in the same pastorate until his death in early part of 1776. He was buried in the center of Poplar Tent cemetery after the inclosure had been carefully measured in order that the center might be accurately located. But his grave is not now in the center, as the cemetery has been enlarged.

Mr. Balch was a man of considerable ability and force of character, as subsequent events demonstrated. He was a leading spirit in the Mecklenburg convention, which met at Charlotte, May 20, 1775, and was appointed together with two others—Ephraim Brevard and Wm. Kennon, Esq., a sub-committee, to raw up a paper expressing the sentiments and will of the convention in its stand against British oppression. The paper they handed in shows their zeal, faith and ability, for it was none other than that immortal document, "The Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence."

Not only did Hezekiah James Balch serve on the committee that prepared the Mecklenburg Declaration, but according to Rev. Drs. J. B. Mack and Albert Franklin White, he was the real author of that declaration. Ephraim Brevard, whom history has credited with the authorship, was a clerk of the committee and merely copied the draft written by Mr Balch. The proof of this statement has been published by the two ministers above named. They are quoted by Morrison Caldwell, Esq., in "A Foreword," written by him and published in a reprint of "A Historical Sketch of Rocky River Church, From 1775 to 1875," by Rev. Jas. B. Mack, D. D. The Mecklenburg Declaration was not only drafted by Poplar Tent's pastor, but was signed by five of her members, part of whom were elders. They were, Benjamin Patton, Zaccheus Wilson, John Phifer, David Reese, and Robert Harris.

Mr. Balch left no descendant to be called by his name, and for many years his grave was without a creditable monument. "But in the year 1847, a number of citizens met at Poplar Tent on the occasion of a railroad meeting, consisting of the late Judge Osborne, Dr. Charles W. Harris, now no more, and several others yet livng, where attention was drawn to the fact that there was no monument to mark the grave of Mr. Balch; whereupon the fund was immediately raised to build a suitable monument." The work was done soon after this meting. The grave was located for the monument by Mr. Abijah Alexander, who was more than ninety (90) years of age. Mr. Alexander was therefore about twenty (20) years old when Mr. Balch was buried and therefore re-

Poplar Tent Presbyterian Church

collected very distinctiy the time and place of his burial. In addition to the history here quoted, we have the following information from the pen of Mr. C. T. Allison, now an elder at Poplar Tent. Mr. Allison says: "In a conversation I had with the late Julius Melchor, of Mooresvile, N. C. a few years before his death, he said, 'I was about twenty (20) years old when Mr Alexander pointed out Mr. Balch's grave for the location of the monument. And was with him at the time and herd him say that he was personally acquainted with Mr. Balch and was at his (Balch's) burial.' Mr. Melchor was born July 27, 1827, and died in 1917."

Unfortunately there has arisen some confusion in the minds of a number of people in other states as to the place of Mr. Balch's burial. In fact there are traditions connected with at least two other church cemeteries, each in a different state, and each claiming to have the tomb of the Balch of Mecklenburg fame.

However, it is easily seen how this confusion arose when we take into consideration the followings facts: In what was then, the Synod of the Carolinas, there were three ministers of the name of Balch, one of which had both of the given names of the other two. They were: Heziah Balch, James Balch, and Heziah James Balch. Heziah and James were theological opponents at the meeting of Synod. Heziah Balch was received as a licentiate from the Presbytery of New Castle, on March 7, 1771, into Hanover Presbytery, which, at that time, extended over the whole country south of the Potomac. He was received and ordained at the same meeting of Presbytery which was held at Buffalo Church.

When Orange Presbytery was set off from Hanover all three of the Balchs became members of Orange Presbytery. And as late as 1788, both Heziah and James Balch were members of Orange Presbytery, which was twelve (12) years after the death of Hezekiah James Balch at Poplar Tent. It is absolutely certian therefore that it was neither of the other Balchs which was buried at Poplar Tent in 1776, as they were both living, as above stated, in 1788, and many years after.

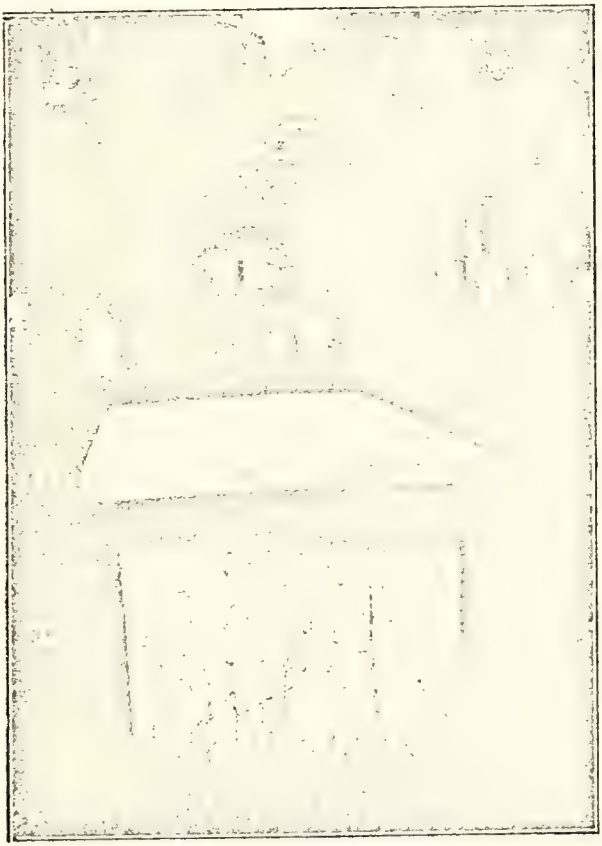
Later we find (after 1788) both Hezekiah and James Balch, in the Presbytery of Abingdon, which was mainly in Tennesse. Later Abingdon Presbytery was divided into the Presbyteries of Abingdon and Union, James which has been mistaken for that of Hezekiah James Union. From these Presbyteries one, and perhaps both, of them journed westward. And it is their tombs of which has been mistaken for that of Hezekiah James Balch their names being so near alike. Also they were both active, as almost every Presbyterian minister was at that time, in the cause of independence.

These facts are further sustained by Mr. C. T. Allison, of Poplar Tent, in an article published in the Concord Tribune, which contained correspondence with authorities in Indiana, where one of the Balchs is buried.

Aside from these facts there is no evidence whatever of either Hezekiah or James Balch having labored in Mecklenburg County, at that, or any other time. But the Balch of the Mecklenburg Convention was laboring in Mecklenburg County. Meck-

lenburg, at that time, included the present County of Cabarrus. Poplar Tent Church, which, which is about 20 miles from Charlotte and in Cabarrus County, was therefore in Mecklenburg County at the time of the convention.

In support of what is here written the reader is referred to the following authorities: Sketches of North Carolina," by Rev. Wm. H. Foote. See especially pages 281, 297 and 440 This work was published in 1846. "The Life and Character of the Rev. David Caldwell, D. D." Pages 96 and 197. This biography was published 1842. Also the "Historical sketch of Poplar Tent," by Wm. S. Harris. Pages 5 and 6; published 1873.



Tomb of Hezekiah Balch

Poplar Tent Church, though the word "Ichabod" might be written over her door, for her glory is largely in the past, is still alive and doing a good work. Her resident membership is 180, and is well represented

on every Sabbath. Her "Woman's Missionary Society," which was organized in 1817, is still "Carrying on." This society is doubtless the oldest of its kind in the state and perhaps in the South.

Space forbids mentioning the roll of pastors of this church, many of which were among the most distinguished men in the Southern States for their piety, education and general usefulness. Chief among these was Rev. John Robinson, D. D., who was called to Poplar Tent from the Presbyterian Church of Fayetteville, N. C., in the year 1801. Dr. Robinson was a prince of preachers and an educator of tremendous influence. During his pastorate of 36 years at Poplar Tent he taught a classical school near the church, which became famous in his day. And according to Harris' History of Poplar Tent Church it is to be doubted whether any college in the state since that day has turned out in any 50 years of its history as many distinguished men as did Dr. Robinson's school.

Not only lack of space but time would fail me to tell of the work done here during the pastorates of such men as Drs. Pharr of North Carolina; Thornwell, of South Carolina; Penick, of Virginia by adoption, Summerell, of North Carolina, whose bow still abides in strength. And of many others who wrought faithfully in time for a harvest in eternity. I leave them to be honored by a grateful posterity and with the hope that a pen more gifted yet than has hitherto been wielded will some day place their names where they so richly deserve to be. May I say with the extravagance of a poet's license, "Far up the heights of deathless fame."

This tomb is in the cemetery of Poplar Tent Presbyterian Church, near Concord, N. C.

Mr. Balch was installed pastor of Poplar Tent Church in 1769 and ended his pastorate by death in 1776.

This monument was placed over his grave in 1847. The grave was located for the monument by Mr. Abijah Alexander, who was then more than 90 years of age. Mr. Alexander was about 20 years old when Mr Balch was buried and therefore recollected very distinctly the time and place of his burial.

The inscription on the tomb is as follows:

Beneath this Marble
repose the mortal remains of the
REV. HEZEKIAH J. BALCH

first pastor of Poplar Tent congregation and one of the original members of Orange Presbytery.

He was a licensed preacher of the everlasting Gospel by the Presbytery of Donegal in 1766, ordained to the full work of the holy ministery in 1769 and rested from his labors A. D. 1776, having been the pastor of the united congregation of Poplar Tent and Rocky River about seven years.

He was distinguished as one of the committee of three who prepared that immortal document the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence,, and his eloquence the more effectual from his acknowledged wisdom, purity of motive and dignity of character, contributed much to the unanimous adoption of that instrument on the 20th of May, 1775.

JOHN SHARP WILLIAMS.

(Theodore Tiller in Baltimore Sun.)

The manner of the exit of John Sharp Williams from Washington and public services was typical of the whimsicality and modesty of the man. Only a few of his intimates knew until today that he had not awaited the fall of the gavels bringing the Sixty-seventh Congress to a close. Now the story may be told—all the way from that quiet little dinner at the home of Philip Roche to a scene at the Union Station as Senator Williams slipped out of Washington last Wednesday afternoon.

He heard that they might give him a farewell speech or so in the Senate. He wanted no such display. He heard also that the back-home folks, around Yazoo City, Miss., and a town or so en route, wanted to stage a home-coming celebration in his honor. And then he decided that he would slip quietly out of Washington and quietly into Yazoo City, no one knowing the exact time of his departure or arrival.

No Ceremony of Farwell.

There were just a few who knew that he intended to go four days before the end of the session. One of them was Philip Roche, a doorkeeper at the Senate chamber. Philip Roche was there when the train pulled out of Washington. The tears ran down his face as he said goodby to John Sharp Williams, whom he almost worships. His voice was thick with emotion and sighs came from the broad bosom of a bulky, grey-headed man, whose shoulders stooped a bit more as his friend left.

Philip Roche is an Irishman, born in County Tipperary, who came to this country 50-odd years ago. For 30 years he has known and loved John Sharp Williams; but even before that time there has been a faint family association, for Roche's brother-in-law fought for the Stars and Bars along side of Senator Williams' father, who was killed at Shiloah. Most of Roche's relatives were in the Confederate Army. So were most of Williams.

In the old days Philip Roche owned a saloon on Newspaper Row in Washington. It was a cozy place, to which came politicans, writers and others. Senator Willianms dropped in there at times for a toddy, and Philip Roche served the best thing in the house when his favorite statesmen came in. After prohibtion, Roche became a Senate doorkeeper in his old age.

Only One Dinner At Parting.

During the last month of Senator Williams' service of nearly 30 years in Congress he received dozens of invitations to attend banquets, State functions, formal affairs in Washington. He declined them all. The day before he was to go Philip Roche asked Senator Williams to come to his home and break bread with him before he quit Washington. That was one invitation John Sharp Williams instantly accepted.

They went to the modest home of Philip Roche. Others who gathered there for this remarkable dinner

included former Senator Mark Smith, a crony of Williams; Senator Pat Harrison, Joseph P. Tumulty and a few more. Roche, with all the hospitality of his nature, waited on the table a part of the time and then sat down and ate with his guests. Then they sat around and told stories and reminiscences, John Sharp Williams and Mark Smith doing most of the talking and going back into memory for wonderful experiences of other days.

That was John Sharp Williams' farewell dinner in Washington. It was without formality or speeches. But sentiment and old friendships were there and that is why Williams went. This brings us to something he said about sentiment not long ago.

Sentiments Along Endures.

"A few days ago," said Williams, a man to whom the Senate always gave attention, "we heard a Senator refer to sentiment contemptusously. There is no poetry in the soul of a man who can refer to sentiment contemptously. To say that a man is sentimental is to pay him the highest compliment that one man can pay to another, or that a pure woman can pay a brave man. The only thing that is not rotten and cannot rot is human sentiment.

"I belong to a breed of men who for 400 years have been dying on the wrong side. Some of them fought like fools for the Stuarts in England. Some of them died under Tyrone's Roman Catholic insurrection in Ireland. Some of them followed the Stars and Bars until they fell in gloom, though not in disgrace, at Appotomattox.

"We do not recognize that sentiment is to be referred to contemptuously. If it were so to be referred to, the man who died for the Stuarts was simply an infernal fool and the man who followed Robert E. Lee to Appotomattox did not have much sense. But all the same he had heroism, he had the courage, and he had communion with the immortal gods, because they were in his heart, and the very spirit of Jesus Christ was before him—because Jesus fought for the greatest lost cause the world has ever known. I have no sentiment to wast on the man who refers to sentiment contemptuously."

Last Tribute To Black Mammy.

The last resolution Senator John Sharp Williams asked the Senate to consider was one authorizing the erection, on public grounds of the United States in Washington, of "a monument in memory of the faithful colored mammies of the South." The Senate adopted it unanimously. Jefferson Davis Chapter No. 6, United Daughters of the Confederacy, will erect this monument to the old Southern "mammy."

Senator Williams typified the old South, but not the professional Southerner." His drawl was inimitable. So pleasing was it that it might have lulled one to sleep—except that no one ever slept while John Sharp Williams spoke. He had all the weapons of oratory from satire and sarcasm to eulogies of the purest English. Educated both in this country and aboard, he was one of the few real scholars who have made Senate debates historic.

He was genuinely Southern and pastorial in his tastes, too. When

he said goodby to the Missippi Society of Washington a few nights ago he spoke to folks from back home, and in his quaint way said, in substance:

His Art of Growing Old.

"I am going back to Yazoo Ctiy and my old home on a R. F. D. route. I want to get up again each morning as I hear the roosters crow. I want to piek flowers while the dew is still on them. Then I want to come back and have my coffee and breakfast. Later on, if I am so fortunate as to have any left in these days, I want to stir myself a toddy whenever I feel like that I would like one.

"Through the middle of the day I will read books, putter around the place and talk to my neighbors. At noon I will leisurely eat my dinner.

"After dinner I will read some more and then late in the evening I will eat supper—and notice that I call it supper this last meal of the day. That's what we call it in Mississippi.

"And as night and time for bed approaches I will listen to the greatest chorus of voices that man ever heard, music that will charm me and make me ready for repose—the voices of my mocking birds."

Going on, Senator Williams said he wanted to live that way until he died and then be carried out of the house by his neighbors and buried among his people.

Parting Shot At The Senate.

Quickly shifting from sentiment to cynicism, he added.

"Now some may say that that is not a very wonderful thing to do—all this I've mapped out for my future days—but it is a lot more honest than being a Senator."

Months ago Senator Williams told his colleague, Senator Pat Harrison, that he was tired of the Senate and public life and would not seek re-election (which no doubt he could have had without opposition).

"I'd rather be a yellow dog and bay at the moon than to stay in the Senate another six years." he said. "I'm tired of it all, and going home to rest."

No Desire For Money Either.

This spirit of abandon and desire for repose was exemplified during the past few weeks, when he received numerous offers to go on the lecture platform, to write books, to write weekly comments for newspapers, and what not. One syndicate offered Senator Williams $30,000 a year to write a story each week about current events or any other topic selected by him. A young fellow came down to persuade Senator Williams to sign the contract. With that enticing drawl in his voice Senator Williams finally said:

"No, young man, I want to rest, not write. I wouldn't be tied down to do anything once a week for anybody or for $30,000. You might take it up with me three or four months from now, when I am rested up a bit, and maybe I'll write a story or two—but I don't think I will."

In Senate debate no Senator could draw a smile or a laugh from the galleries more quickly than John Sharp Williams. When he arose everyone knew that he would lend a sparkle to the proceedings, that the shafts of his wit would hit some-

where in the chamber. Here is a sample extract from his last speech in the Senate wherein he discussed everything from the Ship Subsidy bill to the Louisiana and Florida purchase:

Persuasive Ways of Jackson.

"We not only rather coerced the Florida purchase," he said, whimsically, "but old 'Andy' Jackson went down there and invaded the territory, fought everything in sight, hung three British subjects and then afterwards got so mad because the Secretary of State questioned his right to invade foreign territory and hang three British subjects—somebody having censured him for it—that he and Thomas H. Benton spent nearly the balance of their official lives trying to get the censure removed. And finally they did get it removed, so that the journal of this most august body stands with various lines run through it and others rubbed out."

"I hesitate to question the historical accuracy of a great scholar like the Senator from Mississippi, "interupted Senator Stanly, but I think he has given Andy credit for one too many—it was two instead of three British subject that he hung."

"Perhaps so," said Williams, " but that was not Andy's fault, for he would have hung another if there had been any more he cared to hang."

"They were hanged in Florida," said Senator Lodge.

"Yes, they were hanged in Florida, for Andy did not even take the trouble to bring them over the line," agreed Senator Williams.

During the World War Senator Williams made many speeches arraigning the German millitary machine and the Kaiser, but he was different in his feeling toward the German people. Remembering his days at the University of Heildelberg, in Baden, he once said:

"I join the President in having no hostility toward the German people. I spent two and a half years of my life with them, and I love them—a whole lot of them. The man who inhabits the borders of the Rhine, the man who inhabits Bavaria and Wurttemberg—easily moved to tears, and easily moved to rage —is a man whom I have learned to love.

"And I have always believed this war in Europe, brought on by the obstinate refusal of the Kaiser to leave either to a tribunal of arbitration or to a concert of Europe the question at issue between Austria and Serbia, and inspiring Austria to a refusal, is a proof of the truth of the adage, 'Whom the gods would destroy they first make man."

Ready For Oratorical Battle.

In the retirement of Senator Williams it is generally conceded the upper chamber loses one of its most enteraining and ablest men. In both Senate and House he was always ready for debate, but there was no rough and tumble display about him. Going into action, he walked slowly down the aisles, his left hand always cupped behind a deaf left ear. His gray hair was frequently rather touseled. He wore always and old-fasioned standing collar, with his Adam's apple showing through its wide space at the front. He was clean, but careless, in his dress. If

his trousers bagged and his coat sagged it mattered little to him.

He had a way of going across the chamber and sitting right in front of a Senator to whose speech he wanted to listen. He would sit there as though enraptured, never taking his eyes from the face of the speaker and never removing that left hand from behind his ear. Sometimes he did this to disconcert a political enemy. For instance, when Senator McCumber was delivering a long, dry speech on the tariff bill, Senator Williams moved across and seated himself almost at McCumber's knee.

Senator McCumber had brought into the chamber various articles of foreign and domestic manufacture to illustrate the difference in quality and cost of production. Among them was a cuckoo clock. Senator Williams, disconcerting Fordney a bit, began to play with the clock. Occasionally he peered more closely at it, as though expecting the cuckoo bird to hop out. There was amusement on both floor and galleries. About everybody was smiling except McCumber, who orated on and got little attention because everybody was watching Williams.

Finilly Breaks The Clock.

Eventually the Mississippi Senator tugged too hard at the pendulum and the clock fell down with a great noise at McCumber's feet. Then having had his little joke, the Mississippi Senator grinned and went out of the chamber. He had little patience with time-killing tariff debates. He, a member of the Finance Committe, had the faculty of making a tariff speech and putting bits of pep and jazz into it.

His oratorical powers ran the gamut from deepest sentiment to bitterest sarcasm. He seldom if ever used the bludgeon of outright ridicule. His make-up encompassed everything from geniality, conviviality and love of human nature, and birds and animals, to a fighting spirit inherited from ancestors described by him as fighting for lost causes for 400 years.

Coming to Congress 30 years ago, he has written "30"—the signal of the telegrapher and the newspaper man meaning "the end"—to his own remarkable and brilliant career. Yazoo City takes him back with open arms; the mocking birds he talked about will sing for him each day, and Philip Roche, the doorkeeper, is not alone in Washington when he laments the voluntary departure of John Sharp Williams and calls him "one of God's noblemen."

An irratable temper is a bad temper. Give it a real name and give it no quarter.—The Girl's World.

BLUFFING DEATH.

(Roland F. Beasley In Goldsboro News.)

Seventeen creatures stand this morning peering from their cells in death row in the State's prison at Raleigh. It is an unusual day with them, for sometime as the hours drag along one of their number will be led forth from his cell and be marched down the corridor to his seat in the State's death chair.

The remaining inmates of death row are blanched and hushed for today. Tomorrow they will laugh and joke again and kid each other with the talk about the pardons and reprieves and new trials and final escape. The correspondent who writes the story of their doings implies that they believe all this, but they do not. As they kid each other they are trying to kid themselves, not into believing that they will escape but into bluffing death. This is their feeble effort to save themselves from the reality. They do not expect to escape, what they expect is to kill the pain and terror of facing death. Subconsciously they strive to protect themselves from staggering when they meet the Monster. If they can pass the horror before it comes in reality, they will not quail at last. This is a mental trick that men practice without knowing it. Sometimes it is called brazenness. But it is not brazenness. It is the victim's only pass at self defense, his only way of breaking the force of a disagreeable fact or shielding himself from suffering, more than he can stand, the pangs of disgrace. The man who tells a lie is apt to make little of lying. The trial is used as a self defense measure against both mental and physical suffering, in fact against all the stern facts of life.

So we may not think harshly of the poor devils because they joke and seem not as greatly impressed with their fate as the honorable law expects them to be.

It is observed that never before were so many men awaiting The Day in their cells along death row. People who believe that legalized death is a panacea for crime may explain why the number is larger and not smaller. Such persons are performing about the same mental trick that the citizens of death row are employing—substituting fancy for fact with a doggedness that is all too apparent. The death sentence may not prevent crime, but it ought to, therefore we will keep at it.

A member of the prison board has sought to have the legislature say that the newspapers shall not publish accounts of electrocutions. This is his unconscious way of sayng that the death sentence can no longer stand the test of reason. If the public thinks so much about it the public might stop it. It must not be sujected to publicity. He quietly ignores the main argument for death —that it will act as a deterrent. If it so acts, the news should be spread far and wide and not hushed up. The Stae made a retreat from its main position when it decreed that executions should no longer be public in the county seats where the crime was committed, but must be

done in Raleigh. Now, this representative of the electric chair would make another retreat. He would not even allow any publicity of the matter. The State is really ashamed that it cannot prevent crime by killing the criminal. But because at bottom we electrocute for prevention, we make a fetish of capital punishment and excuse in every way its ineffectiveness.

The denizens of death row kid themselves to bluff death. We kid ourselves to keep it up.

---

older.—Boyland.

Get hold of the sticking habit now. It is harde to catch after you are

---

FLOWERS ASSOCIATED WITH THE SAVIOUR.

(By Harriette Wilbur in Young Folks.)

Here are some more of the myths and legends which associate the plants and flowers with our Saviour.

There are several legends which tell why the aspen trembles. One version explains that the gloomy shivering of the aspen leaves is due to its being used for the cross:

"Ah, tremble, tremble, Aspen tree,
I need not ask thee why thou shakest,
For if, as the holy legend saith
On thee the Savior bled to death.
No wonder, Aspen, that thou quakest,
And till in judgment all assemble,
Thy leaves, accursed, shall wail and tremble."

However, the exact identity of the "mournful tree which formed the wood of the cross" has always been a disputed question, and has given rise to host of interesting legends. According to Sir John Nandeville, it was composed of cedar, cypress, palm and olive:

"Nailed were His feet to Cedar, to Palm His hands; Cypress His body bore, title on Olive stands."

Some have supplanted the palm and olive by the pine and the box, which then gives four woods representing the four quarters of the globe. Others to which this unhappy distinction has been given are the poplar, oak, elder and mistletoe. Hence the poplar trembles in the manner of the aspen, and there is a popular antipathy to utilizing elder fagots. The mistletoe, before the crucifixion a fine forest tree, owes its present condition as a parasite to this disgraceful use. Grecian woodcutters regard the oak as accursed, because legends tell them that "when the Jews were in search of wood for the cross, every tree, with the exception of the oak, split itself to avoid being desecrated."

The boxthorn, the bramble, and the barberry are listed among the plants from which the crown of torture was made. One old tradition makes the briar-rose the guilty plant, and relates that the drops of blood that

fell from the Savior's brow blossomed into roses. Other legends maintain that the crown came from the acacia, or shittim wood, while others say that the holly was the bush from which it was torn,—which would explain its association with Christmas decorations; in Germany it is called "Christ-Thorn," while another pretty folk name for holly is "The bush with the bleeding breast:"

"Now of all the trees by the King's highway,
Which do you love the best?
O! the one that is green upon Christmas day,
The bush with the bleeding breast;
The holly, with her drops of blood for me,
For that is our dear Aunt Mary's tree."

—Anon

The wild hyssop is also named in the list of these crown plants, according to an Eastern tradition it was the prickly rush; another authority states that "the belief of the East has been tolerably constant to what was possibly the real plant employed, the nabk (Zizyphus spina-Christi), a species of buckthorn. The negroes of the West Indies say that "a branch of cashew was used, and that in consequence one of the bright golden petals of the flower became black and bloodstained."

One plant especially pointed out as fashioning the crown is the thorn, both hawthorn and blackthorn. In England there are many versions of this folk rhyme, a popular recipe for preventing the prick of a thorn from festering:

"Unto the Virgin Mary our Saviour was born.
And on His head He wore a crown of thorn;
If you believe this true, and mind it well,
This hurt will never fester nor swell."

The true crown is said to have passed into the hand ofBladwin, who gave gave it to Sain Louis, which that King received as a pentitent, barefooted and clad in a coarse garment of hair. He took it to Paris and in honor built the Sainte Chapelle, as a casket for the sacred relic.

Several plants owe their dark-stained blossoms or leaves to the blood-drops which trickled from the cross, according to various pretty legends. Among these are the spotted persicaria, the purple orchis,—known in Chestire as "gethsemane,"—and the red anemone, also called "the blood-drops of Christ." A Flemish legend gives the same origin for the crimson-spotted leaves of the rood-selken. As for those species of arum known as Arisaema, bloody, in allusion ot the red blotched leaves:

"Those deep unwrought marks
The villager will tell you
Are the flower's portion from the atoning blood
On Calvary shed. Beneath the cross it grew.
And in the vase-like hollow of the leaf
Catching from that dread shower of agony
A few mysterious drops, transmitted thus
Unto the groves and hills their healing stains
A heritage, for storm or vernal show-

er
Never to blow away."

A similar legend explains the purple veined flowers of the Wood-Sorrel, which is by Italian paiters, including Fra Anglelico, occasionally placed in the foreground of their pictures representing the Crucifixion. This plant is called Alleluia in Italian, which may have some reference to its appearence about Easter, when hallelujahs for the risen Lord are sung in churches, but which may have some reference to its association with the Cross of Christ, "as if the very flower round the cross were giving glory to God." The wallflower that scents the dewy air is, in Palestine, called "the blood-drops of Christ, and its deep hue has led to its being called by a similar name in western England.

A Swedish legend states that the dwarf birch tree gave up its witches to furnish the rod with which Christ was scourged, which accounts for its stunted growth thereafter; another version makes the plant the willow, and in consequence it has ever since dropped its boughs and wept.

"O Willow, why forever weep,
As one who mourns and endless wrong?
What a hidden woe can lie so deep,
What utter grief can last so long?
Mourn on forever, unconsoled,
And keep your secret, faithful tree;
No heart in all the world can hold
A sweeter grace than constancy."
Mrs. Elizabeth Akers Allen.

Rubens together with the earlier Italian painter, depicts the reed-mace or bulrush as the rod given Him to carry and this the plant figured in many statues of Christ. Vervain, which Michael Drayton calls "holy Vervain," is another plant which tradition group at the foot of the cross, and is therefore endowed with many curative qualities; it is also the "herb of the cross," probably because of this tradition, probably because the blossoms spike outlines a cross.

"All hail, thou holy herb, Vervain,
Growing on the ground;
On the mount of Calvary
Thou wast there found;
Thou helpest many a grief,
And stanchest many a wound.
In the name of sweet Jesus
I lift thee from the ground."

The pretty blue blossoms of the speedwell are said to display in their markings a representation of the kerchief of Saint Veronica, imprinted with the features of Christ. For, when our Lord was on His way to Calvary, bearing His Cross, He happened to pass by the door of Veronica who, beholding the drops of agony on His brow, wipped His face with a napkin. The sacred features remained impressed upon the linen, and where the blood dropped on the flower she was wearing, they shared in the sacred impress, and are still marked with the features of the Christ.

Many plants still keep the figure of the cross. It is faintly traced in the center of the red poppy, and is very clearly marked in the cross-section of the banana. In the Canary Islands bananas are cut lengthwise to avoid exhibiting the cross on the slices to be eaten. Then there is the Passion Flower, whose calyx

resembles the nimbus, or glory encircling the sacred head, whose five anthers represent the five wounds, the triple style depicts the three nails; in the central receptacle can be found the pillar of the cross, while the threads of the stamens figure the crown of thorns.

If, as Longfellow states, all flowers are in themselves "emblems of our own great resurrection," the Rose of Jericho is particularly so, since, having first blossomed at Christ's birth, it closed at His crucifixion and opened again at the resurrection.

It would require almost unlimited space to give a list of the many pretty or symbolic plants that are used on the days and during those peroids that mark the events of Christ's life. But a few of those connected with Easter may briefly noted.

The Daffodil is the chief flower associated with Lent, being both the lent-lily and the lent-rose; it is also the LideLily, from the Anglo-Saxon name of March hlyda:

"Daffodils
That come before the swallows dares, and take The winds of March with beauty."

Palm Sunday is generally observed the Christain world over, but not alway with true palms; it is as Goethe has recorded:

"In Rome upon Palm Sunday they bear true Palms,
The Cardinals bow reverently and sing old Psalms;
Elsewhere those Psalms are sung 'mid Olive branches,
The Holly-branch supplies the place among the avalanches;
More northern climes must be content with the sad Willow."

Passion Dock receives its name from its use in a herb pudding about Good Friday week; all white flowers are in special request at Easter services, the lily being supreme; for Ascension Day the amaranth, the emblem of immortality. The Passion flower is Holy Rood flower, and in the ecclesiastical emblem of Holy Cross Day, for according to the folk rhyme:

"The passion-flower long has blowed
To betoken us signs of the Holy Rood."

"It's a funny thing about human nature," said Jones, as he walked home with his next door neighbor.

What's funny about it?"

"Why if I tell a man there are 270,169,325,481 stars, he'll believe you; but if a sign says 'Fresh Paint' he wont believe it without a personal investigation."

EDUCATIONAL NEEDS OF CHILDREN IN RURAL SECTIONS.

By D. D. Dougherty

To the Editor: I visited during his last illness Mr J. Watts Farthing. I was greatly impressed with my last conversation with him. For many years he served on the board of education in Watauga county. During his last days the burden of his talk was that there was a few places in Watauga where children had poor educational advantages. He mentioned Bradshaw and Cook districts. "There are bright children with no chances," he feebly said.

The other members of the board asked me to meet with them in the place of their lamented member, I had this honor on the first Monday. On that day I was reminded by two incidents of what I consider to be the two weakest places in the State's educational system.

An agent called on the board and asked it to consider the insuring of the school houses in the county. There are 68 houses for white children. The county superintendent estimated that forty of these were worth insuring.

A member of the board lives in the new district made by consolidating Walnut Grove and Cove Creek districts. He said, "We have voted a heavy tax, built a costly house and will have only a six month's school, and it will take all the tax to carry the debt on the new house."

These incidents show the need of better houses and the urgant demand of longer terms of school.

During the noon hour a delegation from Foscoe called on the board. Rev. S. E. Gragg was the spokesman. "We have the nicest little house and the prettiest location anywhere," he exclaimed. "We closed a good school. Everybod happy."

I asked a member of the board what that house cost. "We built it last year for $1,500. Foscoe is a prosperous district. Their house was burned a year ago. The district was able to help build another house. The board selected the very best location in the district and purchased a large site

Watauga could build twenty such houses in districts that cannot help much for $30,000. Each of the other hundred counties could build a like number at a cost of $3,000,000. This is less than the State will spend on buildings at one of the State's higher Institution's of learning. When I think of the last message I heard from the lips of my lamented friend for the poor children in Cook and Bradshaw with no chance, I vow that when the time comes to help these children I am going to do my utmost for them. Were I a member of the present Legislature I woould vow that the higher institutions might wait till the poor children in my country had a chance.

We have a champion of the poor child without a chance in our earnest State superintendent, yet he cannot give relief as fast as it is demanded There are hundreds of Cook and Bradshaw districts throughout the

State. Instead of the State loaning a county money to build needed houses it should appropriate it like it does to the higher institutions. What an impulse to education and what a blessing to the poor child, with no chances, there would be if the State could hear the children's call and answer it.

Short terms. We consolidate schools, tax the district to build new house and hand them out six months' terms. The State says that a scool year is eight months at least and hands the teacher a mapped out course of study for him to use. A fourth grade boy gets three fourths of the year's work this term and finishes next year and takes up the fifth year. This goes on through all the grades. There are two or more classes. There are two remedies that might be applied. The course of study could be changed. This would not be bad. Six months of school does fairly well. The course is padded. There are entirely too many books. Too much supplementary work. The whole course should be trimmed and made to fit a good six months' term. This would be a great relief to teacher and student. A year for a grade. We would not come up to the general standard with a short term, but our students would be better prepared. I am writing about the elementary schools. The high schools must have the full term of eight or nine months in order to make the units.

I know another way to get more than six months a year. This has been done in Indiana and perhaps elsewhere. The board of education should have the right to regulate to some extent the salary schedule. In Watauga the rural teacher seldom pays more than ten dollars for board Other places they pay twenty dollars or more. If the board of education could regulate the salary in accordance to the necessary expenses of the teacher it could with good grace, ask a teacher to contribute a few weeks to the six months and draw pay for six months. This would seldom fail to lengthen the schools. The patrons in the district should help. In a district where they have taxed themselves to build good houses the State should remit every cent of interest to prolong the school.

I intend to do my part to increase the length of the schools in my country. Were I a member of the legislature I would plead that the children should have enough school to do a year's work and be in the same class with the high schools and higher institutions.

Boone, N. C.

THE BLIND PREACHER

As I traveled through the county of Orange, my eye was caught by a cluster of horses tied near a ruinous, old, wooden house in the forest, not far from the roadside. Having frequently seen such objects before, in traveling through the States, I had no difficulty in understanding that this was a place of religious worship.

Devotion alone should have stopped me to join in the duties of the

congregation; but I must confess, that curiosity to hear the preacher of such a wilderness, was not the least of my motives. On entering, I was struck at his preternatural appearance. He was a tall and very square old man; his head, which was covered with a white linen cap, his shriveled hands, and his voice were all shaking under the influence of a palsy; and a few moments ascertained to me that he was perfectly blind.

The first emotions that touched my breast were those of mingled pity and verneration. But how soon were all my feelings changed? The lips of Plato were never more worthy of a prognostic swarm of bees, than were the lips of this hold man! It was a day of the administration of the sacrament; and his subject was, of course, the passion of our Savior. I had heard the subject handled a thousand times; I had thought it exhausted long ago. Little did I suppose, that, in the wild woods of America, I was to meet with a man, whose eloquence would give to this topic a new and more sublime pathos, than I had ever before witnessed.

As he descended from the pulpit, to distribute the mystic symbols, there was a peculiar, a more than human solemnity in his air and manners, which made my blood run cold, and my whol frame shiver. He then drew a picture of the sufferings of our Savior; his trial before Pilate; his ascent up Calvary; his crucifiction. I knew the whole history; but never until then, had I heard the circumstances so selected, so arranged, so colored. It was all new; and I seemed to have heard it for the first time in my life. His enunciation was so deliberate, that his voice trembled on every syllable; and every heart in the assembly trembled in unison.

His peculiar phrases had that force of description, that the original scene appeared to be at that moment acting before our eyes. We saw the very faces of the Jews; the staring, frightful disortation of malice and rage. We saw the buffet; my soul kindled with a flame of indignation; and my hands were involuntarily and convulsively clinched.

But when he came to touch on the patience, the forgiving meekness of our Savior; when he drew, to the life, his voice breathing to God a soft and gentle prayer of pardon on his enemies, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do," the voice of the preacher, which had all along faltered, grew fainter, until, his utterance being entirely obstructed by the force of his feelings, he raised his handkerchief to his eyes, and burst into a loud and irrepessible flood of grief. The effect was inconceivable. The whole house resounded with the mingled groans, and sobs, and shrieks of the congregation.

It was some time before the tmult had subsided, so far as to permit him to proceed. Indeed, judging by the usual, but fallacious standard of my own weakness, I began to be very uneasy for the situation of the preacher. For I could not conceive how he would be able to let his audience down from the height to which he had wound them, without impairing the solemnity and dignity or the subject, or perhaps shocking

them by the abruptness of his fall. But, no; the descent was as beautiful and sublime, as the elevation had been rapid and enthusiastic.

The first sentence, with which he broke the awful silence was a quotation from Rousseau: "Socrates died like a philosopher, but Jesus Christ, like a God!" I despair of giving you any idea of the effect produced by this short sentence, unless you could perfectly conceive the whole manner of the man, as well as the peculiar crisis in the discourse. Never before idd I completely understand what Demosthenes meant by laying such stress on delivery.

You are to bring beofre you the vernerable figure of the preacher; his blindness, constantly recalling to your recollection old Homer, Ossian, and Milton, and associating with his performance the melancholy grandeur of their geniuses; you are to imagine that you hear his slow, solemn, well-accented enunciation, and his voice of affecting, trembling melody; you are to remember the pitch of passion and enthusiasm, to which the congregation were raised; and then, the few moments of portentous, death-like silence, which reigned throughout the house; the preacher, removing his white handkerchief from his aged face (even yet wet from the recent torrent of his tears,) and slowly stretching forth the palsid hand which held it, begins the sentence, "Socrates died like a philosopher"—thtn, pausing, raising his other hand, pressing them both clasped together with warmth and energy to his breast, lifting his "sightless balls" to heaven, and pouring his whole soul into his tremulous voice —"but Jesus Christ—like a God!"

This man has been before my imagination almost ever since. A thousand times, as I rode along,I dropped the reins of my briddle, stretched forth my hand, and tried to imitate his quotation from Rousseau; a thousand times I abandoned the attempt in despair, and felt persuaded, that his peculiar manner and power arose from an energy of soul, which nature could give, but which no human being could justly copy. As I recall at this moment, several of his awfully striking attitudes, the chilling tide with which my blood begins to pour along my arteries, reminds me of the emotions produced by the first sight of Gray's introductory picture of his Bard.

INSTITUTION NOTES

(Pressly Mills Reporter)

Mr. Willie White, with the help of Mr. R. B. Cloer and the shop boys, is building a new chicken house.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Master Charles Griffin has been placed in the bakery. He will first learn to make pies, cakes and rolls and some time in the near future he will assist in the baking of bread.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Mr. Joe Gaskel, of the Concord "Y", delivered an interesting

speech in the Auditorium last Sunday. Mr. Gaskel is a good speaker and his speech was enjoyed by all his hearers.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

A few days ago Mr. Stebbins made two groups of band boys placing in one the more experienced and in the other the lesser. The boys are improving in every way and in a month or two we will be having real music.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

A rather large number of boys received visitors last Wednesday March 14. They were: Harold Guthrie, Wayne Carpenter, Earl Houser, Everette Goodrich, Herbert Apple, Norman Iddings, Thomas Sassoms and Seaton Trull.

Last Saturday the ball goods used by the "varsity nine" during the summer base ball season were brought out on the ball field. Two teams composed of boys and officers were formed and the game began at once. The game ended after nine innings of hard fought base ball the final score standing 10-5.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Last week Master Claude Coley was honorably paroled by Mr. Boger. Master Coley knew more about the printing business than any other boy who has come to the institution and has gotten his start here. He was a good linotype operator, a fine press feeder, job man and stapler. He leaves many friends, who wish him a long and sucessful life. He goes home to support his mother.

OF A LOCAL NATURE.

Mr. A. E. Lentz Ill.

Taken suddenly ill while on a visit to his old home in Concord, Saturday evening, Mr. Adolphus Lentz was hurried off to a Charlotte hospital where he underwent a serious surgical operation. The latest news from his bed-side is encouraging.

A Lazy Performance.

The dibble-dabble method of the contractor in executing the contract of constructing the national highway from Concord to Mecklenburg line is exasperating. Everything that has been done thus far seems to smack of a lazy aggregation. Perhaps the contractor feels that he has a whole life ahead of him, and is satisfied with just bread and meat and where to lie down.

The piddling at the foot of Silver hill is a caution. Whenever work is pretended to be done, one-half of the gang stands looking at the other half or the passers-by. Wonderful how many folks watch the clock, and then cuss the irony of their fate.

Died in Pittsburgh.

Mr. Ed. Gibson, who, in the latter part of the nineteenth century, went west, died in Pittsburgh (Pa) hospital on the 17th, from an attack of pneumonia. His remains were brought to Concord for burial. Mr. Gibson was on the road, traveling out of Youngstown, Ohio. He had not visited Concord since 1895. Mr. Gibson was a son of the late Mrs.

Esther Gibeson, and is survived by three sisters, Mrs. C. L. Smith, of Concord; Mrs. A. E. Lentz, of Charlotte; and Mrs. J. C. McDowell, of Morganton.

Planning A New Church

Trinity Reformed congregation of Concord is planning the erection of a new and larger and ebtter equipped church edifice. At a congregational meeting recently held proper committees to handle every phase of the proposition were appointed and set to work.

Messrs. T. H. Webb, A. F. Hartsell and C. M. Ivey, local Rotarians, attended the district Rotarian meeting held in Charleston, S. C., on the 20th and 21st.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM
Passenger Train Schedules

Arrival and Departure of Passenger Trains, Concord, N. C.

LV.	NO.	BETWEEN	NO.	AR.
1:40A	30	New York-Birmingham	30	1:40A
2:37A	29	Birmingham-New York	29	2:37A
5:12A	44	Washington-Atlanta	44	5:12A
6:32A	31	Atlanta-New York	31	6:32A
8:41A	137	Atlanta-New York	137	8:41A
9:25A	11	Charlotte-Norfolk-Richmond	11	9:25A
10:55A	36	New York Birmingham-New Orleans	36	10:55A
3:20P	45	Washington-Charlotte	45	3:20P
3:45P	46	Charlotte-Danville	46	3:45P
7:10P	12	Norfolk-Richmond-Atlanta	12	7:10P
8:18P	32	New York-Augusta	32	8:18P
10:20P	35	Birmingham-New Orleans-New York	35	10:20P
9:45P	138	New York-Atlanta	138	9:45P
9:31P	135	Washington-Atlanta	135	9:31P

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THE UPLIFT

VOL. XI CONCORD, N. C. APRIL 7, 1923 No. 21

THE CONDUCTOR.

The whole contrast between the childlike trust and ours was summed up in the reply of a wee maiden to me the other day. She was sitting in the seat in front of me upon the railway train with, apparently, never a relative about. She cared for nobody—no, not she—and nobody cared for her. I leaned forward and began conversation—she was but five. "Why, my little girl," said I, "arn't you afraid of riding all alone on this car?" Her eyes went wide at my folly; her rosebud lips gurgled with laughter; her chin flew up defiantly. "Oh," she fairly squealed, "there can't nothing hurt me on this train; my papa's the conductor." That's it. Here we are thundering through the universe, swung through vastness on a planet at utterly inconceivable speed, watched in our riotious course by suns and worlds and wandering comets, swept through joy and grief, sickness and health, death and life, while all the time our heavenly Father is the conductor—only we don't laugh that way, don't trust that way.—James Church Alvord.

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

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JAMES P. COOK, *Editor*, J. C. FISHER, *Director Printing Department*

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C. under Act of March 3, 1879.

I saw two little girls on the street the other day. One of them wore a knee-length dress and had bobbed hair, and both had their faces bedaubed with paint. They are public school teachers in the county—one with the bobbed hair and short skirt is the principal of a two-teacher school. She is undergoing her first experience in the school room, and laboring in a district that has sent out a number of great and distinguished men—men who have graced the professions, preaching, teaching, at law, and in the legislative halls of great states. Under these influences and this capacity, what does the future promise the innocent and confiding children that are accorded such leadership? And in the great day of accounting will he who inflicted the district with such advantages be held entirely blameless?

FINE AND HELPFUL CONTESTS.

One night last week the chosen representatives of certain high schools in the state met in annual debating contest to decide who are to be the representatives in the great annual debate that is to be held later at Chapel Hill.

This is one of the finest features, and at the same time most helpful, in connection with public education in the state. It is fine training for the boys and the girls, and, in a sober moment upon their honor, all of them would declare it far more valuable in the race and achievements of life than foot-ball and basket-ball which engage so much of the precious time of students in these modern days.

The daily papers of Charlotte, Wilmington, Greensboro, Winston-Salem, Asheville and Raleigh were full, Sunday morning, of the stories of the

several contests. It was painful to note how conspicuous Cabarrus county was in all these notices by her absence. Has the county, under the present educational management, not enough pride to inspire the public school pupils to contest for this honor, if not for the benefit accruing by a preparation for the contest? Some of these days the condition may be more hopeful. But is there an accredited high school in any rural district of the county? If not, why not? Whose fault is it? Would an accredited high school in the county prove much of a competition to the private institution directed and maintained by two of the leading public school officials of the county?

These are the pertinent questions that many citizens are now asking! They have a right to ask them; and some of these days, in their impatience and stung by the injustice of a do-nothing policy, they will rise up and demand a cleaning.

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TWENTY YEARS ON THE SAME JOB

It seems but yesterday when a theory for which the late Tom Watson, of Georgia, in congress made a fight, became an actuality—rural mail delivery. This is the way nature has of breaking gently upon us how we grow old, some gracefully and others resentfully.

When the system of sending out daily to the rural sections of Cabarrus county was inaugurated, Mr. John H. Ritchie secured the appointment for looking after one route. On Easter Monday he celebrated his twenty-first anniversary at the very same job. Barring a few weeks, when he made an exchange of routes with Mr. George F. Barnhardt, working to the convenience of family conditions, Mr. Ritchie has been with horse and buggy going over the very same route for twenty-one years. The exchange of routes between these two faithful and dependable Uncle Sam officials did not last long. The babies of either route began to cry for their favorite mail-carrier and refused to be comforted until the old order was restored.

Mr. Ritchie made preparations to properly celebrate this anniversary by taking unto himself a Ford runabout, discarding the faithful old horse that struck a gate just as regular and patiently as the tick of a clock. He now makes his round in a half a day whereas formerly he put in a whole day.

When this man started on this route he made the acquaintance of lots of little shy, tow-headed boys and girls, waiting at the mail boxes for catalogues from "mail order houses", patent medicine circulars, special sale notices, and cheap advertising sheets published away from home, and an

occasional home paper and church journal (now the higher class of mail predominates, showing education and progress) and today these tow-headed kids are daddies and mammies—showing just what twenty-one years means and how conditions have a way of changing.

Serving our route most efficiently, this scribe entertains a lively hope that Mr. Ritchie may celebrate another 21st anniversary and on that day may drop our mail on our doorsteps from a high-powered flying machine.

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NEW SOCIETY EDITOR.

Mrs. Margaret Abernethy, who for thirteen years has been the faithful and efficient society editor of the Charlotte Observer, retires from the game to enter the buisness office of real estate dealers. She is succeded by Miss Adelaide Caldwell, the accomplished and talented daughter of the late Jos. P. Caldwell, who made the Observer years ago a great institution, and Mrs. J. P. Caldwell, the tireless and brilliant mistress of the "One Minute Page" of the Observer.

Miss Caldwell has for some time past filled a similar position on the Charlotte News. She is a genius, coming by it very honestly because it is in the blood. It is said that this young lady has a most remarkable memory. Her mother pulls her little pad on you, scribbles some Greek charactera (seems so) on a sheet and at the same time talks cheerful and enlightening talk like lightening and is off for another subject, but it is said the daughther carries most of her notes about in her head, avoiding the pad buisness, and they come to her (names and dates) when she is ready to prepare her copy just as fast as they can be used.

Mrs. Abernethy (we must confess that even we always read her page) will never get the ink from her fingers and some of these days to ease her misery she will be getting back into the game.

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THEY ARE IN NEW YORK.

Gov. Morrison and Treasurer Ben Lacy are in New York to close the sale of ten million dollars worth of bonds, in order to keep the programme of progress going. It is said that the bonds will bear a four and one-half rate of interest.

THE UPLIFT joins his hosts of friends throughout the state in wishing that Treasurer Lacy will not have the same experience that attended a former visit when the miserable old New York climate gave him pneumonia; and the doctors up there believe that the medicine that we use for snake-

bites is a sure cure for pneumonia. It's not right to take advantage of our treasurer in such a manner.

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THE ASSESSMENTS.

The matter of assessment of real estate (this is the year when such is due) is left to the discretion of the several county commissioners. It is noted that in a few counties a new assessment has been ordered, while in other counties the assessment is allowed to stand.

Inasmuch as the state collects no tax from the counties on real estate and the counties must get the bulk of their revenue from this source and that of corporations, nothing is gained by having a re-assessment. If it be lowered, the rate must be raised; if raised, the rate could probably be lowered. The only result obtainable by a re-assessment would be in correcting some errors and taking out some kinks, but this could be accomplished individually and at no expense.

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THE FISH COMMISSION.

The Fish Commission recently appointed by Gov. Morrison and confirmed by the State Senate has gotten down to work. It is composed of capable and enthusiastic fishermen. We have a sneaking notion that some of these days editor Santford Martin, of the Winston-Salem Journal, who is a member of that commission, in his rambles among the waters of North Carolina will strike a streak of luck. If he does, rest assured the 325 boys at this institution will have a regular fish meal and all because Editor Martin remembers his friends.

Seriously there is no earthly reason why the fish and oyster interests of North Caaolina should not become one of the state's most lucrative enterprises—we've got the wateas, the climate, the talent and everything. Let's go.

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WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN ENLARGES.

Mr. Bryan does not grow smaller, like most folks whose political star has set. Having made a statement relative to the alleged restrictions which Southern States have placed on black suffrage have been made through necessity and not upon principle, Mr. Bryan follows it up with a more minute discussion. It is good reading because of the fine argument about a proposition which is not seen in its proper light by all, even by

many very sincere people in the common country.

It is so entertaining and so free of prejudice and so informative that THE UPLIFT desires for all its readers to have an opportunity to read it, hence its reproduction in this number.

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AN ENTHUSIASTIC FRIEND.

Mr. C. E. Mason, formerly of Charlotte, but now a prominent cotton factor in Philadlphia, has again demonstrated his intense interest in boys, especially our boys.

Mr. Mason was visiting home folks in Charlotte and stopped over with us Sunday afternoon. Rev Myers, the leader of the services, introduced Mr. Mason, who spoke on The Bible. Before concluding his talk, he asked how many of the boys could tell the names of The Bible and name the writers, after he himself named them.

Fifteen boys, responding, went to the stage. Five scored correctly and ten fell a little short. Mr. Mason, as the goodness of heart suggested, gave each of the five boys a dollar bill, and to each of the ten he gave fifty cents.

This is the lover of boys that last year sent a cornet to the institution for the special tooting by Master Vass Fields.

WHAT IS CULTURE?

By R. R. Clark.

"What is culture?" Who are the cultured people?" These questions at the beginning of a newspaper paragraph recently attracted my attention and the writer, a lady, proceeded as follows:

"Is it (culture) knowing how to serve a dinner correctly, how to introduce people properly? Is it knowing that one should open only one fold of a napkin (get that, you males who spread the napkin over your front like the baby's chin cloth,) and should send his knife and fork on his plate when passing it for a second helping? Is it knowing how many calling cards to leave, and the meaning of the social phrases, 'sang froid,' 'le beau monde' and like phrases? Also that the word 'valet' is no longer given its French pronunciation in social circles? It is pronounced as spelled, without the acute accent over e.

"These are but a few things that define the cultured from the uncultered—the person who is au fait from the one who is not."

The concluding paragraph gives one to understand that the information conveyed in the queries is a partial definition of culture, of what one must know and practice if he is to be considered of and among the cultured people. Far be it from me to undertake to say what culture is. I have long entertained an idea that the word was very much abused and very much misunderstood as to its true meaning; and I am a little more fixed in that opinion after reading the foregoing. Good manners, refined manners are unquestionably one phase of culture. For a better understanding, observe these definitions from Webster's New International:

"Act of improving or developing by education, discipline, etc., the training, discipling or refining of the moral and intellectual nature.

"The state of being cultivated, especially the enlightenment and discipline acquired by mental and moral training; civilization; refinement in manners and taste."

It will be admitted at the outset that good table manners are a most desirable asset and knowing how to play the host properly is on accomplishment to be desired. That is a part of culture, but I am inclined to the opinion that one may open two folds of the napkin or leave his knife and fork off the plate when passing for a second helping without placing himself without the pale. How many men for instance, except those who made a study of such things and may be fit for little else, can always remember which knife and fork or spoon comes next? Knowledge of the social phrases mentioned may mean that one is "up to now" on the latest social usages as practiced among the folks who think that is the most important thing in the world, but it is not a definite indication of culture.

If I get the idea at all culture is cultivation, tillage, intended to improve the intellectual and moral nature which results in refinement of manners—of speech and conduct. We cultivate plants—fruits, flowers, veg-

etables, etc., with a view to improving and producing more perfect specimens. Not infrequently very fine specimens are produced so far as the outward appearance are concerned but they are disappointing in flavor. We meet many people who pride themselves as to the correct usages in society; folks who would consider themselves disgraced if they left off the knife and fork when passing the plate for a second helping, or inadvertently opened more than one fold of the napkin, or failed to follow the latest style in the pronunciation of "valet." And at bottom these very folks may be as common as dirt and as coarse. Their so-called culture is superficial, a smattering of the latest customs of social usage about which the most really and truly cultivated people give themselves little concern.

Take notice that the authority quoted puts the emphasis on the refining of the moral and intellectual nature by discipline. Refinement in manners and taste come last because that naturally follows the first. Refinement in speech is certainly an important part of culture. Knowledge of the latest style of dress for social occasions, the number of cards to leave and how to handle one's self when partaking of the refreshments is important, but they are no mark of culture if one is intellectually ignorant or indulges in vulgar speech. Cultivation of the head and the heart, learning to show proper deference and natural (not affected) courtesy to others, being able to talk something except the latest slang and scandal, cultivating the higher and nobler ideals of life, from which come the that refinement of the inner nature that indicate what is sometimes called "good breeding," would seem to be what the dictionary man had in mind when he laid down the definition I have quoted.

The people who have not acquired refinement of the inner nature by cultivation (it cannot come by inheritance but is often greatly affected by environment) may know the meaning of "sang froid" and "le beau monde," and they may have the napkins and the knives and forks down to the very latest, but, as the Alexander county man expressed it, they may still be "vastly ignorant" as to the meaning of culture.

All of which is my private opinion, publicly expressed for what it is worth. And it is further my privat opinion, publicly expressed, that the number of really cultured folks is not so many and that by no means all of these are found in the circles where the latest society fads are considered of first importance.

Good Ruler Wanted.—Mr. Blimp: "Remember, the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world. Don't forget that, dear."

Mrs. Blimp: "Then you come right in and rule the world awhile. I'm tired."—Good Housework.

BRYAN ON NEGRO SUFFRAGE.

Back in 1893 when we were discussing imperialism a public man from the South cautioned me against laying too much emphasis upon the Declaration of Independence, adding that in the States where the blacks menaced white supremacy it had been found necessary to ignore the doctrine that all men were created equal. I replied that limitations upon the exercise of suffrage by the black race ought not to be based upon a denial of the doctorine of equality as found in the Declaration of Independence, but upon the real foundation, which in no way contradicts or weakens the Declaration of Independence. I defended the doctorine of equality in the inalienable rights enumerated in the Declaration of Independence and explained to him that the problem which the whites of the South had to solve did not involve the question of equality before the law; that no one denied that the blacks were entitled to equal protection in their rights. The question is, which race shall control the government and make the laws under which both shall live? The more advanced race will always control as a matter of self-preservation not only for the benefit of the advanced race, but for the benefit of the backward race also.

In the States where restrictions are placed upon suffrage for the purpose of excluding enough blacks to preserve white supremacy, the blacks have the advantage of living under laws that white man makes for himself as well as for the black man. The laws make no distinction in the matter of crime between whites and blacks.

Suppose, for the sake of argument, that no limitations were placed upon suffrage and that the blacks, voting en masse for officials of their own color, took charge of the government and made laws for both blacks and whites; is there any white man who believes that the laws made under these circumstances would be better for both, or administered with more fairness than now?

What Other States Would Do.

At the Southern banquet, I enforced my argument by suggesting that Massachuetts would do exactly as Virginia and South Carolina had done if confronted by the same conditions. There is not a state in the Union in which the whites would permit black supremacy. This ought to be admitted without argument but it could be easily proved if proof were necessary. Republicans are constantly coming South and they at once adopt the Southern view on the race question, as soon as they have to meet the race problem as a practical question. The fact that the Republican States of the North never send black men to the United States Senate and House of Representatives is conclusive proof either that the blacke are inferior or that race prejudice keeps them in the background. The race riots in Illinois, the home of Lincoln and Grant, showed that race feeling is just as strong in the North as in the South when a condition arises that gives it expression.

It is no reflection upon the black race to say that it could not formulate laws and administer government as well as the white. It is only a

few centuries since the ancestors of the colored people of the South were brought from Africa as slaves. They have made wonderful progress and they have made it because they have been associated with and helped by white people. Slavery among the whites was an improvement over independence in Africa. The very progress that the blacks have made, when—and only when—brought into contact with the whites, ought to be a sufficient argument in support of white supremacy—it ought to be sufficient to convince even the blacks themselves. The members of the white race have been studying the subject of government for thousands of years; why should they not be more proficient than the blacks?

There is no advantage to be gained by ignoring the facts. The Republicans of the North are deceiving the blacks for political purposes when they pretend a greater affection for them than is found in the South. Some one described the situation very accurately when he said: "The people of the South like the negroes as individuals but dislike them as a race, while the people of the North like them as a race but dislike them as individuals."

The inconsistency of the Northern Republicans is proved by their attitude toward the Filipinos. They insist on governing the Filipinos, by laws made for the Filipinos, under which the white Republicans would be unwilling to live. Under the colonial system, the Filipinos have much less protection than the colored people of the South now have, for, as I have said before the colored people of the South live under the law that the white people make for themselves as well as for the colored people.

Matter of Necessity.

To prove that restrictions upon black suffrage are based upon necessity and not upon prejudice, we have only to cite the fact that the restrictions are only imposed where, without these restrictions, the government would be in danger of passing under the control of the blacks. It is only in those Southern States where the blacks are most numerous that the whites have, as a matter of self preservation, imposed restriction. They may have been spurred on to this by a recollection of their experience under carpet bag government with a few designing white men used black suffrage to exploit helpless whites, as they would today if they could (note the use now made of colored delegates in Republican national convention.) But such an experience is not necessary to justify the discrimination made in a few States in the matter of suffrage. Any one who will look at the subject without prejudice will know that the white supremacy promotes the highest welfare of both races.

A frank and candid recognition of conditions as they exist will promote harmony between the two races. Republican politicians who have played upon race prejudice and who, in order to obtain colored votes have advocated laws dealing with the race question in the South as they would not deal with it in the North under similar conditions, are the prime cause of race antagonism; next to these come those leaders of the color-

ed race who, instead of trying to help their own people, aggravate the situation by encouraging the blacks to put social and political equality above the cultivation of character.

Whether for better or for worse, the whites and the blacks are here and must live together, unless some other solution of the problem can be found. While they live together, they should exchange services and co-operate for the promotion of the common welfare. This is only possible upon the basis of frienship, and friendship is possible only on the basis of honesty and frank understanding.

Where the percentage of blacks is small compared with the total population there will be no restriction on franchise based upon color; neither will there be segregation in schools or upon the railroad trains. Where the percentage of blacks is large, rules will be made to meet conditions as they exist.

I repeat, in conclusion, that my views upon the race question do not depend upon my present residence in the South; they were formed long before I ever thought of living in the South. They were expressed as occasion required and, so far as I know, do not differ from the views of other white men who have had occasion to express themselves on the fundamental principles involved, when those principles were applied to themselves and their own families.

In spite of the rules and the moon the people went ahead and had Easter on April 1st, whereas the rules for governing this festival place the proper date on April 8th. Who will deny that they were punished for their great haste by being forced to wear furs and cloaks over the Easter finery that had been assembled through trying ordeals and great scheming?

THE NON DE PLUME.

(Presbyterian Standard.)

We can think of several reasons why a writer might use a non de plume. The first reason that occurs is modesty. It is altogether conceivable that a writer might be so shy and reserved, so modest and self-distrustful as to shrink from having his name appear in print. He might say to himself, "Who am I to be thrusting myself before the public. While few would recognize my name, those who did would laugh at my presumption?" We can conceive of such modesty, but we do not often meet with it in real life. Most writers, especially young writers, love to see their name in print. They watch with eager impatience to see their article appear. It is the first thing they read when the paper appears. They are apt to think pretty well of it, for it looks better in print than it did in manuscript. As a rule, a writer is rather proud of the child of his brain, and is perfectly willing for it to be known as his child. He often sees more to admire than any one else sees. Like the mother of a lit-

tle tow-headed, pewter-eyed, freckle-faced child. You are tempted to feel sorry for her. But she will take the little lump of ugliness in her arms, hug it, and kiss it, and insist that it is the dearest, sweetest and prettiest child in the world.

Another reason for the non de plume is to excite curiosity. The writer will set people to guessing. This will give an added zest. If he has done something real clever, the readers will wonder who the author can be. They will create something of a sensation by mentioning the names of different men of distinction who might have written. It is easy to believe that the unknown author, veiled behind his non de plume, would derive peculiar pleasure from the discussion which he had started. Think of what it meant to Walter Scott to have all the literary lights of Great Britain racking their brains to discover the author of the Waverly Novels. He kept them guessing as long as he could. The sensation grew with the appearance of each new novel. They were read with the greater avidity because of the mystery shrouding their authorship. They got more advertising than they otherwise would have gotten. Everybody who felt capable of forming an opinion ventured into print with a guess. Sir Walter was having the time of his life keeping the public curiosity excited, and all the liteary wits keyed to the highest tension in trying toun-cover his secret. Of course, the writing must have decided merit if the non de plume is to arouse curiosity. Othewise, the readers will not pause to inquire who is behind the mask.

Another reason, and perhaps the most common one, is cowardice. The writer is not willing to face the responsibility of his words. Sometimes he is not sure of his ground. He makes statements that he cannot verify. "He that pleadeth his cause first seemeth just. But his neighbor cometh and searcheth him out." The non de plume is used to avoid any possible embarrassment which might arise from this searching process. More often when a writer wishes to shirk responsibility, it is not for what he says but for the way he says it. He injects a venom in his words that he knows would do him no credit if the authorship were known. He relieves his system of bile, and he is not anxious that the public should know whose bile it is. Bile is never admirable, and while one may find relief in voiding it, he does not care to be caught in the act. The most famous instance of the use of a non de plume to escape the consequence of a scurrilous abuse is the Letters of Junius. It is a century and a half since that remarkable genius dipped his pen in gall to tortures the kings and ministry of England. For three years he continued his cruel work. All the officials of the government suffered, some of them exeruciatingly. They were like men exposed to poison arrows fired from ambush. They never knew when the next volley would be discharged. They could not escape beyond the range of these dreadful weapons nor was there any coat of mail that could afford protection. They writhed under their wrankling wounds, and poured forth their bitter complaints, but they were helpless. They were never able to un-

cover their tormentor. To this day the evil has never been lifted. Junius is still a name of mystery, and the synonym of all that is most fiendish in the way of concealed assaults on character.

When a writer deliberately puts a sting in his words with the sole design of irrating or wounding some one whose only offense is difference of opinion, and then hides behind a non de plume, he does it because he knows that he is earning the scorn of good men. It is no sin for persons to differ in opinions, to cherish and express opposing convictions. To punish one for such difference, by the use of intemperate or vituperative language, is to put a blot on one's own character. To do this from ambush is to aggravate the sin; it is to be guilty of moral cowardice.

We conclude that a non de plume may be an innocent disguise, but it is like the hooded robes of the Ku Kluk Klan, it is liable to great abuse.

John D. Rockfeller is quoted as saying he believes it is "a religious duty to get all the money you can fairly and honestly." Mr. Rockfeller has always been of a strong religious bent; and having read Miss Tarbell in our youth, our conclusion is that his religious views have simply changed —Greensboro News

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SOUTH AMERICA VS. NORTH AMERICA.

By Sarah Graham Morrison

North America has always known so much more about her eastern and western neighbors than she has about her southern neighbors that the average North American can tell you very little about South America, unless he has been one of the fortunate tourists who have accidentally been lured there in the last five years before the World War, or by the recent Brazilian Centennial. Or perchance he has been an engineer of some kind who once he got into the Latin American service found that it was almost impossible to get away from it, because so few North Americans can speak the Spanish language, a difficulty which will soon not figure since in the high schools of New York City it is reported that seven times as many pupils are studying French as are learning German, and twenty times as many are studying Spanish as French.

Everyone knows that there are two great land bodies in the world, the eastern and western hemispheres, and that the two continents comprising the western hemisphere are called America, North and South, connected by the Isthmus of Panama. The two Americas comprise three-tenths of the earth's surface, and one-half the cultivable part, North America having an area of 8,700,000 square miles and South America 7,300,000 square miles. In each of these continents about one-quarter of the surface is waste, in one a polar waste; in the other a tropical waste.

Of the five large continents, North America ranks third, and South America fourth. South America is twice the size of Europe, with only two-thirds the population of France and Italy. It is twice the size of the United States, including Alaska, with a little more than half the population. The population of Europe is 333 to the square mile, United States 34, and South America only 3.

But while we designate them as North and South, they are not directly north and south of each other. The west coast of South America is in line with the east coast of North America. The most western point of South America is directly below Florida. The 70th meridian cuts Cape Cod, and the most northern and most southern points of South America, and the bulk of the continent lies to the east of that line.

It lies mostly in the southern hemisphere and, like Australia and Africa which are also mostly in that hemisphere its coast line is meagerly indented compared with those of the continents lying in the northern hemisphere. But it is the most southerly of all those in the southern hemisphere, being 1,200 miles farther south.

Its outstanding features are the greatest river system in the world, the greatest mountain system, and the most inviting expanses of undeveloped territory. It is similar to North America in its rudely triangular shape, both having their base to the north and apex pointing south. Both sides of both continents are framed by mountain ranges, the highest and longest in each case lying along the western border and in between is a great sloping plain or valley expanding to the southeast, in North America, the Mississippi Valley and submerged Gulf of Mexico. In South America it is Argentina.

Another great similarity is the position of the rivers. Contrast the location and mouth of the Yukon and Guayas, emptying into the Pacific in the northwest of each continent; the McKenzie and Magdalena, flowing north along the eastern branch of the main mountain system and emptying into a northern sea. Between these and the rivers flowing almost due east lie the parallel rivers of Nelson, going into Hudson Bay, and the Orinoco, flowing into the Caribbean. Then comes the great eastern draining systems of the St. Lawrence and the Amazon, whose mouths are north of the eastern range of mountains, and the Mississippi and La Plata, emptying south of those same mountains. So much for similarities. Among the differences, we first note that in North America the main mountain system lies much farther inland than does the backbone of South America. Owing to differences in climate, one is a wheat land and the other is a banana land. The distribution of the rainfall is very different, due to location and height of the main mountains and flow of ocean currents in adajacent waters. And the last great difference is in the character of the first European settlers and their treatment of the aborigines. In the North they came for colonization purposes, many, in order to have religious freedom, and the greatest number from England. In the South they came for immediate gold and silver and mostly from Spain or Portugal, the exception be-

ing those who settled from many lands in Argentina. In the North the Indian was pushed farther and farther west away from the settlers. In the South, the newcomers absorbed the natives. The North lost the fine traits of the red man. The South has lost most of its Indians, but still retains their characteristics.

To return to the outstanding features. Many people think the Himalayas in Asia the greatest mountain chain in the world because it contains the highest peaks—Mt. Everst, 29,002 feet; but as a system its uniform average height does not compare with the Andes, averaging two and a half miles for 4,500 miles, with a spread of from 50 to 350 miles and containing more volcanoes than any other mountain system. Many of its peaks are three and a half and even four miles high. It is not a single chain extending the full length of land. Sometimes it is single, sometimes single with a double row of peaks, sometimes two distinct ridges, sometimes three and sometimes all knotted up with great traverse chains connecting its Cordilleras' which is only the Spanish word for "ridges."

But the rivers are even greater, it being said that the Amazon excels its own kind in greater degree than does any other physical feature of the earth. Compared to the Mississippi's 17,000 miles of navigable waters it has over 40,000 miles. A vessel of fourteen foot draft can steam up its waters a distance that in America would mean from New York to Salt Lake City via Chicago and Cheyenne, or from the Gulf to Hudson Bay. It empties into the Atlantic more water than Asia's eight largest rivers, drains one-eleventh of the globe, or territory equal to three-fourths of the United States.

It is rather egotistical of the people of the United States to speak of themselves as "Americans," as though they were the only people on this side the Atlantic Ocean. I made the error of saying that once before an Argentine man, who politely corrected me by repeating: "North American; I, too, am an American." And we are so apt to classify all peoples living south of Panama as being Latin Americans or Spanish Americans and letting it go at that, while there is just as much difference between the inhabitants of Chile, Venezuela, Uruguay, Peru, as there is between New Yorkers, Southerners, Middle West, and Boston; between Russians, British, Irish, French Italians, Czecha-Slavs.

To begin with, there were many native tribes all differing from each other: the Muyscas, or Chibchas, of Colombia; the head-hunting Jivaros of Ecuador; the Quichas in Peru, representing the flower of barbarism; the Bolivian Amayras, more stolid; the independent Mapuches of Chile, called by the Quichas, Araucanians, meaning "rebellious ones," because they could not conquer them; the sanguinary Puelche of Argentina, and the cruel Guarani of Paraguay as well as the many tribes of the Amazon and farther north. And these natives have become absorbed by settlers from Portugal, Italy, Germany, England, France, but mostly Spain. And when you speak of Spain, you talk of a people in whose blood flows many strains. Originally they were Celt, then for two centuries they were ruled and mixed

more or less with the Romans, for five centuries with the Visigoths, for eight with the Moors, in whose blood was the Arab strain, so that to South America to intermarry with the various Indians came the austere Basque still pure Celt; the graceful Andalusian, the arrogant Castilian, and the impetuous Estramadurian. Negroes were also brought over from Africa, and again other mixtures resulted. In Spanish colonial times the people were classified as pure Spanish; Crillos, the children of pure Spaniards, but born in the western hemisphere; Indians; mestizoes, children of whites and Indian negroes; mulattoes, children of whites and blacks; zambos, children of Indians and blacks. Today all these are still there and many more of later arrival.

And now why is it that we know so little of such an interesting neighbor who has so much wealth of every kind to offer us if we but seek it half way. South America more than any other is the land of opportunity and has been ever since Columbus set the fad of going there in 1498. Humboldt pointed it all out to us in 1800. Darwin told us in 1835 that some day the Amazon Valley would be the seat of civilization in the world. Ancient Cuzco was a city of a million people before the Spaniards came in the middle of the sixteenth century. Callao was a port of international fame before New York was settled. Why have we sold them only about a tenth of all they have been buying for the last fifty years?

In part it may be explained by location. Europe was nearer to reach. Then there was greater similarity of language and customs, and they understood each other better. Third, we were so busy developing our own country we had little time to develop export trade. Fourth, more European capital was invested in South America and it was reciprocal that the countries which sought to help develop the Latin Republic should be benefitted by getting the major share of the business. Fifth, Europeans pack with more care and allow greater terms of credit. And the European is more tactful, has more time for sociability, sells the Sud-Americano what he wants, and not just what he produces at home for himself, and then there were the European ships in which to transport things, and North America could not send articles down in its own vessels. But the war has changed matters. Our own country is now so far developed that it will take care of itself. We have increased our producing power to such an extent, in order to take care of the war, that we must develop new markets. The Panama Canal has brought us much closer together. We have become so rich a country that we must look around for new investments and more and more North American capital will find its way along the trail opened already by the Speyers, Guggenheims, National City Bank of New York, W. R. Grace; a way pointed out away back in the fifties when Wheelwright, installing the first railroad and the first telegraph in the continent tried so hard to establish also a line of steamers to ply to New York, and failing at home, the opportunity went to England, which has made more money from South America than the rapacious Spaniards ever dreamed of.

For more than a half century

there has been a vast triangle which may not last another half century. As we bought nine times as much from South America as that land did from us, and as we sold more to Europe than she did to us, and as she sold more to South America, it seemed efficient that European ships should load up in Europe and sail for South America, unload and load for North America, where they again unloaded and loaded for Europe. With the interruption of war, giving us an opportunity to get an entering wedge, with the Canal open to shorten the distance and lessen carrying charges, and our industries so much enlarged, our own branch banks established, and our youug people learning the language of the Repu blics, and their rapidly maturing plans for increased transportation, the time ought not to be far distant when every North American will know more of his southern neighbor and do more business with them. And what of our missionaries? Will they be abreast of the times?

Col. E. M. House—if you don't know him, perhaps you have heard of him, says that "North Carolina has shown good business sense in borrowing money to construct its splendid roads and school systems." It is the idea of Colonel House that there "is no loss in borrowing money at 4 1-2 per cent to put into investments that pay from 10 to 25 per cent, and even more." The very idea The Obeserver has always been trying to hammer home.—Charlotte Observer

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THE MYSTIC WEAVER.

A subscriber and constant reader of THE UPLIFT, enjoying the story about Mrs. Finley Mast and her ancient looms and her beautiful and unique creations in the old building back in Watauga mountains, sends, with request for publication, this story of another Weaver. It, too, is a beautiful creation and the author is unknown; but this story is regarded everywhere a piece of fine literature.

The weaver at his loom is sitting,
Throws his shuttle to and fro;
Foot and treadle,
Hand and pedal,
Upward, downard, hither, thither,
How the weaver makes them go;
As the weaver wills they go.
Up and down the web is plying,
And across the woof is flying;
What a rattling!
What a battling!
What a shuffling!

What a scuffling!
As the weaver makes his shuttle
Hither, thither, scud and scuttle.
Threads in single, threads in double;
How they mingle, what a trouble!
Every color, what profusion!
Every motion, what confusion!
While the web and woof are mingling,
Signal bells above are jingling,—
Telling how each figure ranges,
Telling when the color changes,
As the weaver makes his shuttle
Hither, thither, scud and scuttle.

The weaver at his loom is sitting,
Throws his shuttle to and fro;
Mid the noise and wild confusion,
Well the weaver seems to know,
As he makes his shuttle go,
What each motion
And commotion,
What each fusion
And confusion,
In the grand results will show.
Weaving daily,
Singing gaily,
As he makes his busy shuttle
Hither, thither, scud and scuttle.

The weaver at his loom is sitting,
Throws his shuttle to and fro;
See you not how shape and order
From the wild confusion grow,
As he makes his shuttle go?—
As the web and woof diminish,
Grows beyond the beauteous finish,
Tufted plaidings,
Shapes, and shadings;
All the mystery
Now is history;—
And we see the reason subtle,
Why the weaver makes his shuttle
Hither, thither, scud and scuttle.

See the Mystic Weaver sitting
High in heaven—His loom below;

Up and down the treadles go;
Takes for web the world's long ages,
Takes for woof its kings and sages,
Take the nobles and their pages,—
Takes all stations and all stages,—
Thrones are bobins in His shuttle;
Armies make them scud and scuttle;
Web into the woof must flow;
Up and down the nations go;
As the Weaver wills they go;
Men are sparring,
Powers are jarring,
Upward, downard, hither, thither,
Just like puppets in a show.
Up and down the web is plying,
And across the woof is flying;
What a battling!
What a rattling!
What a schuffling!
What a scuffling!
As the Weaver makes his shuttle
Hither, thither, scud and scuttle.

Calmy see the Mystic Weaver,
Throw His shuttle to and fro;
Mid the noise and wild confusion,
Well the Weaver seems to know
What each motion
And commotion,
What each fusion
And confusion,
In the grand result will show,
As the nations,
Kings and stations,
Upward, downard, hither, thither,
As in mystic dances, go.
In the present all is mystery;
In the past 'tis beauteous history.
O'er the mixing and the mingling,
How the signal bells are jingling!
See you not the Weaver leaving
Finished work behind, in weaving?
See you not the reason subtle,
As the web and woof diminish,
Changing into beauteous finish,

Why the Weaver makes His shuttle,
Hither, thither, scud and scuttle?

Glorious wonder! What a weaving!
To the dull beyond believing!
Such, no fabled ages know.
Only Faith can see the mystery
How along the aisles of history
When the feet of sages go,
Lovliest to the purest eyes,
Grand the mystle tapet lies,—
Soft and smooth for angel's treading;
As if made for angels' treading
Tufted circles touching ever,
Inwrought figures fading never;
Every figure has its plaidings.
Brighter form and softer shadings;
Each illumed,—what a riddle!
From a cross that gems the middle.
'Tis a saying—some reject it—
That its light is all reflected;
That the tapet's hues are given
By a sun that shines in heaven!
'Tis believed, by all believing,
That great God himself is weaving—
Bringing out the world's dark mystery,
In the light of truth and history;
And as web and woof diminish,
Comes the grand and glorious finish,
When begin the golden ages,
Long foretold by seers and sages.

THE STORY OF WATSON HALE.

(The Rockingham Post Dispatch.)

About a year and a half ago, young Watson Hale, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Hale, of Rockingham, began running a bit of temperature, and developed a decided limp in his left leg. This continued to grow worse, and it was finally found that he was suffering from tuberculosis of the hip bone.

And here is where one of the state's splendid institutions stepped in. Several years ago some of the state's leading men, with a far-seeing vison agitated the establishment of an orthopaedic hospital; many opposed the idea, saying it was but another drain upon the taxpayers and merely a scheme to put some pets on

the state payroll. However, it was established, and at Gastonia. And to this typically children's hospital are annually sent scores of boys and girls, some with twisted limbs, broken feet, others short legs and other bone deformities—but all with the faith and hope to be cured and set straight. Nor s their hope groundless —as wit- Nor is their hope groundlesss—as wit ness the cure of young Watson Hale, about whom we started this little story.

Mr. Hale sent his boy on July 25th of last year to this state-owned hospital. He was informed that the cost would be $15 a week; but if he couldn't pay that then pay what he could; and if he was unable to pay anything, why still send the lad as this great protecting state of ours would not consent for a life to be ruined when for a few dollars comparatively speaking, a strong young life could be saved. And so the boy was carried to Gastonia, to Babington Heights. His side and leg were placed in a tight cast, and a heavy weight was suspended from his left leg. This weight was to pull the connecting bone from out of the hip socket; the treatment cured the boy. No medicine was used. But for four months he lay in a cast and with this weight keeping the bone from the socket; at the end of that time, it was found that nature, marvelous thing she is, had arrested the tuberculosis and had completely cured the bone fester. The boy has been back to the hospital several times since to be looked over, but he is now back home, apparently well and walks now with but a slight limp. And even this in course of time will vanish.

And yet some folks begrudge the money that the state spends on its institutions!

But silence never shows itself to so great advantage, as when it is made the reply to calumny and defamation, provided that we give no just occasion for them.—Addison.

REMINDERS OF THE PAST.

By Fred A. Olds in Oxford Friend

The grave of Rev. Thomas Meredith, for whom Meredith College is named, is in the old or city cemetery at Raleigh. It is a small shaft of white marble and bears the following inscription:

"This monument was erected by the Baptist of North Carolina in loving memory of their beloved brother, Rev. Thomas Meredith, who departed this life November 30, 1850, in the fiftieth year of his age." His home yet stands, a little south of the Central Highway, between Raleigh and Cary. He had three daughters of such extreme beauty that they were popularly called "The Three Graces." They had suitors from several states. Mr. Meredith was the first to suggest in the newspaper he founded, the Biblical Recorder, the establishmeut of a Baptist College for women. The new site of Meredith College will be

about a mile east of the Meredith home.

Not far from the grave of Mr. Meredith is that of Mr. William Peace, who gave the site and also the money for building Peace Institute for Girls, at Raleigh. Work on the building was begun in 1860, but when the War Between the States came on it was not furnished and it was taken for an army hospital. Not until after 1870 was it put to its present use.

The oddest sign in all Raleigh is now nearly illegible, and is on a metal bill board, where it was placed in 1900. It is a whiskey advertisement and is In a few yards of a street car line and not far from the Confederate cemetary. It is of a Petersburg dealer, who advertises that he has whiskey from $1.50 to $4 a gallon. He goes on to say that he gives "full measure," fills mail orders pomptly and describes his liquors as "the best." Nowadays it looks as old as an inscription in Egypt.

The State Museum has for many years been one of North Carolina's show-places. It was housed partly in a dilapidated brick building, built in 1812 as Capt. Charles Parish's "Eagle," later the "Guion" hotel, and later still the "National," bought in 1885 by Gov. Jarvis for the State Agricultural Department; and partly in an annex, a poorly built affair. Now in place of the old hotel is a splendid stone structure, with statley columns, facing the Capitol Square and with a fine stretch on Halifax street. The legislature at its recent session made provision for a new museum building, to be in part five stories high, the remainder two stories, and 210 feet in total length, with a width of 56 feet. It will have a front on Halifax street, and its north wall will in part be the new agricultural building. This front will have the five stories and the three upper ones will house the Department of Revenue, established by the legislature of 1921 and of which Hon. Rufus A. Doughton was recently made the head. The plans for the new building are now in hand and the contract for its construction will be soon let, with a view to its completion in the autumn. It has required a year to complete the agricultural building, but there was delay due to the railway car shortage and strike and also to a strike at the Indiana quarry where the stone was cut.

Macon, Georgia, will in April celebrate the hundredth anniversary of its birth. It was named for a famous North Carolinian, Nathaniel Macon, of the county of Warren. There will be a great special edition of the Macon News, and of this a lady has been made the "Centennial Editor." The writer has prepared at her request the story of Macon's life and also one of a visit to his home, "Buck Spring," and as the illustration will be the handsome bronze tablet erected at his grave on his old estate by the North Carolina Historical Commission and the Macon Community Club." The centennial celebration is to be a fine affair and it is the writer's plan to attend it, as a representative of the Historical Commission. Macon is one of the largest places named for "Nat" Macon. Towns in Illinois, Kentucky, Michigan, Mississippi, Missouri, Nebraska, Ohio, Tennessee, Virginia and North Carolina also bear the name of the man declared by Thomas Jefferson to be the "Last of the Romans."

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At the State Prison here many of the convicts are repainting and refitting the buildings, the legislature having provided for this. The new brick walls in front is striking improvement over the old wooden stockade. The grounds are lovely with flowers. Violets grow there all the winter, in profusion. The criminal insane are all told to be removed to other places, and housed in two hospitals; one for whites, the other for blacks. The State will build at the State Farm near Raliegh and at the one near Tillery, Halifax county, permanent quarters for the convicts employed on those farms. Those at the "Caledonia" farm, near Tillery, will be all whites, those at the farn near Raleigh negroes. One of these farms, the Caledonia, is something like 7,000 acres; that near Raleigh having 3,000.

The writer tramped—to Clayton, paid a special visit to the Pythian Orphanage. There are 120 lodges of the Knights of Pythias in the State, with a total membership of 15,000. This orphanage is a handsome and substantial main building, well equipped, and was opened 11 years ago. When it was opened it was complete in every detail and ready to be a real home for 44 children. This number is now in it; 24 girls, 20 boys; handsome, happy and well mannered children. Mr. and Mrs. Pender, of Tarboro, have been in charge ever since the orphanage was opened. Mr. Pender is a relative of one of North Carolina's most notable generals in the Confederate army, Maj. Gen. William Dorsey Pender, who is buried in the Episcopal churchyard at Tarbor.

The orphanage has 183 acres of land and crowns the highest hill near Clayton, which it overlooks. Most of that area is flat and sandy, but this hill is of clay, with granite boulders standing on one face of it, so it has quite an up-country aspect.

The town of Warrenton has built, owns and operates its municipal commercial hotel and already the latter is so popular that an addition to it is under construction. Now Smithfield will build its hotel. The writer could with ease give a list of other towns which would profit by these two examples. Warrenton, by the way, is one of the best examples in the State of well directed public ownership, all the way from a steam railway to a laundry, cold storage plant; and other needful things. They call Warrenton "The Town which Owns Itself."

"Cheer up, me man!" said an Irish doctor to the man suffering from Wounds. "Only one of your injuries is fatal; from the other two you may recover."

MORE THAN CHEESE MADE FROM CASEIN.

By Janet Gargan

The casein in milk is coagulated by rennet, forming curds that are pressed into cheese. Everyone is familiar with casein in this form. But outside of food products, casein has a wide commercial use, and, treated in various ways makes paints, cements, varnishes, imitation celluloid, etc. It is used to size and enamel paper and in the printing of wall papers. It gives weight and glossiness to fabrics and is used in the fixing of dyes on printed fabrics, especially when aniline dyes are used. It makes a very useful product called galalith. It is not strange that a substance used to make a rich, soft cheese, can be made into something so different as imitation marble, tortoise shell and ebony?

Casein is a substance found in the milk of mammals, and in the juices and seeds of certain plants. The casein for uses other than food is prepared from sweet milk that is freed from fats by putting it through a centrifugal cream seprator and then 10 per cent sodium carbonate (baking soda) is added. The solution is slightly warmed and put through the separator several times again until practically all fats are removed. The milk is run into a vat and sulphuric or hydrocolorie acid is added by degrees and the solution constany stirred. The curd is precipitated and the liquid drawn off. It is then stirredup in cold water and the process repeated until the liquid drawn off shows not trace of acid.

The curd is then placed in cheese cloth filters or on a sloping table and allowed to drain. It is then put in strong cloths and pressed in the ordinary cheese press until no more water comes away. The curd is dried and to hasten the process it is broken in small pieces. This is done in a curd mill in which the curd passes between toothed rollers. The vacuum dryer heated by steam is much used for drying. The curd is kept in motion by stirring blades attached to the inside drum of this. After being placed in barrels or sacks, the dried casein is ready for use in various manufasturers.

The chemical composition of casein and its many uses in manufacturers were not known until recent years. Casein preparations make good cements for porcelain, metals and stoneware. Glues are made from casein and are superior to the ordinary kind used in the woodworking and cardboard industries. Bottle labels and the like, when moistened with formaldehyde, then dried and coated with casein will resist moisture.

Casein solutions have a wide use in the paper industries. All articles made from papr or wood pulp gain increased utility from the use of these solutions. Card-board, paper pails, bags, etc., can be made waterproof by the solution and then exposing to formaldehyde fumes. Wallpaper can be made washable. Casein is used in sizing and enameling

paper and as fixing agent for the colors. In this process the casein is diluted with hot water and finely powdered china clay of chalk added, also the coloring matter. The materials are thoroughly mixed in a vat. The paper to be coated is made to pass in an endless chain and a small amount of the mixture is applied with a brush. The paper then passes through other brushes that remove any excess of coating. Next the paper passes through a drying chamber and finally between heated rollers that press the coating into a hard smooth finish.

Casein combines with certain substances to make paints that are almost moisture proof. In certain varnishes, it takes the place of linseed oil. Pictures painted on canvas treated with a solution of casein retain their colors and have a velvety look. These paints are similar to water color paints in that they dry quickly and without gloss.

Casein is used in dyeing and printing cloth and it is used to give weight and softness to silk or cotton goods. The addition of glycerine to the casein solution makes the fabric supple—with zinc, it gives a metallic luster.

A great variety of mixtures that are so plastic that they can be molded are made from casein. Under heat these mixtures can be kneaded, rolled or pressed into desired shapes. They dry quickly, are non-inflammable, and do not shrink in drying. Transparent masses can be made and color can be added.

An imitation celluloid is made from a mixture of casein and cellulose. A substance resembling marble is much used for the making of toys. Imitation leather and linoleum can be made by mixing oil, turpentine, glycerine and casein glue with vegetable fibres or animal hair. A mixture of vegetable oil, rubber or rosin and casein makes a substance which is one of the best insulators known.

Galalith, made by treating pure casein under pressure with formaldehyde, is an important substitute for ivory, celliloid, ebonite, etc. It can be rolled in thin sheets or in thick plates and is used in place of mica on electrical instruments.

You will never be sorry—
For doing your level best.
For hearing before judging.
For thinking before speaking.
For standing by your principles.
For being generous to an enemy.
For promptness in keeping your promises.
—Selected.

THE WEDDING VEIL.

(Contributed)

I wonder if impulses come with a deeper meaning, or are they thoughts to be lightly tossed aside,? For six weeks I had been confined to my bed with a broken ankle. Easter day dawned in splendor for the sunshine flooded my room. "I am the Reurrection and the Life," said the flowers in bloom and the fresh green buds on the trees, verifying Christ's words that today are chanted in song by Christians all over the world.

In February I had received a box from Baltimore and it had lain on the closet shelf till now unopened. In it was a dress of snowy white chiffon enveloped in overdress of old Point Lace wrapped in tissue paper. In a little lace shop in Paris last summer I found laid carefully on a table what seemed to me a mass of white flowers caught in a soft mesh: tenderly I fingered the edges while the little French woman told me that only yesterday an old lady of distinguished ancestry had brought this wedding veil for sale, saying "When I die my nieces will get this and I am afraid they will cut it. It has been in the family eighty years but I would rather sell it to some one who will take care of it. I could not bear to think it would not be prized as I have valued it."

Limping from my bed to the closet I reached for the box, as I unfolded the gown from its tissue wrappings I fancied how lovely the young girl looked when she wore this veil, the gift of her husband, a gift to him from his Mother for her whom he loved best in all the world, his bride.

I thought of the lace-makers who had woven many days of sunlight in the lacy flowers, many heartaches and many secret joys, how many years it took to make stitch by stitch this wide piece of lace, how many lives it had touched, and into each life how it brought a message pure and uplifting.

I looked admiringly at the dress I would not be able to wear for many days to come. As I was closing the box out of the past they came (they who had worn the veil), and looked but a moment for their happy faces were caught in a golden shaft of sunlight, only one lingered—the lady in Paris who sold me the veil. "My nieces would have cut the laces" she said, "but your nieces will wear the wedding veil."

Who will question the lesson I learned from the patience of the lace makers?

April 1, 1923.

SPRING.

Bessie M. Barker

There's a murmur form the woodland
And a whisper from the rills,
A message from the uplands,
Echoed back by all the hills,
And the word is coming—coming,
In the south wind's gentle play,
That the Springtime, singing, humming,
Travels swift along the way.
Now the uplands, bare and weary
Sprout again to living green,
And the dainty, hardy crocus
In the withered grass is seen.
In the woodland and the valley
Bare brown trees their verdure takes;
And the azure skies of springtime,
Shine in the unfrozen lake.
She is coming, gentle Springtime,
Harbinger of joy and mirth;
And her gentle sunny presence
Lights the weary frozen earth.
All the brooklets at her bidding
Cast their fetters hard away,
Tell the story as they travel,
"Spring is passing here today."

MEN WITHOUT A COUNTRY.

(Exchange)

There are thousands of men and women on the continent of Europe who cannot claim citizenship of any country. They are scattered, and are registered by the police as being on the tolerance list, but in reality they are to a certain extent prisoners. The cannot go about from one country to another with the freedom of any ordinary person whose passport is in order, and they cannot claim the protection of any consul, minister or ambassador.

Their condition is a consequence o the great war, and of the upheaval and ajustments which have followe it. In Berlin alone there are abou half a million Russians who have n passports of any kind, and who re fuse either to be registered at th Bolshevik consulate there as Ru sian citizens, or to return to Russi Similarly in Constaninople, Jug Salvia, Bulgaria and Rumania the

are thousands of refugees whose nationality is a doubtful matter.

A circumstance which makes their case unique is that they are anything but undesirable, in the usual sense, although politically some of them may be to the present governments in certain countries. Any learned society, in any of the world's capitals of culture, might be glad to receive some of them as members, and in fact some of them are members of such societies in London, Paris and New York.

Loss of our citizenship has been due in many instances to technical and legal reasons. American citizens, who lived in various European lands before the war, in days when passports were required for Russia and Turkey only, found during the war that they had lost their American citizenship because of having been too long abroad. Others lost citizenship through the partitioning of the Teutonic countries, or through ignorance of intricacies of the Versailles Treaty.

INSTITUTION NOTES

By Pressly Mills Reporter

Letter writing day came around again last Friday and each boy sent a letter to his home.

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Mr. H. D. Spaugh, the baker, made about thirty five cakes for the boys' Easter dinner.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Mrs. W. M. Crooks was confined to her room last week, when she was suddenly taken ill. We hope for a quick recovery.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The boys of cottage 5 made up a certain sum of money to buy ice cream with. The boys got their cream Sunday.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Last Saturday about one hundred and fifty eggs were distributed among the cottages. The boys also had fish Sunday.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

A new International truck was purchased by Mr. Boger a few days ago. This truck will be used for the hauling of freight to and from town.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

School hours were resumed last Thursday. All of the boys are now well and are able to be back in school. Most of the boys are glad to get back to their studies.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Several dozen picks, hoe handles potato diggers, wheel barrows and a few other articles arrived at the institution a few days ago. Most of these implements will be used by the farm department this year.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Some of the the best base ball players here are in the band. Last week Mr. Stebbins organized a team. This team has played and won two games. It must be understood that this does not interfere with the progress of the band.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Pip! Pip! Again the eggs are

hatching, letting the little chicks come into the sunshine of this great world. Master Frank Lisk who has charge of the incubator says that more chickens will be hatched this time than there were before.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Master Paul Funderburk's ankle, while he was playing base ball at third base last Friday, was knocked out of place and the bone above the ankle broken in two places. He was later taken to Concord where his ankle was put into place and the broken leg was reset.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Last Saturday the reporter, while going on his rounds, stopped in where the band boys were practicing. Wanting to show what they could do they played several pieces some of them being: Onward Christian Soldiers: Tramp, tramp, tramp and several other pieces. In a few more days they will be playing in the pavilion.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Twelve new baseball uniforms were bought a few days ago. These are to be used by the "varsity" players. There are to be several teams this year and the suits used by the first nine last year will go to the second team this year and those used by the second nine will go to the third nine. These new suits are of Spalding make and all of the other material will be of the same make.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Much interest was displayed in the election of officers for the Stonewall Literary Society.

The officers who were elected are as follows:

President, James H. Foy; Vice-President, Stanley Armstrong; Recording Secretary, Kelma Smith; Censor, Lockwood Pickett; First Reporting Critic, William Cook; Second Reporting Critic, Whetlock Pridgen; Treasurer, Emmet Lassiter; Corresponding Secretary, Robert Watson; Sergeant at Arms, Julian Piver, and the Progrom Committee consists of James Foy, Stanley Armstrong and Clay Hunt.

"We can do what we want to do if we are willing to pay the price."

The world is blessed most by men who do the things, and not by those who merely talk about them.—James Oliver.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

Passenger Train Schedules

Arrival and Departure of Passenger Trains, Concord, N. C.

LV.	NO.	BETWEEN	NO.	AR.
1:40A	30	New York-Birmingham	30	1:40A
2:37A	29	Birmingham-New York	29	2:37A
5:12A	44	Washington-Atlanta	44	5:12A
6:32A	31	Atlanta-New York	31	6:32A
8:41A	137	Atlanta-New York	137	8:41A
9:25A	11	Charlotte-Norfolk-Richmond	11	9:25A
10:55A	36	New York Birmingham-New Orleans	36	10:55A
3:20P	45	Washington-Charlotte	45	3:20P
3:45P	46	Charlotte-Danville	46	3:45P
7:10P	12	Norfolk-Richmond-Atlanta	12	7:10P
8:18P	32	New York-Augusta	32	8:18P
10:20P	35	Birmingham-New Orleans-New York	35	10:20P
9:45P	138	New York-Atlanta	138	9:45P
9:31P	135	Washington-Atlanta	135	9:31P

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R. H. GRAHAM. D. P. A.,
Charlotte, N. C.

M. E. WOODY, Ticket Agent,
Concord, N. C.

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XI CONCORD, N. C., APRIL 14, 1923 No. 22

THE WORLD LOVES A HERO.

We gather in immense crowds to catch a glimpse of him. We mention his name with pride. We resent it when he is spoken evil of. He stands in the front line of battle and never flinches or plunges into the mad waves and rescues a drowning man; or rushes into a burning building and saves a sleeping child; and such a one has the community at his feet, and is bedecked with medals of honor.

We do not begrudge him any meed of praise that comes to him. Our mistake has been that we have failed to see that there is a religious as well as a military heroism. Not all heroes wear shining buttons or other insignia of bravery. There are moral and religious heroes who will get all their reward after a while. What they have done has required just as much courage as displayed by him who faces the fire or the advancing army.—Selected.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

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JAMES P. COOK, *Editor*, J. C. FISHER, *Director Printing Department*

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MILK OF HUMAN KINDNESS.

There are many more kindly disposed people moving about incognito than the casual observer is aware of. The innumerable acts of kindness and goodness that are handed out to the distressed and the afflicted, silently, far outnumber the acts attended by the spectacular. To do a great thing is a joy—run about boasting of it and embelishing it, is the act of a small soul.

There is a humble family in Concord, in which are two chidren with deformed lips that will mar otherwise attractive faces throughout life. An interesting physiological question may arise here in the power of pre-natal impressions; but this does not concern us at this time.

A bright faced, blue-eyed child of near unto a year of age passed a certain store the other day. A merchant, who has never appeared in the limelight as a philanthropist (he hides his acts of kindness and mercy) saw this happy little mortal with a physical blunder that would follow her throughout life. He felt sorry for the little girl baby. He had read somewhere that hair-lipped deformity could be remedied if attended to in time. He found the name of the baby girl, where her home is, and forthwith phoned the facts to an officer of the local circle of King's Daughters with this short but matter-of-fact instruction: "I wish you to investigate this case; have the child placed under the care of a specialist, give it the best possible treatment, to the end that the horrible deformity may be obliterated. Send the bill to me—it will be my opportunity and pleasue to pay it."

Some of these days the name of this really humane gentleman will leak out; and there will be those, who are accustomed to see things and people through dark glasses, to be surprised. There are lots more good people in this world than bad and sorry ones—it depends on the angle from which you view them and the state of your own spirit of service.

FIXED HIM.

"Dr. Armstrong was unfortunate in the choice of his language, and he was

more unfortunate in that he did not first ascertain the facts." That's the introductory remarks of Dr. W. S. Rankin, secretary of the N. C. State Board of Health, in his reply to the slanderous remarks of a Dr. Armstrong, secretary of the National Medical Council in an address to an assembled crowd of manufacturers up in Massachusetts.

This man Armstrong, reflecting on health conditions, advised his hearers to remain in the North. Dr. Rankin takes the Federal census reports and exhibits the record of North Carolina in comparison with that of Massachusetts. Just a sample of Dr. Armstrong's inaccuracy is revealed in this: the death rate in the year for the registration area was 13 per thousand; in Massachusetts it was 13.8 (more than the average) and in North Carolina the death rate was 12.7 in a thousand, just 1.1 less than in Massachusetts and less than the average for the registration area, which covers about 80 per cent of the entire population.

Dr. Rankin's productions are read; the people enjoy his statements, for he sticks to his text and stays close to the record. Having fixed Dr. Armstrong, that dignitary is making a poor exhibit of himself in trying to wiggle out of his awkward situation.

Where North Carolina is, is at the head of the table; and the sooner Dr. Armstrong recognizes this the less he'll have to explain in the future.

* * * * * * *

THE BOY AND THE HOE.

Mr. Clark in his article this week shows no little wisdom in the treatment of boys in the matter of industrious habits. He has clearly observed that industrious and persistent application of things worthwhile is the outcome of forming a habit, that naturally a boy does not start in with an enthusiasm for real work. The child may, imitating-like, try to play the man and do something that is beyond him. There is, on the other hand, unmistakable evidence that by nature a boy runs to play rather than work.

All of us,who have reached a half century in life, having never forgotten how it embarrassed us to pick up chips, hoe in the garden, do the chores about the house and aid in cleaning up the breakfast dishes, know how exasperating it is to have to listen to some jay parading how he loved to do this and that when he was a youngster. Mr. Clark thinks such a fellow is almost a cheerful liar; and he is.

This brings to mind a tendency of the age, which emphasizes the effort to increase the opportunity and means of play for childhood. If you had the

time and the patience you could figure out that the great majority of every man reaching the age of forty had spent two-thirds if not three-fourths of his time in play and idleness. Rest assured that the average, normal child will find enough time and opportunity to enjoy recreation without troubling your brain in the effort of manufacturing other means. Better exercise your ingenuity in devising ways to encourage the boy to cultivate habits of industry and to entertain the desire to be of use to himslf, to his parents and to the world. The result in the end will be of far great benefit and value.

It does not lower the dignity or the social standing of any family to encourage the boy in habits of industry, and it would be a badge of honor to the girl to become acquainted with those things that make an ideal home.

* * * * * * *

THE OLD BOYS.

The thirty-third reunion of the survivors of the Confederate navy and army has been going on this week in New Orleans, La. The city had made great preparation for a fitting reception and entertainment of these grand old men, together with the hundreds of sympathizing and loving friends. The attendance was thought to be in the neighborhood of 100,000—not all old Confeds, to be sure—but those of the same brand—for many of the brave and heroic old boys are not any more in the flesh.

This is a happy event for one of North Carolina's first citizens, the handsome and gallant, General Julian Shakespeare Carr. But there is a sadness attached to these annaul affairs—it will prove the last reunion for some of them, and faces familiar to those that are present at this gathering will be absent, some having crossed beyond the river since the last meeting and others too feeble to make the long and tiresome journey—but who dare say that they are not present in spirit?

* * * * * * *

HAS MADE A RECORD.

THE UPLIFT welcomes back to the state and to its columns the old ex-newspaper man, C. W. Hunt. Hunt has been roaming about, seeing the country. He spent the coldest part of the winter in Florida.

In this issue he makes an interesting review of the great achievements of Prof. C. C. Wright, a real, live county superintendent of schools, having for his territory Wilkes county. This earnest and industrious leader of his people has built an everlasting monument to his genius in the hearts and lives of the people of Wilkes. Would that every county in the state

had a C. C. Wright.

* * * * * * *

BILLY SUNDAY.

Billy Sunday had old Columbia, S. C., in a swing. He worked them up to such a pitch that he handled them like so much soft putty. At his last day's meetings he had a combined attendance of 37,000; and the "trail hitters" reached the total of 4,440.

The 800 ushers employed in the tabernacle pulled the evangelist's car to the station, having hitched themselves to it by means of ropes. A dispatch to the Charlotte Observer announced that Mr. Sunday was presented with a check for $25,002.00. That is probably considerably more than the Columbia churches will pay all its preachers for an entire year's service.

MISS MARGARET LOUISE CARR.

Grand-daughter of General Julian S. Carr, of Durham, and Mrs. James W. Cannon, of Concord, represented the South at large as Sponsor at the Annual Reunion of the Confederate veterans at New Orleans. Miss Carr is a brilliant young woman of a most attractive personality, and very popular.

HON. JAMES MILTON BROWN.

Hon. James Milton Brown, the oldest member of the Stanly county bar, after years of suffering, practically an invalid from a stroke of paralysis, quietly passed away at his home in Albemarle on the 4th. He was a native of Chatham county, being born July 30th 1851. He was a graduate of Trinity College when located in Randolph county, having as classmates Senators F. M. Simmons, Lee S. Overman and Judge B. F. Long. He married Miss Mattie Anderson, daughter of Dr. Dick Anderson, and to this union were born five children, two sons and three daughters, among them Hon. R. L. Brown, a successful attorney of Albemarle.

Of the influence and worth of this splendid North Carolinian to his community and his state, the Albemarle News-Herald has this to say editorially:

It is not necessarily the men who have reached the highest positions in the world of fame, wealth or power that count for most in this life. If we read history we find that many dangerous and unworthy men have served in high office, accumulated fabulous wealth or headed successful revolutions, overturned governments, put down rulers and placed themselves in power as supreme dictators over great nations. These have not been, nor are they now conered, builders of civilizations. But the men who have made this civilization what it is have been the men of industrious, honest steady characters—those men who made it their aims to stand for the right and against the wrong, who made it a part of their every day religion to render unto every man his just dues and give value received for whatever they may have gotten as a reward for their efforts. Such a man was Hon. J. M. Brown, learned lawyer, public servant, patriotic citizen and just neighbor.

In the practice of his profession his conduct was above reproach. Foreign to the spirit of the blustering fourflusher or shister, his professional conduct was in harmony with the noblest ideals of that honorable profession. Modest, somewhat retiring, he was an able and skillful practitioner. In fact he was far abler than he knew, for he never knew his own strength as a lawyer, yet, those who went up against him in a legal battle, before affliction had paralyzed his nerves, were not long in learning that although fair, he was a foeman of no mean ability. As a public servant he always rendered a good account of his official conduct to his constituency. Although he held the highest office in the gift of the people of his county, with credit to himself and to his people, his greatest public service was possibly rendered as commissioner for the city school. The influence set in motion while serving in that capacity, has meant much to the cause of education of the boys and girls of Albemarle. He was a great believer in the cause of popular education, and while not what some would call "a progressive," (for he was always conservative in his views) he was a wise, safe and sane official and the same might truly be said of him in private life.

As a citizen he was patriotic and

loyal. Although not a native Stanly citizen "to the manor born," his love for old Stanly was most ardent. He believed that his home county was as good, if not just a bit better than any other county in the state. Coming to this county as he did when it was dragging far behind in almost every way, few men did more to help advance it into the very front ranks than did "Jim" Brown, and it is good to know that he lived to see the county of his adoption take her place as a leader in manufacturing, good roads and education. It is good to know also that this man who was such an advocate of education, and who was so much interested in seeing other people's children educated lived to see one of his sons take his place at the bar as one of the ablest lawyers in piedmont North Carolina, and his other children filling responsible places as teachers and homemakers.

The body of Hon. J. M. Brown was buried yesterday, but his influence still lives, and the good he did while living will not perish with his body.

Of the 1310 students enrolled at the North Carolina State college, 551 are taking some of the agricultural courses. This is over 42 per cent, and looks good for the future of progressive farming in North Carolina.

BOOK NOTES.

By R. B. House in Library Bulletin

It is perfectly obvious why a lawyer should read law or a farmer agricultural books. It is a perfectly concrete and scientific task to select the best books for the professional reading of the lawyer and the farmer. The question that troubles us from the point of view of these notes is why the lawyer and farmer should read novels. It is likewise perfectly obvious why the citizen should keep himself informed through the newspaper, and a selection of the best newspapers could be made from well-established principles of news efficiency. But why should the citizens read poetry? Why should any man read in general beyond the practical needs of his daily existence?

"Reading maketh a full man," says Bacon. Very well, but what should a man be full of? This question is insistent in an age when it is equally easy to fill up on newsprint or Homer.

In partial answer to this question of choice The Horton Publishing House of Spokane, Washington, has produced a library poster entitled 100 Worth While Books. Of the one hundreds titles thirty nine are novels ranging in chronology from Crevantes to Booth Tarkington. Next in order of importance comes biography with twelve titles ranging from Boswell to Edward Bok. Fifteen titles are given to history, philosophy, science, and the familiar essay. Shakespeare (The Tempest, Lear, Hamlet,) Scott (Lady of the Lake,) Pope (Essay on Man,) and Wadsworth (Selected Poems) represent the total amount of

drama and poetry. The remaining thirty titles are all prose and range from the letter to the short story. The Bible, Homer, Dante, Milton, Gothe, Moliere, Ibsen are conspicious by their absence. The list would, therefore, meet the scorn of Hamilton Wright, Mabie Frederic Harrison, and Lane Cooper. It would, moreover, fail to meet the specifications of Doctor Eliot. And, in fact, any book-lover could make out a list of one hundred books equally worthwhile.

It is well, therefore, that the list is modest in its claims. The books presented are merely judged to be worthwhile in the collective opinion of ninety six men and women. The ninety-six are judged to be worthy of attention solely because they are in Who's Who in America. The publishers claim only that the list is worth three dimes and the protection of the copyright. Since the list cannot be copied, these remarks presuppose that the reader has thirty cents to invest. But every library ought to buy the list and post it conspiciously. In the opinion of the committee every American between the ages of 20 and 45 ought to read these books. We see no objection to people under 20 or over 45 reading them also.

All of the books mentioned are worth reading once. Most of them are worth reading and re-reading. And the test of a book is its capacity to stand constant perusal. It is well that the ninety-six are not dogmatic. For a selection putting Shakespeare and Service, Emerson Essay and How to Live on 24 Hours a Day in the same category is, to say the least, uneven. Nvertheless the majority of these books one would like to own. They are companionable.

This selection appeals at once to two classes of readers—those who have read them, and those who have not. To those who are familiar with these books the lists lends the interest of a new classification of old knowledge, the joy of meeting old friends in the company of new and worthy associates. It raises questions of of comparison, of inclusion and omission. For hardly any two readers will agree on the same one hundred books. It invites one to revisit old friends or to make the acquaintance of several strangers. All of this is within the family, for hardly any reader is unfamiliar with the majority of the list.

But to those who are totally unacquainted with these books the selection raises a question of intellectual morality. With such books as these unread, how can they give time to what they do read? In fact, can they be readers at all, and not mere absorbers of print? For almost no avenue of interest in books would fail to lend one to someone of these books which mark the crossroads on the literary highway.

The majority of these books would be found in any list of one hundred generally worth-while books. The reason is in the nature of the books. They give no specialized information to any particular class of men, they appeal to all men. They are not practical; they move in a sphere of ideas beyond the practical. The practical value of reading is a real value, and every man should read as sidously in his speacialty. But the human

spirit requires three fundamentals other than the practical. The soul of man hungers for four things—the beautiful, the true, the good and the practically useful. It moves in the four channels of truth, goodness, beauty, and utility. Therefore, after the lawyer has got his law, the farmer his agriculture, the citizen his news of the day, the man himself which is something larger than the utility of law, agriculture, and news, demands to be fed. That is why the practical man must go to books in general. They do feed his soul on truth, goodness, and beauty. Some books emphasize truth, as philosophy; some beauty, as poetry; some goodness, as ethics. But the greatest books synthesize the three in "words that nourish and keep warm the souls of men." They contain literally the words of life. The impulse to read such books is one with the impulse to live. Not because of the publishers, not because of the committee, but because of vital power in the books themselves this selection of one hundred books is essentially worth-while. The book is the thing. Wherefore, "fall to, reader, read!"

Nature cannot jump from winter to summer without a spring, or from summer to winter without a fall.—Tiger.

THE TOUCH OF A VANISHED HAND.

The constructive work in the educational and welfare activities by the officials in Johnston county has excited the favorable notice and comment by outsiders. These departments of public work are in the hands of enthusiastic, capable and active workers. Every week there is maintained a column in The Smithfield Herald that is instructive and inspiring. Not the little dabs of "wash your face and hands"—the sum and substance of the educational advice in some counties—"fill the gullies about the school house," stick an unsightly room to a house out of date or build an ugly pair of outside steps to an otherwise attractive school building and go off without painting the evidence of a full-grown folly, but the Johnston folks are concerned about the useful and constructive agencies in the educational campaign. Here is a pretty little example of a teacher's born qualifications for her work, that no hand-made or arbitrary system can provide, that Miss Mary E. Wells, the assistant county superintendent of the county, has presented for an inspiration to her teachers and the public:

She was only a tiny bit of humanity possibly six years of age, this child who stood before the blackboard in the primary room of one of our Johnston County schools. Her hair was unkempt, and the thin little hands and face were none too clean. Clearly she was not what would be termed an attractive child.

Nervously she handled the chalk and with wide, wondering eyes she studied the mysterious markings

which the teacher had placed on the board before her. There were little curls and long loops and round circules all put together with a few deft strokes of the teacher's chalk. And oh, how wonderful it all was. The teacher said that she had written the word "Laura" which was the name of the wondering little girl and how Laura must herself write the name just as the teacher had done.

How easy it looked when teacher put it there, and how the little one wished she could do it, this magic called writing. She held the chalk right in her tiny hand and placed it upon the board. Slowly it moved leaving a trail of white behind it. But, alas, even Laura could herself see that there was no similarity between her effort and the beautiful wrinting of the teacher. Nevertheless she must keep on, for the teacher had said it must be done. All the other children had gone home. Laura wanted to go too. She was very tired.

At last the tight fist ceased to move the chalk up and down. The tired arm dropped to the thin side of the child. A hopeless expression passed over the sad pinched little face. Had she been accustomed to sympathetic understanding at home tears would doubtless have found their way down the pale cheeks, but Laura knew nothing of sympathy. She did not expect it. Although she had just passed out of baby-hood, she had never the less learned to meet her disappointments with dry eyes.

The patience of the teacher was at an end. "Oh," she cried, "You will never learn anythng. All the other children in the room can write their names, and this is the third day that I have kept you after school to teach you. It isn't any use you'll never learn."

Another child, long years ago, a boy, was struggling with the same problem. His red hair was unkempt too, and his hands were chapped and grimy. The chalk refused to do his bidding. But as the little chap with tired strained muscles tried to perform the magic, a soft white han was placed upon his rough dirty, cramped little fingers and guided them up and down and around and over, again and again until the crampped muscles relaxed under the gentle touch and the task was accomplished. Was that all?

Next day the little hands, still chapped, were washed and clean, that they might be fit for the toueh of the soft white guiding hand.

The years have passed, and James is now a man facing the problems of the world. A paper lies before him on his desk. It remains but for his signature, to complete a transaction which, though questionable will bring him money. He takes the pen and lightly swings the up stroke, down, the loop, around and up again. But what has happened, the pen pauses, trembles and is still. A change comes over the face of the young man. The pen drops from his hand. The paper is brushed heavily into the wastepaper basket. The transaction is at end.

A soft white hand has been laid on that of James Maxton. It was the same hand which years before had guided his baby fingers when first they learned to write that name. It was the hand of a teacher who had herself long since passed into the great beyond.

MUST STOP SERVING TABLES.

It is refreshing to sit and listen to an old time gospel sermon. There has crept into the pulpit to too great extent a disposition to recognize and tumble to the behest of propaganda. This is an aftermath of war-time strenuous activity. A Christain that has to be fed through his stomach in order to insure his attendance upon church is a sorry kind of a Christain. In missionary societies they have begun to feed them to keep up the interest and add to their enthusiasm. But touching somewhat on this phase of innovations into religious activities, the Raleigh News & Observer has a very sensible article as follows:

There is a growing feeling on the part of the evangelical ministers of the gospel that the-after-war-time secularization of the pulpit must come to an end. Religion and Patriotism are of close kin. When the spirit of sacrifice flamed high in 1917-18 naturally the spiritual life of the people kept pace with it. Churches were crowded, patriotic airs and religious tunes were blended, and the youth went across the seas with the benediction of the religious leaders. The nearness to danger, the certainty that many would not come back, and the sense of the need of God brought many young men into a new relationship with their Maker which girded them with endurance in the hour of trial.

After the war, it was a disappointment to find many returning soldiers who seemed weaned from the church. Two years of out-of-door life and the business of killing had wrought a change in many of them. The church leaders felt the call to serve them but were unable to reach many of them. The big problem was to make them feel a constraining welcome, and some ministers mistakenly supposed the lure would be in concerts and addresses and a certain secularization of the pulpit. That was a fatal error. Neither returning soldiers nor young men at home are attracted to the church by lowering its standards or secularizing its service. For every young man attracted by secularization of the pulpit, scores were repelled. When young men go to church, particularly young men who looked death in the face unafraid, they wish no predigested gospel.

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In still later days, the drives and the "cleanups" and the pressure to raise large sums for worthy causes have tempted pastors to resort to devices that make gospel preaching not the first and great business of the pulpit. A Methodist preacher in

New York last week declared "there has been a general degrading of standards, a marking down of the value of the Christain ministry," and he declared that orders "from swivel chairs" were making errand boys of pastors. He added:

"It seems to me like a swan song when we close the Bible even one Sunday and open our pulpit to some misguided psychology lady or half-baked Coue disciple who incidentally after a speech carries away a bag containing a fat collection."

He said ministers who permitted such men to enter their pulpits were "ordained show managers."

The criticism was not directed at the great undertaking for making possible the spread of the gospel either by drives or follow-up campaigns. Sending the gospel to those "afar off" is the prime obligation of Christains. But it is felt by many pastors that the attempted centralized direction of church activities and church work tends to destroy congregational initative and its largest usefulness, and to minimize the great function of the church—the preaching of the gospel and calling sinners to repentance.

That is the call to the Christain ministry and the only call. They cannot be disobedient to that call and set about the task of serving tables. That is to make Christain ministers little more than the secretaries of welfare organizations or benevolent societies. Charity and benevolence are the fruit and flower of religion and not its inspiration or source. Christain people will surely give to feed the poor and carry comfort to all in need. But feeding and reading and clothing are not religion. They are "the fruits of the Spirit."

It is time that ministers, floodedh with appeals for all sorts of organizations, to make reply "This one thing I do. Iwas called to preach the gospel and not to serve tables." Swivel chair directions to pastors should cease.

It is time that ministers, flooded with appeals for all sorts of good propaganda by paid secretaries of all sorts of organizations, to make reply "This one thing I do. I was called to preach the gospel and not to serve tables." Swivel chair directions to pastors should cease.

THE WAKING QUEEN.

Soft breeze a stealin' round the margin of the lake,
Fields all a takin' on the green,
Bluebirds a singin' like his heart is got to break—
Singin' to awake the Summer queen.
April a weepin' an a smilin' through her tears
Blue sky a smilin' on the scene,
Time fer the quittin' of the land of signs an' fears,
Time to sernade the wakin' queen.

Arch Huneycutt

DON'T LET YOUR CHILD GROW UP WITHOUT GOD, SAYS AUTHOR.

Letting your child grow up without God—waiting, as so many modern parents do, until he is "old enough to decide for himself" in matters religious—is the most bitter injustice you can do your child, according to Honore Willsie, author of "Still Jim" and other popular novels, who tells of her own non-religious childhood in McCall's Magazine.

Mrs. Willsie came of a religious family which turned, as so many such families have done, to agnosticism the third generation removed from their pious forebears.

"On both sides," she explains, "the family tendency for three generations has been away from creeds toward—well, perhaps toward spiritual hunger. Maybe that is stating it too strongly. My Unitarian mother sent me when I was six to a Methodist Sunday School. It was the only Sunday school in the town. Here for the first time I heard of the Trinity—of the Father, the Son and Holy Ghost. I was much confused. The teacher was only a young girl, probably little less confused than I. She asked me how many gods there were. 'Three,' I answered promptly."

Naturally, the teacher and the other pupils were somewhat shocked. As for the child Honore, she went home in disgrace, and her Sunday school career ended abruptly.

When she was twelve, one of those horrible experinece that leave forever their impress on the human soul befell her.

"It was a hot Sunday afternoon. My baby sister and I sat on the front porch listening to the long drawn note of the locust which at regular intervals embellished the steady drone of crickets. Suddenly I heard a distant shrill cry, followed by the murmur of voices. A group of men was coming slowly up the road, carrying something among them. I ran to the fence. The thing they were carrying was a writhing thing on a door. It raised its head and looked down at the place where its legs should have been. They were gone. Blood leaked steadily from the roughly tied trouser-legs. The head turned toward me.

"It was Sidney." (A neighbor and playmate.) "Honore! God! The train ran over me! I'm killed! God!

"I leaned against the fence, shattered, helpless. His house was next to ours. It was burning hot within doors. They put his bed in the yard under a locust tree. I went to the hurriedly called service in the church and prayed for him, with the minister and the rest of the neighbors. Just at dusk, with the drone of crickets never ceasing, he died. Beautiful Sidney. It was during the winter following that a peculiarly malignant form of diphtheria swept our little town. My two sisters and I were very ill with it. My baby sister died. The minister would not come to the house to hold a burial service. He had babies of his own and feared contagion. My father cursed him and then prayed above her little open

grave as an angel might have prayed. For once his religious cynicism dropped from him like a cloak and he was his circuit-riding father wafting immortal childish soul to Heaven. As for me: God had failed me twice—with Sidney, with my little sister. God's viceroy on earth had failed me. He was a coward. Faith had not made a man of him. There was no one, nothing, then on which a child really could not depend. Fathers and mothers could feed and clothe one. They could not prevent sickness and death. If God could not prevent them —why then he was not God. I'd have none of Him. And so I entered my teens, without God. I had, of course, an unusual heritage in the passionate concentration on spiritual questioning that had belonged to my forebears. Yet I believe that every child, consciously or subconsciously, suffers from the same cosmic loneliness that my father endured, when he has no faith in a power that rules the world. It is a lonliness that no human being is big enough to endure with equanimity. Such un-faith in a child sets the wrong accent on all matters of conduct, of sorrow and joy, of work and play. It complicates living, hideously.

"Most children are more fortunate than I. They do not carry through life a heart-shattering connotation to the chirp of crickets. Nor does inevitably a little godless winter grave flash before their inward vision whenever "Nearer My God To Thee" is sung. But their loss is none the less real.

Adolescence Craves Authority

"Adolescence with all its giggles and its arrogance is more dependent on authority than childhood. Its dependence is more subtile because it is less material. But it is only the deeper for that. I put the thought of God out of my mind so resolutely that it probably never left the background of my thoughts. I began to develop a system of ethics based on expediency. And I ceased to talk of religion to my mother. I did not want to shake her innocent faith in an Almighty! How completely she had paved the way for my youthful atheism by the meticulous criticizing of Methodist sermons in the cold, clear light of Unitarianism, I never told her. I am still glad that I did not. And how much the sallies against the church made constantly by my gay and brilliant father helped to ease my slide downward into a prayerless life, I never told him. When I recall the fine love there was between us, I'm glad that I did not.

"For all its state of rebellion, the last thing that adolescences desires is mental or spiritual independence. It has a very urgent need to believe that the universe moves on a well ordered and inevitable plan, and that all its rebellion will break eventually on the trial of the undeviating march of things. Such being the belief one may romp joyfully and safely through an indefinite breadth of wild-oat-sowing. Without it wild-oat-sowing becomes not a splendid young defiance but the beginning of demoralization.

"I did not know then, as I do now, that so strong is the edge in the human mind that not one of us is an actual unbeliever in a future life. Go down as far as you dare into the awful depths within yourself. Cast

your body to the dust, thrust your mind aside, eliminate your soul, still you are there—you, you. Throw your mind a thousand years into the future. Still you are there, enduring as the ages. To yourself, you cannot cease to live. This I was too young to know. But this I did know, that life was not the safe place to me that it was to my playmates who felt behind their parents a brooding, cherishing God. To me, the sky was was only an indefinite depth of atmosphere. To them, the sky was the very floor of heaven above which abode the angels. To me, the church, any church was manned by uncertain grown-ups, who fought church against church as to the birth source of the gentle Being who, they said, was God on earth. To my playmates the church was the spot of final ethical authority, a place of perfect peace because it was a place of perfect authenticity.

All Children's Birthright.

"Not that I phrased it so to myself. I only knew that a curiously insistent loneliness beset me, at night, or at times when important moral decisions pressed upon me. I only knew that death to me was emptiness and that I dared not think of littl hands that once had clung warmly to mine, for always to me they must be icelike, that I dared not recall a gay boyish face—always to me it must be distorted with mortal fear. A child needs God. What a pity, what an unforgivable pity to deprive him of that 'master light of all our seeing!' What adult lives, rash enough to take from the child those inevitable intimations of immortality with which every child is born? Not I, indeed! I have seen the soul scars left by such procedure. My children shall have during childhood the exquisite security that the godless child cannot know. They shall have the glory and the beauty that is the birthright of the human, demarking him from the brute. Let them when they are grown play with all the fires of agnosticism, with every social or religious anarchy civilization can parade before them. I care not. I shall have given them as little children a conviction that there exists a Final Mind, an Ultimate Authority, directing, the whole harmonious movement. And, because I shall have given that conviction while they yet are tiny, never as long as they live shall they lose God. Life, so swift, so breathlessly swift—and I, learning slowly so very, very slowly and forever urged to teach them—my little children—quickly, quickly the Eternal Truths before they grow away from me and it is too late; while—Though inland far they be, their souls have sight of that immorta sea which brought us hither."

"You cannot build a reputation on things you are going to do."—Jas. J. Hill.

BOYS AND THE HOE.

By R. R. CLARK.

It's a weakness of the male species, as they reach middle life, to fall into the habit of boasting of their performances in boyhood. To hear them tell it, they were about as near perfect as a boy could be; they were industrious, minded their parents and were in all respects model boys. In fact a lot of men, without actually meaning to prevaricate at all, become pretty accomplished liars in this respect.

"An Ode to the Hoe" is the title of a poem that attracted my attention recently; and a couple of verses go like this:

"O, the hoe, the hoe, the wonderful hoe,
Wherever I am and wherever I go.
Its praises I sing and its glories I tell,
As I think of the past I remember so well.
"In the days that are gone, when I was a boy,
We marched to the field, with hearts full of joy;
And over our shoulders we carried the hoe,
For we knew from its use great blessings would flow."

Now I've heard of poetic license and I appreciate the necessity of that license. But the idea that the average boy would "march to the field with a heart full of joy" to swing a hoe is poetic license gone to seed. Let the mature man who was reared on the farm examine himself and recall how many times he contemplated swinging that hoe with anything like pleasure. The pleasure was exceptional, due to some other cause than the regular job, if the pleasure was there at all. Certainly that was true after that boy got big enough to be of real service with that hoe and it became his regular job in crop time. I speak that which I do know from an experience that doesn't give me any thrill of pleasure in recalling.

Oh, there were times of course, due to circumstances, when swinging the hoe wasn't an unmixed evil. But as a general proposition that hoe was a burden. The hoe was an important implement years ago. They didn't have cultivators and weeders and the other farm implements that have about abolished hoe work. And when the cotton had to be chopped over several times and corn hilled up, cutting weeds and grass and sprouts in the middle of the rows as well as on the rows, that hoe work, believe me, was the veriest drudgery. And the average farm boy who swung the hoe with zeal did it under some other incentive than the pleasure of the work. He was more industrious in digging fish bait than in hoeing corn.

The truth is, my observation and experience teaches, that the average boy is not born industrious. There are exceptions, which prove the rule; but as a rule habits of industry are acquired "in the fell clutch of circumstance." When the youngster works because he is required to work, either because of stern necessity or

because his parents or those who control him have the good sense to drill him in habits of industry for his future good, the work becomes a habit and the habit becomes so fixed that one pursues his work with zeal solely because he has acquired the habit. If left to his own devices the boy is exceptional who works at something worth while because of love for work itself. There are certain kinds of work that appeal to a boy more than others. For instance the average farm boy probably will be more zealous following the plow or driving a team than he would be cutting sprouts. But I stand on the general proposition that habits of industry are rarely born in one. They are not natural, but acquired. Therefore wise is that parent who teaches the child to work early in life. Acquiring habits of industry is the best equipment that the youngster can possibly have. It is absolutely essential to his success in life. It is worse than foolish to allow the boy to gain the impression, by precept or example, that he can pass up work and get on; or that he can find an easy job and get on with a minimum of exertion. A few do succeed with a minimum amount of exertion. They are the exceptons. The youth who gets the idea that he can live by his wits, with a minimum amount of real work, is ruined before he starts.

There are not a few parents who are all the time scheming to give their children an easier time in life than they had. They look back on the years of drudgery and resolve that their offspring shall not have the hard time they had. That is a natural desire and laudable if carried out in common sense. But the parent who supports his children in idleness is the worst enemy of his offspring. He is rearing them to be cumberers of the earth; failures, if not crooks, who will dissipate his hard-earned substance and die in poverty if not disgrace.

"Three generations from shirtsleeves to shirtsleeves contains more truth than poetry. Within the span of a lifetime it is not uncommon to observe persons rise from poverty to wealth through the school of hard-knocks, by thrift and industry; and then see the children and grandchildren dissipate the hard-earned accumulation within a few years, through mismanagement or extravagence, simply because they were not taught in early life the value of a dollar by being compelled to earn the money they spent. The boy who comes along with the idea that his daddy is well fixed and that he dosen't have to work unless he feels like it; who thinks that his fortune is made for him ready to hand, is handicapped at the start and is ruined if the daddy is fool enough to encourage him in the notion that work is not for him.

"Perfect English" classes are being organized in the schools all over Japan. This sounds like an idea that might be profitably adopted in America.—Seattle Times.

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THE SWEETEST MUSIC.

By John Jeter Hunt.

All my long life I have loved music —from the swelling oratorios of the best trained choirs down to the grinding hand organs of the Italian on the corner.

I have sat entranced for two hours at a time listening to Damrosch's Symphony Orchestra; and have seen the lilt of his magic wand hush the loud crashing crescendos into an innumerable chorus of singing mockingbirds—and then put them to flight before an oncoming storm.

I have listened, with agony of soul, to Caruso and Gadski sing together the lament and farewell of Rhadames and Aida in the famous chamber-of-death scene, beneath the Temple of Vulcan, while robed priests chanted their funeral dirges above.

I have heard Frieda Hempel and two thousand skilled voices sing the Hallelujah Chorus, in Madison Square Garden at midnight, proclaiming at once the birth of a New Year and publishing their prophecy of the jubilee reign to come.

But the sweetest music I've ever heard were a mother's lullabies. It seems to me but yesterday I heard them—though a tale of the year would correct me. Nay, verily! Such music and memory abolish time! I hear those songs today, spite o' the years that intervene! And I see, also, that far-away look on the singer's face, as she peers into the shadows that lengthen on the hills. I know, now, that she was dreaming as she sang. I know, too, that she was singing to two worlds instead of one. And I know that God heard in the music a mother's prayers—though the lad heard only a mother's songs.

The singer has gone to join the Choir Invisible, but her songs can never die. They echo clearly today in the heart of the lad who has grown to man's estate. He, too, has become a dreamer; and at evening time looks over the hills to the land beyond the setting sun.

"Sometimes in the hush of evening hour.
When the shadows creep from the West,
I think of the twlight songs you sang,
And the boy you lulled to rest—
The wee little boy with the tousled head
That so long ago was thine.
I wonder if, sometimes, you long for that boy,
O, little mother of mine!"

THE 'STATE' OF WILKES, EDUCATIONAL.

By C. W. Hunt.

There has lately come to this desk a report of the rural school work for Wilkes county, better known as "the state of Wilkes," written and compiled by Professor C. C. Wright, of whom this writer had a few words to say in an issue of THE UPLIFT some weeks ago; giving in detail the

work of rural schools for that large county for the year ending June 1922. A little late but has lost none of its interest.

This writer likes the idea of spreading good news even if it boosts some individual. The pamphlet refered to is a wonderful report, both for its completness and for what it shows has been accomplished. Prof. Wright and his years of work in Wilkes have been the subject of many mentions in print, and some may have wondered why, but the man or woman who reads that school report will readily understand why so much in public print. Things are being done. There may be better organized teaching forces in some of the rural counties, and if there is it ought to be known. A county, in the mountains like Wilkes, that can get an enrollment of 10,181 out of a census of 11,653 is coming fast to the front: the more especially in a county of such a topography; and the further fact that the school census for the county shows only 103 illiterates of school age, and only 635 illiterate adults is proof positive that C. C. Wright has not lost any time, and has made the most of his opportunity under the handicaps, made so by the law, in this state. But read for your information the following figures and note what some of them really mean:

11,653 between ages of six and 21, 11,117 of these are rural.

10,181 enrolled and an average attendence of 7,304.

40 only of all this great number were hauled to school.

150 rural schools, each of which has a library, with many supplemental.

86 schools have two teachers, 34 three teachers, eight four teachers:

12 schools were consolidated, making six where there were twelve.

1014 pupils did not miss a day from school, 258 were perfect in spelling.

135 children read as many as 25 books from the libraries. Think of that!

25 gold medals were awarded at county commencement to boys and girls with perfect attendance records for seven years and two with 11 years credit without missing.

236 pupils finished the seventh grade and can go to high school.

All teachers carry first grade certificates.

The report shows the county as laid off into districts, in which contests are held in bread baking and such, and the teachers are organized in civic improvements, which with the certificate of merit for both teacher and pupils who do meritorious work, marks a long stride in what this writer calls broader than books education. Lots of folks, can talk out of books but are destitute of the commoner things of life's work. The pamphlet is an encyclopedia of facts as to Wilkes rural schools, and to the writer of this is proof that what North Carolina needs is not to spend millions of dollars in making expensive, top heavy Universities, but liberate our people so they can make their own rural schools and turn a certain per cent of all taxes to rural education. The fact that the towns and cities have made successful schools, manned and run by home folks selected by home folks, shows beyond a doubt that country folks can do the same, the more especially under the guiding hand of such men as C. C. Wright.

THE APPLE BLOSSOMS.

By William Wesley Martin

Have you seen an apple orchard in the spring?
In the spring?
A blooming apple orchard in the spring?
When the spreading trees are hoary
With their wealth of promised glory,
And the mavis pipes his story
In the spring?
Have you plucked the apple blossoms in the spring?
In the spring?
And caught their subtle odors in the spring?
Pink buds pouting at the light,
Crumpled petals baby-white,
Just to touch them a delight—
In the spring!
Have you walked beneath the blossoms in the spring?
In the spring?
Beneath the apple blossoms in the spring?
When the pink cascades are falling,
And the silver brooklets brawling,
And the cuckoo bird soft calling,
In the spring?
If you have not, then you know not, in the spring,
In the spring,
Half the color, beauty wonder of the spring.
No sweet sight can I remember
Half so precious, half so tender,
As the apple blossoms render
In the spring.

THE FOREST TREES

In a fine forest of trees of various kinds, there were several which were holding a conversation upon their particular beauty, use, size, strength, and oters qualifications. Some boasted of one thing, some of another.

One of the tallest and finest trees said proudy, "Which of you, my friends, is so tall and straight as I am? I am the stateliest tree in the forest."

Another one said, "Which of you is so strong as I am? I have stood in the storm for years, and no beast has been able to bend or break me down. I am the strongest tree in the forest."

A third said, "Which of you is so graceful as I am? My branches all

wave in the breeze in the most elegant manner. I am the most graceful tree in the forest."

Another said, "You may all boast of your size, stresgth, and elegance, but when winter has stripped you of your verdue, how naked and desolate your appear, whie I am cothed in everasting green. I am the only tree worth looking at. I am the brightest and most unfailing tree in the forest."

While these vain trees were thus talking, each trying to appear better than the others, the owner of the forest came with his wood-cutter, to mark some trees which he meant to have cut down. The tall, the strong, the graceful, and the evergreen tree, were all selected, and in another hour were laid ow by the ax, and cut up for use.

MORAL.

Thus you see how foolish it is to be proud of any qualifications we have not power to insure their continuance.

VALUE OF TIME AND KNOWLEDGE.

Let me call your attention to the importance of improving your time. The infinite value of time is not realized. It is the most precious thing in all the world; "the only thing of which it is a virtue to be covetous, and yet the only thing of which all men are prodigal."

In the first place, then, reading is a most nteresting and pleasant method of occupying your leisure hours. All young people have, or may have, time enough to read. The difficulty is, they are not careful to improve it.

Their hours of leisure are either idled away, or talked away, or spent in some other way equally vain and useless; and then they complain, that they have no time for the cultivation of their minds and hearts.

Time is so precious, that there is never but one moment in the world at once, and that is always taken away, before another is given. Only take care to gather up the fragments of time, and you will never want leisure for the reading of useful books. And in what way can you spend your unoccupied hours more pleasantly, than in holding converse with the wise and the good, through the medium of their writings? To a mind not altogether devoid of curiosity, books form and inexhaustible source of enjoyment.

It is a consideration of no small weight, that reading furnishes material for interesting and useful conversation. Those who are ignorant of books, must of course have their thoughts confined to very narrow limits. What occurs in their immediate neighborhood, the state of the market, the idle report, the tale of scandal, the foolish story, these make up the circle of their knowledge, and furnish the topics of their conversation. They have nothing to say of importance, because they know nothing of importance.

A taste for useful reading is an effectual preservative from vice. Next to the fear of God, implanted in the heart, nothing is a better safeguard to character, than the love of good books. They are the handmaids of

virtue and religion. They quicken our sense of duty, unfold our responsibilities, strengthen our principles, confirm our habits, inspire in us the love of what is right and useful, and teach us to look with disgust upon what is low, and groveling and vicious.

The high value of mental cultivation, is another weighty motive for giving attendance to reading. What is it that mainly distinguishes a man from a brute? Knowledge. What makes the vast difference there is, between savage and civilized nations? Knowledge. What forms the principal difference between men, as they appear in the same society? Knowledge.

What raised Franklin from the humble station of a printer's boy, to the first honors of his country? Knowledge. What took Sherman from his shoemaker's bench, gave him a seat in Congress, and there made his voice to be heard among the wisest and best of his compeers? Knowledge. What raised Simpson from the weaver's loom, to a place among the first of mathematicians; and Herschel, from being a poor fifer's boy in the army, to a station among the first of astronomers? Knowledge.

Knowledge is power. It is the philosopher's stone, the true secret, that turns every thing it touches into gold. It is the scepter, that gives us our dominion over nature; the key that unlocks the store house of creation, and opens to us the treasures of the universe.

The circumstances in which you are placed, as the member of a free and intelligent community, demand of you a careful improvement of the means of knowledge you enjoy. You live in an age of great mental excitement. The public mind is awake and society in general is fast rising in the scale of improvement. At the same time, the means of knowledge are most abundant.

The road to wealth, to honor, to usefulness, and happiness is open to all, and all who will, may enter upon it with the almost certain prospect of success. In this free community, there are no priviledged orders. Every man finds his level. If he has talents, he will be known and estimated, and rise in the respect and confidence of society.

Added to this, every man is here a freeman. He has the voice in the election of rulers, in making and executing the laws, and may be called to fill important places of honor and trust, in the community of which he is a member. What then is the duty of persons in these circumstances? Are they not called to cultivate their minds, to improve their talents, and to acquire the knowledge which is necessary to enable them to act with honor and usefulness, the part assigned them on the stage of life?

A diligent use of the means of knowledge, accords well with your nature as rational and immortal beings. God had given you minds which are capable of indefinite improvement; he has placed you in circumstances peculiarly favorable for making such improvement; and, to inspire you with diligence in mounting up the shining course before you, he points you to the prospect of an endless existence beyond the grave.

If you, who possess these powers,

were destined, after spending a few days on earth, to fall into non-existence; if there were nothing in you which death can not destroy, nor the grave cover, there would indeed be but little inducement to cultivate your minds. "For who would take pains to trim a taper which shines but for a moment, and can never be lighted again?"

But if you have minds which are capable of endless progression in knowledge, of endless approximation to the supreme intelligence; if, in the midst of unremitting success, objects of new interest will be forever opening before you; O, what prospects are presented to the view of man! what strong inducements to cultivate his mind and heart, and to enter upon that course of improvement here, which is to run on, brightening in glory and in bliss, ages without end!

CLICK! CLICK!

(Salisbury Post)

Young ladies who type for a living will be interested to learn that the typewriter was invented 50 years ago this month. The inventor was Christopher Latham Sholes, and he perfected his device in Ilion, N. Y.

Like all other important inventions, the idea of a typewriting machine had been buzzing in inventor's heads for untold generations. Probably even ceturies. For laziness is back of most inventions, and the idea of a typewriter must have occured thousands of years ago when the making of records was a slow and laborious task.

As far back as 1714, Henry Miller patented a crude typewriter in England. He gave this description of it: "A machine for impressing letters singly and progressively, as in writing, whereby all writing may be engrossed on paper so exact as not to be distinguished from print."

But to Chirstopher Latham Sholes, apparently, goes the honor of perfecting the first typewriter "that really worked." That is to say, a practical device.

It's queer how, when humanity tries to do something in a new way, it cannot get the old methods out of its heads.

For instance, the first railroad passenger cars looked like stagecoaches. And the first autos looked like buggies.

So with the typewriter. In most of the earlier typewriting machines, models of which are preserved in the patent office, the keys were laid out in a row like the keys of a piano. It's difficult to thrust precedent aside. Finally the matter of convenience (laziness again) led to rearrangement of typewriter keys in several rows. Then the letter instead of running in alphabetical order (a, b, c, d, etc.) were shifted so that the key to be struck next was as close as possible to the one just tapped.

Penmanship was an accomplishment and a matter of pride in the old days, so many of the early typewriters printed an imitation of handwriting instead of type.

The typewriter has brought many advantages, but with it have come

disadvantages worth thinking about. The typewriter has certainly aided in the facility of expression and communication(ease and speed,) but it has also contributed to the multiplicity of unnecessary work by making expression and communication too easy.

It has been a boon to the eyesight of those who otherwise would have had to scan penned letters. But it has destroyed the human and admirable art of letter writing, and frayed the nerves of multitudes.

It helps promote buisness through direct advertising, but at the same time it aids the flow of worthless literature without end. All round, the typewriter forged one more link in the great chain of mechanical devices that enslave us. However, you can have the pen and ink, we'll take the typewriter.

THE ANCESTRAL ACRES

(Monroe Journal)

The American family that has lived upon the same spot for a hundred years is rare. In a new country where all is restless and where new lands and changes of residences are constantly beckoning, it is rare indeed that the son lives through life in the house of his father. Not so in Europe.

In France the government is bestowing a decoration known as the cross of the Merite Agricole, or agricultural merit. It goes to the head of every family that can show that it has occupied and cultivated the same piece of land for more than a century. In America there would be few demands for this cross but in France the demands for it are very large. There are apparently thousands of families that have tilled the same ground since the days of the Revolution hundreds whose records go back to the seventeenth century, the sixteenth century or even the fifteenth century, and one at least that was settled where it still abides before Urban preached the First Crusade in the churches of France. That family is named Poublan, and it lives not far from Pau among the foothills of the Pyrenees. The father of the present family can show papers indicating that his forefathers held the farm of Lucgarrier in 1023 and went to law at that time about the boundaries of the property. In recognition of that fact the old man has received the right to sign his name Poublam de Lucgarrier, quite in the aristocratic fashion. According to the language of heraldry, he is the "premier" peasant of France.

France is traditionally the land of the small farmer; probably there are more families of patient though inconspicuous merit still living on the ancestral soil in France than there are anywhere else in Europe. Still, the peasant or small farmer is not an adventurous or restless person, and if the truth were known we should no doubt be astonished at the numbers of families all over Europe that still cultivate the fields their ancestors cultivated a dozen centuries

ago. In England there are many instances of tenant families that have lived for hundreds of years on the same great landed estate. Sir Charles Duff, on his great estate of Vaynol Park in North Wales, has sixty-eight tenant families that have occupied the same farm for two hundred and fifty years and several that have been in uninterrupted possession of their farms for full five hundred years. The estate itself has been in the hands of Sir Charles' family for eight hundred years. The Earl of Derby has on his Knowsley Park estate families that have farmed the same holdings. for five hundred years. And there are others—not a few of them.

A DRAMA OF TRIUMPH

(Asheville Citizen)

Three years ago North Carolina thought in millions; now she works in billions. What she did in 1922 proclaims her an empire among the states, an amazement to the world!

In 1922 she created one and one-third billion dollars' worth of brand new wealth. That was more than three times what she created in 1915; it was 915 million dollors more.

In 1922 she produced so much new wealth that it averaged $500 for every man, woman and child, black and white, within her boundaries, or, to put it another way, $2,600 for every family in the state, the record that led the South.

She is paying back her agricultural loan from the War Finance Corporation faster than any other state in the Union.

In 1922 she led all states except Pennsylvania in highway building, and all except Massachusetts in the textile business.

Only seven other states paid more than she did into the Federal Treasury in taxes on profits, incomes, and inheritances.

She ranked among the twelve foremost states in public health work, and was one of the leading eight in total wealth production.

She stood fifth in the Union in agricultural crop wealth.

Her mills and factories ran all the year on full time; new mills are being built all over the state; and the new spindles which will be set going in her territory in 1923 already number 550,000, more than two-thirds of the new spindles of the entire rejuvenated South. Her mastery of the world's cotton business is near at hand.

In 1922 her bank resources were $417,000,000; she spent $27,000,000 for new motor cars; she bought 75,000,000 gallons of gasoline.

These figures, announced by the University News Letter, are cold mathemathics of North Carolina's progress in a year, figures into which she has written America's outstanding drama of triumph! Magnificent drama! You can feel the rush of it, hear the thunder of it, see the shattering of old records in it. And for its crowding thrills you have her corresponding advance in expenditures for charities and corrections, liberal learning and technical train-

ing—which means that this empire will see to it that her own sons and daughters shall have empire over her, develop her, and build her so that they will draw outside genius to labor with theirs in her service.

To be a North Caolinian! Inestimable advantage! Irresistible inspiration among the world's most amazing opportunities!

INSTITUTION NOTES.

Pressly Mills, Reporter

Master Henry Brewer has been placed in the carpenter shop.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Master Elwood Johnson succeeds Charles Lisk on the car job.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The linotype metal pot that will be used on the new linotype arrived last week.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Mr. Broadus Talabot paid a visit to the institution last Tuesday. He was formerly an officer here.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The boys to receive visits from home folks last week were: Ervin Cole and Garland Banks, both boys are from Raleigh.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

About 350 pounds of leather arrived at the institution last week. Mr. Groover stated that about thirty pounds of leather is used daily.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Miss Goodman is teaching the boys new songs. They are anxious to learn some new songs and always learn them quickly.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The James W. Cannon memorial building is nearly finished. In about two months this building will probably be in use.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Master Marshal Williams, of the Mecklenburg Cottage, has recovered from pneumonia, of which he had been suffering for several days.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Last Tuesday night the band made its first appearence in the Auditorium. Mr. Stebbins was highly congratulated by Mr. Boger for being able to turn the boys into real musicians in a month's time.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Our stock at the dairy barn consists of nineteen good grade cows, two registered Holstein cows, nineteen heifers and one registered Holstein bull. We are now getting fifty-five gallons of milk daily.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Rev. Mr. Lawrence, of Concord, conducted the religious services in the Auditorium last Sunday, April 8. Mr. Lawrence preached a very interesting sermon, that was delivered from The Acts of The Apostles.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The boys were entertained by an orchestra composed of: A cornet, a bass drum, a snare drum, a violin, a trombone, a flute and a piano, in the Auditorium last Thursday night.

All of the selections played were greatly enjoyed by the boys.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

J. T. S. will play her first base ball game when shemeets the White Hall team on Manasass field Saturday. We hope to win this game. The line-up is not yet known. The batteries will probably be Russell and Cook.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

On Tuesday night of last week the boys donned their uniforms and proceeded to go to the Auditorium. Four distinguished visitors were present. Rev. A. S. Lawerence of Chapel Hill, Dr. Steiner, Mr. Geo. Lawrence and Mr. Saunders of the State Department of Public Welfare delivered speeches or gave some kind of exhibition. These speeches were greatly enjoyed by all who heard them. Mr. Geo. Lawrence gave a splendid preformance upon the trombone during the many Choruses sung. It was a pleasant evening for all.

HONOR ROLL.

"A"

Rufus Wrenn, Earnest Jordan, Norman Iddings, Harry Sims, Walter Brockwell, Albert Hill, Marcellus Corbett, Frank Lisk, Jas. Shipp, Bill Cook, Pressly Mills, Jno. Moose, Hubert Pressly, Chas. Roper, Robt. Watson, Loxley Saunders, Harry Ward, Paul Groves, Wm. Gregory, Joe Moore, Paul Funderburk, Lloyd Winner, Jno. Wright, Caroll Guice, Chas Mayo, Aster Adams, Irvin Cumbo, Earle Crow, Harry Dalton, Everette Goodrich, Henry Reece, Marshal Williams, Arch Waddel, Woodard Edmondson, Edwin Finch, Claiborne Gilbert, Richard Hoyle, Carl Osbon, Odell Ritchie, John R. Cain, Spencer Combs, Arthur Duke, Purl Graham, Hyram Greer, Cleburn Hale, Pleas Johnson, Smiley C. Marrow, Louie Pate, Lee Rogers, Willie E. Smith, Lee Smith, Chester Shepherd, Raymond O. Scott, George Everhart, Lester Staley, Watson O'Quinn, James Allen, Herbert Apple, Johnny Branch, Sam Deal, Charles Crossman, Roy Fuqua, Albert Johnson, Emmett Lassiter, Thomas Moore, Manford Mooney, Sammie Osborne, Donold Pate, Robert Rising, Julius Strickland, Herbert Toilie, Edgar Warren, Paul Green, Charlie Parton, John Hill, Charlie Haynes, Travis Browning, Wiliie Harvel, Carltan Hager, Ed Moses, John Forester, David Queen, Turner Anderson, Sam Dixon, Luther Grant, Murphy Jones, Geo. White, Silvon Gregg, Bloie Johnson, Brody Riley, Arthur Hyles, Wayne Carpenter, Lester Bowen, James Turner, Paul Hager, Abraham Goodman, Joe Mason, Forest Byers, Ralph Hunley, Wm. Waller, Clayton Stephens, Daniel Johnson, James Ivey, Jethro Mills, Herbert Fulford, Filmore Cranfield, Mack Duncan, Hugh Tyson, John Kemp, Harry Shirley, Worth Stout, Charlie Jackson, Clifton Rogers, Joe Pope, Avery Rothroth, Leon Allen, Robert Ward, Herman Cook, Carlyle Hardy, Hoke Ensley, Bornie McRray, Clyde Pearce, Whitlock Pridgen, Aughtry Wilkerson, Clyde Hollingsworth,

John Warford. Erma Leach, Thos. Oglesby, Charles Padgett, Sanford Hedrick, Graham York, Grover Lyerly, George Scott, Obed McClain, Earle Little, Wm. Buchanan, Sanford Williams, Preston Winders, Lee Yow, Henry Brewer, Dallas Hensley, Herbert Orr, Henry Nunery, Harry Stevens, Sam Poplin, James Ford, Breaman Brittian Earle Little, Paul Camp, Jack Steward, James Phillips, Earle Houser, Sylvester Honeycutt, Judge Brooks, Earle Wade. George McCone.

"B"

Douthy Everhart, Washington Pickett, Jas Foy, David Underwood, Baxter Sheppard, Keith Hunt, Aubry Weaver, Jas. Gentry, Ralph Cutchin, Max Thompson, Jno. L. Bostick, Chas. Blackman, Wesley Cook, Geo. Howard, Elwood Johnson, Paul Leitner, Jno. Windham, Uldric Braken, Julian Commander, Walter Cummings, Grover Cook, Oler Griffin, Carl Henry, Eugene Myers, Blaine Ensley, Luther Gray, Wm. Johnson, Franklin Carlton, Eugene Long, Walter Culler, Carl Neal, Hill Ellington, Fletcher Heath, Reggie Brown, Jeff Laterman, Jessie Penn, Earle Edwards, W. Percy Briley, Elvis Carlton, Amaziah Corbett David Driver, Claude Friske, Valton Lee, Connie Lowman, Preston McNeil, H. Hatem, Paul Kimray, Walter Mills, Walter Taylor, Jessie Wall, Newton Watkins, Fred Wiles, Thural Wilkerson. Elvin Greene, Baynes Poterfield, Samuel Carrow, Hazen Ward, Joe Stevens, Rhodes Lewis, Earnest Allen, Solomon Thompson, Earnest Cobb, Jerome Williams, Jessie Foster, Charles Almond, Jay Lambert, Wirron Perry, Samuel McPherson.

THE SNOB.

The snob is servile to the few whom he regards as his superiors and insolent to the many whom he looks down upon as his inferiors. Furthermore, his judgments are based upon second or third rate considerations and even on assumption that are groundless. Riches or supposed riches claims in heredity, social position, intellectual pretensions, ecclesiastical considerations in religion, are among the things that claim first place with the snob. These are to him a thousand fold more valuable than the fine gold of character. He turns up his nose at the things which are really worth while, and struts like a peacock at the glitter of his tailfeathers. There are social snobs, intellectual snobs, religious snobs, etc. But of them all none try the patience of a saint like the religious snob.—Christain Advocate.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

Passenger Train Schedules

Arrival and Departure of Passenger Trains, Concord, N. C.

LV.	NO.	BETWEEN	NO.	AR.
1:40A	30	New York-Birmingham	30	1:40A
2:37A	29	Birmingham-New York	29	2:37A
5:12A	44	Washington-Atlanta	44	5:12A
6:32A	31	Atlanta-New York	31	6:32A
8:41A	137	Atlanta-New York	137	8:41A
9:25A	11	Charlotte-Norfolk-Richmond	11	9:25A
10:55A	36	New York Birmingham-New Orleans	36	10:55A
3:20P	45	Washington-Charlotte	45	3:20P
3:45P	46	Charlotte-Danville	46	3:45P
7:10P	12	Norfolk-Richmond-Atlanta	12	7:10P
8:18P	32	New York-Augusta	32	8:18P
10:20P	35	Birmingham-New Orleans-New York	35	10:20P
9:45P	138	New York-Atlanta	138	9:45P
9:31P	135	Washington-Atlanta	135	9:31P

Through Pullman sleeping car service to Washington, Philidelphia, New York, Richmond, Norfolk, Atlanta, Birmingham, Mobile, New Orleans

Unexcelled service, convenient schedules and direct connections to all points.

Schedules published as information and are not guaranteed.

R. H. GRAHAM. D. P. A.,
Charlotte, N. C.

M. E. WOODY, Ticket Agent,
Concord, N. C.

THE UPLIFT

VOL XI CONCORD, N. C., APRIL 21, 1923 No. 23

YOU ARE LEADING SOMEBODY.

A bright, energetic-looking young woman was standing at the window of the ticket-office in a Western railway station. As she named the point for which she desired transportation, an old couple in the waiting room looked at each other with brightening faces and nodded. "We'll stick close to her, father," whispered the old woman. "She's goin' there too, and she looks like she knows the way." So when their train was announced and the young lady rose to her feet, they closely followed her. They established themselves in the same coach only a few seats removed from their unconscious guide and when they were nearing their common destination, the three formed an acquaintanceship. After a few minutes' chat the old woman confessed gleefully: "We didn't know one thing about travelin," father 'n' me, but we've come safe all this way just followin' you and doin as you did."

The young leader laughed; but when she had seen them into their carriage at the home station, she looked after them with moist eyes and a sudden thought of how many followers of like sort one may have on one's life journey. Ignorance, carelessness, love links to most of us some other souls who are content to follow where we lead, in simple faith that we are going the right way. Whether our going is right or wrong, we do not go alone.—Forward.

PUBLISHED BY

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-setting by the Boys Printing Class. Subscription Two Dollars the year in Advance.

JAMES P. COOK, *Editor*, J. C. FISHER, *Director Printing Department*

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EIGHTY-FOUR AND NEVER SAW A GAME OF BRIDGE.

Not fifty miles from Concord is a town known as a school town. Lots of girls and boys are there seeking an education. The homes are taxed to provide accommodations for all the students. There is a widow, now in her eighty-fifth year, who maintains a home and boards eight students —she does most of the planning and work herself, having no servant. She is spry, loves her work, and usually feels like "a sixteen year old."

This eighty-four year old boarding-house keeper never saw a game of bridge whist, cares nothing about it, but she does love to go to church and Sunday School; and she believes that church rules and regulations are adopted for observance, and the playing for prizes is nothing but a sin.

SEVERE CHARGES.

E. E. Dudding, the president of the National Prison Reform Society, upon the receipt of an alleged letter signed by 25 prisoners in the North Carolina Penitentiary, makes serious charges against the management of that institution in the matter of general treatment of the prisoners. This man Dudding may be honest, but he appears quite a sensationalist and an extremist.

Governor Morrison called a special meeting of the Board of Directors to take the matter under advisement. Whatever they decide to do about the charges (This written before their action is known,) whether to make an investigation or ignore the charges, we cannot bring ourselves to believe that there is a particle of truth in the charges. This man Dudding is discounted because of the fact that he is an ex-convict, having shot to death his own uncle in the state of West Virginia. Knowing George Pou, the superinten-

dent, and recognizing his high character, we make bold to say that even if half of the charges, after eliminating the exaggerations attached thereto, are shown to be true, in case of a public investigation, that this officer was not aware of it.

These inmates of the penitentiary, we doubt not, were emboldened to resort to this method of making charges, seeing that some of our own folks (Scott-free and enjoying their liberty and license) had paraded and published to the world certain cruelties, indiscretions and weaknesses alleged to be practiced in certain counties and on certain chain-gangs.

The Board of Directors of the penitentiary is composed of high class men, humane and blessed with a sense of justice; and we make bold to believe that what they do in this matter will be directed by a knowledge of the true situation and whose findings will warrant more respect by the public than that of any sensationalist, inside or outside of the state.

Later: The Board decided that the Dudding charges will not be investigated, and makes this official statement:

"Any solicitor, grand jury, welfare commissioner, or any other officer of the law wants to make any investigation of any act or anythingg done at the state prison, under our management, it will be the pleasure of the superintendent and other officer in charge to expedite and assist in the examination."

"Dudding is not a citizen of this state, and ought not to be heard in interference with our governmental affairs," the statement asserts. "Further, his record is notoriously bad. We are of the opinion that no investigation should be made for the further reason that each and all of us know his statement to be untrue and scurrilous."

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FACE TO THE FUTURE.

The aggressive and progressive step that characterizes the efforts of the School Commissioners to give Concord a well-developed school system, ample facilities and a curriculum that is abreast of the best thought in educational matters, is an occasion for great pride. The Concord children deserve just as good as the children of other towns and cities—and the town is able to pay for it.

Recently, after an investigation and a consideration of the matter in a most thorough manner, the Board of Commissioners unanimously decided to add music to the curriculum of the Concord Schools. The Board deserves hearty commendation for this act. There is nothing in the wide world that puts a child in a happy frame of mind to bourgeon out all that

is in him than music, the appreciation of good music—not jazz, rag-time and the other stuff akin thereto. When Supt. Webb, carrying out the instruction of his board, gets the course worked out and a capable teacher in charge, there will be rejoicing in the whole town.

Just within the past twelve months—and music has just as salutary effect on the country kid as it does on the resident of the towns and cities—a whole district that was held in commiseration and harped on by the school officials when trying to defend themselves of their own do-nothing policy, has through the power of music and a competent and consecrated teacher wrought a complete change. It is a source of great joy that here and there are to be found men, who, accepting the responsibilities of important, public work, rise to the occasion and render a service commensurate with the demands. Some of these days, a brighter hope may hover over all Cabarrus.

* * * * * * *

LENOIR-RHYNE COLLEGE.

A thorough organization has been perfected to conduct the canvass of the Lutheran churches of North Carolina in the interest of the endowment of what was formerly known as Lenoir College, at Hickory. It is a co-educational institution that has been serving the interests of the church which it represents on a small income.

Mr. D. E. Rhyne, a prominent manufacturer and a philanthropist of Lincoln county, offered the institution $300,000.00, provided the church at large raise $550,000.00. The trustees have decided hereafter, in recognition of the generous gift of Mr. Rhyne, to call the institution The Lenoir-Rhyne College. The cause has been presented at stated places by some of the ablest preacher representative of the Lutheran church in America.

It begins to look like Mr. Rhyne will have the pleasure of writing at an early date his check for three hundred thousand dollars.

* * * * * * *

THE CASTLE OSAKA.

THE UPLIFT has a message from Japan in the form of a card, mailed at Hongkong, China. It is from one of this institution's first and responsive friends Mr. G. T. Roth, who with his wife and daughter are making a tour around the world. They started from their home in Elkin, N. C., in January and setting sail from New York. Mr. Roth is one of the state's most substantial citizens, and having made a trip to Alaska gave him a thirst for seeing more of the world. When he gets back to Elkin, the starting point, hav-

ing traveled East all the while, he will have demonstrated to the few doubting Thomases yet alive that the world is actually round.

The card bears a picture of "The Castle Osaka". Mr. Roth writes this on the card: "The Castle or fort built about four hundred years ago is one of the interesting places in Osaka, Japan; from its high walls we have a fine view of the city. (In 1900 the population was estimated at over a million). The huge stacks of the manufacturing plants belching out volumes of smoke brings to mind Pittsburg, Pennsylvania. Osaka is called the "Manchester of Japan."

Mr. Roth, wife and daughter are having a fine time and enjoying the best of health in this long, interesting journey around the earth.

The card being mailed at Hongkong on March 15 covered the distance of 18,000 miles in just one month.

* * * * * * *

A GOVERNOR IN JAIL.

The press notes the jail sentence given to ex-Governor Bilboa, of Mississippi, by a Federal Judge, because of his refusal to give testimony in the trial of Gov. Russell of that State. Assuming that this legal act is warranted by the facts and the law, it was the proper course to persue. Because a man holds a high position in the annals of his state gives him no right to evade his duty any more than it does to an unknown character.

This is the way to maintain a wholesome respect for the courts, and stop the ever-increasing number of cynics.

* * * * * * *

LEANING TOWARDS MEDICINE.

Were the regulations not so strict, it appears quite probable that brother Ashcraft of the Monroe Enquirer might hang up his shingle as a doctor. Some weeks ago he published a prescription that he recommended for ear-ache. It has never been known to fail.

Later on he began to investigate why negroes are never afflicted with appendicitis. He refused to be comforted until a solution was given him, and now Editor Ashcraft prescribes castor oil as a preventive of appendicitis. He is corroborated as will be seen as follows, which he publishes in his latest issue:

"I believe it was Mr. J. W. Pressley, of Marshville township, who stated a few days ago: "I saw in Catch-All where negroes never have appendicitis, and I believe I know the reason."

"They use castor oil—inside and out," said the Marshville township

citizen. "Now, I once was threatened with appendicitis and have touches of it every now and then, and relief is always obtained by a dose of castor oil. Yes, sir, colored pople love castor oil, and it keeps 'em healthy, too," concluded Mr. Pressley.

A little later I told one of the city's best druggists what Mr. Pressley had said. "He's right—absolutely right"—said the druggist. "Castor oil is one of the best lubricants in the world—and would be more popular if it cost ten times more than it does."

* * * * * * *

AN EXPLANATION

In the last number of THE UPLIFT we ran the picture of Mrs. Haines recently married daughter of Hon. Hugh G. Chatham, of Winston-Salem, and called her Miss Carr. The error was occasioned by the engraver. No harm done—each is a handsome and charming representative of North Carolina womanhood; therefore the only chief difference lies in the fact that Mrs. Hanes was not the Sponsor of the South at the Confederate reunion, and Miss Carr was Sponsor, and is not a bride, yet.

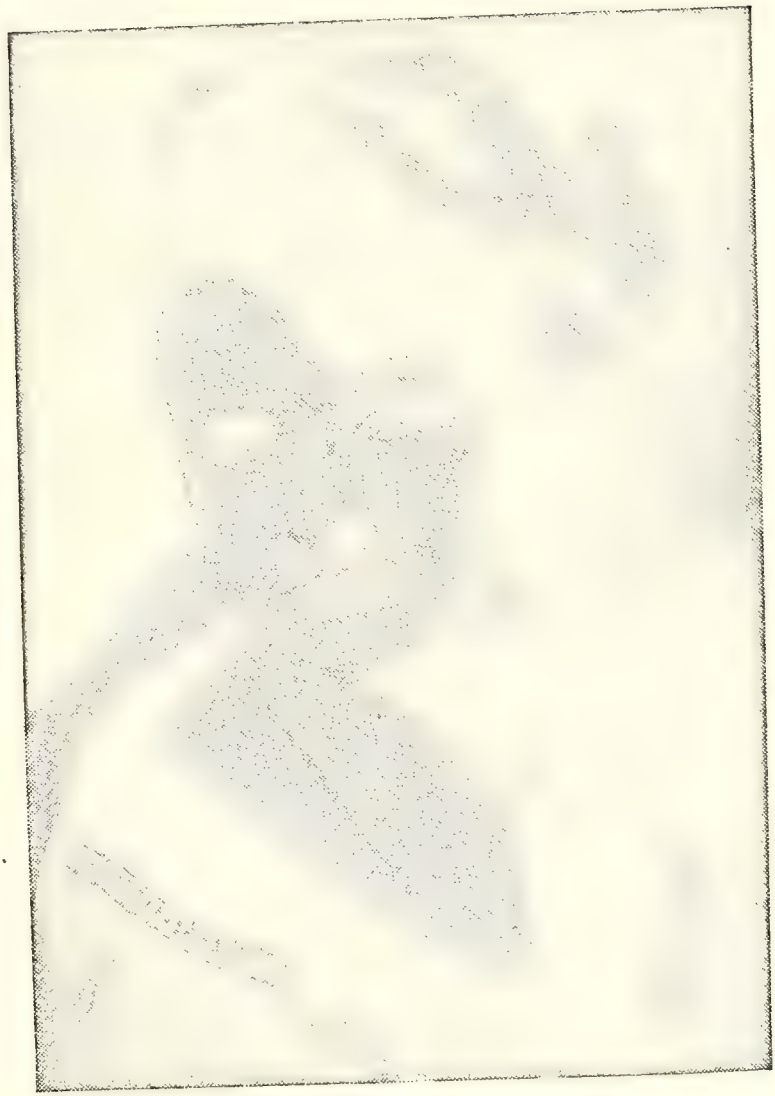
This is an explanation and not an apology.

* * * * * * *

NEW CONFEDERATE COMMANDER

General W. B. Haldeman, of Kentucky, was elected Commander of the Confederate Veterans at their annual reunion in New Orleans, last week, Gen. Carr, of Durham, who has held this most honorable position for two terms, did not desire reelection, and it was upon his nomination that Gen. Haldeman was in the race.

There was a great gathering in the city on the Mississippi, and many were the stories revived as the old boys got together in groups and exchanged experiences.



MISS MARGARET LOUISE CARR.

Grand-daughter of General Julian S. Carr, of Durham, and Mrs. James W. Cannon, of Concord, represented the South at large as Sponsor at the Annual Reunion of the Confederate veterans at New Orleans. Miss Carr is a brilliant young woman of a most attractive personality, and very popular.

EXECUTIVE WILL AND LAW.

By R. R. CLARK.

Gov. Walton of Oklahoma announces that he will commute the death sentences of six men awaiting execution. "I have the legal authority to say that no man shall die in the electric chair or by the hangman's noose in this State, and that is my resolve," declares the Oklahoma executive. In other words, the Oklahoma Governor will abolish capital punishment in that State by Executive order. He will receive the applause of the opponents of capital punishment; will at least have the sympathy of most of the people who do not believe in the death penalty. And yet the Oklahoma executive is beyond question taking to himself the powers of a dictator. He is using his power as Governor to set aside a law that he does not approve. In belief, the Governor of a Commonwealth, under solemn oath to support and defend the constitution and uphold (execute) the laws, is usurping the legislative power by refusing to enforce the law against murder. The facts cannot be denied by any who give the matter thought; and the effect of such action is equally obvious to any who stop to think.

The Governor of Oklahoma is of course clothed with legal authority to grant pardons and commutations. But one who construes that authority as giving the power to nullify, by refusal to execute, any law which does not meet his favor is a dangerous citizen to trust with executive authority. In giving the Governor power to grant pardons, reprieves and commutations, the framers of the constitution of course expected that there would be cases in which there would be good reason for executive clemency. It will hardly be seriously contended that the Governor has the authority to refuse to execute any law simply because he personally believes the law is wrong.

And yet it is a fact that not a few people in high position hold that view and practice it indirectly, lacking the nerve to come out openly, as the Oklahoma Governor does. We have some judges on the bench here in North Carolina who are quoted as opposing capital punishment, and there is reason to believe that some of them use the influence and power of their position to nullify the law when they can do so. If they are conscientiously opposed to the law, which may be granted, they may persuade themselves that they are doing their duty in following the dictates of conscience. It seems not to occur to them that they could resign from the bench and solve the difficulty. Nor does it seems to occur to them that they are setting an example of law violation that tends to destroy respect for all law; and that the reason respect for law is being constantly undermined is the disposition of private citizens of influence and of public officials to take to themselves the authority to nullify laws they do not approve; or in the latter case to ignore the enforcement of laws which they deem unpopular; and thus private individuals of all classes are encouraged to disregard any law they do not approve or which it does not suit their convenience to obey.

The execution of the death penalty is not a question of whether one favor or oppose capital punishment. That is a matter of individual opinion. But so long as the legislative authority refuses to abolish the death penalty, as it has refused more than once in recent years in North Carolina, and presumably has refused in Oklahoma, the juror who refuses to convict of the capital offence because he opposes the death penalty; the judge or the prosecuting officer who connives at a conviction for a lesser offence when under the law the accused is guilty of the greater offence, solely because they oppose the death penalty; or the Governor who commutes a sentence solely because he is not in favor of capital punishment; and the editors and all and sundry who aid and abet the nullification of the law simply because they believe the law is wrong all are as guilty of lawlessness as the participants in any mob outbreak; they are greater offenders, because the mob usually acts on impulse, in passion, while the nullifiers act in cold blood. And the executive who aids in the nullification of the law is not only a lawbreaker but a perjurer, violating his oath to uphold and enforce the laws.

This has no reference of course to those who would secure the repeal of the modification of any law. Effort in that direction, directed in a legitimate manner, is the privilege of any citizen. But the disposition, especially in the case of capital punishment, is to direct all effort to the nullification of the law. The Goveernor is harassed and pursued to set aside the law until he sometimes (that has been so in the past if not with the present executive) defers his own judgment to the clamor of those who would defeat the law. Apparently for greater effort is made through pressure on the courts and the executive to nullify the law than is ever brought to bear on the Legislature to secure its modification, so obsessed have we become with the idea that it is our privilege if not our duty to secure the nullification of the laws we personally disapprove.

In one of the counties of the State recently a lawyer remarked that he had always wanted to be solicitor but one reason he had never sought the office was that he knew he was unfitted for it because he was conscientiously opposed to capital punishment; and feeling that way he knew he could not do his full duty as prosecuting officer. It's a pity that feeling isn't more prevalent. We have judges who have been lauded as opponents of the law they are sworn to enforce and judicial aspirants who seem proud of a similar distinction. Of course these proclaim that they would do their duty, but they simply lack the courage to be honest with themselves or the people. They lack the honesty of the man who would not seek an office because he knew he could not conscientiously and fully perform the service required of him.

And be it understood that this nullification of law applies to other laws than capital punishment. That has been discussed today because the action of the Oklahoma executive offered the subject. One who accounts it righteousness to defeat the execution of the death penalty may regard the manufacture and sale of liquor a

heinous offence. There are others who regard the prohibition law as an interference wth their rights and privileges. So believing they have the same legal and moral right to nullify that law as the opponent of capital punishment has to defeat the execution of that law. And so on through the category. We can never have law enforcement as we should have it until we have respect for law because it is the law. And we will never have that respect until we get away from this heresy from hell that one has a right to disregard a law simply because he does not approve it, or it does not suit his interest to obey it. And the practice of citizens of influence and prominence cheating the law and aiding in its evasion because it does not please them to obey it, is the greatest school of anarchy in America, because it teaches disregard for all law.

SOMETHING USEFUL.

No matter how styles and customs may have changed in the last 20 years or so, there is still a general belief among Reidsville people that a girl's education isn't complete until she knows enough about cooking to prepare a decent meal and enough about housekeeping to make up a bed. She can stand at the head of her class in English and botany and algebra and rhetoric, but if she can't fry an egg so it will be fit to eat or make a pie that won't lay on the stomach like a piece of concrete, she is starting out in life with a handicap she'll sooner or later regret.

The same thing is in a large way true of our boys. If they devote all of their school hours to books and all their vacation hours to play, without getting any practical knowledge of business or farming, they're going to wake up sometime to find themselves far back in the procession.

All of which brings out the facts that parents can do nothing better than encourage their ofisprings to turn their attention to something useful during vacation periods and between school hours. Show the girl how to cook and do housework; try and find the boy a place in the store, a shop or on the farm—some place where you can learn something useful, and maybe earn a little while doing so. He can't learn anything this way that he should not know, and neither will the gilr who devotes her time to learning housework. And in later years they will proudly boast that the most valuable part of their education was not secured in school.—Reidsville Review.

THE STORY OF AN INVENTION.

We accord much honor to the name that first discovered an idea. We have been told for ages that Eli Whitney invented the cotton gin (engine); yet the scores of inventive minds that have followed and made the gin a success and a power are unheralded. Elsewhere we print a picture of the thing that Whitney brought into existence and by so doing wrote his name in history, and whose invention, according to vitriolic Muzzey (the historian) "was one of the most fateful in history, for it made the production of cotton so profitable that the slave system was fixed on the South."

The thing that Whitney evolved was a wonderful improvement in removing seed from the cotton, over that of hand-operation; but had other minds not perfected it into a machine equal to the task, the culture of cotton would have lagged and it would never "have fixed slavery system on the South." Ever since I have been big enough and old enough to recognize that man is not the only agency in the affairs of the world and that God is the master mind and power in all things, I've wondered whether or not it was the way Providence had in starting a great missionary movement among the lowest type of humanity then known to history. That miserable crowd of black folks, naked and filthy, wild and beastly, many of them cannibalistic, knowing no God, and recognizing no order or decency, way back yonder in Africa, needed to be led, and most probably this was the way the great missionary work was started out.

Nature in its wisdom gave to the South the climate and the conditions making the work possible—nature did not so bless the North, and, in their sharp and keen business foresight, the North unloaded the slaves on the South. Nature doubtless knew that that very thing would happen; and having unloaded the slaves on the South, out of which the Northern traders made fortunes, nature opened a way to occupy them and support them. If there is a menace to order, good society and the safety to a community, it is the idle colored man, slave or free. The same is but little less true as to the white man.

I do not defend slavery, but down in my heart I firmly believe the hand of God was in the movement that brought the colored folks to America, and I have never been able to see the full justice in the manner in which the leaders of the North turned tail on the proposition and then assumed such holy airs about the matter. I know and everybody else knows that the conditions of the worst-treated slave in all slavery was infinitely better and more comforting than his forefathers in Africa enjoyed.

Eli Whitney.

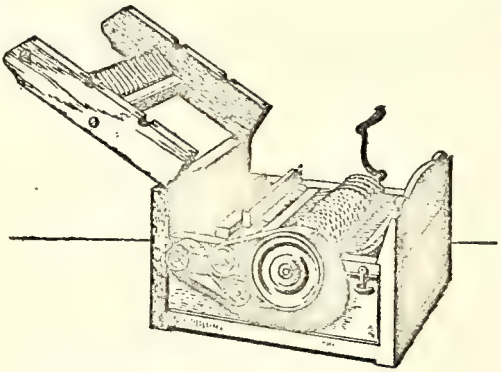
Eli Whitney was born at Westborough, Mass., December 8, 1765. He graduated at Yale in 1792, taught school and studied law. Health conditions played a part in his life, as it did the emigrants from Africa, so he came to the South, locating in Georgia. The biographer claims that his invention of the cotton gin was stolen from him; that the state of

South Carolina appropriated to his use $50,000, all of which was squandered in law-suits in defending his title to the invention of the gin. He returned North, and died in New Haven, Conn., January 8th, 1825.

Miss Andrews

Miss Eliza Frances Andrews, a native of Washington, Georgia, and the daughter of Judge Garnett Andrews, was graduated from LaGrange Female College and afterwards taught for several years at Wesleyan. She is the author of quite a number of stories which have been issued in book-form, among them a splendid text-book on botany. Her biographer speaks of her literary work as characterized "by an unusual grace of diction and charm of interest." The following story which Miss Andrews wrote on "The Invention Of The Cotton Gin," is preserved in the Library of Southern Literature:

Eli Whitney, at the time of inventing the cotton gin, was a guest at Mulberry Grove, near Savannah, Ga., the home of Gen. Nathaniel Greene, of Revolutionary fame. After the death of the general, his widow married Phineas Miller, tutor to Gen. Greene's children, and a friend and college mate of Whitney's. The ingenuity of the Yankee visitor, as exhibited in various amatuer devices and tinkerings about the premises, inspired the family with such confidence in his skill that on one occasion, when Mrs. Miller's watch was out of order, she gave it to Whitney for repair, no professional watch-fixer being within reach. Not long thereafter, a gentleman called at the



The Cotton Gin Whitney Made.

house to exhibit a fine sample of cotton wool, and incidentally remarked while displaying the sample: "There is a fortune in store for some one who will invent a machine for separating the lint from the seed." Mrs. Miller, who was present, turned to Whitney and said: "You are the very man, Mr. Whitney, for since you succeeded so well with my watch I am sure you have ingenuity enough to make such a machine."

After this conversation, Whitney confined himself closely to his room

for several weeks. At the end of this time he invited the family to inspect his model for a cotton gin. It was constructed with wire teeth on a revolving cylinder. However, there was no contrivance for throwing off the lint after it was seperated from the seed and it whipped around the cylinder, thereby greatly obstructing the operation. Mrs. Miller, seeing the difficulty, seized a common clothes brush, applied it to the teeth, and caught the lint. Whitney, with delight, exclaimed: "Madam, you have solved the problem. With this suggestion, my machine is complete." (All honor to the ingenuity of Mrs. Miller. It is a source of no little pleasure to see this early in the age of giving woman her rights other than an ornament to society the recognition of being a complement to man and a necessity in the affairs of the world. Probably, had Mrs. Miller not been present and encouraging Whitney and giving him a suggestion most vital, he and his little invention would never have occupied a single line in history.)

The Fortune Never Materialized.

The important part thus played by a woman in the history of the cotton gin is unknown, I believe, except as a family tradition, even in her own state. My father was also informed by a gentleman once connected with Whitney in business, that the latter obtained his first idea of the invention, from a machine used to prepare rags for making paper, which he saw on a wrecked vessel. Unfortunately for Whitney, the prediction with regard to the fortune in store for the future inventor of a cotton gin was not realized, for he was engaged in constant lawsuits against infringments of his patent rights, and lived and died poor. (Unless our information is incorrect, Miss Andrews errs in using the term "Patent rights." It does not appear, so we are informed, that Whitney ever secured a legal patent.) As a Georgian , I regret to say that his adopted state has never bestowed any substantial token of appreciation upon the inventor of a machine by which she has so largely profited. Tennessee, Alabama and South Carolina manifested their appreciation of his merits by substantial donations, while Georgia—with sorrow I write it—has been worse than silent, for her juries refused him verdicts to which the judges declared him entitled, against the violator of his patent.

Resorted to Secrecy.

So uncertain was the enforcement of the patent laws in those days that Whitney resorted to the same expedient for the protection of his rights that, in medieval times, used to invite charges of sorcery and witchcraft; I mean the expedient of secrecy.

Place of Distinction.

About the year 1794 or 1795, Whitney established a ginnery at Smyrna, about six miles from Washington, in Wilkes county, Georgia. This was one of the first, if not the very first cotton gin ever worked in the state. Together with his partner, a man named Durhee, he erected at this place a large cotton store house, which as late as 1870 did service as a barn belonging to Mrs. Tom Burdett. The gin house had narrow grated windows so that visitors might stand

outside and watch the cotton flying from the gin, without observing the operation of the machine, which was concealed behind a lower screen. On the occasion of a militia muster in the neighborhood, the rustic battalion was permitted to file through the house, while Whitney's gin was in operation, and see the flakes of cotton thrown off by the brushes, but no one was allowed to examine further.

Courtesy Offered the Women.

Women were permitted by Whitney to enter the gin house and examine the machine, if they liked, as they were not supposed to be capable of betraying the secret to builders—an opinion for which modern females of the strong-minded school, will no doubt bear him a grudge—and not altogether without reason when we consider the material assistance he received from a woman in perfecting his invention. This fact of the free admission of women was used to advantage by Edward Lyon, a smooth-faced youth residing at a distance, to gain admission to Whitney's establishment, disguised in female attire. He communicated the secret to his brother John, who immediately set to work and produced his improvement on Whitney's invention, in the shape of the saw gin. The saws were made for him by Billy McFerran, an Irish blacksmith in Wilkes county. This was the first saw gin ever made, and a native Georgian accomplished it. The saws were constructed in semi-circles and fastened around the cylinders in pairs, so as to form complete circles when finished.

The First Gin Factory.

As early as 1797, a gin factory was established in Georgia by a man named McCloud, and Whitney's lawsuits against him were all unsuccessful. An old gentleman who purchased a gin from McCloud told my father years later that even then it worked as well as new. It was propelled by water, and ginned 2,500 pounds of seed cotton per day. Previous to this, the gin in ordinary use was an arrangement of two wooden rollers, revolving in opposite directions, which proceeded Mr. Whitney's invention. It was workd by hand, and ginned only from 75 to 100 pounds per day, and a man had to be constantly employed in turning rollers, the friction burnt out so fast. This machine was still used in 1870 in gining the best qualities of sea-island cotton, the advantage being that it does not cut the staple as the saw gins do.

Where the Honor Belongs.

The honor of having invented the first cotton gin is sometimes disputed with Eli Whitney in favor of a Mr. Bull, a gentleman from Baltimore, who settled in Columbia county, Georgia, and introduced the saw gin there in 1795. He first used perpendicular saws, but afterwards changed them for circular ones in imitation no doubt of Whitney and Lyon. Mr. Bull was an enterprising and ingenius man and the first to introduce iron packing screws into the state. Costing from $1,500 to $1,800 these were so expensive that they were soon abandoned for the common wooden screw, which was in general use until a later day. His invention of the perpendicular saw gin was—there seems to be no doubt—independent of Whit-

ney's, though posterior to it, the latter having come into operation in 1793. Thus, though Eli Whitney failed to realize the profits of his invention, it seems clear that he must be left in undisputed possession of at least the barren honors."

The machine that Whitney brought into existence, aided materially by Mrs. Gen. Greene Miller, was just equal to three hundred hands. One hand could remove the seed from a pound of cotton in a day—Whitney's could handle just three hundred times as much, or three hundred pounds. Today it would be a joke. The superb machines now in use look like a different thing entirely. Ginneries equipped with the modern article in a brace of them can turn out cotton bales just about as fast as the seed cotton is unloaded and by machinery, too.

If another Whitney, or a Lyon or a Bull, or a McCloud would rise up and perfect an instrument to annihilate the boll weevil—he, too, may place himself, if not in the moon and history, at least in the hearts of the Southern Cotton farmer, who is distinctly up against a great trial. The proposition does not worry the descendants of "slavery which Whitney's invention fixed on the South"—many have fallen in many ways from the high estate of their fathers; and the great bulk of them, seeking towns, easy, loafing jobs and roaming through the land without purpose or ambition, are missing the joys of the songs and experiences back on the farms and know not how to sing when rainy days come;

"More rain, more corn,
The cribs am busting, sho's yo born."

As repulsive as the idea of slavery now appears to the present generation, there is no greater love than that borne by the few remaining ex-slaves for their former masters; and in turn they are recipients of kindnesses and considerations from their masters the like of which finds expression no where else. If the horrors of slavery were all the inflamed mind of the past pictured it, to the system at least must be given the credit of bringing thousands of horrible, lost beings into a knowledge of a civilization and the existence of a real, true, living God.

If we were a millionaire we would put a million books in the homes of Cabarrus people. This would make us a reading people and such are the salt.—Concord Observer.

THE SEVEN SISTERS.

General Western Freight Agent D. J. Donovan, of the Holland-America Line, Chicago, and poet laureate of "The Waybill," published monthly by The Traffic Club of Chicago, has indicted the following lines to the Southern Railway System's Sisterhood of Seven Southern Seaports:"

A lady, she of high degree,
Although they call her city—
NEW ORLEANS: a name of grace,
The fairest of her time and place,
Attractive, pensive, happy, gay,
As bride who waits her wedding day,
And those who visit see her reign,
With queenly grace in her domain

And down the length of that blue sea,
Another city dainty,
For there is MOBILE, ancient dame,
And years have added to her fame.
The mosses of her old oak trees
Are redolent of memories
Of other days, and stately dames,
And men who left historic names.

JACKSONVILLE: beside the blue,
A young and lusty scion,
Of all the good that's gone before,
It kept and added to it more.
Youth's young blood is in its veins,
With strength to change its verdant plains,
Now roling tides of commerce, trade
Sweep onward o'er its old time glade.

And BRUNSWICK: on the ocean wave,
That breaks the flashing ripples,
Long nestled in the verdured sweep
Of forest pine: its waters deep
Now bear the ships whose lofty spars
Point upward to the brilliant stars.
The gifts of God are stowed each day,
Within their holds for far away.

SAVANNAH: Whitefield, Oglethorpe,
Have placed its name on high.
At night the brilliant Southern Cross;
At day the long winged albatross
Old mansions line its shaded streets,

Where South that's new the Old South greets,
And sweet magnolias lift their crest
To bless the toiler's hour of rest.
And CHARLESTON: Ashley's diadem,

A jewel fair to view.
Her name is known on every sea;
Abroad, at home; her history
Undying writ on tomes of Time,
Heroic tales of deeds sublime.
And mingled with traditions old,
The modern spirit of the bold.
A spirit old and new.
NORFOLK: she of Hampton Roads,

There lodges in her belfry tower
The shot aimed by a foreign power
To keep her in subjection grim.
Yet naught its spirit bold could dim,
And now a gem in circlet cast,
Framed in the present and the past.

These brilliant stars in our domain
Are cities of our hill and plain,
They breathe the spirit of the new,
Yet hold to all that's good and true.
Which in the past we held so high,
And holding which we ne'er will die.
The Southland holds these Cities Seven,
Kissed by the sun and winds of heaven.
You of the North, seek health or gain?
Why, take a Southern Railway train.

EDUCATING THE POTATO.

By Earle W. Gage

The potato, originally a tuber, no larger than a marble has been educated through plant-breeding and other forms of selection by modern agricultural experts into a position of prime importance in the world's food supply. Great as has been the development of the potato during the past century, it is scheduled for even greater improvements. In hundred of experimental plots, government and other experts are giving the potato a course in higher education to enable it to resist blight and other diseases and to produce higher edible qualities. The failure of the crop in certain seasons has created a universal desire to place the potato up-

on so firm a foundation that it may be depended upon year after year to supply millions with food.

Already the experiments hold promise of success, and the potato of the future will probably look down upon its ancestors of this generation as flabby molloycoddles.

The potato, a native of South America, with corn and tobacco completes the trinity of purely American plants occupying a prominent place among our agricultural products. Spanish explorers discovered the potato in South America early in the 16th century, and reported it an important article of food in what is now Chili and Peru. The potato's native home is at an altitude of from 4,000 to 6,000 feet, the climatic conditions being not unlike those in Colorado and southern Idaho, where it flourishes today.

These explorers carried the potato home with them to Spain. Other Spainards took it to Florida, and very likely from there to Virginia. London's encyclopedia published in 1836, says the potato was "probably brought to England from Virginia by Sir Walter Raleigh, in 1586," induced, no doubt, by the prizes history tells us the crown offered for new and valuable plants and fruits. All authorities agree as to its being found in Virginia by the colonists.

Those arriving in Jamestown colony from Europe report that the potato growing there at that time was no larger than an ordinary marble, which testifies somewhat to the wonderful evolution through which this plant has passed in 300 years of cultural care under the guiding hand of American farmers.

From Virginia the potato was introduced into Ireland, first being planted in a field near Cork. In Ireland it was well received, and it is doubtless due to this fact that it is so commonly and erroneously called the Irish potato. In England, though, the potato suffered differently. It met with very little favor at first. Sir Walter is said to have endeavored to induce Queen Bess to take an interest in his new find and to that end had a dish of the cooked tubers placed on her table. Neither she nor her guests cared for the new vegetable and were inclined to believe it poisonous, due probably to improper cooking.

But in 1663 potato culture became quite general through the efforts of the Royal Society, which recognized its real food value to man. Scotland does not seem to have taken to the potato until the middle of the 18th century, when a famine impresed its value on the Scottish people.

In 1747 we read that 700 bushels of potatoes were imported from Carolina. Italy appears to have given attention to the newcomer before any other European country. After Ireland, Switzerland, France and Germany took it up, but it does not seem to have been given its true value as a human food until the 19th century.

To a Frenchman, M. Parmentier, is due the popularity of the potato as a food. His efforts were ably seconded by Louis XVI, who ordered a large tract planted with potatoes. Later he wore one of the blossoms in his buttonhole at a royal party. The king had the plot guarded by a cordon of troops which served to excite great curiosity among the people. When the tubers were gathered he invited a number of scientific and prominent men to a ban-

quet where every dish was composed in whole or part of pototoes. This quickly brought the potato into popular favor.

Early settlers in America seem to have given the potato a prominent place in their agriculture. In 1840 mention is first made of the potato in the United States census report. The crop is given as 108,298,060 bushels. In all North America, Australia, and South America, it is now generally grown. During the past thirty years its culture has also become general in Holland, Germany and France, and it is said to to be rapidly increasing in favor in Russia, China too is cultivating the potato, but in that strange Oriental country, as with all else new, its adoption is slow. Owing to its food qualities it will doubtless be of great economic value in the land of the Dragon. No tuber heretofore discovered is of such world-wide adaptation as a human food.

The potato belongs to the nightshade family, which explains the English prejudice against it. In this family are the tobacco, tomato, egg-plant and capsicum. There are 1,600 varieties or species, only six of which bear tubers. The wild potato produces seed balls from flowers. Owing to its long propagation from the tuber or from the cutting, these are seldom seen where the potato is under cultivation.

The botanical name of the potato is Solanum tuberosum, the first word meaning soothing or quieting (the effect of the nightshade). This is the name of the genus. In the second word the Latin root "tuber" is easily recognized. Freely translated the name means "soothing plant with swellings." This scientific name was given by the celebrated botanist, Jaspard Banhim of Basle, Switzerland, about 1590. It was called "openauk," an Indian name; also "Bata Virginia." A Frenchman, M. Frazier a voyager on the coast of Chili, in a book describing that voyage, gave it its popular name, it having been first called "apple of the earth"—French, Pommee de Terre. Potato seems to have been a corruption or adaption of the Indian name, "papas," meaning roots, and "bata" as given before.

To the failure of the crop, caused by what is now recognized as late blight, was due the famine in Ireland in 1846, through which Ireland lost by death and immigration more than 3,000,000 of her population. The potato had come to be the sole food dependence of the peasant population. In 1844 the crop was stricken in America, but in Ireland the yield was plentiful. In 1845 the harvest promised to be the most abundant in years. In one short month it was as if a simoon had blasted the land. The buoyant nature of the Celt asserted itself and the year following he planted as before. All promised well until the close of July, when in a night, the entire crop was doomed. The previous year had exhausted the people. By winter the deaths were so many that no attempt was made to provide coffin or shroud. The fever and plague accommpanied starvation. The failure of England to open her ports intensified the situation. To the coming of English landlords to take the place of the natives is largely due the troubles of of Ireland to this day. For a time it appeared as if the potato was threatened with extinction. Climatic conditions, however, were favorable

to the cultivation of potatoes, and for a generation the crop continued to be profitably grown with only an occasional disastrous failure due to the dread disease, for until a few years ago nothing was done to control blight.

Of the millions of bushels of potatoes annually grown in the United States and Canada, by far the greater porportion is used as food for man. This is largely due to the fact that the potato possesses a mild flavor of which the appetite does not become tired; to the established wholesomeness of the vegetable; to the comparatively low price, considering the nutriment supplied, and to the success achieved in storing the season's cropuntil the following year's crop is ready for the consumer.

The culinary varieties have been found to contain about 78 per cent water, 18 per cent starch, 2.2 per cent protein, and the remainder divided between ash and fat. In the cooked state more than 90 per cent of the nutritive substances are considered assimilable. Large quantities of potatoes are annually evaporated to supply the demand for provisioning expeditions, camps, cruises, armies, navies, as well as the demand of the metropolitan trade.

The potato is cooked perhaps in a greater variety of ways than any other vegetable grown upon the farm, but fundamentally the various processes are baking, boiling and frying, the first being the most economical when properly performed, since the most desirable food lies close to the skin.

Aside from the romantic history which the potato has passed through, the most interesting factor has been its development. Few men have contributed more to the advancement of the potato from a roadside weed to an article of food for man than Luther Burbank, plant wizard. The Burbank potato is an improvement of one of the most important crops which, as has been stated by officials of the Department of Agriculture, is adding $75,000,000 each year to the farm incomes of America alone, to say nothing of foreign countries. This potato was produced by Mr. Burbank when in his "teens," and was the result of finding a seed ball on his mother's potato patch. This was Mr. Burbank's first attempt at plant improvement, and the perfection of this potato variety was accomplished solely through utilizing the forces of environment and heredity, and by careful seed selection.

From the single seed ball Mr. Burbank found in his mother's garden, he produced twenty-three new potato plants. Each of these plants yielded its own interesting individual variations, its personal interpretation of long forgotten heredity. And the solving of the seed ball's secret was the first great work Mr. Burbank did for the world, and the factor that changed his boyhood path from uncertainty to the certainty that he was destined to become one of the world's great genuises.

When the potato crop was harvested, Mr. Burbank closely noted the result. One specimen, a beautiful, long potato, decayed almost as soon as dug; another was red-skinned with white eyes; several had eyes so deep that they were unfit for use; all varied widely. The twenty-three potatoes harvested from as many plants represented as

many different stages in the history of the potato family. Among the number was one tuber larger than the others. That tuber was the parent of the famous Burbank potato, which came to bless mankind and bring riches and fame to all who grew it.

Up to the time, in 1871, that Mr. Burbank made his valuable contribution to the potato family, the potatoes of the world were small, more or less uncertain of bearing, and of mediocre yield. Other varieties, with a yield one-fourth that of the present crops, found no buyers. With the application of the Burbank plant improvement system, however, with the same effort, indeed with far less, both the pioneer who grew potatoes for his own substance and the potato specialist who produced his crop in commercial quantities, were able to quadruple the output, to make four measures of food, four measures of profit—grow where but one had grown before.

Burbank's first experiment and successful development occurred in those days when Chicago was considered a far-western city, and when the great territory beyond was being settled by the pioneer. The potato is a vegetable designed peculiarly for the pioneer. It requires no great preparation either for planting or harvesting. It grows rapidly on the rich new soil turned over by the settler; a little cultivation insures its growth; when mature it may lie in the ground and be used as needed. Little care; small expense; easy preparation for food; these have made the potato the first crop to be grown when the settler locates in his new country.

It is interesting to trace the influence which this one success of Mr. Burbank's had upon our growing country. This was in 1871. It was a time when the line between success and failure, between starvation and comfortable plenty was drawn so finely for the pioneer that even the slightest aid was of value out of proportion to its intrinsic worth. A crop failure or shortage in these reconstruction days just immediately at the close of the Civil War, meant a set-back that would take years to overcome, for the pioneer's only source of supply, usually, was his crops. Multiply a potato yield by four in such days as these were, and a mighty contribution is made to the whole human family, and to the established economic foundation of a nation.

The potato is especially susceptible to its environment, and responds readily to any change that takes place in this important factor. Hybridization or potato-breeding, as it is known, included two distinct methods. Seed selection is more popular than hybridization with practical growers.

The modern tendency toward the development of potato-growing centers in widely separated sections of the United States, as, for example, Aroostock County, Maine, Norfolk, and the Eastern Shore regions of Virginia and Maryland, the Red River Valley of Minnesota and North Dakota, the Kaw Valley of Kansas, the Greeley and Carbondale districts of Colorado, and the San Joaquin and Sacramento valleys of California, has created a demand for varieties of potatoes especially adapted to cultivation in those districts.

Where men have developed the potato plant into a more efficient pro-

ducer, there we find the plant possessing greater resisting power over the parasitic fungi which prey upon the plants and tubers, and which nearly ruined the early possibilities of successful potato culture.

A COMMON BOND.

He was a thirteen-year-old boy who boarded Marshal Foch's private car at Sedalia, Missouri. He got past the sergeant on guard and had reached the door of the rear observation parlor when an officer halted him.

He told the officer that he wanted to see Marshal Foch. The officer protested that it was impossible.

Let an eyewitness, who was also a newspaper reporter, tell the rest.

"Then the gray-clad figure in the chair a few feet a head turned and peered over his nose glasses. A Command in French was given and the boy was ushered in.

"The marshall extended his hand, and spoke a greeting in French. The boy extended his hand timidly.

"I'm awful glad to meet you. I had a brother killed in Fance."

"There was a hasty translation by the interpreter. The gray eyes softened, one arm went around the boy's shoulder, squeezing the little form close to him, as a father would. The marshall of the allied armies and the boy had one thing in common. Foch lost a son in the war.—Wellspring.

EXAMPLE OF PLUCK.

This paper in a former issue took occasion to comment upon the fact that it never knew a single one-armed or one-legged Confederate soldier, who was unable to make a decent living—in fact, many of them amassed considerable property, not through the offices of sympathy or public compassion, but by dint of their own ingenuity, pluck and perseverance. The record is a marvelous one.

But here is a story that comes out from Greenwood, S. C., that puts to utter shame the loafers and others, able-bodied and strong, who are in the attitude of making themselves believe that they "are looking for a job." There is a job awaiting every person, who has ginger enough in his make-up, to accept a challenge to service. This cripple boy is a hero:

A cripple since early child with no means of making a livelihood except knitting socks, Rufus Price, 20 year old white boy, drove a team of goats from his home, near Hodges, to Greenwood to take treatment, which, he hopes, will restore the use of his limbs. When he found the journey from Hodges to Greenwood too much for his goats every day, he obtained a boarding place in a mill village and there he plies his trade of knit

ting socks when he is not on his way to and from the office of the specialist, who is treating him. Early each morning, the two long horned bucks may be seen hitched to a lamp post in front of the specialist's office while their owner takes the treatment in which he puts his faith.

"I got a fall when I was a year old," the lad told a newspaper man, "and my back was hurt so I could not walk. I tried to walk some when I was little but my legs just crumpled up. I got a goat and broke him to a cart and drove him to a school, a mile and a half, that way."

The crippled lad began the knitting of socks in 1921. He has a knitting machine at his boarding place and he earns a scant livelihood that way. "Oh, yes, I do pretty well," he said cheerily. "I make 12 or 15 pairs a day and that brings me $1.50. That beats doing nothing and I couldn't do much else."

The boy cannot stand or take a single step. He has a tiny wagon in which he sits and propels himself when he gets out of his goat cart. With the help of a friendly passer, he manages to get his little wagon up the few steps of the entrance to the office building, where the specialist has his offices, and rolls himself into the elevator.

Young Price is proud of his goats. "You see, they mean a good bit to me," he said, "and they're mighty good goats. I named that brown one there Kaiser because he looked in the face like the Kaiser. I have had him four years. That white one, I have owned about a year. I broke them myself and they are not afraid of automobiles now. The longest trip in one day I ever made was 18 miles when I came to Greenwood from beyond Ware Shoals. My goats don't get tired, it seems, but they're like mules, you have to keep after them to make 'em trot.

Being a cripple does not discourage the soft eyed, smiling lad of 20. A month ago his mother died, but his father, John Price, of near Hodges, still lives and the boy hopes to go back home cured. So daily he crawls to the stable where his goats stay, harnesses them to his cart and comes to Greenwood for the treatment that he hopes will permit him to walk and play his part in the world.

THE TREE DOCTOR.

By W. E. Hutchinson.

This is a day and age in which wonderful things are done in surgery. The war in Europe has given no end of opportunity for the development of the science, and many lives are saved by experts, where a few years ago such cases would have been considered hopeless, and the patient left to die for want of proper treatment.

But surgery is not confined to men alone, for great strides have been made in saving our native trees from utter decay by tree doctors, who operate as successfully on trees, as do the medical men upon human victims.

Mr. Henry Wood, in the Westminister Gazette, says, "One of the finest examples of what can be done in tree conservation has been demon-

strated in France, where the trees that the German army cut down or girdled, have been restored by the tree doctor; even the army surgeons, Red Cross ambulance drivers, and stretcher bearers aiding in the work; and the wounded trees bandaged, often with bandages that had been prepared for human limbs and these trees have responded readily to this kind treatment, and are putting forth leaf and blossom."

Trees have many enemies that prey upon them, and either through intent or accident the trees suffer, and would eventually die, if not given the attention they deserve.

They are at the mercy of every maruader of the forest; boring insects attack them, animals gnaw through the bark, wagon wheels in passing scrape through the cambium or inner bark, which is the vital part of the tree; the wind breaks off the limbs, and rot-producing fungi, a parasitic growth, saps their life, causing premature decay, and soon the tree succombs to its unattained wounds. Nature does her best to heal the affected part, by throwing up a breastwork about the hurt, but nature cannot work to a complete success unless aided by man.

There are a dozen ways in which the tree doctor treats the wounds and starts the injured patient on the way to recovery. If it is a fresh bruise, a preparation of creosote and tar is spread over the wound; if a shattered limb, it is sawed off and treated in much the same manner; if the trunk is decayed, the old dead wood is carefully cut away and the cavity filled with warm asphalt, or if a very large cavity it is filled with plastic cement.

The vigor of the tree depends upon its leaves for food and nourishment; the larger the surface of leafage exposed to the light, the greater the health of the tree; this can only be obtained by judicious pruning; for like human surgery some limbs must be amputated to promote the life of the patient.

Like human beings no two trees are eactly alike; therefore their diseases must be treated from different standpoints; what would be life for one would mean death to another, and so a tree doctor must be wise and have a thorough knowledge of his patient to gain the best results. I would go farther than this and say that the tree doctor should have a love for trees, a strong desire to do them good and bring them to perfection, if he would be proficient in his chosen profession.

I know a man who is high up in the affairs of the church, who has a wonderful love for trees; he pats their rough and knotty trunks and talks to them as if they could understand him; and who shall say they do not, for a strong kinship exists between nature and nature lovers.

The great artist Rosseau found his greatest inspiration in painting trees.

Stradivari fashioned a violin from a certain tree so cunningly, and with such rare art, that when played upon by the skilled fingers of Paginini it seemed to be a thing of life.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes was an enthusiastic tree worshipper, and carried a tape in his pocket to take the girth of the largest trees.

The greater part of that masterpiece of literature, "Ben Hur," was written by the author under the

spreading branches of a beech tree, and the Bible teems with reference to the tree, declaring that "The righteous shall flourish like the palm trees and grow like cedars of Lebanon."

Longfellow in "Evangeline," sings of the trees: "This is the forest primeval, the murmuring pine and the hemlock," and Mitlon said: "Cathedral organs give forth no greater music than that which sounds when a forest of pines awakes at midnight, to chant a solemn paslm of praise."

Think of those mighty redwoods of California having a girth of 25 and 30 feet, and reaching a height of 300 feet, with a covering of bark 18 to 24 inches in thickness. Scientists tell us that the larger ones were well grown when Christ was on earth. What a story they coud tell, if we could interpret their language, of the onward march of civilization as the ages have come and gone.

And so it is right and fitting that these mighty tress, these friends of man, should be preserved, and every atom of a tree doctor's skill be put forth to bring the weak ones back to a state of convalescence and safeguard the healthy ones for the benefit of future generations.

"Every boy and every girl ought to learn to cook, and every girl ought to learn the domestic arts, including sewing, the cutting of clothes and the making of garments generally," declared Dr. Charles W. Eliot, president emeritus of Harvard University, in an address to the W. W. Club at the university.

WHAT IS A SCHOOL FOR?

(New York Times)

This is a question at the very heart of the annual report of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching, though it has to do with a score and more subjects, from teachers' pensions to text-books. It is the fundamental question in education, and the Superintendents assembled today in their great national meeting in Cleveland, Ohio, could not spend their three days of conference to better advantage than in framing an answer to it. Once a definition of "what the school is for" were agreed to, it would then be possible to make more precise courses of study, to estimate more closely what ought to be spent for schools and to determine what are the best things to do for the advancement of teachng. We give immeasurable time to making and remaking and unmaking budgets. It would be better if the public, as well as those inside the profession, were to give more attention to the fundamental conception under which the schools are to be operated. No budget system can deal with the problem that does not start with a clear view of what the school system can and ought to do.

Dr. Henry S. Pritchett, the President of the Carnegie Foundation, does not answer his own question, but, like the Alpine boy of whom he

tells, points the way to the answer. "I do not know," said the boy, "where Kandersteg is, but there is the road to it." And Dr. Pritchett indicates the true function of the school in these sentences:

"By whatever road a child or youth seeks education, he will find it only by the path which leads through sincerity and thoroughness. To master something well is the beginning of education. To know the English language well, to read it, to speak it with precision and discrimination, to have acquired the taste for good books, constitutes a wiser background of knowledge for any American boy or girl than all the miscellaneous scraps of information that he can gather touching many fields of art and science and literature."

We have enriched our school curriculum, but in so doing we have encouraged "superficiality" coupled with tremendously rising cost. So does the trained educational observer speak, who laments the fact that the school is no longer thought of as primarily an intellectual agency, but rather one through which the child shall learn something of every form of knowledge in existence and acquire preparation for a trade or profession. The teachers, the work of many of whom present the finest picture in American life have been asked to take over the entire moral, intellectual and asthetic training of the child—a task beyond the wisest and ablest men and women. It will be a serious blow to our program of democratic government if the free public school is endangered, but it will be unless it is kept within feasible bounds, educationally. One need not have Dr. Pritchett's fear of the people's inability or unwillingness to bear the financial burdens, if only the conception of what the school is for is found.

Perhaps—A teacher in a public school asked the children to define the word "advice," said a little girl, "is when other people want you to do the way they do."—Christain Registar.

STREET CARS IN HOLLAND.

"Countries may be known by their street cars," says a railway man, who has inspected most of the traction systems of the world. The rush and jar of New York, for instance, is exemplified in the rapid transit of its inhabitants. So the character of little Holland may be gatherd from her street-car service.

Street-car fare in Holland is three cents a trip, and for four cents one receives a return ticket. The conductor carries more documents than a congressmen. For every fare he receives, he opens an aluminum box about four inches by six, and hands out a receipt or a return ticket, as the case may be.

When the passengers pay with tickets, he places the tickets in a leather pouch hung by a strap around his neck. It is important that one retain the receipt given him, for at uncertain intervals a control-

lour gets on the car and examines all receipts, puts his O. K. on them with a rubber stamp, and compares the result with the manifest carried by the conductor. It is quiet the correct thing to tip the conductor with a Dutch cent or two.

Each car has a card inside stating how many places there are, and on each platform is another saying how many person may stand thereon. When the seats and both platform are full, the sign, "Vol," is put up, and no more passengers are permitted to get aboard.—Selected.

True courtesy cannot be confounded with obsequiousness The sycophant with his polished manners is often less courteous than the awkward bumpkin All lies in the motive.—Morganton News-Herald.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

Pressly Mills, Reporter

The cows drinking fountains in dairy barn are being improved.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

A new tool room is being constructed at the barn. The boys are doing this work.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The following boys received visits from their relatives last Wednesday: Clayborn Gilbert, Earnest Cobb, Ervin Moore, Lee Yow and Thural Wilkerson.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The base ball game that was to have been played last Saturday was postponed on account of rain. It will be played Saturday if the weather proves favorable.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Last Saturday band practice was postponed owing to the sudden illness of Mr. Stebbins, the band master. Practice was, however, resumed again on Monday.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Owing to the long days that we are now having the officer of each cottage takes his boys out upon the campus each evening after supper. The boys often have over an hour to play at this time.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Master Valton Lee was suddenly called home to the bedside of his sick mother in Greensboro a few days ago. Being true to his trust Master Lee returned the following Sunday.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

A 30 horse power tractor arrived at the institution a few days ago. This makes three tractors here. Several new ploughs also arrived with this new tractor. This new tractor is of International make.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The boys, who are helping operate the machinery in the laundry, are doing well. These boys are doing all of the washing that is done at the institution. Mr. J. W. Russell has charge of this work.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Rev. Mr. Jamison, of the 1st Pres-

byterian church of Kannapolis, delivered an interesting sermon in the Auditorium last Sunday afternoon. His sermon was based on the 119 Psalm.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Every day several boys are detailed to hunt turkey eggs. During the last month about thirty new nests and about one hundred turkey eggs have been found. In a few days these eggs will be placed in the incubator to be hatched.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Mr. R. S Huntington, of Greenville, South Carolina paid a visit to the institution last Sunday. Mr. Huntington made, at the request of Superintendent Boger, a short but interesting speech which was carried home to the heart of every boy in his presence and each went back to his cottage determined to do better in the future than he had done in the past.

The new linotype is being assembled by experienced workmen from Concord. This machine will be in operation in a few days. Several boys are looking forward to the time when this machine will be in operation. Some of the boys who are expecting to learn on this machine are: William Gregory, Pressly Mills, Charles Roper, Milton Hunt, Keith Hunt, Stanley Armstrong and James Gentry.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

It seems that Superintendent Boger can put the utmost confidence in some of the boys here. Last week it happened that one of the night watchmen here was suddenly called to the beaside of his sick father. Master Vass Fields was called upon to fill the vacant position until he returned. Master Vass discharged his duties faithfully and he can be relied upon in the future shoulda vacancy again occur.

"Are the fish thick here?" "Well, not too thick, sir," answered the native. "We have to use this lake partly for navigation."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A Law to Save Lives.

The General Assembly of North Carolina has done the sane and commendable thing in passing an act, effective July 1, 1923, requiring every person operating a motor vehicle on the public roads of this state to come to a full stop at a distance not exceeding fifty feet from the nearest rail of any railway track crossing the public road at grade.

Drivers of automobiles and trucks should not consider the provisions of this act as a hardship on them but as an effort on the part of the state to save them from injury and death. Official reports of the Interstate Commerce Commission shows that in 1921 there were 5,387 persons killed or injured in automobile accidents at grade crossings with railways. In the last five years, 9,101 persons have been killed in such accidents in the United States. North Carolina has contributed more than her full share to the list of victims.

Violation of this law will consti-

tute a misdeameanor, punishable by fine or imprisonment. We do not see why any person should violate a law passed for his protection. We believe that observance of this law wlli save many lives and commend it to our readers.

The railways have been required to go to heavy expense to erect signs forty by fifty inches 100 feet from crossings, lettered "N. C. LAW STOP." When you see that sign, obey its injunction and protect yourself and those with you.

It is indeed difficult to understand just why some drivers of automobiles take delight in rapidly driving through a flock of fowls along the roaside in order to see how many they can kill or maim. Or making a sudden spurt of speed in order to run down a dog. But there are men who take a delight in just that sort of thing—and boast of it afterward. The devil is in such persons' hearts.

The truly good man is eptomized in the classic lines of Cowper:

"I would not number among my friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting in sensibility, the man
Who needlessly would tread upon a worm."

—Monroe Enquirer.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

Passenger Train Schedules

Arrival and Departure of Passenger Trains, Concord, N. C.

LV.	NO.	BETWEEN	NO.	AR.
1:40A	30	New York-Birmingham	30	1:40A
2:37A	29	Birmingham-New York	29	2:37A
5:12A	44	Washington-Atlanta	44	5:12A
6:32A	31	Atlanta-New York	31	6:32A
8:41A	137	Atlanta-New York	137	8:41A
9:25A	11	Charlotte-Norfolk-Richmond	11	9:25A
10:55A	36	New York Birmingham-New Orleans	36	10:55A
3:20P	45	Washington-Charlotte	45	3:20P
3:45P	46	Charlotte-Danville	46	3:45P
7:10P	12	Norfolk-Richmond-Atlanta	12	7:10P
8:18P	32	New York-Augusta	32	8:18P
10:20P	35	Birmingham-New Orleans-New York	35	10:20P
9:45P	138	New York-Atlanta	138	9:45P
9:31P	135	Washington-Atlanta	135	9:31P

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R. H. GRAHAM. D. P. A.,
Charlotte, N. C.

M. E. WOODY, Ticket Agent,
Concord, N. C.

THE UPLIFT

L XI CONCORD, N. C. APRIL 28, 1923 No. 24

THE HEART.

There comes times in our lives when our hearts must make great decision for us, for only the heart is equal to them. We sometimes say: "Do not let your heart get away with your head"—good, but we must also remember to say: "Do not let your head get away with your heart." A tender heart undirected by a sound judgment may lead us to do unwise things, but an imperious brain uncontrolled by a good heart may lead us to do not only unwise but cruel things. It is not always wise to go where our heads lead us—we must sometimes go where our hearts urge us. The heart is wiser at times than the brain. "The heart has reasons, the reason knows not of."

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

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JAMES P. COOK, *Editor,* J. C. FISHER, *Director Printing Department*

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Dr. Bridges, in speaking of the scarcity of prayer, says: "One difficulty is timidity. Many parents are like the old Scotchman whose little boy begged him to have family prayers. "But Robbie, I can na pray." "Just tell the Lord that," said the boy, "and that will do for a beginning." We should overcome this timidity. What is there to be ashamed of? Nothing unless there is a daily life inconsistent with prayer. The thing then to be ashamed of is not the praying but the life. The devil's children are not ashamed to serve him, not ashamed to use the name of God profanely. Surely we should not be ashamed to use it reverently."

THIS ADMINISTRATION UNTOUCHED.

According to a forecast by Brock Barkley in The Charlotte Observer the present administration is untouched by the charges made by Maxwell; Treasurer Lacy's figures are found correct; and even Maxwell's statement is found practically correct. If all these statements be true, and Barkley is on the ground floor in this matter, then the blame must be attached to former administrations, and not to Morrison's. But we will, it is hoped, know the exact status when the score of auditors now on the task finish their investigations authorized by the General Assembly of 1923.

In the meantime the programme of progress goes right on; and the administration has not turned back.

• • • • • •

PERSON COUNTY SETS AN EXAMPLE.

Very material advancement has been made educationally in Person county

under the active and far-seeing efforts of Rev. J. A. Beam. He was not a candidate for re-election as superintendent of schools for that county. The Board, having a purpose to continue the progressive programme inaugurated by Mr. Beam, prevailed on his wife, Mrs. Beam, to accept the position. This in the face of several very worthy applicants for the position.

Since nine-tenths of the teachers in the rural public schools are girls and women, it seems the logical thing to do to have a woman connected with the administration of school affairs. In many instances it would have a tendency to put move into some otherwise slow-moving bodies that seem satisfied with statu quo. Take, for instance in Cabarrus county, a wide-awake woman, who knows the great needs of the rural sections, would never have permitted a do-nothing policy to obtain so long in this county without a vigorous protest.

It would be a gracious act, and mean so much to the interest of the schools of the county, if the Board could find a native woman to take the executive leadership of the county's schools; or if this be not practicable, then that member of the Board, who is so engrossed in his own school affairs that he has not yet had time to see and know every school house in the county, though he has seen service as an official for near unto twenty years, if not longer, ought to voluntarily withdraw from the Board, making room for a woman member. The county would be the gainer; and the retired member would lose nothing and show a high degree of appreciation of the eternal fitness of things.

* * * * * * *

IT'S STRANGE.

The contribution elsewhere in this number by Mr. Hunt, relative to the scenery in Wilkes county, brings to mind most forcibly the fact that but few people know their own state. Scores and scores have explored the "East Side," the Bowery in New York, paced up and down Broadway, made a hurried visit to the Art Gallery, and have even gone abroad to make a tour of European scenes, yet there are few who actually know North Carolina, their home.

It is usually the thing over yonder or down there or up yonder that draws our curiosity and makes us want to see it. There are hundreds and hundreds in this very town that have never been in a cotton mill, who have not the faintest idea of the process by which some of the handsomest fabrics known to manufacturing enterprises are produced; though it has been published, there are hundreds in our midst that do not know, and have no curiosity about it, that

the biggest towel factory in the world is right at their door; there are hundreds that have not the slightest idea how the iron foundry makes a form and moulds the melted metal into wheels and fittings; and but few people and none of the school children know how in that blacksmith shop they pass every day the smith welds together two pieces of iron. There is so much to learn that we do not know and could easily know, except that we are obsessed with the idea that the worthwhile thing to know is at some other place in some other state or county.

So, let us drive through Wilkes county before we make a European trip.

* * * * * * *

A HARD TASK.

There are hundreds of ways by which the lawless can get by for a time with a violation of the prohibition regulations, and none know this better than the officers charged with the execution of the law. To make a record should be the ambition of every man who accepts employment in the service of another or of the government. Any spirit short of this is unworthy.

But there is danger of an over-enthusiasm. The indiscriminate holding up of roadsters without any well defined reasons for so doing other than to satisfy a desire to make a capture and seizure, is a dangerous matter. The attack made upon two helpless ladies on the Greenville-Asheville highway some days ago by revenue officers startled the sensibilities of the public. It was just as natural for the ladies to mistake the officers for highway robbers, as for the officers to presume the ladies were blockade runners. The shooting that occcurred was indefensible and cowardly. The public applauds the Washington authorities in giving these wild men a suspension of sixty days—a permanent suspension would be better, unless it is professionally made clear that these officers are mentally sound and are of good, personal characters.

The prohibition legislation will eventually be thoroughly executed without shooting down everything in sight—all men and women, who find it necessary to go by car from city to city, are not lawless and bootleggers.

• • • • • • •

DISTORTED TASTE.

A reading that most beautifully interpreted the sentiment and actions of unique characters and singing by an attractive woman, who falls but little short of a real artist, drew an audience of less than seventy-five and this in a community that numbers more than twelve thousand. It occurs to an ob-

server that the several scores of teachers in the community unless otherwise engaged might have been drawn along with their pupils to this enterainment that was really of fine merit, if not classy. But the teachers in any appreciable numbers were conspicuous by their absence.

We are constrained, having a knowledge of the prevailing temperament, and this based on many past performances, that a wrestling match, a basketball stunt, a minstrel show or dirty carnival, would have drawn an overflowing house at the popular price of fifty cents per. These are not very pleasant words, but there is no use in mincing words when dealing with a serious condition in the tastes of a community that seeks to better its environment.

There is something wrong when a dog-show can draw an over-flowing house, or a feed-fest can dispose of every plate, in a community, and clever intellectualists must face innumerable empty seats. If not worse, it indicates the presence of a distorted taste. Like the foreign missionaries have long since learned as sound and logical, to make the coming generation better than the present or the past, we must begin with the children, and what a joy it is that enterprising and wise boards of education are introducing into the curriculum and into the plastic lives of the young a taste for music and high-class entertainment.

ROANOKE RAPIDS TO THE FRONT.

They held a contest at the College for Women, in Greensboro, last week, between representatives of a number of the state high schools along the line of musical attainments. It was an inspiring event, not appealing to that which goes wild over foot-ball, basket-ball and other atheletic stunts, but which contributes to the making of the most of a higher life—music. Referring to that great event the Greensboro News editorially says:

Roanoke Rapids high school carried off the honors in the state high school music contests, staged at North Carolina College for Women last week. Roanoke Rapids thereby won an honor by comparison with which the football championship is a trival thing. It is not if that school had come here with one or two geniuses who carried everything before them. The strength of the school was in the group singing—quartets and glee clubs— so it is fair to award to Roanoke Rapids the distinction of having the best musical instruction in any state high school. And in comparison with that, no athletic championship amounts to much.

Participation in the music contests, like participation in interscholastic atletic, is confined to a comparatively small number of especially well-equipped students. The great majority of students, even in a music contest, are confined to the side-lines, just as they are in a football game; all that they get out of it is a greater capability of appreciating the fine points of the art. But in case of football—or any other form of athletics—this heightened appreciation means little or nothing in the student's afterschool life. In most men it fades out by the time they reach the age of 30; and even those in whom it lingers have occasion to use it only on comparatively rare occasions, during a short season. On the contrary, the students who has learned to appreciate music has something that, instead of fading, brightens with the passing of the years and the ripening of his intelligence; and which he has occasion to exercise every time he steps into a moving picture theater. Once given a start in the right direction, the individual who lives in a civilized country can hardly fail to progress steadily. The boy who is taught in high school to appreciate Bizet and Meyerbeer need not be a musician in order to develop that appreciation until, by the time he is growing gray around the temples he can understand Cesar Franck and the Russians.

All that it would mean to the state to bring up a generation thoroughly grounded in appreciation of music is beyond computation; but it is sufficiently clear that it would work a revolution in the intellectual and artistic life of the commonwealth. Genius may be irrepressible; but talent can flourish only in a favorable environment. He is an optimist indeed who can assert that the present environment that North Carolina affords is favorable to the development of musical talent; and the civilizing power that the youngest of the arts possesses is thus largely lost to the state.

The work that is being done in Roanoke Rapids high school and in

the other high schools that entered the competition is helping to change that environment, helping to open North Carolina to a new intellectual and esthetic force, helping to raise the state to a higher level of civilization. Roanoke Rapids is entitled to the warmest congratulations on its fine victory.

MIGHTY POOR OBSERVATION

A mighty good man some time ago made mighty poor observation. He had several little children and the subject under discussion was the best sort of school for the youngest. He perferred a small school at his door to one much better a little farther away. "I believe in good schools," he said. "but I had rather my children make out with poor school close by until they get bigger and then send them to a better one." He is an excellent man and meant to do the best by his children, but he was vastly mistaken in thinking that little children can make out with any sort of educational facilities and later as older children overcome the effects of poor training. Those very years he does not appreciate from an educational standpoint are the most important. It is in the plastic, fresh years that a child is the most open to suggestion and is the time when in many respects, its whole character is permanently affected. It matters not how young a child is, it should have the best opportunity possible. Those first years are vital to the child's whole existence.—Oxford Friend

THE GRANDEST NEAR MOUNTAIN VIEW.

By C. W. Hunt

Wilkes county, for some cause, was always interesting to the writer. I have traveled over a greater part of its general territory, have been taken for revenue raider and post office inspector, and once gave a certain postmaster up Lewis fork an unpleasant five minutes until he got the driver to one side and learned my business. In all the crossing and recrossing there were things to interest, which of themselves would make a story in no way connected with describing a panoramic mountain view.

If one wants the widest, grandest, civilized mountain view in all the great state of beautiful mountain views covering so much of our territory, he needs to drive just five miles out of Wilkesboro, over a fine road, and all the way up the side of the Brushy mountains, on the extreme east end and get on the crest of the Brushies at that point, in the midst of a beautiful orchard, where with not a tree or a cloud or smoke to intervene, he can feast the eye until it is tired. Most mountain views are limited. Looking down from a mountain the smoke, except occasionally, soon obstructs the view and limits it; but here, instead of looking down on things all below you, the view is gradually upward and spreads away past

the half circle, taking in a part of Surry, all of Wilkes to your back and a part of Caldwell and the edge of Watauga. The view is from your feet to the top of the Blue Ridge, and is not the waste of high mountains one takes in from the cliffs at Blowing Rock, but is a panoramic view of mountains, hills, forest, farms, valleys and hills.

Take your map of North Carolina and look at Wilkes county. Look at the valley of the Yadkin that drains all the county from the top of the ridge, note the streams that come into it from the county of Wilkes, all of which are these rushing mountain streams that dash over rocks and falls, "as clear as crystal and pure to behold," and it is the valleys of these creeks and small rivers that make the topography so lovely to the eye, from this point on the Brushies. Many, many people who live within a few hour's auto drive of what I am describing have never seen it. Several years ago, more than twenty years ago some of the lovers of nature and scenery at North Wilkesboro built a hotel near the site I am mentioning, but like most isolated summer resorts, it was burned, but many of the cottages are there yet, and are inhabited in summer.

The way is now open for many of those who live on the Southern Railway from Greensboro to Gastonia, and in all the section to the east to see this scene and this wonderful country as they go to Blowing Rock and the mountain country contiguous, by driving out of the way to reach Wilksboro, going up the five mile drive, take in the view, then hit the Boone trail for Boone, crossing through Deep Gap, an easy climb, seeing a wonderfully fertile mountain country, and note how, when you cross the divide, you do not go down on the west side, but out into an open country, comparatively level, and wonderfully rich. To those from Salisbury north it is little out of the way. Concord, Charlotte and Gastonia it may be as much as fifty miles further, but how better can the time be spent if out for pleasure? Besides you see as pretty a country as you would if you went the direct route, and have an easier climb.

Two can live as cheaply as one if they are both so happy that they can't see the difference.—Reidsville Review

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THE RESOLUTION OF THE CHILDREN.

(M. E. W. in Smithfield Herald)

The room was crowded with boys and girls, and men and women and little children and tiny babies. Of course the babies were not supposed to know much about the high sounding speeches which were being made but somehow they fitted into the general scheme of things and it would not have seemed right had they not been there.

There were not enough seats to go around, so the men stood at the back of the room and in the aisles, and sometimes the sound of voices came

stealing in through the open windows. These were the voices of those who could not get on the inside at all.

And now you are beginning to wonder where the scene of my story lies and what it is all about anyway. You probably think that I am picturing a great city auditorium, or a town hall, or a famous cathedral in a distant country where the people have gathered to hear some far-famed silver-tongued orator, but you are mistaken. I am only picturing a very ordinary two-story school house in Johnston County. This building stands at a cross-roads, and would attract little attention from the casual passer-by. But that is because he looks only on the outside, and does not see the real things.

It is the people of Meadow township who can tell you what that building represents. To the boys and girls it means opportunities, ideals, education, all that their eager hearts are longing for; to the parents of the community it means that dreams and desires unfulfilled in their own lives are to be realized in the lives of their children.

And why this gathering at the school building, this crowded upper room, these cars upon the campus below? Come with me and I will show you. Now look over the heads of the people, and see on the stage the little group of boys and girls. There are thirty-four of them. It is they who have caused this great multitude of people to come together. These boys and girls will today receive from the hand of the County Superintendent the token of their preparation to enter high school. They have come with confident hearts and high hopes for the future, eager to enter and enjoy their new estate.

Let us speak to this group of girls who are now passing out of the room, with their certificates held proudly in their hands.

"What will you do next year?" Without a moment's hesitation comes the answer, "We shall walk to meet the truck that will bring us to the high school." And then you remember the little girl from the same community who all this year has walked three miles to meet the truck which has brought her the other six miles.

To a little girl from another community I remark, "Your truck is already full, there will be no room for all you new boys and girls next fall."

And quick the answer flashes back. "Then you must send another truck, for you see we've got to go to high school."

And a woman standing near hears the remark and smiling says, "I never saw children with so much resolution. Seems like they've all got their heads set on getting an education."

Yes, it does seem so, and, if I read aright, there is a resolution in the hearts of those fathers and mothers that because it is good their children shall have the thing they are demanding.

What we prize most shows in our character and radiates in our influence.—Firelight

OWL SCARED BEN LACY.

Think of Ben Lacy publicly confessing in this language, "Lord I was scared." It is hard to believe. Down at the Jamestown Exposition one of his severest attacks of asthma overcame him. His room-mates, the late Dr. B. F. Dixon and the late Col. J. Bryan Grimes, concluding that their friend had crossed over the river were going about preparations to properly care for the body—all this taking place in Lacy's presence and, possibly, hearing. All at once, Mr. Lacy, rallying, rolled over and said, "boys, I'm coming around alright." Scared, no; but the late Dr. Dixon often laughed about how "queer" he himself felt in trying to turn over his friend alive to an undertaker. The Raleigh News & Observer tells how Ben Lacy when running a Saboard engine got a mix up with an owl in the following manner:

Somebody was telling Ben Lacy, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, about the old buzzard that got in the way of Captain Lamphier's De-Haviland down at Fort Bragg a few Mondays ago, and was terribly demoralized and otherwise scared to death at being pursued by a roaring bird that was too big to elude. The airplane almost run down the rusty old scavenger.

But that's nothing to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who used to be an enineer on the Seaboard away back in the days when the train engines burned lightwood knots and produced more smoke than a dozen coal-burners do in these latter times. Maybe trains also ran faster in the wood-burning era. Anyhow Mr. Lacy was not much impressed by an airplane going 120 miles an hour and almost running down a buzzard.

"I caught an owl that way once myself," he continued, "and he scared me so bad that if I could have jumped, I reckon I'd have jumped no telling how far."

The adventures that befell Mr. Lacy when he was skipper of a knot-burner would fill a book, and strange to say most of them happened to him at approximately the same spot down below Aberdeen. That's where Marse Henry Page laid down a drum fire around his head one night. That's where he ran over so many scared scrub heifers that the engine was lifted clean off the track. That's where he killed a deer, a fox, a rabbit, two pigs, and two wild turkeys, but all on diffrent occasions.

And then there was the owl. Mr. Lacy was sitting at the throttle of his knot-burner and headed for Hamlet. He had one hand on the throttle and the other on the air-brake, and both eyes on the track ahead of him. He was pulling a passenger train that had the reputation of never being on time. Mr. Lacy was tired of that reputation, and for once he was going to be in Hamlet on time. He was doing 70 miles an hour, which is still speedy for a train.

"All of a sudden something hit me right here," says Mr. Lacy, thumping himself in the chest. "I didn't know what it was, but I grabbed both levers and stood the passengers on their heads. Then whatever it was poked its head up in my face and said "who-who-who." Lord, I was scared. I'd have jump-

ed, but I reckon I was too scared to jump.

"The train stopped, and I looked at it. It was the biggest owl that I have ever seen. I laid him over on the seat and started up the train, but he died before I got to hamlet. He must have been five feet from tip to tip. He must have been flying low and coming in my direction, or I'd have never hit him so hard. He just knocked the breath out of me when he hit me."

WORD STUDIES.

By Harriette Wilbur

We must credit the originators of many of the words we now use quite naturally and without a thought of being humorous, as wags of considerable cleverness. There is the word easel, for example.

In Denmark the animal whose Latin name is asinus is the ezel, and as the donkey always has been, it is chiefly a bearer of burdens. Imagine the smile that quirked the lips of the Danish man, woman, or perhaps child, who spied an artist seated before a canvas held upright, or nearly so, by a three-legged frame. "Ezel" he laughed, and so the frame got its name—ezel in Danish, easel in English.

Or perhaps it was the artist who invented it that first saw the likeness between frame and donkey, and by the happy combination of a catchy name and useful article, became the successful manufacturer of easels.

IS IT WORTH WHILE.

(Sanford Express)

In what might be termed a philosophic mood an exchange climbs up in the pulpit and delivers itself of this truth.

"It's no disgrace to a man to have enemies and opposition. Many men hesitate to take any course that will call for opposition of any person because they don't want enemies. The world is full of envious people. Some people just naturally hate a man because he is successful in his business or occupies a prominent place in the community. The world has no animosity toward the quiet citizen who offends no one and gets in nobody's way. It is the live man of push and energy who incurs enmity. Every man who is fearless in the discharge of his obligations has enemies."

While this is true—true as gospel according to any of the Saints—the queston has often come home to many a man, Does it pay? "The quiet citizen who offends no one and gets in nobody way" goes along and is relieved of worry—has no fences to keep up—and finally, when he is gone, the community says he was a good fellow, didn't cut much ice, but was easy going and all right.

The fellow who makes enemies is the man who does things. He is the

man who cares nothing for policy. He is maligned by the envious bats who roost in his neighborhood and is forced to be up and doing lest his enemies rejoice. True when he dies the community will turn out and give the remains a big send off; the newspapers will with one accord recite the virtues which many never before admitted, although they were in sight of all. The community feels that it has lost a pillar of strength—and then when all is gone beyond hope of recall those who envied the man who made a noise will regret.

It is the old story of sending flowers to the dead. But the brain has become stilled, the pulse has ceased, and then the virtues which our poor eyes pictured as vices take shape and murmuring, "too late," we pass on to throw our mud at others yet living.

But it has often been a question of moment with us whether there was any use to live a life that was filled with bitterness and disappointments simply in order to get a brass band funeral. We know that in the game of life all things are considered fair, and as our friend well says, it is only the man of push and energy who incurs enmity. When Theodore Roosevelt died a little over four years ago, the papers which put through it politics to abuse him, in the face of death sang his praises. Roosevelt dead was no purer than Roosevelt alive but because he possessed a verile and successful way of saying and doing things, bitter and harsh and cruel were the criticisms which envy envoked. And if Woodrow Wilson were dead the people who have abused him and criticised him as they have criticised and abused no other man of this generation would be praising him.

It seems to be human nature, however, to say a man is a——scoundrel if he does things and a ——fool if he does nothing. So you pay your money and take your choice. The price, however, of being foremost in the fight is dreadful to contemplate.

Doing one's duty is one of the hard things that leaves an easy feeling. —Boyland.

COUNTRY MOTHERS.

(Marshville Home)

One of the most notable tributes ever paid to the country mothers was written by the late Senator Tom Watson, of Georgia, and the tribute is not overdrawn. You who were reared by the country mothers know something of the strenuous life of women on the farm. Here's Mr. Watson's tribute all in one continued sentence, and it is a masterpiece:

"There are thousands of devoted and absolutely admirable wives and mothers in our cities, in our towns, and in our villages, and it gives me pleasure and pride to testify to the fact; but if you ask me to carry you to the home of the true wife and the true mother, one who loses herself entirely in the existence of her husband and children, one who is the

first to rise in the morning, and the last to retire at night, one who is alway at her post of duty, and the one who carries upon her shoulders the burdens of both husband and children, one who is keeper of the household and the good angel of it, utterly unselfish, happy in making others happy with one thought of the flashionable pleasure, perfectly content in quiet home life in which she does nobody harm and everybody good, taking as many thorns as she can from the pathway of her husband and strewing it with as many roses as possible, strengthening him by her inspiration as he goes forward to fight the battle of life, smoothing the pillow upon which he rests his tired head when he comes home, tenderly rearing the boys and girls who will in turn go away from the door, some day for the last time—the boy to become a good soldier in life's continuous warfare, and the girl to become some ardent suitor's wife to be to him what her mother has been to her father; and who, when all toils are done and her strength is departing, will sit calmy in the doorway, watching the setting sun, with a serene smile upon her face, and never a fear in her heart—ask me to find where this woman lives, where this type is to be found, and I will make a bee line for the country."

The latest definition for optimist is, "The man who takes all of the lemons handed him and makes lemonade out of them."—Exchange.

EFFECTS OF GAMBLING.

The love of gambling steals, perhaps, more often than any other sin, with an impereceptible influence on its victim. Its first pretext is inconsiderable, and fasely termed innocent play, with no more than the gentle excitement necessary to amusement. This plea, once indulged, is but too often "as the letting out of water." The interest imperceptibly grows. Pride of superior skill, opportunity, avarice, and all the over-whelming passions of depraved nature, ally themselves with the incipient and growing fondness. Dam and dike are swept away. The victim struggles in vain, and is borne down by the uncontrolled current.

Thousands have given scope to the latent guilty avarice, unconscious of the guest they harbored in their bosoms. Thousands have exulted over the avails of gambling, without comprehending, the baseness of using the money of another, won without honest industry, obtained without an equivalent; and perhaps from the simplicity, rashness, and inexperience of youth. Multitudes have commenced gambling, thinking only to win a small sum, and prove their superior skill and dexterity, and there pause. But it is the teaching of all time, it is the experience of human nature, that effectual resistance to powerful propensities, if made at all, is usually made before the commission of the first sin. My dear readers! let me implore you, by the mercies of God and the worth of your soul, to con-

template this enormous evil only from a distance. Stand firmly against the first temptation, under whatsoever specious forms it may assail you. "Touch not." "Handle not." "Enter not into temptation."

It is the melancholy and well-known character of this sin, that, where once an appetite for it has gained posession of the breast, the common motives, the gentle excitements, and the ordinary inducements to business or amusement, are no longer felt. It incorporates itself with the whole body of thought, and fills with its fascination all the desires of the heart. Nothing can henceforward arouse the spell-bound victim to a pleasurable consciousness of existence, but the destructive stimulus of gambling.

Another appalling view of gambling is, that it is the prolific stem, the fruitful parent, of all other vices. Blasphemy, falsehood, cheating, drunkeness, quarreling, and murder, are all naturally connected with gambling; and what has been said, with so much power and truth, of another sin, may, with equal emphasis and truth be asserted of this: "Allow yourself to become a confirmed gambler, and detestable as this practice is, it will soon be only one among many gross sins of which you will be guilty." Giving yourself up to the indulgence of another sinful course, might prove your ruin; but then you might perish only under the guilt of the indulgence of a single gross sin.

But, should you become a gambler, you will, in all probability, descend to destruction with the added infamy of having been the slave of all kinds of iniquity, and "led captive by Satan at his will." Gambling seizes hold of all the passions, allies itself with all the appetites, and compels every propensity to pay tribute. The subject, however plausible in his external deportment, becomes avaricious, greedy, insatiable. Meditations upon the card-table occupy all his day and night dreams. Had he the power, he would annihilate all the hours of this our short life, that necessarily intervene between the peroids of his favorite pursuit.

Cheating is a sure and inseparable attendant upon a continued course of gambling. We well know with what horror the canons of the card-table repel this charge. It pains us to assert our deep and deliberate conviction of its truth. There must be prostration of moral principle, and silence of conscience, even to begin with it. Surely a man who regards the natural sense of right, laying the obligations of Christanity out of the question, can not sit down with the purpose to win the money of another in this way.

He must be aware, in doing it, that avarice and dishonest thoughts, it may be almost unconsciously to himself, mingle with his motives. Having once closed his eyes upon the unworthiness of his motives, and deceived himself, he begins to study how he may deceive others. Every moralist has remarked upon the delicacy of conscience; and that, from the first violation, it becomes more and more callous, until finally it sleeps a sleep as of death, and ceases to remonstrate.

The gambler is less and less scrupulous about the modes of winning, so that he can win. No person will be long near the gambling-table of

high stakes, be the standing of the players what it may, without hearing the charge of cheating bandied back and forward; or reading the indignant expression of it in their countenances. One half of our fatal duels have their immediate or remote origin in insinuations of this sort.

The alternations of loss and gain; the preternatural excitement of the mind, and consequent depression when that excitement has passed away; the bacchanalian merriment of guilty associates; the loss of natural rest; in short, the very atmosphere of the gambling-table, fosters the temperament of hard drinking. A keen sense of interest may, indeed, and often does, restrain the gambler, while actually engaged in his employment, that he may possess the requisite coolness to watch his antagonist, and avail himself of every passing advantage.

But the moment the high excitement of play is intermitted, the moment the passions vibrate back to the state of repose, what shall sustain the sinking spirits; what shall renerve the relaxed physical nature; what shall fortify the mind against the tortures of conscience, and the thoughts of "a judgment to come," but intoxication? It is the experience of all time, that a person is seldom a gambler for any considerable peroid, without being also a drunkard.

Blasphemy follows, as a thing of course; and is, indeed, the well-known and universial dialect of the gambler. How often has my heart sank within me as I have passed the dark and dire receptacles of the gambler, and seen the red and bloated faces, and inhaled the mingled smells of tobacco and potent drinks; and heard the loud, strange, and horrid curses of the players; realizing the while, that these beings so occupied were candidates for eternity, and now on the course which, if not speedily forsaken, would fix them forever in hell.

We have already said, that gambling naturally leads to quarreling and murder. How often have we retired to our berth in the steam-boat, and heard charges of dishonesty, accents of reviling and recrimination, and hints that these charges must be met and settled at another time and place, ring in our ears, as we have been attempting to commune with God, and settle in a right frame to repose! Many corses of young men, who met a violent death from this cause, have we seen carried to their long home! Every gambler, in the region where we write, is always armed to the teeth, and goes to this horrid pursuit, as the gladiator formerly presented himself on the arena of combat.

The picture receives deeper shades, if we take into the grouping the wife, or the daughter, or the mother, who lies sleepless, and ruminating through the long night, trembling lest her midnight retirement shall be invaded by those who bring back the husband and the father wounded or slain, in one of those sudden frays which the card-table, its accompaniments, and the passions it excites, so frequently generate. Suppose these forebodings should not be realized, and that he should steal home alive in the morning, with beggary and drunkeness, guilt and despair, written on his haggard countenance, and accents of sullnest and ill-temper falling from his tongue, how insupportably gloomy must be the prospects of the future

to that family!

These are but feeble and general sketches of the misery and ruin to individuals and to society from the indulgence of this vice, during the present life. If the wishes of unbelief were true, and there were no life after this, what preserves and miserable calculations would be those of of the gambler, taking into view only the present world! But, in any view of the character and consequences of gambling, who shall dare close his eyes upon its future bearing on the interest and the eternal welfare of his soul! Who shall dare lay out of the calculations the retributions of eternity?

Each of the sins that enters into this deadly compound of them all, must incur the threatened displeasure and punishment of the Almighty. If there be degrees in the misery and despair of the tenants of that region, "where the worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched," how must the preserving and impenitent gambler sink, as if "a millstone were hung about his neck, and he cast into the sea" Say thou, my faithful reader, I implore thee, looking up to the Lord for a firm and unalterable purpose, "I will hold fast my integrity and not let it go."

A HAZARDOUS OCCUPATION.

By W. S. Birge, M. D.

The petroleum industry of the United States has three eminent claims to distinction. It has produced the greatest fortune in the country—the Rockefeller millions; the most powerful monopoly of modern times—the Standard Oil Company; and the most hazardous of occupations--oil well "shooting." John D. Rockefeller and Standard Oil are names that appear in the public prints an average of three hundred and sixty-five days in the year. Of the well-shooter and his work—its constant risks and meager rewards—the general public knows little or nothing. The shooter is an obscure personage, a single link in the great industrial chain that carries the oil from the depths of the earth to the wick of the parlor lamp. Like the other links, he is inconspicuous though indispensable, and his only meed of fame is usually at the hands of the obituary writer of some local paper, who chronicles, "Another fatal explosion in the oil regions."

Shooting oil wells is a picturesque business. It is one of the few remaining occupations in which men daily risk their lives for the sake of gain. It is a business that has no fixed hours; no union scale of wages. Its duties are calculated to keep untrained nerves continually on edge.

But despite the picturesqueness of his occupation, the shooter himself is not picturesque. Usually he is a matter-of-fact young man of a serious turn of mind. One may meet him on the country roads of Ohio or Pennsylvania, or wherever crude petroleum is produced in quanities, driving a sprightly team of horses attached to a light spring wagon. There is something in the very sight of that wagon with the sign painted across its back and sides in yellow letters large enough to be read a quarter of a mile away "Nitro-

glycerine. Dangerous," that makes the heart beat more quickly. But the shooter complacently smokes his pipe as his wagon bumps over the rough country roads sitting above enough of the concentrated extract of annihilation to wipe out the whole countryside. The farmers make wide detours through the fields to avoid passing him; the law will not permit him to pass through the towns; but he goes his way unconcernedly, and if he meets you afoot asks if you "want a lift."

Long experience commonly makes the shooter unconsciously, if it not avowedly, a fatalist. Nitro-glycerine is a substance that is likely to do almost anything except what is predicted of it. A ten-quart can of it has been dropped off the roof of a house with no disastrous consequences, while it is on record that a man, in passing a can that had been emptied and that was lying beside a forest path, struck it with his walking-stick and was promptly blown into a neighboring tree-top. Instances are numerous where workmen have "thawed out" the erratic fluid by standing the cans on top of a hot stove and have continued to eat three meals a day, and yet the dropping of a piece of hot iron into a tub of water in which such cans had been standing wrecked a building and the adjoining derrick. Instances such as these could be multiplied from the annals of the oil country and serve to show how unreliable nitro-glycerine is

The experienced shooter knows that while carelessness is likely to cause his instant annihilation, it is by no means certain that caution will insure his safety. Therefore he does his work as best he knows how and leaves the issue to Fate.

Ordinarily it is only in those rare cases where a man escapes from an explosion with little injury that he loses his nerve, and quits the business.

The oil industry itself is young, dating back less than the span of a single lifetime. The practice of shooting or torpedoing wells dates only from the sixties, but in this length of time its record shows an appalling list of fatalities, a list to which is added from a dozen to a score of victims every year.

The purpose of shooting an oil well is chiefly to crack and loosen the oil-bearing stratum and thus stimulate the flow of the well, but partly also to remove the paraffin, which forms on the inside of the pipes, choking their flow. In the early days of the industry, operators steamed their wells or drenched them with benzine, in order to clear them from paraffin. These methods were so costly and so lacking in efficiency that other devices for obtaining the desired result were sought for. Exploding a charge of gunpowder in the well was tried, and proved so effective that, in 1864, Colonel E. A. Roberts patented a process for "increasing the production of wells by exploding gunpowder, or its equivalent, at or near the oil-bearing point." The first successful torpedoing was done in 1866, near Titusville, Pa. A charge of five pounds of gunpowder in an earthern bottle was exploded by dropping a red-hot iron down the pipe. In the meantime Roberts substituted nitro-glycerine for gunpowder in his process, and organized a company which under the patent, monopolized the work of well-shoot-

ing. Determined attempts were made to break down the patents, but the courts upheld Roberts.

The company, having a clear field, proceeded to raise the charge for shooting to an exorbitant figure. This brought on the so-called "torpedo war." Illegal operators sprang up everywhere in the oil country. These men did their work at night to avoid detection, and were consequently known as "moonlighters." Agents of the Roberts company arrested the "moonlighters" whenever detected, and the war raged furiously for a time. In the end, however, the company reduced its scale of charges and the trouble subsided. At the present time the work of shooting wells is in the hands of a number of independent companies scattered throughout the oil regions. The old monopoly is past, but it made fortunes before it was broken up.

Nitro-glycerine displaced gunpowder because it possesses greater explosive power and is not injured by submersion under water. It is the necessity for handling large quantities of this explosive, one of the most capricious and powerful known to science, that makes the shooter's work so dangerous.

Nitro-glycerine is a mixture of the glycerine of commerce with sulphuric and fuming nitric acids. It was discovered in 1846 by a European chemist. At the factories where it is manufactured, the acids are received already mixed in great iron cylinders, each containing 1,750 pounds of acid. The contents of the cylinders are poured into a large tank, into which the glycerine is allowed to run slowly. Paddles, operated by an engine, keep the contents of the tank in constant motion. These paddles are also connected with a hand-crank, so that they can be turned by hand should the engine become disabled. It is a matter of life and death to keep the paddles moving, for if the mixture in the tank were allowed to become quiet for a moment it would explode inevitably. After the acids and glycerine have been thoroughly mixed, the resulting compound, a yellowish brown fluid, passes into the "drowning tank," a giant wooden tub half filled with water. The nitro-glycerine being heavier than the water, sinks to the bottom, while the fumes caused by mixing the acids and the glycerine rise to the top and pass off. After the drowning tank another cleansing of the compound takes place in tubs of hot water, kept in motion by revolving paddles. In this process all the dirt and grease are washed out and the nitro-glycer ne emerges, a light-colored liquid closely resembling strained lard oil in appearance. It is put up in tin cans holding eight or ten quarts. In these cans the liquid is stored in magazines until required for use.

All through the oil country one may find small windowless structures located in secluded gulches or forest depths far from the public highway. These are the magazines or storehouses in which the explosive is kept. Signs in front and rear bear the words, "Nitro-glycerine—keep away," in prominent characters. Such a sign in itself would seem to be ample protection for the contents of the building, but the single door usually is heavily barred and padlocked, for, strange as it

may seem, it is no unusual thing for a magazine to be broken into and rifled of its contents. Hundreds of quarts of nitro-glycerine are stored in these buildings, and when such a charge explodes, as sometimes happens, the shock is felt for miles around, and a hole is scooped out of the earth big enough to contain an ordinary city dwelling.

The greater number of fatalities occur in transporting the explosive and from mishaps in lowering the charges into the wells. It is generally claimed that ordinary concussion will not explode nitro glycerine, but the shooter always looks carefully after the springs of his wagon, because the history of nitro-glycerine explosions has more weight with him than any theories as to the nature of the death-dealing substance He knows full well that if a wagon-load of the dangerous material does "go off" while he is driving it, the chance of his escape is not worth considering. The stock wagons. or motors, used in hauling supplies from the factories and the magazines, hold from seventy-two to ninety-six cans—enough to wipe out a town. The shooter's vehicle is smaller, having a capacity of from twelve to sixteen cans. With one of these staunch little turnouts the shooter goes rattling over the rough country roads. There is very little danger, unless the cans happen to leak; but the people who meet him never stop to argue the right of way. It is noteworthy that the residents of the oil districts who are not in the oil business usually display a terror of the shooter's wagon that is surprising to those who are unfamiliar with the terrific force of nitro-glycerine explosions.

With the process of drilling a well and putting down the casing the shooter has nothing to do. His is expert work, and he is sent for only when all this preliminary work is completed. Then he drives to the well with his load of cans, shells, anchors, reel and "go-devil." These are the implements of his trade—crude enough in all seeming, but well fitted for the work that he has to perform. His first step is to ascertain the depth of the well and the distance to the oil-bearing "sand" —the spot where the charge must be set off. The reel carrying the cord used in lowering the exploding paraphernalia into the well is fastened to the fly-wheel of the engine and the shooter pays the loose end of the cord into the tubing of the well, watching it carefully as it unwinds. It is a matter of vital importance that the reel should work smoothly, as any hitch, or even a kink in the rope, in lowering the nitro-glycerine into the well might prove fatal.

First of all, some small tin supports, known as anchors, are sunk in the well. They serve as a platform to hold the exploding charge above the bottom of the shaft at a height where it will have most effect on the oil-bearing stratum. Next, the shell itself, the tin cylinder which is to recieve the charge of liquid destruction, is hung in position at the top of the shaft. The shooter brings forward the cans of nitro-glycerine and places them within easy reach on the platform at the mouth of the well.

The critical moment in the whole process has now arrived, and this is the time when spectators, except the "crew" that operates the well usually retire to a safer distance.

The shooter opens the cans of nitro-glycerine, removing the two stoppers in the upper end of the can. One of these is to serve as an outlet for the exlosive, the other as an ingress for air, so that there shall be no bubbling or splashing as the charge runs out. Anything of that kind might sweep crew, derrick and all, from the face of the earth—or it might not. That is one of the pleasing uncertainties of nitro-glycerine.

The shooter carefully and slowly pours out the contents of the cans until the shell is filled. Then comes the task of lowering it into the well by the unwinding of the reel, a proceeding fraught with considerable anxiety, as any jolt or jar when the charge is only part of the way down is likely to involve damage to the well and destruction to all who are near it.

The amount of nitro-glycerine used in shooting a well varies according to the expert's estimate of what will be required to produce a good flow. As little as ten quarts and as much as two hundred has been used in a single charge. From a hundred to a hundred and fifty is the amount ordinarily employed. On this amount depends the number of shells used, which are lowered one after another into the well. To land one of these heavy charges upon another without a concussion that may prove fatal is a delicate task, and an accident at this stage of the proceedings is particularly unfortunate.

The last shell lowered into the well bears at its top—the pointed end—a round piece of iron carrying a quarter-inch rod, on the end of which is placed a fulminate of mercury cap, resting on a small anvil piece. The cord is then unhooked and reeled up, and all is ready for the shooting.

Here is where the "go-devil"—expressively named—comes into play. The go-devil is a piece of casting about fifteen inches in length, with wings extending out two inches on each side. It is made of the most brittle, rotten iron obtainable, so that it will break into small pieces after doing its work. Otherwise it might annihilate somebody in the neighborhood of the well.

The shooter is alone by this time. He takes the go-devil, poises it in his hands at the mouth of the well, and drops it. Then he promptly, but not hurriedly, retires about a hundred yards from the well. There is an interim of from thirty to fifty seconds after the dropping of the casting before the explosion, and this gives him ample time to reach the protection of a tree.

The brief interim is heavy with suspense. The success of the whole costly undertaking depends upon the issue of the next few seconds. The shooter is to know whether his work has been properly done. The owner will learn whether his investment is to be a paying one or another of the long series of disappointments that fall to the lot of the oil-well operator. Oil enough for a fortune may stream from that hole; perhaps it will be a roaring outpour of gas that can be heard a mile away; perhaps only a shower of dirt and stones; perhaps nothing. In the last case, after waiting a respectful length of time, if it becomes evident that the go-devil has not set off the charge, the shooter approaches the well once more and prepares a "jack-squib." This is a small tube with two or three ounces of nitro-glycerine in

the bottom, and a cap at the lower end, attached to several feet of waterproof fuse. The whole is packed with sand to sink it through the water in the well. It generally does the work and sets off the whole charge.

When the explosion takes place a slight jar is felt, then comes a rush of air, followed by sand and gravel and flying stones that sail hundreds of feet in the air and then drop back in a shower that pelts the earth for hundreds of yards around and causes the onlookers to dodge behind the nearest protection. After it, with a great roar, a column of water and dirt spouts high above the derrick. After this, if oil has been struck, comes the oil itself. It wells up out of the pipe in a solid fountain glistening with green and yellow tints, mounting higher and higher until it is above the top of the derrick, spraying the whole structure. If the well is a "gusher," thousands of barrels of oil may go to waste before the flow can be controlled.

As soon as it appears that the attempt has been successful, the shooter drives on to the next well that waits his services, where he repeats the whole dangerous process, going through it perhaps a half dozen times before nightfall—that is, if all goes well.

A mere dozen drops of nitro-glycerine will tear a man into little pieces. The charge used in shooting a well (from fifty to one hundred and fifty quarts) would level a town. Occasionally the treacherous stuff exhibits a demoniac sense of humor, and performs freaks which border on the marvelous.

What was perhaps the most disastrous explosion of the kind took place at Clarendon, Pa. In some unknown way a storehouse containing fourteen tons of nitro-glycerine blew up. The town was entirely demolished, while the shock of the explosion was felt one hundred miles away.

The peculiar freaks sometimes perpetrated by nitro-glycerine are shown by an accident which happened to one, William Pine. He was descending a steep hill with a load of the explosive. In this place the rough road was responsible for the disaster. The load went off midway down the hill, scattering the driver and wagon over a couple of acres of country, but, strange to say, the horses were but slightly injured. It was supposed that the force of the shock passed above them, as they were going downhill.

Sometimes the disater can be directly traced to carelessness on the part of the victim himself. On one occasion two shooters, West and Palmer, were transferring a load of cans from the wagons to the magazine. West warned his companion once or twice to be more careful in handling the cans, but Palmer paid no heed. Part of the load had been stored in safety, when an instant after Palmer entered the magazine, it suddenly disappeared in a cloud of dust, leaving hardly a trace of man or building. The shock of the explosion was fearful. West, who was standing beside the wagon, luckily escaped unhurt. The terrified horses galloped wildly through the streets of Titusville, the remaining cans bounding about in the wagon. To say that their progress through the town caused consternation is putting it mildly. That the cans did not explode can be considered

one of the mysterious vagaries of nitro-glycerine.

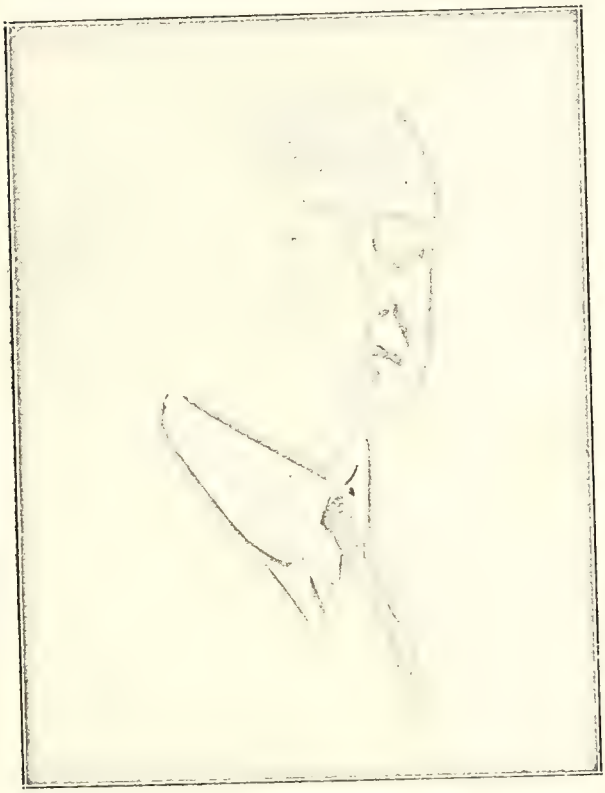
The cost of shootiog a well depends upon the amount of nitro-glycerine used. The work is done usually by companies, who supply the explosive, the tools and the shooter. They generally charge the well operator from 90 cents to $1.00 a quart for the nitro glycerin used. In other places the operator buys the nitro-glycerin directly from the factory, and pays the shooter a fee. In either case the shooting costs the operator about $150 on the average, and after it is over he may have a hundred-barrel well or he may have only a dry hole to show for his expenditure. But the best the shooter can hope for in return for shaking hands with death every day of his life is a fairly good salary. But he goes on doing his work faithfully and lightheartedly. Too many of his kind go on and on until death grips them.

SUNSET.

William Earnest Henley

A late lark twitters from the quiet skies;
And from the west,
Where the sun, his day's work ended,
Lingers as in content,
There falls on the old gray city
An influence luminous and serene,
A shining peace,
The smoke ascends
In a rose-and-golden haze. The spires
Shine and are changed. In the valley
Shadows rise. The lark sings on.
The sun
Closing his benediction,
Sinks, and the darkening air
Thrills with a sense of the triumphing night—
Night with her train of stars
And her great gift of sleep.
So be my passing!
My task accomplished and the long day done,
My wages taken, and in my heart
Some late lark singing,
Let me gathere to the quiet west,
The sundown splendid and serene,
Death.

A GREAT FRIEND.



MR. THOMAS H. WEBB

Concord, N. C.

This is the gentleman, who voluntarily made it possible to properly rig up the Memoral Bridge (to the N. C. World War Soldiers) with a suitable head-gear, in keeping with the creation and the sentiment behind it. The electric sign will answer the questions of the thousands who pass on the National Highway month by month, for ages.

learned this, and in a crowd they often show that they were not properly raised in this particular. It is an important lesson to learn—and you cannot learn it too soon.

So you see this thing of patience is a matter that comes up almost everywhere—in the stores, in the home,, at school, in play, in the church services, and wherever you may be. You are known by the manners you have—and if you have not these sweet manners, you art not very highly thought of—and you do not reflect much credit upon your father and mother and your home training.

Did you ever think how very patient God is? See how patient Nature is—never in a hurry—just taking the rain and the sun-shine and the change of seasons and the changes of the weather and all things as calmly and peacefully as you please. But how some boys and girls do fret frown if the rain or the weather interferes with their little plans for the day! It takes the highest kind of self-control to be patient and to take things as they come and to be sweet and kindly and calm and undisturbed, when things are not just as we would like to have them—and yet that is what we should do. When you feel in a temper and out of sorts, and fretful and impatient—just think of the patence of Jesus and ask Him to make you gentle and peaceful and patient—for patience is indeed a "virtue"—one of the finest of all the Christian virtues. Learn to wait. Learn to be quiet. Learn to be impatient.

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other sections stopped
"what is this institution.

This was a suggestion.
stored away for future action.
the bridge was completed, and by
way it is a necessity for insuring
safety for the boys in marching to
the chapel for worship, we had Contractor Query to attach two wooden signs on either side of the bridge which read "Jackson Training

THE YEAR'S AT THE SPRING.

By Robert Browning.

The year's at the spring,
And day's at morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hillside's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn;
d's in his heaven—
right with the world.

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A GREAT FRIEND.

MR. THOMAS H. WE[illegible]
Concord, N. Carolina.

This is the gentleman, who voluntarily [illegible] the Memoral Bridge (to the N. C. Wo[illegible] gear, in keeping with the creation [illegible] sign will answer the questions [illegible] Highway month by month, fo[illegible] is diffi[illegible] benefitted [illegible] ything from [illegible] mon you must

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such useless and ugly
patient human folk.
habits that are shown in
ks—and it is because they
in early life learn the lesson

Patience.

When you are waiting your turn in line—at school, at the post office, at the movie window, etc, where each is supposed to take his or her turn, according to their places in line—it is very necessary to be patient and not want to crowd or to "get-a-head." Many older folks have never

learned this, and in a crowd they often show that they were not properly raised in this particular. It is an important lesson to learn—and you cannot learn it too soon.

So you see this thing of patience is a matter that comes up almost everywhere—in the stores, in the home,, at school, in play, in the church services, and wherever you may be. You are known by the manners you have—and if you have not these sweet manners, you art not very highly thought of—and you do not reflect much credit upon your father and mother and your home training.

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And day's at morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hillside's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in his heaven—
All's right with the world.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

Pressly Mills, Reporter

The band boys played several pieces at the ball ground last Saturday.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Master Earnest Jordan was called home to the bedside of his sick sister last Saturday. He returned that same day.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Master Cecil Trull went home last Wednesday to see a relative, who is seriously ill. He will return to the institution soon.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Master Clifton Rogers was called home to the bed side of his sick mother, in Charlotte, last week. He returned last Sunday afternoon.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Master Vass Fields was taken to a hospital, in Concord, where he was operated on for appendicitis, last Tuesday. He is getting along nicely and will soon be back at the institution.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The Rev. Mr. Myers, of Concord, conducted the religious services in the Auditorium last Sunday afternoon. He preached an interesting sermon that was delivered from the 7th chapter of Luke.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

We have one of the most modern equipped dairy barns in the state. The capacity of this barn is: Forty cows, six maturnity pens and two large silos. This barn is equipped with drinking fountains for cows. The total number of cattle in this barn are: Twenty two cows, two of them registered and the others are of good grade. The milk production from these cows at the present is sixty gallons. We are sorry to say that our best milk cow, Sophia by name, died last week and the loss of her is a great blow to the milk production.

We have forty-eight nice shoats toward our meat for another year.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

J. T. S. played and won her first base ball game of the season when she met the Cannon Mills nine on Manassas field last Saturday. Our team made a strong showing after the first inning and held the visitors scoreless after that inning. "Bill" Cook the star catcher for J. T. S. is the strongest hitter on our team and he is also one of our best base runners. Mr. Russell pitched a fine game allowing only 5 hits. The local boys located the "pill" well after the third inning and batted two pitchers from the box.

Score by Innings:

		R	H	E
J. T. S.	1 0 2 4 3 2 3 0 x	15	11	3
C. Mills	3 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0	3	5	3

Batteries—Russell and Cook; Williams, Talbirt, Austin and Cleaver. Two base hits—Mills, Austin. Three base hits—Cook, Godown, Guy. Struck out: by Russell 7; by Williams 3; by Talbirt 3. Base on balls: off Russell 2; off Williams 2; off Talbirt 1. Umpire—Alexander.

Considerable progress is making of the building, which is to be 40x75 rat-proof granary. The construction of the building which is to be 40 x 75 feet and two stories high, is of brick and reinforced concrete.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The officers and the boys are grateful to Mrs. Ada Rogers Gorman for bringing her house-guests, Mrs. Clark and Mrs. Bott, to the auditorium, Wednesday evening, where they rendered a delightful programme in dialect reading and singing.

The boiler-room addition to the laundry is being built. The model little laundry, with all of the latest word in machinery equipment, is a joy to those in charge of the laundry work for the institution. Already one of the boys can iron towels about as fast as you can count them, and others have learned how to put the proper crease in overalls. It's a far advancement from tubs at the foot of the hill by the side of a branch to our ideal little laundry.

That Texas girl who danced for 65 1-2 hours made a world's record, but if she had cooked the best dinner or written the best novel or done some other valuable stunt, would she have been heard of all over the country?

DO YOU KNOW

That there are more than Eighty Noble Peaks in the Southern Appalachian Mountains that tower 5,000 to 6,000 feet above the sea?

That Mount Mitchell, which is 6,711 feet high, is the highest mountain in Eastern America?

Appropriately called----
"THE LAND of the SKY"

The Vacationist's Playground. All out-of-door sports. Make your plans now.

Reduced Summer Fares, beginning May Fifteenth.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

Passenger Train Schedules

Arrival and Departure of Passenger Trains, Concord, N. C.

LV.	NO.	BETWEEN	NO.	AR.
1:40A	30	New York-Birmingham	30	1:40A
2:37A	29	Birmingham-New York	29	2:37A
5:12A	44	Washington-Atlanta	44	5:12A
6:32A	31	Atlanta-New York	31	6:32A
8:41A	137	Atlanta-New York	137	8:41A
9:25A	11	Charlotte-Norfolk-Richmond	11	9:25A
10:55A	36	New York Birmingham-New Orleans	36	10:55A
3:20P	45	Washington-Charlotte	45	3:20P
3:45P	46	Charlotte-Danville	46	3:45P
7:10P	12	Norfolk-Richmond-Atlanta	12	7:10P
8:18P	32	New York-Augusta	32	8:18P
10:20P	35	Birmingham-New Orleans-New York	35	10:20P
9:45P	138	New York-Atlanta	138	9:45P
9:31P	135	Washington-Atlanta	135	9:31P

Through Pullman sleeping car service to Washington, Philidelphia, New York, Richmond, Norfolk, Atlanta, Birmingham, Mobile, New Orleans

Unexcelled service, convenient schedules and direct connections to all points.

Schedules published as information and are not guaranteed.

R. H. GRAHAM. D. P. A.,
Charlotte, N. C.

M. E. WOODY, Ticket Agent,
Concord, N. C.

THE UPLIFT

VOL XI CONCORD, N. C. MAY 5, 1923 No. 25

VERY VITAL VIRTUE.

No movement can exert a world-wide appeal that ignores or violates the fundamental instincts of human nature. The three strongest human instincts are those that have their roots in private ownership, family life and religion. Most of the communistic movements in recent times have attempted to suppress these three fundamental instincts. Therefore they must inevitably dash themselves to pieces upon the impregnable rock of humanity itself.—Selden Peabody Delany.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-setting by the Boys Printing Class. Subscription Two Dollars the year in Advance.

JAMES P. COOK, *Editor,* J. C. FISHER, *Director Printing Department*

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920 at the Post Office at Concord, N. C. under act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of Oct. 1917, authorized April 4, 1923.

MAKING A CHANCE.

The other day I had an occasion to visit a neighbor. I found him out in the field planting cotton seed. He is a "John Smith" tenant, but not the kind that Ben Dixon McNeil has made famous in the state. This man has his rented home kept in ordiliness and the good wife has surrounded the house with flowers. They dress up on Sunday and go to church, carrying their children with them. Off at one side of the field I saw this man's little boy. He was in charge of the seed bag and the fertilizer sack—it was his business to fill the hoppers when his father made his round with the planter. In the meantime that little American was not idling away his time, thinking about fishing or some form of play. Master Oliver had just come out of the neighborhood school, where he had a consecrated teacher, honest and on fire for rendering a service to a crowd of children who had been for several years under the direction of incompetent, indifferent, coca cola loving teachers. The boy had caught an inspiration. This little fellow had carried to the field with him a pad and his arithmetic, and, between his service of filling the cotton planter with cotton seed and fertilizer, occupied his time by working the problems in continuation of the work where he had left off at school.

Children in the town and city schools and in some of the districts are yet in school, but because of a blinded administration of the educational cause this little fellow is not accorded a square deal. He asked me why his school stopped and his little cousin in another district was given the

opportunity of going to school. This thirteen-year old boy feels the injustice, but in spite of the indifference and the incompetency of the school administration under which we are suffering, this boy gives promise of making "necessity, the mother of invention" serve him.

* * * * * * *

SEMI-ANNUAL MEETING.

The Board of Trustees of the Jackson Training School is scheduled to meet in semi-annual session, at the institution on Tuesday, May 8th at 10 A. M. The meeting is important, and the local officials are anxious for a full meeting.

* * * * * * *

CONFEDERATE MEMORIAL DAY—Thursday, May 10th.

There will go forth on May 10th from the homes of North Carolinians the old and young to do love's memory to the dead of the great War Between the States. It is a beautiful custom, this decorating of the graves of the fallen heroes and holding services in keeping with the occasion.

And as time has bound up many of the wounds and silenced the bitter feelings, it is a gracious act these Southern Confederate women perform when lavishing flowers upon the graves of their own heroes they never pass by unflowered the graves of a Federal soldier that may lie buried in their midst.

In the beautiful words of a brilliant Southerner, "Sleep on, proud heroes. In a mystic silence no drum can ever break, sleep on. Guarded by the lion of Lucerne, no harm by night or day can ever visit thee. Sleep on, in the shadow of a Conquered Banner. Though perchance, in winter, thy cold graves are forgotten, the flowers of memory will find you in the spring-time, and a million tears will greet you when the roses come again. Sleep on brave soldiers. Shrouded in your old gray jackets, your muskets laid aside forever; sleep on, beneath the sod that covers thee, beneath the violets and the stars

'Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead
Dear as the blood ye gave
No impious foot-steps here shall tread
The herbage of your grave.'

Sleep on, in the starlight of your own proud memories, till the morning of the mystic day shall break beyond the mountains. Sleep on, in the silence of your battle-shrouds, till the sounding of the reveille shall summon you

from failure's gloom-land into glory's triumph, and the sequel of war's grim defeat is found in heaven's crown of stars."

* * * * * * *

MOST ENCOURAGING.

The local Rotarians installed new officers at its recent meeting. The new president, Dr. Rankin, sounded a vital note. He insists that the Rotarians must get behind the rural school proposition in Cabarrus county. He has the sympathy of the entire body. He rang clear for a consolidation of the districts and the betterment of the school facilities for the rural child. Dr. Rankin is eternally right. The cause of public rural education has been treated for the past few years in this county worse than a step child. There has been no leadership, no vision, no energy and no ambition behind the administration of the rural school affairs. The cause has painfully retrograded. Other counties, suffering the same obstacles, have overcome them, inaugurated progressive measures and prosecuted them towards a successful issue, while Cabarrus has stood absolutely still. Many of our own teachers, smarting under the absence of sympathy and official encouragement, have quit the work or gone elsewhere; and, in their stead, others have been brought in from other sections.

If the community represented by these Rotarians had no moral relations with the rural sections, did not contribute to the school fund, cared nothing about the welfare of their fellow citizens, then it might be alleged that it was none of the business of the Rotarians. It is their business and it is the business of all good men and women to see that a square deal is accorded to every Cabarrus child. The Board of Education of Cabarrus county is composed of clean, upright men, but they have disappointed their friends in permitting their executive officer to go to sleep on his job.

It is encouraging, however, that busy, public spirited men have taken notice of the county's backwardness, educational, and are willing to lend a hand to the great cause that has aroused the balance of the state. Strength to the Rotarians. Heroic measures will be required unless a change takes place in the personnel of the administration.

* * * * * * *

THE TRUTH WILL OUT.

Out of the conference between Gov. Morrison and the State Board of Charities, it is decided to have a full investigation and inquiry into the management of the penal institutions and camps of the state. The Dudding

charges, very likely anonymous, created a state of hysteria in the state, and this is the only method by which this excitement can be allayed.

The high character and the statements made by the officials of the penitentiary convince us that the final result will be that the fact is well established that this man Dudding is courting a high position in an Ananias Club If his charges are found to have no basis of truth, then it would be a fitting and righteous course to persue to prosecute him for the lying slanders he so cheerfully broadcasted over the world. It would be a practical way of convincing him of the humane treatment prevailing at the North Carolina Penitentiary by a term of imprisonment in the said institution.

Mrs. State Commissioner of Welfare Johnson has insisted all along that Dudding "should be made to put up or shut up." The stage is now set; and we make no doubt that it will be a thorough job.

* * * * * * *

POLIECEMAN AT THE D. A. R. CONVENTION.

The press announced the presence of policemen at the recent D. A. R. convention, and added such words that indicated that their presence was for the purpose of quelling a riot. This is indignantly denied by a number of North Carolina women, who were present at this convention. There were policemen present to protect the women from outsiders and intruders. It might be expected where near unto two thousand women were assembled and engaged in an exciting thing like an election that the conglomerated, composite noise that sounded from the hall might have misled the foolish and dumb policemen of Washington city into the belief that a riot was on.

There may be some meetings of the women where the presence of the police would have a salutary effect, but the sisters that compose this great patriotic body of D. A. R.'s need no police watching; and we are sorry that the story went out, through ignorance, that a riot was going on in the convention hall of these patriotic, lovable women of America.

* * * * * * *

DON'T OFTEN HAPPEN.

They have established a beautiful habit in Greensboro wherein annually there is awarded by a joint commission from the Civitans, the Rotarians, the Kiwanians and the Lions, a cup to the citizen that has wrought most outstandingly for the advancement of the town and the common good, during the preceding year.

The Commission, above referred to, has just met and by unanimous vote

made the award to Mr. E. B. Jeffries, the manager of the Greensboro News. It is customary to await the performance of the undertaker before such recognitions are given, but the Greensboro way is to throw its flowers while the subject is yet in the flesh. Of course, Jeffries will appreciate this, but the young man with a "poker face" will go along in his even ways as if nothing had happened, and he'll not have to change hats or let out his girth.

* * * * * * *

POWERFULLY SET UP.

Having extended its incorporate boundries, and having prevailed on the federal goverment to take a new census, the announcement was made last Saturday that the population of Greensboro is over forty-three thousand. Greensboro was never satisfied with the census of 1920, but she is powerfully set up with the late count.

This necessitates a shuffling around of positions. Greensboro takes third place in population among the cities of the state—Winston-Salem first; Charlotte, second; and Greensboro, third. The News puts these on notice to look well to their laurels, for the census of 1930 may disturb their positions.

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

By Francis Miles Finch.

By the flow of the inland river,
Where the fleets of iron have fled,
Where the blades of the grave grass quiver,
Asleep are the ranks of the dead:—
Under the sod, and the dew,
Waiting the Judgment day:—
Under the one, the Blue;
Under the other, the Gray.

These, in the robings of glory,
Those, in the gloom of defeat,
All, with the battle-blood gory,
In the dusk of Eternity meet:—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the Judgment day:—
Under the laurel, the Blue;
Under the willow, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours
The desolate mourners go,
Lovingly laden with flowers,
Alike for the friend, and the foe:—
Under the sod, and the dew,
Waiting the Judgment day:—
Under the roses, the Blue;
Under the lilies, the Gray.

So with an equal splendor,
The morning sun-rays fall,
With a touch, impartially tender,
On the blossoms blooming for all:—
Under the sod, and the dew,
Waiting the Judgment day:—
Broidered with gold,, the Blue;
Mellowed with gold, the Gray.

So, when the summer calleth,
On forest and field of grain,
With an equal murmur falleth
The cooling drip of the rain:—
Under the sod, and the dew,
Waiting the Judgment day:—
Wet with the rain, the Blue;

Wet with the rain, the Gray

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,
The generous deed was done;
In the storms of the years that are fading
No braver battle was won:—
Under the sod, and the dew,
Waiting the Judgment day:—
Under the blossoms, the Blue;
Under the garlands, the Gray.

No more shall the war-cry sever,
Or the winding rivers be red:—
They banish our anger forever
When they laurel the graves of our dead!—
Under the sod, and the dew,
Waiting the Judgment day:—
Love and tears for the Blue;
Tears and love for the Gray.

JOHN JAMES AUDUBON.

The Art Department of the Woman's Club of Concord is touching the high spots in its sphere of activities. Having placed itself firmly behind the movement to introduce music in the schools of the city, it was an easy step to a study of the most natural musicians amongst us—the birds. In a late programme, several unusually interesting papers were read and acted—acted, yes, for to give a proper and engaging interpretation of her assigned subject Mrs. Janie Patterson Wagoner invoked the piano and other musical instruments in bringing out the truths and depths in her most originally treated subject.

Mrs. H. S. Williams treated in an interesting manner "Conservation of Birds." Her paper is published in this number and gives valuable facts the general public never knew; or knowing have, come to ignore them.

Following this was an entertaining paper on John James Audubon by Mrs. Cameron McRae. We are privileged to reproduce same in these columns. When, I am told, Mrs. McRae issued the call near the close of her paper for the club members to "carry on" in behalf of the preservation of the birds, each member began a hurried glance at the hats in evidence—on some were found the finest and choicest specimen of some very rare birds. And who knows but that hereafter fewer birds will find themselves perched on the hats of the good women of Concord? Mrs. McRae's paper is as follows:

The best known given names of John James Audubon have a good plain American sound, and give no indication of the very interesting, and perhaps tempermental ancestry of this gifted man. His mother was

a Spanish creole, and his father a French naval officer, who owned estate in Santo Domingo. His disposition and appearance more nearly perhaps expressed his inheritance. I quote from one of his biographies: "As a man, endowed with hardy and attractive frame, winning disposition, brilliant and poetic mind, and animated by untiring enthusiasm. (Not learned in science nor artist in any broad sense of the term—but his work has been a source of immense pleasure and inspiration.) The date of John James Audubon's borth is not definitely known, but is supposed to have been the 5th of May 1790 in Mandiville, La., and in this paradise of bird lovers he received inspiration of his life.

He spent his childhood and youth in France, and while there studied under the great French painter, David. In 1798 he returned to America, and settled on the Perkiomen River near Philadelpia. For 10 years Audubon spent his time in collecting and sketching birds, in field sports and in social enjoyment. In 1808 he married Lucy Blakewell, the daughter of an Englishman—a neighbor. They migrated to Kentucky, and later to Louisana where they lived 10 years—in vainly trying to establish a business. He lost all his property, and was reduced almost to starvation, and was forced to draw in portrait, giving lessons in fencing and evening dancing. All this was caused by neglect of business for the pursuit of studies and drawings in natural history, or the pleasure of fishing and wondering in the woods.

In 1824 he made a visit to Philadelphia, and became known to the intellectual society of the country, and his abilities were recognized.

Two more years of painting, teaching, and study—aided by his wife—enabled him to go to England to try to carry out his long cherished plan of publishing his drawings of birds in a complete series of life sized colored figures.

Interested subscribers enabled him to begin in London,1827, the Publication in Folio parts, at two guineas each, of his "Birds of America," which excelled anything of the sort then extant. About five were published, annually, until its completion in 1838, in 87 parts, containing 435 plates—giving a total of 1005. A complete good copy of which 175 sets are in existance (80 of which are in America)is now worth about $2000 each. The reading matter to accompany these came out later, and with reduced drawings was subsequently published in Octavo Edition.

From 1830-1842 he spent in almost incessant travel in all accessable parts of North America and Canada, and in Europe attending to the sale of his great work.

In 1842, however,he purchased an estate on the banks of the Hudson, now included in the city of New York, where a beautiful home was established for himself and sons, Victor and John Woodhouse and their families.

After 1844 he devoted all his energy to the preparation of a standard work, of America Mammals, for which his sons not only collected much of the material, but his son John drew half of the colored plates.

This was published under the name "Quadra Peds of North America."

After this Audubon failed rapidly and finally lost his mind. He died in 1851, and was buried in Trinity Cemetery, New York, close to his home woods which now form a beautiful district called Audubon Park.

Audubon is of course best known to us by the National Association of Audubon Societies, whose name was inspired by the great ornithologist. This is a fame truly fitted to his life, which with its ups and downs was always dedicated to the cause of birds. As we all know it is due to the Audubon Societies that we have any of the rarer birds left.

As members of a woman's club, Audubon is bound to draw our attention for that reason, and we may all, in a small way, carry on for the great cause. It is our especial call today when the younger generation seem to care so little for nature and her wonders. A little child has a natural human interest in birds. John Burrough says: "That this interest is a loving unconscious study of birds and if to it add little science —just enough to guide them—we lift their feeling to another plane, and give them a longer lease on life."

As an ending and a epitaph to Audubon, let me further quote from that grand old man John Burroughs "it is an important part—but by no means the main part of what ornithology holds for us—to be able to name every bird at sight or call. To love the bird, to appreciate its place in the landscape and in season, to relate it to your daily life, to divine its character, to know it emotionally in your heart, that is much more. To know the bird as the sportsman knows his game—to experience the same thrill, purged of all thoughts of slaughter,—to make their songs music in your life. This is indeed something to be desired.

How falls it, Oriole, thou hast come to fly
In southern splendor cross our northern sky
In some blithe moment was it nature's choice
To dower a scrap of sunset with a voice?
All did some orange lilly, flecked with black,
In a forgotten garden ages back,
Yearning to heaven till its wish was heard
Desire unspeakable to be a bird.

CONSERVATION OF BIRDS.

By Mrs. Ethel Reavis Williams

To begin with I want to say, that we are keeping in line with other towns and cities in studying about birds. Many towns, especially in the North, have put on elaborate programs. All States in the Union except nine have adopted Audubon laws protecting non-game birds.

One writer has said that we are rapidly approaching the close of the age of wild life. This is not because we do not have laws, we have them in abundance. What we need is public sentiment behind our laws, for every community cannot have a game warden. Another writer recently said that in his extensive travels throughout the world he is convinced that nowhere is nature being so rapidly destroyed as in the United States. Therefore, it is absolutely

necessary to sound an alarm if we expect to save the birds. We should take an inventory of the forces that have been and are active in their destruction. One is the lack of nesting places. Woodpeckers, chickadees, titmice, wrens and bluebirds eargerly seek old dead trees With our ever increasing population, more land is put into cultivation, so comparatively few of these, their natural homes, are left. Their next best substitute is telephone poles and fence posts, but these are exposed to gunners. Birds especially love dense shrubbery. There are hundreds of towns which, if they have trees or parks at all, do not have them in sufficient numbers to attract birds. Another cause, which fortunately does not effect North Carolina as it does some sections, is the lack of water. Birds drink and bathe more frequently than is generally supposed. Farmers can no longer afford idle acres, land has been drained; so with few ponds and much of our timber cut, need we be suprised that we miss the birds? The wearing of certain birds on hats has decreased and almost exterminated a number of our bright plumed Southern birds. During late winter and early spring there is practically no food in this section and many birds perish from this cause. Had we no game wardens or Audubon societies many of our useful and beautiful birds would now be extinct; in fact, some have become extinct as it is. Several years ago, it is said, one dealer alone in Washington, D. C., received in a single day two thousand six hundred robbins from North Carolina. Most likely other birds were going at the same rate. The following are legal bag limits in this State during the open season: twenty-five doves, twenty-five ducks, eight geese, eight brandit, six woodcock, etc. though the sale of rice birds and all migratory birds is prohibited at all times. Agricultural authorities claim that each woodpecker is worth two thousand dollars in cash to our trees because of the insects which they destroy. It would be just as sensible to cut down the trees and burn them as to allow the woodpeckers to be killed.

A government publication states that thirty-eight species of birds eat boll weevil. Can the farmer afford to lose them? Today there are no passenger pigeons, they were destroyed by the million. Some time ago I read a vivid description of the call of the pararie hen, which will never again be heard; they, too, have been exterminated. Now if the birds are to be protected it will have to be done by education. Have a bird day at school, make it a national day. Feed them in winter, and build bird fountains, prohibit nest robbing and the sale of dead birds at all seasons, prohibit spring shooting, and plant trees, vines and shrubs that will attract and provide a rendesvous for them. A mixed grove of trees is better than a grove of the same kind. Wild plum, cherry, mulberry, currant, haw, wild grapes, dogwood, holly and various other berry or seed bearing trees are especially attractive to birds. In planting shrubs keep in mind those which have berries when the ground is covered by the winter snow.

Most important is that they be left or provided with plenty and suitable nesting places. Some writer has said "That we no longer destroy great works of art, they are of price-

less value, but we have to attain the state of civilization where the destruction of a glorious work of nature, whether it be cliff, beast or bird, is regarded with equal abhorrence.'' The only way to save the birds is to stop the ruthless and indiscriminate killing of them.

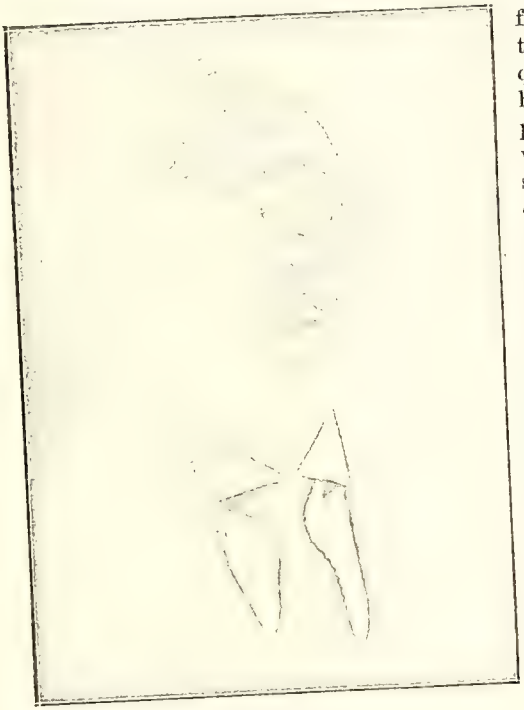
And we who love the beautiful feathered creatures must not tire in our work and efforts in teaching the boys and girls of our State to duly appreciate birds. Who would not be willing to pay a large sum to have the beautiful thrush, bluebird and red bird live and nest in his yard; and who would not be thrilled, on awaking in early morn, to hear the song of the mocking bird?

''I plead for flowers, smiling fairies
of the ground;
For birds, on wings and breeze homeward bound;
For trees, the lofty spires of hills we roam;
For beasts, still persecuted in their forest home.''

THE LAND OF BEGINNING AGAIN.

'' I wish that there were some wonderful place
Called the Land of Beginning Again,
Where all our mistakes and all our heartaches
And all our poor, selfish grief
Could be dropped, like a shabby old coat at the door
And never put on again.
I wish we could come on it all unaware
Like the hunter who finds the lost trail;
And I wish that the one whom our blindness has done
The greatest injustice of all
Could be at the gates, like an old friend that waits
For the comrade he's gladdest to hail.
We would find all the things we intended to do
But forgot and remembered too late,
Little praises unspoken, little promises broken
And all of the thousand and one
Little duties neglected that might have been perfected
The day for one less fortunate.
It wouldn't be possible not to be kind
In the Land of Beginning Again;
And the ones we misjudged and the ones whom we grudged
Their moments of victory here
Would find in the grasp of our loving handclasp
More than penitent lips could explain.''

HENRY SHEPARD PURYEAR.



Henry Shepard Puryear

"That's a darn-fool argument, John K." are the first words I ever heard Mr. Hal Puryear, familiarly and affectionately known throughout this section as "Squire Puryear." (a title given him by his brother-in-law, the late beloved James C. Gibson, for near unto thirty years Clerk of Court in Cabarrus and afterwards and until his death the cashier of the Cabarrus Savings Bank.) make use of. This was in 1886, thirty seven years ago, in the office of the Registar of Deeds, then filled by Mr. John K. Patterson, and where Squire Puryear made it a practice to spend much time reading the morning paper, writing a few letters and arguing with the register over political questions, the pecularities and habits of people, how to plant different kinds of truck, what kind of dogs were most serviceable and how to spell certain words.

I had scarcely met the Squire until he asked me how to spell a word which had temporarily haulted him in the writing of a letter—that word was "niece." "Well," said he, "you are a school teacher, and I guess it's right but what does 'neice' spell?" (Just here he began to scratch out a word with his little pen knife, all the while holding on to and puffing at a long stem clay pipe.) Ever since that morning in July, 1886, I have felt an attachment for this very democratic, frank, folksy man; and with the years, as I came to know the cleanness of his personal life, the purity of his thoughts and his fine spirit, that attachment grew into a warm friendship, which I prize most highly, now abiding between us. Having to struggle to get a footing in this world and fall in with its activities, I missed much of the joys that crowd into the young lives of normal boys, and I owe a debt to Squire Puryear who took me on my first o'possum hunt. That memorable experience of tramping over the hills of Cold Water up through No. 5 township will not quit me. Mr. Puryear owned a number of Beagle hounds, which he prized most highly. Calling his nephews, William and

Dick Gibson, then mere lads, and their chum neighbor, Joe Fisher, we struck out for the possum lands supposed to occupy either side of Cold Water Creek.

The official axeman on Mr. Puryear's possum hunts was the late Paul Miller, a loud-mouth, likeable negro who had a white heart. On we went; footsore and suffering the disappointment of no success we started home about 4 in the morning. Just then the Squire's prize and favorite Beagle set up a knowing bark. "There—he's treed!" When Paul Miller had felled the tree and Squire captured the measley little possum and holding it up to our gaze, I made bold to ask a simple question, inquiringly and meaning of no harm, "how the dog knew that possum was up that tree." Well, sir, there was an explosion. I had unconsciously in my great delight and surprise asked a question that was considered a reflection on the ability of the finest possum dog in the county and Squire Puryear dismissed my qestion with this reply, "why, man, you ask a darn-fool question like that!" and saying this he started back to town. But if you were looking for malice, contempt (an abiding kind) and disgust that lingers, you need not waste any time about Hal Puryear's door. When we parted on North Union street, to go to our respective homes, the genial and forgiving hunter offered me the possum.

Lest the readers gain the impression that this delightful character is given to profanity, I beg to emphasize the fact that no man ever lived that employed chaster language at all times; and if "darn" be cussing, that is the full extent of the Squire's offending. Long since I have come to fully understand that this word "darn" which the subject employs frequently is just simply a form of exclamation of surprise and wonder—a kind of shock absorber, a safety-valve.

Easter of the year 1841 fell on April 11th—that is the birthday of the subject of this sketch. He was born in that part of Surry county that afterwards became Yadkin county. He is the oldest living member of a family of six children, three sons and three daughters, the parents being R. C. and Elizabeth Clingman Puryear, representatives of the finest families of the foothills of the state. The name was originially "Peirier' (French) but for convenience of spelling and for business reason was translated into Puryear, which Mr. Puryear contends did not make "such an awful simplification." His birthplace was just one-half mile from the Yadkin river, at Shallow Ford, where Cornwallis in his movements toward Guilford had to cross on account of a sudden rise in the river. During the time this Red Coat was getting his men and equipment across the river he made his headquarters at the home of the grandmother of our subject—and of course, when the Englishman left, there was carried off with him all that was not fastened down.

In his youth young Puryear attended a famous private school at East Bend, conducted by Dr. Foote, who was one of the famous teachers that set up successful schools in different parts of the state—this was before the public school system was inaugurated. In 1857, at the age of sixteen, young Puryear entered the

University of North Carolina; and when the War Between the States began he, along with numerous other University boys, enlisted in a company known as the Guilford company under Williams Adams as captain. Later Mr. Puryear was made aid-de-camp on the staff of General Thomas L. Clingman, an uncle and who had resigned a seat in the United States Senate to enter the army of the Confederate States. (I digress enough here to say that General Clingman was one of the state's most brilliant scholars and in war was absolutely fearless; he died in Concord, Nov. 3, 1897.)

Mr. Puryear's war record is in keeping with the brave and courageous record of all North Carolina soldier boys. Fortunately he escaped any wounds. But up to this good day Hal Puryear hasn't surrendered. When Gen'l Clingman received a severe wound, it fell to Mr. Puryear's lot to bring him home. Hearing of some disturbance at Salisbury, soldier Puryear in charge of 17 scouts was making for the scene when they ran into a detachment from Stoneman's troups. Two days later Stoneman took possession of Salisbury and shortly thereafter the surrender at Appomattox took place, but this Yandkin county soldier never surrendered. He quietly went back to his home and began to do service on his father's farm. Of a naturally brilliant intellect, philosophical an investigating turn of mind, agriculture did not appeal to his fancy. He began the study of law under Judge Pearson at Richmond Hill, and among his school fellows were the late Judge F. I. Osborne, of Charlotte, and our subjects's brother, the late Richard Puryear. Mr. Puryear received his law license in 1875, and after practicing his profession at Yadkinville for near unto two years he removed, in 1877, to Concord. He was actively engaged in the practice here until his health became so precarious that he was forced, under the direction of his physican, to forego a continuation in his profession.

The bar of Concord never had a more forceful advocate before a jury than was Mr. Puryear. He followed strictly what the practice of law formerly embraced. He never for once carried any side-lines, and he never maintained a legal tan-yard. When he had a case, it was understood that the amount for damages belonged to his client and he himself was satisfied with a modest fee. Open and frank, he never resorted to sharp practice or availed himself of the opportunity of a short turn. Years ago there was a famous case that had been in the Superior court of Cabarrus for term after term. Finally it came to a trial. Mr. Puryear was pitted against the late Judge W. J. Montgomery, in a long-standing land suit that reached almost the stage of a feud. The testimony had been completed, the lawyers had made their speeches—and the older people today remember the masterful addresses of both Mr. Puryear and Judge Montgomery—the presiding judge had given his charge and the jury had the case. During the night, some one rushed to Judge Montgomery's office and informed him of his belief that an effort was making from the outside to influence the jury against his side. "Not a bit of it," said Judge Montgomery, "I have no fears whatever of such a thing taking place.

Why, man, I have so much confidence in his high character and his integrity, I'd feel perfectly at ease if I knew that Hal Puryear was sleeping with the jury this very night." Judge Montgomery knew Hal Puryear and he along with others of our citizens, who know the man, esteem him in the simple, complimentary terms as "honest Hal Puryear."

Our subject never entertained any political aspirations. One time, when the fusionists had run away with everything in sight, his friends for the sake of keeping up appearances and maintaining the semblance of an organization prevailed on Mr. Puryear to stand for election to the Legislature. Always obliging and always patriotic he accepted the hopeless task. When the Public Schools of Concord were legislatively chartered, Mr. Puryear was named a Commissioner and rendered valuable service in the delicate business of inaugurating a system of schools that at that time was a marked innovation in the town. In this, with his associates, he builded well and steered the system away from threatening rocks and breakers. Having done this, he declined furthur election.

I regard Henry Shepard Puryear as a unique character. Naturally as gentle as a woman, under most conditions; but under the stress of an injustice to his fellow man, friend or not, or a wrong committed against society, he is bold and uncompromising in his condemnation. Innately he despises small and questionable acts —he courts all the while an open frankness in approaching any proposition. His heart is pure gold—this is daily demonstrated in his interest and love for the child, who commands him at will. He has never made the acquaintance of snobbery—the lowliest citizen, by birth, position or in attainments, can approach him and receive just as courteous consideration as if he were a prince.

Endowed with a most brilliant intellect, a master of logical analysis of a proposition, uninfluenced by the hope of gain or glory, he could in an instant arrive at an accurate conclusion, without the labor of research—this was before the consideration of a treacherous state of health warned him to beware. Except for this condition, which he could not ignore, and except for the pronounced disposition of avoiding notoriety and political honors, Henry Shepard Puryear's engaging personality and pronounced ability would have led him into great honors in his state. But unselfishness, except that selfishness which is embodied in his love of association with his home town and home ties, made him side-step the call for position other than that of a choice spirit in the home ranks of the private.

Though in his eighty-third year and having just victoriously fought a stubborn case of influenza, he is apparently as young as many who never smelt the smoke of battle in any of the wars, talks about his gardening with as much enthusiasm as if he were a real farmer and never guilty of having deserted it for law, and the mere mention of a proposed fox-race would find him on hand nervously awaiting the start.

This fine, unselfish gentleman of the old school, one of the few remaining Confederate soldiers that never surrendered and one of the four original members of Joe Caldwell's

Grover Cleveland Club, enjoys a choice place in the esteem and love of his adopted county, where he has lived a clean and upright life. May he and Easter have another reunion —celebrating the same date as an anniversary.

THE SUPREME SACRIFICE.

By Mrs. R. E. Little, (War Mother)

O Valiant Hearts, who to your glory came
Through dust of conflict and through battle flame,
Tranquil you lie, your knightly virtue proved,
Your memory hallowed in the land you loved.
Proudly you gathered, rank on rank to war,
As who had heard God's message from afar;
All you had hoped for, all you had you gave
To save mankind—yourselves you scorned to save.
Splendid you passed, the great surrender made,
Into the light that never more shall fade;
Deep your contentment in that blest abode,
Who wait the last clear trumpet call of God.
Long years ago, as earth lay dark and still,
Rose a loud cry upon a lonely hill,
While in the frailty of our human clay,
Christ, our Redeemer; passed the self-same way.
Still stands His Cross from that dread hour to this
Like some bright star above the dark abyss;
Still through the veil, the Victor's pitying eyes
Look down to bless our lesser Calveries.
These were His servants, in His steps they trod,
Following through death the martyr'd Son of God;
Victor He rose; victorious too shall rise
They who have drunk His cup of sacrifice.
O Risen Lord, O Shepherd of our dead,
Whose Cross has bought them and Whose staff has led,
In glorious hope their proud and sorrowing land
Commits her children to Thy gracious Hand. Amen.

A RELIGION OF JOY.

(Rev. Thos. F. Opie)

Christanity is essentially a religion of joy. Every community ought to do homage to the man of good cheer. The psychological effect of whistling, of smiling, of glad words of good cheer cannot be overestimated. The effect produced reaches everyone with whom we come in touch. There is so much stress and strain and so much uncertainty and sadness and sorrow in the world, that a reinterpretation of Christanity as a religion of joy is timely and apropos.

"These things have I spoken unto you that your joy might be full;" "Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy;" "Break forth into joy; sing together ye waste places;" "Finally, my brethern, rejoice in the Lord—rejoice evermore—and again I say rejoice." These are a few of the terms in which our religion is couched. It is a religion of joy inexpressible. The primary business of Christanity, some one reminds us, is not to "get men into heaven" but to "get heaven into men." This would assure a real abiding joy in the heart.

There are sufficient grounds for joy in the life of the sincere Christain beliver. Should a slave set free rejoice? Should a prisoner released rejoice? Should a condemned man absolved rejoice? Should the Prodigal embraced in the arms of love rejoice? Should the weak made strong rejoice? Should the man whose darkness is turned into light rejoice? Should he whose mourning is turned into joy rejoice? Then surely the Christain should rejoice with joy unspeakable, for his life-experiences are analogous to these in many particulars.

Living in the midst of peace and plenty, in a day of progress, opportunity and culture, surrounded by beauty and refinement, the average Christain in America has no excuse for pessimism or for moroseness.

As to realms of joy, the kingdom of joy is three-fold. It embraces the state of the mind. This is the province of truth. It embraces the state of the body. This is the province of beauty. It embraces the state of the soul. This is the province of goodness. No man who has a proper christain conception of goodness, truth, beauty, has any cause not to rejoice. He should publish it abroad with smiles and laughter, with sparkling eyes and radiant face, with glad voice and joyous temper, with buoyant spirit and happy demeanor that he is a member of Christ, the Child of God and an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven—for the kingdom of heaven is the kingdom of joy.

There are means of joy that all should take every advantage of. The Christain must guard his mind against falsehood, against impure thoughts, wrong ideas and hurtful imaginings. He must guard his mind against the mean, the low, the despicable—the dishonest, the revengeful, the unbrotherly and the unchristain. He must make his min the reservoir of all that is elevating, uplifting, inspiring, wholesome—by good reading, pure thinking and proper action.

The Christain must guard his body. No man can have a glad buoyant spirit and a happy temper if he abuse

the body in dissipation, in intemperance and in physical follies and lusts. These mar the nervous system and create an irritable, fussy, depressing temperament. We must keep the body in temperance, soberness and chastity.

To know the highest joy, the Christain must constantly cultivate the spiritual life. He must know Christ intimately. He must not be ashamed to be known as God's good man. No man can long be joyous and joyful unless he be good, pure, clean and straight. He must guard the portals of his body as though it were the temple of all that is holy and divine. He must guard the portals of the mind as though it were too sacred to admit anything foul or unworthy. He must guard the portals of the soul as though it were the very home of God.

"These things have I written unto you that your joy might be full."

BASEBALL AND CRANKS.

By R. R. CLARK.

A baseball enthusiast has expressed the opinion that "kickers, trouble-makers and malcontents should be obliged to become baseball fans. Interest in sports would change their point of view; if they are susceptible to the most common human enthusiasm, it should stretch their minds. Baseball is more than a great sport. It makes the narrow-minded crank look like a pale corps."

Another instance of enthusiasm run to seed. A baseball crank who think all other cranks would be made perfect if they could only be converted into baseball fans. Let me say at the ouset that I have no complaint to make of the national game. I find pleasure in looking at a ball game, although I could count on the fingers of my two hands all the games I ever witnessed. I am not boasting about that. I simply have not had the time, or at least I thought I couldn't spare the time, to look at the games. Possibly I would be the better for showing more enthusiasm. I am sure that a certain amount of play is not only advisable but necessary for grown-ups as well as for children, if they are to be well-rounded. I think the older fellows who play golf are benefitted in many respects— if they like the game. Following a sport that one fancies, if it is clean, will in many instances at least be helpful physically and mentally. It arouses enthusiasm and takes one out of himself, and may be broadening, as the enthusiast quoted suggests.

But all of that is with one very important reservation—that the sport be taken in moderation, with common sense. That is the trouble. The ball fan usually goes wild about the game. He can talk of little else and seemingly thinks of little else while the season is on. For him the newspapers contain nothing worth while outside the sporting page. All other concerns are of minor importance. Business is often neglected and more

time and money on ball games than the fan can afford. But it is his meat and drink; to him it is a mystery that everybody isn't as big a fool about it as he is. He can't understand that there may be perfectly good and sensible people who are not interested in the game. All folks are not built alike. What is one's meat is another's poison. What to one is of the greatest interest is to another of no interest. Each may think the other a crank and a fool because their tastes are dissimilar; and each is exactly what he thinks the other is if he would have everybody think and feel alike. And an amazingly large number of people are just that way. They can't understand why everybody doesn't think and feel as they do; and it is impossible for them to understand why matters that arouse their interest and enthusiasm doesn't affect everybody the same way. The student enthused over his books can't understand why everybody isn't as fond of reading as he is. For every ill he would prescribe reading a book. And when we look about us we know that some who have read many books are worhless as doers, while some who have read few or none have accomplished much.

And these enthusiastists, who are obsessed with some one thing, and who are sure that the world would be better and everybody would be happier if the obsession was general, think they are broad-minded. Those who do not view from their angle are narrow and mal-contents. The one-ideaded enthusiast who would have all conform to his standard is very broad, of course; so broad that he can see but one thing at a time.

It's the same old trouble, brethren beloved. Going to extreme. One would abolish all sport because a lot of folks go crazy about it. The value of sport is recognized by all well-rounded people, whether sport enthusiasts or not In former times, when we were poorer in this world's goods, and there was little time and less money for such things, sport was regarded by many good people as a form of evil, or at least something that tended to ruin. It finally found a recognized place in our educational institutions, as a necessary and desirable diversion for physical and mental health. But that is about to outgrow reasonable bounds even the enthusiasts who yet retain their sanity are ready to admit. It has taken to itself so large a place that it is crowding out other matters of vital importance. The baseball and football player will be better equipped for the battle of life if his experience on the athletic field gives him a strong body, a clear head, capable of seeing the strong and weak points of the game quickly and acting promptly; and a clean mind that plays the game fairly and as a true sport. But he will not be equipped for the battle of life if he knows only the games that are played in the athletic field. In other words, if playing has not been a side line only, subservient to the greater and broader view which takes in the other and greater activities of life, the sport fiend will be left behind in life's battle.

That's all thre is to it as I see it; and this opinion is given for what it is worth—not with the idea that everybody will or should accept it. Take sport in moderation. If you find you are becoming too fond of it, are thinking about it all the time

and dissatisfied if you can't witness every sporting event in countryside, check up a little. It is a habit that is getting control and is likely to hurt. Going to a ball game occasionally will help one who cares for the sport. But if one doesn't care for it, prefers to enterain himself in some other way and offers no objection to the ball fan going the limit so long as he lets him alone, for goodness sake leave him be. If the real ball crank could only realize how big a nuisance he is at times to people who are perfectly willing for him to be a fool about ball so long as he doesn't demand that they be fools, too, he would wonder that a klu klux klan isn't organized to deal with his kind when they become unbearable.

THE THINGS DIVINE.

These are the things I hold divine:
A trusting child's hand laid in mine,
The taste of grapes and the drone of bees
Rich brown earth and wind-tossed trees,
A rhythmic gollop, long June days,
A rose-hedged land and lovers' lays,
The welcome smile on neighbors' faces,
Cool, wide hills and open places,
Breeze-blown fields of silver rye,
The wild, sweet note of the clover's cry,
The soft, pale tint of the garden phlox,
Fresh spring showers and the scent of box,
Lilacs blooming, a drowsy moon,
A flight of geese and an autumn moon,
Rolling meadows and storm-washed heights,
A fountain murmur on summer nights'
A dappled fawn in the forest hush.
Simple words and the song of a thrush,
Rose-red dawns and a mate to share
With comrade soul my gypsy fare,
A wailing fire when the twilight ends,
A gallant heart and the voice of friends.

—Jean Brocks Burt.

THE TRAFFIC POLICE OF THE SEALS.

By Emma Mauretz Larson

In the spring season of each year a boat puts out of Puget Sound through the Amercian outlet of the Sound, the straits of Juan de Fuca, to the Pacific Ocean, with an odd mission. It is a boat owned by the United States government, in plain language a part of the revenue service, but it might well be called The Traffic Police of the Seals.

Once outside the straits it steams here and there in the strip of water that lies from fifty to a hundred miles off the shore, waiting for the traffic congestion to begin Not today and not tomorrow, perhaps, may the waters be disturbed by any swimming host, but some of these spring days soon the great masses of seals will come swimming north from no one knows where, but from now on they will be mostly in American waters or raising families on American shores and it behooves the national government to protect the traveling of such valuable animal-citizens as these.

Perhaps, like most stay at homes who have never known Alaska at first hand, we may have thought of the fur-seals as living all the year around in that northern territory. But it is not so, Alaska is only their summer resort. In the autumn they swim south and no boat has been able to follow their sea trail exactly enough to know whether in the months before they turn north again they live on some isolated, uninhabited island of the Southern Pacific or in the broad, empty space of the ocean where there is no land. Like the swallows, that alone of all birds that migrate, securely hide their winter home from man, the seals keep their secret well.

But just as surely as winter breaks and spring comes on the the seals reappear, first sighted off the coast of California about the first of April, and the Traffic Police of the seals steams out of Puget Sound to meet them off the coast of Washington and escort them to their summer home far north on the Pribilof Islands. It used to be a trip beset with great dangers for the swimming hosts of seals, but thanks now to an international agreement, enforced by the Traffic Police boat of the United States government, the animals have good chances of making their long annual pilgrimage in safety.

The romance of the seals goes far back. Eighty years before the United States bought Alaska the seals which produced such a wonderful fur were discovered in Behring sea, raising their families on Pribiloff Islands. The first sealing boats that sailed north to get rich on sealskins were not content with killing only the males or a reasonable number of both males and females, and after a few years Russia, who owned the Islands, recognized that the seals would be exterminated under such conditions and it wisely made laws that no mother seals should be killed, and only the extra younger males were to be killed for fur. So the herd grew and prospered.

Then came the great day when the United States bought Alaska and

everything that the rich hidden pockets of that northland contained, gold and silver and fisheries and seals. Everyone knew about the seal riches, of course, even though the rest of the wealth of that little-known land was still so hidden that many folks thought it a most foolish land purchase by our government. Russia had managed its seal business by leasing it out to a private company for a long period of years and the United States felt it could not do better than to follow this plan. So for twenty years, from 1870 to 1890, the Commercial Company hunted the seals and paid to the government a percentage that amounted to $350,000 each year as a direct payment, to say nothing of all the money that came to the government from import duties from the skins that were sent to England to be made into furs and taxed when they entered America again.

So in that first twenty years the government got from seals alone twice as much money as it had paid out for the whole of Alaska, a big pocketful of money, thirteen million dollars. Then a new company got the concession for twenty years, and there weren't as many seals for them to hunt, but prices were higher for the beautiful fur, so the government still got a pretty sum for the products of these animal-citizens.

But when this second contract ended in 1910 the government felt strongly that it was an injustice to the seal herd to take so many of the animals for furs and not allow them to increase naturally, as nature intended, and it decided to manage the hunting and selling itself, and to kill only ten or twelve thousand seals a year instead of the one hundred thousand that had often been slaughtered in the old days when Russia owned the Pribilof Islands.

Two years later the United States went still further and made laws that absolutely no seals should be killed, so that the herd of valuable animals might have a real chance to increase and prosper. So Pribilof Islands became a refuge as well as the favorite summer home of the seals, where they could raise their babies in peace, unmolested by any hunter. It looked as though the troubles of the seals were over, at least for a long period of years.

But the government soon discovered that the real reason that the herd was dying out so fast was not the amount of killing on the Pribilof Islands, but the attacks made on the seals every year on their migrations from the southern Pacific up the west coast of North America. Many boats lay in wait for them along the way, private sealing boats from our own country and Canada and Russia and Japan. Pelagic sealing this was called that caught the swimming animals and destroyed them wholesale, so that in a short thirty years nine-tenths of all the fur seals had been killed on their migrations. Even the American Indians stole out of Juan de Fuca straits in little boats to get fur seals. Finally 120 of these boats were working in their destructive way in one year; and the United States could do nothing because the animals were not yet arrived on United States territory and the sea was free.

But a conference of the four nations whose boats sailed for fur seals, our own country leading but Japan and Russia and Great Britain joining in the conference brought a

good result, and there was a closed season agreed on. May and June and July were to be safe months for the seals, and no animal was to be killed within sixty miles of that refuge home of the young seals, Pribiloff. This helped somewhat, but it was found that the energetic mother seals often swam beyond the sixty-mile limit for fish food, and that the boats lying in the northern waters waiting for the last day of July to pass and pouncing suddenly upon the herd and hunting through August and September at which time the seals turned south, still destroyed an alarming number of seals.

It was a desperate situation for the seals, if they were to be preserved at all on the face of this earth, so our Government did not rest with this agreement, but called upon the other three fur-hunting nations to join in more drastic measures, stopping Pelagic or Migration sealing, for fifteen years, and entirely suspending land killing too for five years, and then killing only a very few for the next nine years. This treaty was made in 1912, so the fifteen years of protection for the seals are not yet over. In these days of 1923 the herd may swim north from its hidden winter home in the south to its ancient breeding place on Pribiloff Islands and no sealing vessels of any nation will dare to stop them and club them to death or shoot them. It is an area of peace for the seal herd, and they are growing in numbers just as a wise nature intended they should.

But occasionally some small boat, bound to get some of the valuable fur on the sly, steals out from the coast and tries to kill an animal or two or three of the migrating herd. Poacher boats they are, thinking to break the United States laws and even the treaties of four nations, but our government doesn't intend that they shall have much of a chance, both for the seal's sake and for the sake of law. So that is the reason for the revenue boat that we might well call the traffic Police of the Seals, because it goes out to meet their migrating herd and follow it all the way north to protect it from poachers.

It is not possible to say yet just what will be the plan when the fifteen-year period of absolute suspension of seal hunting expires. But as the herd prospers and reaches large numbers again a certain reasonable number of the seals might well be taken each year for their valuable skins. With a restored and carefully protected herd the United States Government ought to have a revenue again of five million a year from the seals of Alaska, for prices will never be low on so beautiful and durable a fur. Even a raw skin brings a high price.

Up there in the north the Traffic Police boat lingers near the summer home of the seals to protect its interesting nurseries. The seals are one of the most intelligent animals known.

The males go ahead, in migrating, to select sites for their homes so that the mother seals may have comfortable sheltered quarters in which to bring up their babies. Rocky caves are most desired and there may even be much competition for good home location. Sometimes the spot chosen may not be near to fishing grounds, and the seal is entirely a fish-eater. In that case the animal may know

long fasting during its home-building and maintaining, absorbing the blubber layer between its own skin and flesh as food in these times of lean feeding.

In the old days of the sealing vessels, before the United States bought Alaska, the hunters often observed that the young males were much plumper and richer in blubber than the hard-working and fasting father seals. So they killed the young males, for the money rewards in sealing came not only from the furs but from the oil boiled out from the blubbler. Of course there are other seals in the north seas, near Greenland, which are caught only for their blubber and hides, the hides making not fur but the leather that appears in shoes and handbags and many another modern article.

These fur seals of our own Alaskan coast do not look their part of being real seal-skin seals. Their long black hair, overlying the undergrowth of soft, thick velvety fur, almost completely hides it in the live animal. When the skin is dressed the long black hairs are removed by shaving the inside of the skin, where the roots of the hair penetrate deeper than the roots of the fur pile. After loosening and removing the black hair the rusty brown fur is dyed black by a most skilful, secret process that produces the fur we know as sealskin.

There is another suprise about the seals in addition to this matter of their appearance. The babies do not naturally know how to swin. They learn by ludicrous but very persistent efforts, tumbling from the beach into the water, struggling and often going under, but staying in shallow water and crawling up after their baby efforts to do this very hard thing, to sleep like human babies in the sun. And after a nap they try again until migration time finds them able to join their parents in the long, myterious trip south.

On land the seals find motion rather difficult. Their odd webbed feet aren't of a great deal of use in taking them forward, but muscular movements of their bodies with a series of sort of shuffling hops take them over the rocks and sands or over the ice. But in water they are both swift and tireless. No one can doubt that who has had the unforgettable experience of seeing the great mass of swimming animals that the Traffic Police of Seals meets somewhere up on the coast of Washington in the early spring, when they come from being "animals without a country" for the winter months, to be American animal-citizens for the other six months of the year. And no one can be anything else than glad that they are protected citizens as they are for the half year that they stay with us.

As a wise man has said, no one has ever done anything great or useful by listening to the voice from without. Go your way straight to God's work, in simplicity and singleness of heart.—Florence Nightingale

PRIZE WINNER.

(Salisbury Post)

In a pullman smoking compartment we heard a very rich man boasting that he had won a season baseball pass in a "guessing contest" conducted by a newspaper.

"I worked nights for a week," he chuckled, "and darned if I didn't hit it just right!"

In a rough way we know the amout of this man's wealth, by reputation, and we figure that it cost him at least $500 worth of time to win the prize that he could have bought for less than $100. Of course, he worked it out in spare time, but spare time is valuable to him because it is needed for relaxation from brain work. Then, too, obsessed with winning the prize, he probably had it on his mind, detracting his attention from his occupation during the general working hours of the day.

Eliminate the cash end, it doesn't matter much. For he'd have been just as elated if he had won a prize of $1.

How do you explain this rich man's jubilation over a victory that wasn't worth the price it cost—to him?

Your first explanation probably is, "He got something for nothing."

There is no thrill like finding money—getting it without effort. Probably this is a reaction from the enslaving system that keeps our noses to the grindstone. The average millionaire gets a bigger thrill from finding a $5 goldpiece than from cleaning up $1000 in a business deal. And, no matter how valuable his time, he'll delay whatever he was intent on, and search the premises to see if more $5 gold pieces are nearby.

You know how this weakness persists in our subconscious minds and rises to the conscious surface during dreams in which we find coin until our pockets are filled.

"Something for nothing" is the lure that wastes time and takes the suckers' savings.

A greater motive than "something for nothing," however, animated the rich man in the baseball guessing contest. His thrill, as victor, came mostly from the realization that in winning he demonstrated cleverness superior to that of the other contestants.

In a battle of wits, he won.

That is the motive of your "business genius," as much as and often more than the actual accumulation of profits.

Vanity—pride—is our motive in the things we do, a lot oftener and to greater extent than any of us realize.

"Happiness and laughter have a tendency toward lightening our daily tasks, and yet so many of us go groping through the world with never a smile."

INSTITUTION NOTES.

Pressly Mills, Reporter

Master Roby Mullis of Greensboro is the latest arrival at the institution.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Master Avery Roberts has been placed in the Printing Office.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Master Vass Fields has returned from the hospital at Concord, where he was operated on for appendicitis.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Miss Aupha Wrenn, matron of the Rockingham cottage, has left the institution for a short vacation.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

A few days ago several boxes of caps arrived at the institution. These were later given to the boys.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Letter writing day came around again last week and all of the boys sent a letter to their respective homes.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Master John Windhan is taking lessons on press feeding. Mr. Godown, the instructor, is teaching him.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Miss Mable Cloer has accepted a position in the Sewing Department. Miss Cloer was formerly employed in Taylorsville.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Mr. J. D. Rickard and daughter are spending a week with Mr. Rickard's daughter Mrs. R. B. Cloer, Matron of the Mecklenburg Cottage.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Miss May Mast has accepted a position at the institution as the Matron of the 11th cottage. She replaces Mrs. Stebbins, the former Matron.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Masters Claude Coley and Edward Cleaver paid a visit to the institution last Saturday. Both boys were recently paroled from this institution.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The boys have over an hour, in which to play, upon the campus after supper. They spend this hour playing prison base, hand ball, and spinning tops.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Recently a road was constructed by Roadmaster Grier that led from the main road over to Superintendent Boger's residence. This road was packed and made ready for use during the first part of this week.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Masters Carroll Guice and Johnnie Wright went to their respective homes last Friday for a short vacation. Master Wright will return this week but Master Guice will not return until next week.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Last week Mr. Boger announced that all the boys who wished to go barefooted could do so. About two hundred and fifty boys immediately discarded their shoes and turned them into Mr. Groover. For two or three days after that you could see the boys stepping around as if they were walking on eggs.

Master Paul Funderburk made a visit to the institution last Saturday from the hospital at Concord. to see the ball game beteen J. T. S. and Cabarrus Mills. He returned the same afternoon. About four weeks ago he broke his ankle while playing baseball here, he is having it treated at Concord.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Mr. Lee White, who has charge of the farm Department, reports that fifty acres of corn, four acres of watermelons and two acres of cantaloupes were planted last week. Mr. Kennett has charge of the potatoes. Mr. White stated that fifteen horses and one tractor are being worked on the big field.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Mr. Hobby, the dairyman, reports that the farm has furnished the cows fine pasturage for the last three weeks. He stated that a purebred Hampshire hog was purchased last Monday. A fine two hundred pound shoat was slaughtered last Saturday. This meat was turned into sausage and it was eaten Sunday at dinner.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Last Sunday The Rev. Mr. Rawlins, of Concord, conducted the religious services in the Auditorium. He preached an interesting sermon about boys. He declared that a boy is the greatest thing on earth and Mr. Rawlins convinced all of the hearers that what he said was true. Once during his sermon Mr. Rawlins asked, "Did God ever make a mistake." One little youngster in the rear of the Auditorium promptly exclaimed, "No Sir." Rev. Mr. Rawlins is an interesting speaker and his sermon was enjoyed by all.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

J. T. S. lost her first game last Saturday to the Cabarrus Mill nine, of Concord. The first "mill" was played without any scoring but this could not continue and the visitors scored four runs in the next inning. The boys began hitting the pitcher pretty hard in the seventh inning and we might have at least tied the score and we might have won but the rain began falling in torrents causing the game to be called in the eight.

Score by Innings:

		R	H	E
J. T. S.	0 2 0 0 0 0 3 x	5	7	12
C. Mill	0 4 1 2 3 1 2 0	13	8	5

Batteries; Russell, Everhart and Cook; McGuffey and Yost.

Play the game, and like what you get. And if you don't get anything, make up your mind that you didn't need anything. Probably you didn't. —Selected.

SUMMER VACATIONIST!

Summer will soon be here. Now is the time to make your plans.

The glorious Mountains of Western North Carolina welcome you.

"THE LAND of the SKY"
The Vacationist's Paradise

All Out-of-Door Sports

Reduced Summer Fares, Beginning May Fifteenth

SOUTHERN
RAILWAY
SYSTEM

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

Passenger Train Schedules

Arrival and Departure of Passenger Trains, Concord, N. C.

LV.	NO.	BETWEEN	NO.	AR.
1:40A	30	New York-Birmingham	30	1:40A
2:37A	29	Birmingham-New York	29	2:37A
5:12A	44	Washington-Atlanta	44	5:12A
6:32A	31	Atlanta-New York	31	6:32A
8:41A	137	Atlanta-New York	137	8:41A
9:25A	11	Charlotte-Norfolk-Richmond	11	9:25A
10:55A	36	New York Birmingham-New Orleans	36	10:55A
3:20P	45	Washington-Charlotte	45	3:20P
3:45P	46	Charlotte-Danville	46	3:45P
7:10P	12	Norfolk-Richmond-Atlanta	12	7:10P
8:18P	32	New York-Augusta	32	8:18P
10:20P	35	Birmingham-New Orleans-New York	35	10:20P
9:45P	138	New York-Atlanta	138	9:45P
9:31P	135	Washington-Atlanta	135	9:31P

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THE UPLIFT

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VISION AND ACTION MEET.

On a scorching August day, Miss Sara Curry was walking on the East Side of New York City, through a swarming human mass, gasping for a saving current of fresh air, when there was a feeble cry, and what seemed scarce more than a mass of rags fell at her feet. One choking cry, then silence. The little missionary pushed aside the miserable covering and looked into the livid face of a dying child. When the little body straightened and was quiet, she carried the dead baby upstairs and turned to one of the women who, with arms red from the washtub, crowded close. "Is there no one to look after these children?" she asked. "Its mother is away scrubbing offices. The father is looking for work. The neighbors can hardly keep their own from under car wheels. Who is to keep the babies from tumbling off the fire escape? You?" sneered the woman. "God helping me, I will!" answered the little missionary. She began the Day Nursery with fourteen dollars, and now one hundred and fifty children are cared for every day while the mothers are away at work.

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THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-setting by the Boys Printing Class. Subscription Two Dollars the year in Advance.

JAMES P. COOK, *Editor*, J. C. FISHER, *Director Printing Department*

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THE DEAR MOTHER LOVE.

Mothers' arms were made for holding
Made for folding and tight,
Little forms so soft and helpless,
Nestled there to say goodnight.

Mothers' hands were made for stroking,
Made for soothing childish woes;
Balm of wondrous magic healing
Through each gentle finger flows.

Mothers' lips were made for kissing,
Made for drowning childish fears;
Smiles and kisses both together
Stop the flow of bitter tears.

Mothers' hearts were made for loving,
Made for love no others know.
God in Heaven! Bless and keep it
Ever pure as whitest snow,

—Cora Lindsey Field.

MOTHER'S DAY.

By some authority the second Sunday in May is set aside as "Mother's Day." Unable to be certain itself about the origin of the day, the occasion for it and who suggested it, THE UPLIFT interviewed a number of people,

seeking information covering the foregoing questions. None were positive, but the majority is of the opinion that it was suggested by ex-President Wilson, and it grew out of his great admiration for heroic sacrifices and the great love of motherhood while the boys were across the seas risking their all.

Whatever the genesis of the observation of the day, in loving honor to motherhood, it is a beautiful and thoughtful practice. Aside from sentiment and filial love, and facing the cold, logical facts in the face, the study of motherhood reveals the finest traits in all human character. Nothing in the wide world approaches motherhood in the extent of risk, sacrifice and even courting death that a life may be ushered into the world.

There are thousands of men, who are kept in the narrow and straight paths, not by the training of mother alone but by the very memory of that precious soul. Whoever suggested the annual observance of Mother's Day had an abiding recollection and appreciation of the part his mother had in the shaping of his life, and he made distinctive a practice which will redound to the good and blessing of all who stop long enough in their mad rush to take stock of his good fortune; and may well subscribe to the sentiment, in the language of Oliver Wendell Holmes:

Love droops, youth fades,
The leaves of friendship fall;
A Mother's secret hope
Outlives them all.

On another page we reproduce a poem, "To my mother on Mother's Day." It was written by the present pastor of the Bethel charge, on the Norfolk-Southern railway, who lives at Cabarrus, not far from Concord. He is a younger son of the late Rev. Moses J. Hunt, who passed to his reward nearly twenty-two years ago, while a member of the North Carolina Methodist Conference, after fifty years as a minister, and is a brother of Mr. C. W. Hunt, familiar to UPLIFT readers. The mother to whom this is dedicated is now in her 87th year, living at Greensboro, in full possession of all her faculties.

* * * * * * *

A REAL FEAST.

Business called the editor to Winston-Salem, the biggest town in the state, and the trip was made to fit in with the occasion of the annual meeting of the North Carolina Federated Women's Clubs. It was a most fortu-

nate decision and combination.

In a word, an experience like this, occurring once a year, available to every man, there seems at this writing no reason in the world why man should not live always. Fine women of all ages, typical representatives of the best in all communities—and the representation was so full that, like the dew, it coverd the state—most beautiful gowns, gracefully and artistically worn, business-like air, a remarkable degree of promptness and attention to the affairs which brought that charming aggregation to town, fine spirit prevailing throughout the deliberations, and an election coming off without bitterness, disappointment or heart-aches—perfectly unanimously: these made a picture that the editor loved to see—hour after hour, sitting with friends in the lobby of the Robert E. Lee Hotel and watching and enjoying, passed away too quickly, and never a word was exchanged in conversation' for the fascination of the moving picture of real agencies of good and purpose in the state was too engaging to permit talk.

There was just one discordant note, but it was not of the programme or of the convention, flitting about over that charming picture. A figure moved about promiscuously and contentedly that may have been a woman but the attire was that of a boy. But it was so hopelessly in the minority amongst that gathering of three hundred, well and appropriately dressed women, that the picture that lingers was only momentarily disturbed.

It was a brilliant affair entirely in the charge and direction of a galaxy of brilliant spirits, the like of which no state in the union could surpass, if equal. Going out in the midst of the excitement of a fire alarm, for which the convention is not remotely responsible, having elected its officers, headed by the talented Mrs. Palmer Jerman, of Raleigh, the annual convention adjourned to meet next year in Raleigh. From a hand-full of women with a vision, twenty one years ago and lead by Mrs. Lindsay Paterson, first president, long before equal suffrage was dreamed of, the organization has grown into a machine of great power and influence in the state.

* * * * * * *

A SATISFACTORY MEETING.

The regular semi-annual meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Stonewall Jackson Training School was held at the institution on Tuesday of this week. In attendance upon this meeting were Mesdames W. N. Reynolds, I. W. Faison and T. W. Bickett, and Messrs. Herman Cone, D. B. Coltrane, J. J. Blair, J. P. Cook, R. O. Everett and Dr. H. A. Royster.

The several officers, the chairman, the treasurer and the superintendent,

made to the Board their reports. All were quite satisfactory and encouraging. For the first time in the history of the institution, the financial account of the institution was written in orthodox ink—not a red line about it.

The immediate building programme includes the enlargement of the school auditorium, so as to accommodate the entire needs of the institution for years to come. Prof. Blair, who has had large experience in the construction of school buildings and auditoriums, was requested to join the Executive Committee in making all necessary plans and arrangements for this enlargement. It is the purpose of the committee to hurry the work. The matter of enlargeing the Margaret Burgwyn Chapel was deferred to another time, after the question has been thoroughly investigated.

Another addition to the plant is the erection of a modern and sanitary milk house. This was ordered built at the earliest possible date. Supt. Boger was instructed to make certain needed addition to the sewer plant to meet the growing demands of the institution.

The next most needed additon, and which was considered at length, but reaching no conclusion, is a combined Receiving Home and Infirmary. The site—one of the most attractive on the campus, and ideally located for the purpose—has already been chosen; and the authorities are making inquiries and investigations into just what design will best suit the purpose for which it is intended.

The meeting oftheBoard was entirely harmonious—indeed, enthusiastic over what has been accomplished and the brightness of the future. The Board took proper recognition of the handsome electric sign over the Memorial Bridge and instructed the Secretary to communicate its thanks and appreciation to Mr. T. H. Webb, of Concord, the voluntary giver of the sign.

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INVESTIGATING.

The State Board of Charities, under the request of Governor Morrison, is preparing to make a thorough investigation into the manner of the conduct of the penitentiary, chain gangs and county jails. According to the public prints, Dr. Hart, of the Russell Sage Foundation, has been invited to sit with the Board as an expert penologist.

Since this agitation began, charges have been lodged against the management of the chain gangs in the counties of Cabarrus, and Guilford. In the former county the proceeding was started by a report of the county grand jury. In the latter county the charge is made by a hobo from out of the west.

The county Commissioners of Cabarrus, in keeping with a suggestion by Judge Jas. L. Webb, is now engaged in making a thorough investigation, to ascertain the real facts in thematter.

Within a month the affairs of road building and the management of the chain gang in Cabarrus will be transferred to a Highway Commission, being taken out of the hands of the Commissioners and the latter body is pursuing a wise course in making this investigation before the business is transferred to other authorities.

The public should contain itself until these several investigations have been made. The truth will be known in time, and it will be such as may be accepted without any reservation.

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"DR." DUDDING.

Some are speaking of the ex-convict, acting president of the Prisoner's Relief Society, who has started a stir in this state,. as "Doctor" Dudding. The "doctor" is quoted as expressing fears of bodily injury should he come to the state, unless protected by armed officers, to give his testimony in the charge of cruelty to prisoners.

His train might be met at the state line, stopped at the penitentiary and the doctor could be assigned room in that institution during his stay in North Carolina. He would doubtless feel at home, and Supt. Pou could give him a real nice time.

* * * * * * *

GRATIFYING.

The rules and regulations governing the operation of the honor-roll are predicated on a perfectly blind justice. Favoritism or any other agency does not enter into the making of the monthly honor-roll. The matter is entirely in the hands of the youngsters themselves.

THE UPLIFT takes commendable pride in the large number that won for themselves, during April, this position of honor and distinction. They did it themselves, and the credit goes to them.

* * * * * * *

The prison investigations are entirely in the hands of the State Welfare Department, including the cost thereof. Application to the State Council to furnish funds for the employ of penologists and other experts has been turned down, for the lack of legislative authority. So whatever is done, will

be entirely the doings of the State Welfare Department.

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The town and city elections in the state having passed off, these busy places may resume their programme of progress and development.

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The little village of Parkton in Robeson county has become famous by a letter written by its school principal to a gentleman, who aspires to the governorship.

TO MY MOTHER ON MOTHER'S DAY.

By R. E. Hunt.

Many years have gone by since you bore me, Mother.
You went into the valley that I might live,
And I am thinking today of the time, Mother,
Wondering what kind of reward I may give.

You were patient with a wayward one, Mother,
Patient and kind when I was going astray;
But your love at last conquered, dear Mother,
And I resolved from sin to turn away.

The fight did not end with the turning, Mother,
The old tempter is still trying to win;
But Christ's love and yours constrain me, Mother
The pearly gates of heaven to enter in.

I'm trying hard to win souls every day, Mother,
I can think of no better reward for you.
You'll be paid if I bring sheaves, won't you, Mother,
To compensate for love so unfailingly true?

Years are leaving their impress on you, Mother,
Your head is as white as the fallen snow;
But you are infinitely dearer, Mother
Than when at your knee you taught me God to know.

The years are passing by for me, too, Mother,
Many years of opportunity are past:
The best I can ask for myself, sweet Mother,
Is to be, like you, ripe for the Home at last.

And when I am ripe for the Home, my Mother,
If in God's wisdom you have gone on before,
You'll be near heaven's portals, I know, Mother,
To give glad welcome to that beautiful shore.

There'll be room near where you stand, sainted Mother—
Father will be there—for brothers, sisters, all.
Please God we will not disappoint you, Mother
We'll live so as to be ready for the call.

And when through all the countless ages, Mother,
Sitting together round the Great White Throne,
We'll sing the old song we were taught, good Mother,
By our parents in the parsonage home.

IN THE MATTER OF COURTESY.

By R. R. CLARK.

One of the many organizations in the State recently announced "Courtesy Week;" whereupon a newspaper paragrapher was moved to remark upon the futility of setting aside a week to acquire the grace of courtesy, seeing that the well-bred are courteous anyhow and the other class cannot be taught courtesy.

I am pausing here to remark that the custom of setting aside a week for this and a week for that—especially for things that should be practiced every week in the year—is like the "drive" habit. It is worn threadbare and then some. It has lost the force of novelty and the patriotic urge that accompanied its origin in war time. We should let up on week specialties and drives, or at least call them by some other name. And to further remark that the paragraph writer may not have been serious, as paragraphs are usually made in a lighter vein and are by no means always intended either as a statement of a conviction or a fact.

With this introductory I am taking the position that courtesy, good manners, can be taught; that constant practice is necessary, for it is ordinarily human nature to be abrupt or discourteous without really intending to be that. The people who put on "Courtesy Week" had good motives of course. The idea was that if all the club members were to do their best to be courteous for a week they might get the habit, which would be fine. But courtesy can't be acquired in a week. Like religion, it requires constant practice to avoid a lapse, and then the lapses will come. Just a few people, a very few, are naturally courteous. By no means all the folks who call themselves well-bred, and who are well-bred so far as family standing goes and as such matters are generally rated in social circles—by no means all the folks who hold their social standing above the average and would be considered well-bred in that respect, are courteous, good mannered. In fact many of them are distinctly the opposite. They seem to think that their standing gives them license to be arrogant, to be snobs. While not a few of humble origin, who could lay no claim to being well-bred in point of family standing, have the grace of courtesy to the highest. Some of them were born that way and some of them have cultivated it not for what it may get them but because of an innate kindness; love for their fellows that expresses itself in acts of courtesy, of kindness. As only a few people are born courteous; only a few are naturally big-hearted and unselfish; kindly disposed and considerate of their fellows, it follows that courtesy must be taught in childhood, just as other virtues are instilled into the child. One may acquire good manners after maturity, but the process is difficult. The reason so many people are indifferent to the little acts of kindness that mean so much; that do so much to smooth the pathway of life and make all happier and better, is because of lack of training in childhood. The average child is naturally selfish and wilful; indifferent to the rights of

others and inconsiderate. Frequently nothing is done by the parent to overcome this disposition because the child inherited it from the parent. The child came that way through no fault of his own. He may early come to understand that courtesy is an asset and practice it for that reason. But the superficial courtesy, the company manners, the habit of being polite and considerate when it is believed it will be profitable, and very uncivil when one doesn't think it worth while, is not to be commended. In fact one can have little respect for the people who are gracious only when they want something out of you, and very ungracious when they think one is of no value to them.

These little acts of courtesy, of kindness, how far-reaching their influence! Take notice for an hour, a day, in the contact with your fellows. A cherry greeting, sincere, whole hearted, naturally brings a response—makes one feel kindly toward the speaker. A request preferred in a courteous and deferential manner, with the recognition that it may not be convenient to comply, brings a desire to do what is asked if possible simply because of the manner of the asking. A different tone, a different attitude, an ungracious manner, stirs resentment and a disposition to refuse what is asked simply because of the manner of the asking.

"Honesty is the best policy" is an ancient adage, although it may not always be as profitable from the material standpoint. But one should be honest not as a policy but because it is right. Courtesy is a most valuable asset in business, but one should be courteous not because it is profitable but as a duty toward our fellows; as a contribution to general good will and happiness. It is heartfelt courtesy that I am talking about of course; not the polished manners that may be acquired to cover the purpose of the crook. Therefore if we look well to our ways and all the time consider our duty to our fellows as well as our own rights and privileges, the result will be, if we are sincere in our desire to be agreeable, that we will grow in the grace of courtesy and make others better by the example. One may smile and smile and be a villian. One may be well-bred so far as the advantages of birth is concerned, and polished in manner, and be a crook. True courtesy comes from a kind heart and kindly feeling may be acquired by cultivating unselfishness, consideration for others.

"You knocked off work too soon."
"I'm a self-made man."

PLAYING THE GAME BY THE RULES.

By Rev. Thos. F. Opie

Every child knows that all games have rules by which they must be played. There can be no real game without some kind of regulations, by which the boys and girls taking part must be governed. If there be no rules, or if those who are playing do not go by the rules, then the game is really a fracas—a sort of rough-and-tumble affair, or a fight!

Baseball hah its many and varied rules—and the boy who expects to be a good ball-player must know all these rules and he must play according to the rules. There are rules about the bases, rules about batting, about fielding, etc., etc. If it were not for these rules, eighteen boys all playing just as they pleased, would soon be in a general mix-up, and the game would not be a ball-game at all, but a sort of free-for-all scrimmage.

In even so simple a game as hide-and-seek, there are regulations, or laws by which the game must be played—else the game would not be any fun, nor would it be a real game at all. You see, where there is only one person playing he can play pretty much as he pleases—but when there are more than one playing, there must be rules, and they must be understood and observed, else the players would all be interfering with each other and a general fracas would result.

It is that way with life. Life is really a game. It is the best and the biggest game of all. And it is not a game that you can play alone—for there are so many others that we are thrown with, in the home, on the streets, at school, and everywhere we go.

Now the one who gets most out of life is the one who knows most of the rules and the laws, and who lives according to these regulations. The boy or girl who does not know the rules, or who, knowing them, disregards them is the one who ih always in trouble. He "plays the game" wrong and has to be "called down!" Just as in baseball, there is a sort of referee or umpire in the game of life, who must hee that you obey. the rules. He may be father, or teacher, or even a policeman! But it is his business to see that all live and act according to the laws and the regulations.

Some of the rules of life, in the home and the school and on the street and elsewhere, are represented by the words, Obedience, Truthfulness, Thoughtfulness, Patience, Affection, Politeness, Accuracy, Reverence, Thoroughnesh, Helpfulness, Cheerfulness, Cleanliness and the first in Obedience, one of the most important of life.

"The things we do are but the outward revelation of our minds."

MR. AND MRS. CROW–ORIGINAL SETTLERS.

A bombastic, snobbery presiding officer once upon a time was introducing to a distinguished assembly of Boston folks a scholarly Indian, who had come to make an address. The snob, as is the habit of snobs and some other folks, orated his personal pride in the fact that he could trace his ancestry far back into the early days of America. Turning to the Indian, the snob said, "as a descendant of the brave folks who came over in the Mayflower, I welcome you to Boston." The Indian, appreciating the importance of keeping history straight, and humoring the outstanding feature of the introduction, simply replied "and when your ancestors arrived on the Mayflower, my ancestors were there to give them a fitting reception."

Now comes Mr. Upton Wilson, of Madison, N. C., in a very clever manner giving to Mr. and Mrs. Crow their just historical position in the settlement of America. It is:

With new homes simultaneously going up on roadside and brookbank and in orchard, forest and field, probably the greatest building boom the county has ever known is underway in rural Rockingham. Plans drawn by the Father of the Universe and in use since the morn of creation are being followed while generous Mother Nature is furnishing all material, skilled workers, toiling from sunup till sundown, are occupied on each home. No labor troubles are anticipated.

Of the innumerable homes under construction, that for Mr. and Mrs. James Crow will be among the first completeted. Mr. and Mrs. Crow, who are said to be more widely than favorably known, are building a one-room summer home at Pinecrest, near J. B. Sharp's. It is understood that Mr. Sharp, ordinarily the most hospitable of men, refuses to admit them into neighborly fellowship and is setting a watch on his poultry yard and corn fields. From Mr. Crow, himself, however, it is learned that he is unperturbed by Mr. Sharp's show of suspicion.

"We Crows," said he, "are aware that man looks upon us as thieving knaves who habitually disregard the property rights of others. But it should be remembered that we are being judged by man's moral code and not by ours. We ourselves consider it no more of a sin to rob man than he considers it a sin to rob us. Besides, by priority of occupation the country rightfully belongs to us, anyway.

Our ancetors," continued Mrs Crow, "were here when the white men came, and, despite the enmity continually shown us, our descendants will be here when they leave. Some of our joint title holders in the land, among which are the Indian, Bear, Buffalo and Beaver, have been deprived of their birthright but we Crows hold on, and from every tree top mock man's efforts to dispossess us."

But for interference from his wife, Mr. Crow's emphatic, not to say im-

putent statements of his case would no doubt have continued indefinitely. However disdainfully the alleged freebooter may regard man, he is at least bossed by his wife. A few words and a steely look from her were sufficient to dam his flow of eloquence and set him industriously gathering twigs for his house.

From Mrs. Crow, as she supervised her husband's building operations, it was learned that she expects the arrival during the summer of four children. It will be quite a problem, she said, to provide food for them. Hen eggs, she intimated, are excellent for Crow babies. When asked how these were to be obtained, she said her husband, in addition to being, a fluent talker, is an excellent forager and understands the meaning of a cackle.

Leaving Mr. Crow still toiling under his wife's direction, the reporter next viewed the building operations of Mr. and Mrs. Percy Dove. This modest couple has chosen Bent Oak, a short distance from Dewitt Sharp's, p's, as a place of residence. Like Mr. and Mrs. Crow, they are building a one-room cottage, whichi is nearly finished. Mr. and Mrs. Dove, who are well spoken of by neighbors, and friends, are said to be proficient in the art of minding their own affairs. As builders they appear to be only moderately skillful. Mrs. Dove says that two children are enough for any mother to have at one time.

"Two children may be enough for Mrs. Dove," said Mrs. Chipping Sparrow, familiarly known by the brown hat she wears, "but I raised three sets of quadruplets last summer; and if I do say so myself, I think they were as well cared for as any children in the community." Mr. and Mrs. Sparrow, who wintered in Florida and have but recently returned, are building in an oak in J. P. Wilson's yard. Mrs. Sparrow is said to be the neatest housekeeper in featherdom, while Mr. Sparrow is credited with wielding one of the most skillful beaks in the building trade.

"We look on man as our friend," volunteered Mr. Sparrow, as he placed a grass stem in the foundation of his house, "and prefer to live near him. The children my wife spoke of a moment ago were reared in this tree. With the exception of an occasional tilt with that chronic brawler, English Sparrow, our sojourn here last year was exceptionally pleasant. On the limb above lived Mr. and Mrs. Robin; across the road in the hollow apple tree were Mr. and Mrs. Blue Bird; in the pear tree across the walk the Cardinal and his wife had their home, and over in the rose bush were Lord and Lady Mocking Bird." Mr. Sparrow emphatically denied any relationship to English Sparrow.

Mr. Robin, the reporter noticed, had been sitting just above them while Mr. Sparrow talked. Answering question, he said work on his home had not begun. He thought he would start building operations in a few days. He is waiting, he said, until leaves on the trees are large enough to shield him from the gaze of the curious. Futhermore, he said he needed to rest up a bit after his long journey from the south.

But to the reporter Mr. Robin appeared remarkably fresh and dapper. He had on dark shoes and hat, a russet colored vest, slate gray coat, and

light gray trouhers. "This is my fifth summer in this tree," Mr. Robin explained, as the reporter started to leave. "And the third for my present wife. My first wife died during our second summer here. After a proper period of mourning I married again, and while my wife wished to live at her old home, I would not consent to remain away from this spot."

At the hollow apple tree the reporter was surprised to find that Mr. and Mrs. Blue Bird had not only completed their home, but were already the proud parents of four young hopefuls. It was quickly apparent, however, that this couple was too busy to waste time on a newspaper man. The Blue Bird youngsters, not veloped beaks, were insistently demanding nourishment. Their food appeared to consist chiefly of insects, which papa and mama Blue Bird are expert in catching. Indeed Mr. Blue Bird is said to tote the keenest pair of eyes in the country. From the top of a telephone pole he skans the ground about him and pounces on the first bug that rustles a grass blade.

In striking contrast to the frenzied activity of Mr. and Mrs. Blue Bird, Lord and Lady Mocking Bird were found at leisure. "We were discussing building sites, my wife and I, as you came up," said Lord Mocking Bird, when greetings had been exchanged. "I am in favor of building in the hedge over there, but she prefers the old home in the rose bush. And if the thorns scratch the coat off my back, the rose bush will be our home for the summer. We males of the bird family are nothing less than the thralls of our wives, and the worst henpecked husbands on earth," he ended with a tantalizing glance at his mate. But Lady Mocking Bird chose not to notice his provocative fling.

For persons of world-wide renown, Lord and Lady Mocking Bird are refreshingly modest and democratic. Elegantly but quietly dressed, they affect none of the airs and idiosyncrasies so often to be tolerated in the great. Indeed, the famous singer and his wife appear to be on equally cordial terms with plain Mr. and Mrs. Chipping Sparrow and with the resplendent Cardinal and his less strikingly clad mate. Neither poets' acclaim nor homage of the common people has spoiled them.

The Cardinal and his wife, the reporter found on looking them up, are building in the pear tree they occupied last summer. Judging from what had been done and preparations making, they are destined to have one of the handsomest homes in the vicinity. Evidently, it is the Cardinal's intention to build a home keeping with his distinguished personal appearance. "The best dressed bird in America," is the way his friends refer to him. And he appears to deserve the compliment. Certainly the reporter has seen no bird as gallantly clad. His rich apparel, however, seems to have excited the envy of some of his more plainly clothed neighbors.

"Why that haughty person should have everything on his back and nothing in his beak is more than I can comprehend," exclaimed dowdy Mrs. English Sparrow, when the reporter, calling at her home, mentioned his visit to the Cardinal. "His mife is certainly no fashion plate

I know a hundred women who dress better than she," the same lady went on. "Furthermore the Cardinal does not conduct himself in a proper manner. His wife is not the only woman he makes eyes at."

The Cardinal does carry himself rather jauntly, and his wife is undeniably a plain dresser, but Mrs. Sparrow's intimation that he has nothing in his beak appears to lack justification. For not only is he reputed a sweet singer, but a skillful architect as well. In addition, his friends maintain that he is a circumspect, faithful husband and a provident, affectionate father. Mrs. Sparrow's uncomplimentary remarks were prompted by jealously and envy, they say.

Mrs. English Sparrow, the Cardinal's friends aver, is a gossip and scandal monger of the worst hort and a notoriously bad housekeeper Her bad manners and slouchly habits, they say, were inherited from English ancestors who hung about the slums and public houses of London. Another charge brought against Mrs. Sparrow, because of its libelous nature, will hardly bear repeating. But since it appears well sustained, the reporter gives it as it was told to him: Mrs. Sparrow is one of several wives having a common husband. Her lord and master is a rank polygamist, having a harem equal to taht of a chicken rooster.

As a builder, Mr. Sparrow appears rather more industrious than skillful. His is a big house poorly planned. A good idea, of what it is like may be had by viewing an overfull waste basket. But however frowsy his wives and his home may be, he is ever ready to defend them against all comers. "A polygamouh old pugilist" is the way his enemies refer to him.

The reporter, writing like Mr. English Sparrow builds, without compactness, has filled considerable space to no purpose. It is this clumsy style and not favoritism that prevents a more extended account of other neat and attractive bird homes. Down by the brook, for instance, Mr. and Mrs. Bob O. Link are putting the finishing touches on a darling little cottage, while, in the sedge fields a few rods from a country lane, Mr. and Mrs. Bob White have underway a very charming bungalow. Mr. and Mrs. Whipporwill, though they will not build a house, are preparing to raise a family just the same, and Mr. and Mrs. Chimney Swift prove by the soot on their backs, that they are not idle.

SERVED FOR FORTY-NINE YEARS.

From South Carolina comes a trumpet note that it possesses a man with the record of having been postmaster for a longer period than any other man in the country, but it has to admit that it had to get a man from North Carolina about whom to brag of long tenure in office. James A. Cannon is the man and he was postmaster at Fountain Inn, S. C., for forty-nine years, having been appointed first by President Grant in 1873. first appointment being to fill out an unexpired term. Mr. Cannon, who will be seventy years old in June, is the son of the late Noah Cannon, of

North Carolina, and it is understood that he was born in Cabarrus county, most of his life spent in South Carolina. As postmaster he served during the administration of eleven Presidents: Grant, Hayes, Garfield, Arthur, Cleveland, Harrison, McKinley, Roosevelt, Taft, Wilson and Harding, being retained in office both by Democrats and Republicans and only retiring because age made him ineligible under Civil Service Regulations.

BIBLE TRAINING TARBORO SCHOOLS.

The efficacy of Bible Training during the week, of public school children has been successfully tried out in a number of city schools in some of the western states. About a year ago the authorities of Tarboro, N. C., schools inaugurated the feature.

Prof. L. W. Epps, superintendent of the graded schools at Taroboro, gives a very entertaining and instructive account of their experience in adopting this advanced idea, as follows:

Quite a number of inquiries have come to us regarding the church school which is being conducted in connection with the public schools in Taroboro, and since it seems to be of general interest I thought it would not be amiss to submit an account of what we are doing to the paper so that those who are interested might have a better opportunity to familiarize themselves with our plan.

This church school, as we call it, is in a large measure a success. However, we do not claim that it is perfect. Like nearly everything else, it has its merits and defects. I am of the opinion that the plan is along the right road for religious instruction in the public schools and with a little touching up here and there, it will be a very workable system. The merits of religious training in the public schools have already been pretty well established. It shall therefore be my purpose to touch on some of the defects as I have observed them during the year, before I conclude this article.

On the last peroid every Wednesday afternoon every boy and girl above the third grade, whose parents do not object, is excused from his or her regular school work in order to receive religious instruction by the church of their choice. The high school pupils have forty five minutes for this purpose, while the grammar grade pupils have only thirty.

The various churches have certain rooms assigned them and when the signal is given, the different grades file into the rooms assigned to the church of their choice. The grammar grades receive their religious instruction in the school building, but the high school pupils are permitted to go to the various churches if the pastor desires it for convenience.

No child is placed in a church school class against the will of his parents. The parent, and not the child, is consulted about this. Before school began the following questionaire was sent to every parent in the township, and in case the par-

ent consented for his child to take religious instruction, he was placed in a class of his or his parents denomination. If, however, the parent objected to his child receiving this instruction a study room was provided for him during the church school period. The questionaire follows:

It is the desire of the churces of Tarboro, expressed in a written petition signed by all the pastors, to give the pupils of the Pubile Schools religious instruction during the week. We desire that all the pupils take this instruction. If you have no objection to this, please state on space below under what church auspices you desire your child to receive religious instructions; if you do object please also indicate it, sign your name and return to me at once.

Church Preference .....
Parent or Guardian .....

It might be interesting to note just here that only a very few parents objected to this plan, and, therefore a large per cent of the pupils are taking this instruction.

The public school teachers do not teach in the church school, and therefore, it behooves the pastors of the churches represented to supply the necessary teachers from their respective congregations. The following churches take part in this plan: Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterian, Episcopal, Jewish, and Catholic. The last two being very small in number.

The children are classified somewhat according to the Sunday School, gradation of classes, and receive grades on their church school work, which are placed on their monthly report cards. These grades, however, do not effect the child in standing in the Public School. This is due largely to the fact that the church school work is a little immature in its classification and that teachers are not prepared to cope with the Public School teachers in the class work done. I am of the opinion, however, that if the church school grades could count on the public school average, the children would be more interested in this particular phase of our work.

The church school is conducted under the jurisdiction of the Public Schools, and any matter of discipline is referred to the superintendent's office. The teachers are required to hand in reports of attendance, punctually. etc., once a week, and any irregularity from this standpoint is checked and handled from the office.

Upon the whole, the system is working remarkably. The weakest point I see to it is the teaching force. If trained teachers could be secured for it, the plan would be ideal. However, I want to say that our church school teachers are doing remarkably well considering that most of them have had no training along the line of child psychology, and are not very well informed along pedagogical lines.

"The job higher up is built out of the things you are doing right now."

WATCHES.

In a recent number of the Greensboro Advocate there appeared the response of Rev. J. H. Barnhardt, pastor of West Market Street Methodist church of Greensboro, at a baquet at the close of a Conference of the Boards of Church Extension, held at Louisville, Ky. It makes good reading and the preacher responded in these words to:

"'Tis with our Judgment as our Watches—
None go just alike, yet each believes his own."—Pope

We must keep in mind the kind of timepieces we are to talk about—namely, the well regulated, scientifically built and adjusted watch, instead of the fair weather sun dial or even the mongrel clock of wheich there are many types and patterns.

The natural gait of some of these freak timekeepers is heart rending. Doubtless you have heard of the clock of the gentleman who said that when the hands pointed at three, it struck nine, and then he knew it was half past six. There's a lot in knowing how to tell time in spite of the clock. Or maybe you have digested your dinner in some remote period of your life by chuckling over the story when it was fresh and you were young, of the man who was awakened early one morning by the clock on the mantle striking one hundred and three times. He called his wife and said: "Mandy, wake up and git up; it's the latest I ever knowed it to be."

We are talking about those useful and necessary timepieces which we carry around with us every day, and to which we fasten our fraternity emblems and college medals. No well dressed person would think of going out on the street immodestly unadorned by that indispensible article of apparel. And so acute is our sense of need at this point that very early life we usually launch a campaign the objective of which is to furnish ourselves at least with an Ingersoll or a Waterbury. There may have come into your collection of stories the one in which the young son of the family is represented as begging his father to give him a watch until the insistence of his appeal brought down upon his head the paternal wrath. He was forbidden to mention the subject again under penalty of dire punishment. That day, as the family was seated about the dinner table, the father called upon each member as usual to repeat an appropriate verse of Scripture. When it came Willie's time, he bowed his head in mock reverence and shot a curve over the base which struck the old man out: "What I say unto you, I say unto all—Watch."

One of the points in favor of a watch is its availability. It can be carried around and consulted at will. It is serviceable in your pocket, but right much of a nuisance in any other position. Nobody wants to get up and run to the mantel to consult a timepiece. A clock would soon be substituted. But a clock would be a sorry piece of furniture to carry around on one's shoulder. Dr. Joseph Parker, the famous London preacher, gave a striking illustration

in which he took a complaining watch which objected to its modest, obscure surroundings, and put in the place of "Big Ben" high up in the Victorian Tower which crowns the stately Parliament building. It was not long until the little thing, which could not even be seen at such an altitude, begged its owner to put it back into his pocket.

There is this peculiarity about watches: they are said by jewelers to partake of the habits of their owners. It is said that the watches of some preachers never run down.

Service is the great watchword. The question arises: Why carry a watch all unless you can trust it? Even though it should be readily accessible, suppose it is unreliable as a time keeper? If it doesn't keep time, have it regulated. Even then it may vary from the truth, for watches display some very humanlike qualities; but, even at that it is practically correct and should be trusted in a pinch.

We have come here to talk Church Extension. We bring to our consideration of the subject a great variety of individual standards of opinion and judgment, growing out of our contact with the real conditions which greet us from the several sections of our far-flung connectional territory. None of us have all wisdom; we are sincere, but not perfect; our ideals may be at fault in some measure; we do not see alike on all questions because our standards are not the same. And yet, in the main, our movements are all in the same general direction, and our love for the church is identical. We want to serve her to the best possible advantage. And so we come here to the great central observatory, so to speak, that we may check up our individual opinions and judgments and compare them with the corporate judgments of the church at large, which is to be our standard of action, and regulate our little "biscuit," if necessary, to conform to the central mechanism of the department as determined by the General Conference which is the governing body of our Methodism. It has been a most delightful day which we have spent together, and one which indicates the closest cooperation among all of our forces within the quadrennium in doing the great things committed into our hands. The splendid spirit of brotherly kindness and the deepChristain fellowship which have actuated all our deliberations speak in terms of propheey concerning the success of our task in the future days.

But when I got here I found that some of you men from the west were running from one to two hours behind us in the east. I hadn't traveled two hundred miles in this direction until I had to set my watch back a whole hour, and slow down to your gait. I didn't want to do it; I just knew my watch ought not to be tampered with at all, but in the interest of harmony I had to do it. I didn't want to get to Louisville and find everybody out of step except myself, like Bridget remarked about Pat who was marching in the military parade.

It isn't necessary for me to take your time to enforce the tremendously vital work of Church Extension in our economy. Methodism must be

adequately housed before we can function in any department of our work. It is undoubtedly true that our task has been unwittingly obscured in some measure by the very success of other companion interests which have received the full attention of the church in recent years. And we find ourselves embarrassed because the demand for service is so greatly in excess of the resources the church has put into our hands with which to do the fundamental thing of building. We men in the field are constantly up against the seamy side of administration. Charged with the duty of safeguarding all funds committed into our hands, often misunderstood by the brethern, and faced by constant insufficiency of funds, we often keep company with the great apostle in one respect at least, who represented himself in various kinds of perils and journeying to the point of martyrdom. We are very much in the position of the Methodist layman who was called upon to make a speech in an Episcopal church. Before entering the pulpit the rector asked him if he would wear a surplice. He replied: "No, I believe I prefer to speak in ordinary men's clothes. Besides, I am a Methodist, and Methodist don't know anything about a surplus; all they are acquainted with is a deficit."

True, we conference board men have sometimes felt toward the general offices very much like the Irishman did about the pair of lawyers whom the court had apointed to defend him before the bar upon a charge of grand larceney. After consulting with the attorneys for awhile, he arose and, addressing the court, asked if he might swap one of the lawyers for a witness. But then you, too, may have been in the notion, if the truth were told, to trade some of us off for a pair of jack rabbits.

Well, your watch says my time is up; and, while I dont believe it, I'm going to stop anyway just to be courteous.

MOTHER'S DAY PRAYER DELIVERED UNITED STATES SENATE.

"Almighty God, we honor Thee by setting apart a day to hallow our mother's name

"Thou hast held in thy keeping one universal heart and close to it in safety and peace thou hast put the babes to whom thou hast given life in this world.

"We cannot lose our whole life while we feel the touch of her hand.

"The symbol of her power today is the white carnation, more beautiful thanour words, more fragrant than our praises, more pure than our thoughts.

'Amid the rush of life, may we this day go back in holy memory to this pure fountian of life, and may we come forth in the innocency and peace in which she gave us to our life's task.

"Enthrone once more in every place of power the sceptre of mother love. For Christ's sake. Amen."—Rev. F. J. Prettyman, D. D., chap-lain.

PARDONINGS.

Monroe Journal

Human beings generally run true to form. Newspaper writers are saying that the matter of pardons and the innumerable pleas for executive interference are telling upon Governor Morrison. It is what was to have been expected.

When called to the Governor's chair, most men have only a theoretical and very long range knowledge of the inexplicable thing which we call crime, and less of that mysterious creature which we call man. Our Governors, like most other citizens, have a hazy idea that the conviction of a man of a serious crime ipso facto puts that creature out of the realm of humanity and sets him aside as something altogether different from the rest of us, a mere thing, to be moved about and handled and thought of as an inanimate object. A law has been violated A man has been charged with the offence. The court has said that he is guilty. Why take more heed of the matter? Is not all this fuss about criminals mere sentiment, quite sufficient for a few emotional outbursts and the tears of a few women and children, but nothing to move a stern man highly sensitive to his responsibility as the chief executive charged with the duty of law enforcement? Governor Morrison seemed to be possessed of more of this attitude than the average governor, possibly because his predecessor was noted for the softness of heart which many blood and thunder citizens considered simpering weakness.

But alas, Mr. Morrison, to his credit be it said, is going the way of other governors. He has become disillusioned. He is finding that this thing of life and death, even though behind it is the decree of a court, is so weighty a matter that no hand can long hold it in its hollow without trembling. It is no longer the cut and dried formality which it had been before. It becomes a warm and human thing, no longer a lifeless theory, a cold problem in mathematics. It is human flesh and blood and heart and soul; human weakness and ignorance; human passion and regret—everything human—all weaknesses and the passions and the illusions and sorrows that are common to mankind.

A Brutus at first, stern and devoted to a theoretical idea of justice, our Governor becomes sooner or later the weak Brutus who can no longer forget his love and humanity and think of the formula of the law. He strives, he halts, between the two phases of the matter, his old stern and ignorant idea of the position and his new and warm revelation of the weakness and passions of men; and he is torn and harassed beyond measure. He becomes more or less shell shocked in striving between the two, because he has not yet reached that full measure of revelation where he can see the whole thing as merely a hideous tragedy of the weakness of men. Tragedy in the culprit because he has either done a vile thing or been wrongfully accused of it, and tragedy in the impersonal and cold blooded thing which we call the

State in that it thinks that it is getting somewhere in the elevation of of all men by casting some out and to death.

The public is no less befuddled than the executive. Crime is to us a horrible thing which we hate. Not being able to deal with an intangible thing we at once begin to hate the man who has committed the crime or has been charged with its commission. But we hate him at a distance. We are not brought face to face with him as an erring human being begging for mercy and a new trial as the governor is. Therefore, most of us go on regarding the Governor who is affected by his position as a sentimentalist.

A TRUE STORY.

About a year and a half ago when business was on the sick list, another "Go-Getter" discovered himself. He was only twenty-two, and served as a general utility man around the office and warehouse, for which he received twenty-five per. This young man wanted to go out selling paper, but his employer discouraged him all he could by telling him he was too young, business was rotten, hard game, etc., etc. Finally the young fellow said he was going out anyway. The boss said, "Go ahead, but remember, you are on a commission basis only." The "kid" went out. His first month's commission was $390.00. He has never gone below 290.00 a month, and his biggest month's work netted him nearly $700.00. He isn't lucky. He is a hard worker. One morning the watchman discovered a light in the sample room about five o'clock. Upon investigation he found this young "Go-Getter" putting up his own samples so he could make an early start. This type of fellow can't help but succeed.—Selected.

THE PASSING OF THE GREAT LEAD MINES.

By W. A. Freehols

The gold rushes to California or the Klondyke, or the diamond frenzy of Kimberly are naturally among the more spectacular and outstanding features of the fabulously rich mines which were discovered within the memory of the oldest inhabitant. In contemplation of these richer fields the great lead mining era of Wisconsin, Illinois, and Iowa, originating in 1788 when that great French adventurer, Julien Dubuque, laid the foundations of what was to be the most important lead mining industry in the nation for nearly a century, are of more than passing interest.

For twenty years Dubuque worked the lead mines in the vicinity of the great city which now bears his name, making excursions into the Wisconsin and Illinois territory at frequent

intervals. Then for a short period of twelve years the lead mines of the Mississippi valley were forgotten, only to be re-discovered in about 1821 and worked zealously up to the present time.

Two things have contributed to reduce the importance of these famous mines: first, the discovery of the silver-lead mines of Utah about 1845 to 1847, which yielded a richer and more profitable ore: and second, in recent years lead has lost much of its commercial importance.

The discovery of these lead mines cannot honestly be attributed to the white man alone, for the Indians had conducted crude operations for many years. But after the war of 1812, and particularly after the Black Hawk war of 1832, the territory adjacent to the present cities of Galena in Illinois and Mineral Point in Wisconsin became the center of ambitious mining and smelting projects.

No less a personage than Colonel William S. Hamilton, the youngest son of Alexander Hamilton, located in Wisconsin and operated several smelters, mining something in the neighborhood of 50,000 pounds of ore.

After 1821 the lead mining of the upper Mississippi valley was largely centered in Wisconsin, which was then a part of the old Michigan territory. One form of lead ore only was found in quantity, sulphide of lead, or galena as it was popularly known and from which the city of Galena derived its name.

Galena, when free from foreign mixtures, shows about 86 per cent. of pure lead mechanically mixed with sulphur. Ordinarily galena contains silver, but the Wisconsin ore contained only slight traces of the more precious metal.

The deposits of ore were usually found in crevices, the commonest form being a crack in the rock, usually only a few inches wide. Sometimes these crevices led to vast underground chambers several hundred feet in length and forty feet high, lessening to nothing at the sides, and brilliant with encrustations.

Many of these chambers contained masses of loose rock containing large quantities of galena ore, in many instances in the form of cubes and stalactites.

Almost all of the early inhabitants in the lead region under the American regime were natives of this country. There were two classes of miners; one came—especially from southern Illinois—during the spring, and returned down the south flowing rivers in the fall. This class was nicknamed from the fish whose habits it imitated, "Suckers." The other class, being largely from New England and New York State, were obliged to live in the region during the winter in "dug outs" like badgers, hence their nickname and the origin of the nickname of Wisconsin, "Badger State."

The first foreigners to settle in the lead district in considerable numbers were the Cornish, who came from the mines of England.

Some of the early historians claim that there was no real mining done by the Americans until the Cornish came in the 30's. They say that as soon as the rock became hard, the Americans deserted the mines for the

surface digging, seeking only the easy ore "float" on the surface. The Cornish introduced the safety fuse to be used in blasting, to replace the clumsy fuse of loose powder in the quills or straws used by the Americans.

The miner who worked for wages in the Wisconsin lead mines of 1830 was the exception. Nearly everyone operated for himself, as no capital was required to start a lead mine, and if a miner paid rent it was simply a small proportion of the ore he mined.

A miner's wages during the 30's and 40's was about a dollar a day, or from $15 to $20 per month and his board.

Crude smelters were neither expensive nor hard to make. A traveler who crossed the mining region in 1819 wrote about smelters as follows:

"A hole was dug in the face of a piece of sloping ground, about two feet deep and as wide at the top This hole was shaped like a mill hopper (conical) and lined with flat stones. At the bottom or point of the hopper, which was eight or nine inches square, stones were laid across like a grate. A trench was then dug from the sloping ground inward to the hopper. This channel was a foot in width and height, and was filled with dry wood and brush.

The hopper being filled with ore and the fuel ignited, in a few minutes the molten load fell through the stones at the bottom of the hopper and thence was discharged through the trench over the earth. The fluid mass was then poured into an awkward mold, and as it cooled it was called a "plat," weighing seventy pounds, or about the weight of the "pig" of later days.

The manufacture of shot was the greatest industry in connection with the smelters. Lead intended for shot was smelted by putting ten pounds of arsenic with every one thousand pounds of galena, which made the lead brittle and disposed to seperate more easily from the foreign matter.

The lead, when melted a second time, was poured through a perforatedladle and made to fall from the top of a shot tower into the water below, in all sorts of sizes and shapes.

When taken from the water and dried it was poured over a series of inclined planes, seperated by small troughs. Those globules which are sufficiently round run over all the planes, while the imperfect ones waddle along and eventually drop into the troughs. They are then melted up again.

The perfect shot are sifted in a machine containing various drawers with their bottoms perforated with holes of various sizes, from buckshot to mustard seed.

A shot tower was usually built on the summit of a rocky hill, so placed that the top could be reached easily by wagons. One tower of considererable fame rose 80 feet from the summit of the hill, making a fall of 180 feet from the roof of the tower to the bottom of the shaft.

From the bottom of the tower a lateral shaft, 90 feet long and seven feet high and six feet wide, extended. Within this shaft a small horsepower railway was built, which carried the shot in small boxes or cars from the basin or well into the finishing house.

Many instances of grim humor livened those old mining days. The story is on record that a "Colonel" T. B. Shaunce, a well known character of Dodgeville, Wisconsin, loved to play practical jokes, but one time played a joke too many upon an Irish associate.

The Irishman promptly challenged him to a duel, so Shaunce as the challenged party, chose the weapons—rocks at a distance of 40 feet, neither party to stir from his tracks till satisfied.

A large crowd turned out to see this remarkable duel. Each of the men, accompned by his second, came to the appointed place, the mouth of an old mining shaft just outside of the village limits.

When called upon to indicate where his opponent was to be stationed, Shaunce cooly proposed that McMurty should stand at the bottom of the shaft, which happened to be just 40 feet deep and he would stand at the top.

The duel was promptly declared off, and the whole party adjourned to the nearest tavern.

RICHEST MAN IN THE WORLD.

"The street" was generally agreed today that Henry Ford is the richest man in the world, following publication yesterday of the Ford Motor company's statement of its financial condition as of February 28, 1923. showing asset of $536, 351, 939. Actual cash or hand was $159,605,687. The figures were revealed in a statement filed with the Massachusetts commissioner of corporations in Boston.

Last February 28, the statement shows, the profit and loss surplus was $359,777,598. Wall street estimated net profits approximated $119,000,000, equivalent to more than $690 on a share on the 72,465 shares of $100 per value capital stock outstanding, which Henry Ford and his son, Edsel, own outright. Wall street further estimated that the Ford fortune totals something between $600,000,000 and $750,000,000.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

Pressly Mills, Reporter

Master Carroll Guice has returned to the institution after a very much enjoyed vacation.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

A few more hogs were killed last week, and the boys had sausage for breakfast the following Sunday.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Master Odell Ritchie is spending a short visit with his parents in Concord. He is to return to the institution in a few days.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

A large gasoline tank is to be placed at a convienient point on the campus. The capacity of this tank is to be three hundred gallons and this will easily supply the

needs of the offiers of the institution.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Master Paul Funderburk has returnd from Concord where he had been suffering in a hospital with a broken ankle for several weeks.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Mr. A. J. Horton built a new harness room at the horse barn last week. There are ten racks in this new addition.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The following boys received visits from their friends or relatives last Wednesday: Charles Crossman, Elbert Perdue, and Paul Groves.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Masters Malcolm Holman, Jack Pressly, Parks Newton and Henry Cullingford paid a visit to the institution last Sunday. All of these boys were recently paroled.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The Rev. Mr. Thomas, of Concord, conducted the religious service in the Auditorium last Sunday afternoon. He delivered an interesting sermon, text being taken from 1st Samuel.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Last Tuesday night Mr. Jason Fisher of Concord, director of the Forest Hill orchestra, very kindly agreed to take charge of the band until a new bandmaster is secured. The band boys will keep up their practice, practicing at least three times per week.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

An unusally large honor roll is being published in this number of THE UPLIFT. This shows that the boys are steadily progressing in their school work. It is every boy's ambition to be on the "A" honorroll and if he cannot be on it he is almost sure to be on "B".

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Master Wayne Carpenter was hurridly taken to a hospital, in Concord, where he underwent an operation for appendicitis last Thursday night. It is reported that he is in a favorable condition and that he will soon be able to be back at the institution.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Last Saturday the School baseball team, composed of boys only, defeated the White Hall by a score of 12 to 7. Some good hitting and fielding was done by the boys, who made a good showing against the visitors.

Douthey Everhart, the local pitcher, was the star of the game. He struck out 16 men, and secured a triple, a double and a single out of five times at bat.

A slight rain fell duing the game but it would take more than that to keep the boys from playing a game. The score:

J. T. S.	AB	R	H	O	A	E
Cook c	6	2	1	17	0	1
Scott 3b	6	2	0	1	1	1
Everhart p	5	3	3	0	0	0
Mills ss	5	0	1	1	2	1
Shipp 1b	5	2	0	7	1	1
Watson rf	5	2	2	1	0	0
Roper cf	5	0	0	1	0	0
Oglesby 2b	5	3	2	0	2	1

Carrow lf	5	1	1	0	0	0
Totals	47	15	10	27	7	5

White Hall	AB	R	H	O	A	E
Gamond L. c-ss	5	0	0	10	3	4
Gamond H. 3b-2b	5	4	3	2	4	2
Smith 1b	5	1	2	7	1	1
Kiser ss-c-p	5	1	2	3	0	2
White p-ss	4	1	0	1	1	0
Russell 2b-3b	4	0	0	1	0	2
Little cf	4	0	1	1	0	0
Bost rf	4	0	2	2	0	0
Garmond lf	4	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	40	7	10	27	9	11

Score by Innings.

										R
J. T. S.	1	1	2	4	3	1	2	1	x	15
W. Hall	1	0	0	0	0	1	0	4	1	7

Summary: Two base hits; Kiser, Everhart. Three base hits; Cook and Everhart. Double plays; Scott to Mills to Shipp. Struck out; by Everhart 16, by White 10. Base on balls; off Everhart 1, off White 2. Umpire, Alexander.

Standing of Club

	G	W	L	Pct.
J. T. S.	3	2	1	.667

HONOR ROLL.

Douthey Everhart, Thos. Sessoms, Jas. Foy, Norman Iddings, Raymond Keenan, Harry Sims, Baxter Shepard, Stanley Armstrong, Robt. Lee, Aubrey Weaver, Jas. Shipp, Presley Mills, Jas. Gentry, Chas. Roper, Robt. Watson, Max Thompson, Wm. Gregory, Joe Moore, Paul Funderburk, Lloyd Winner, Jno. Wright, Carrol Guice, Chas. Mayo, John Hill, Charlie Haynes, Willie Harvel, David Queen, Sam Dixon, Luther Grant, Geo. White, Blois Johnson, Brody Riley, Lester Borrens, Franklin Carlton, James Turner, Paul Hager, Roy Lingerfelt, Abraham Goodman, Eugene Long, Joe Mason, Hill Ellington, Cecil Trull, Forest Byers, Ralph Hunley, Howard Silliman, Ned Morris, William Waller, Clayton Stephens, Daniel Johnson, Jim Fisher, James King, Edgar McKeel, Jesse H. Pinn, Herbert Fulford, Jesse Harold, Arthur Duke, George Everhart, Claude Friske, Hyram Greer, Cleburn Hale, Pleas Johnson, Roy Johnson, Claiborne Jolly, Valton Lee, Smiley Morrow, Louis Pate, Lee Smith, Frank Stone, Raymond Scott, John Kemp, Worth Stout, Hugh Tyson, Vernon Lauder, James Allen, Herbert Apple, Johnnie Branch, Charles Crossman, Sam Deal, Roy Fuqua, H. Saud Hatem, Albert Johnson, Paul Kimray, Mandor Mooney, Walter Mills, Donald Pate, Walter Taylor, Irvin Turner, Edgar Warren, Thural Wilkerson, Elvin Greene, Irvin Cumbo, Robt. Carswell, Wesley Cook, Claiborne Gilbert, Everette Goodrich, Milton Hunt, Elwood Johnson, Glenn Monday, Marshall Williams, Richard Hoyle, Carl Henry, Chas. Maynard, Jess Wall, Walter Morris, James Gillespie, Mack Duncan, Harry Shirley, Charles Jackson, Clifton Rodgers, Joe Pope, Leon Allen, Robert Ward, Herman Cook, Baynes Porterfield, Breaman Brittian, Hoke

Ensley, Barnie McRary, Samuel Carron, Whitlock Pridgen, Clyde Hollingsworth, John Wofford, Erma Leach, Norman Lee, Thos. A. Oglesby Charles Padgett, Sanford Hedrick, Graham York, Grover Lyerly, George Scott, Judge Brooks, Obed McClain, Earle Little, William Buchanan, Henry Nunnery, Harry Stevens, Herbert Orr, Coleman Smith, Lee Rodgers, Sanford Wilson, Hazen Ward, Dallas Hensly, Joe Stevens, Rhodes Lewis, Clyde Trollinger, James Ford, Jerome Williams, Joe Wilkes, James Philips, Jay Lambert, Earle Houser, Aughtry Wilkerson, Jack Steward, Travis Browning Turner Anderson, Roy Johnson, William, Johnhton, Carlton Hager, Arthur Hyler, Clarence Sechrest, Edwin Crenshaw, Hurley May.

"B"

Rufus Wrenn, Ernest Jordon, Thos. Hart, David Underwood, Walter Brockwell, Keith Hunt, Howard Riggs, Jno. Moose, Herbert Presley, Ralph Cutchin, Loxley Saunders, Harry Ward, Clifton Rodgers, Carlyle Hardy, Clyde Pearce, Preston Winders, Earnest Allin, Jesse Foster, Charles Almond, Wirron Terry, Earle Wade, Jno. T. Bostic, Earle Crow, Geo. Howard, Paul Leitner, Floyd Linville, Argo Page, James Autry, Jack Stuart, Travis Browning, mings, Jno. D. Windham, Archie Waddell, Percy Briley, John Cain, Spencer Combs, Pure Graham, Watson O'Quinn, Walter Page, Lee Rodgers, Willie Smith, Lester Staley, William, Creasman, Newton Wat- Fred Wiles Chester Shepard Roy Rector Avery Roberts Blane Ensley Ed Moses Murphy Jones Luther Gray Wayne Carpenter Todie Albarty Walter Culler Carl Neal Lester J. Campbell Edgar Sperling James Ivey Jethero Mills Fletcher Heath Monday Parker Olen Williams John Hall Reggie Brown Jeff Latterman Enoch Briley Robert Cooper.

LEARNERS.

By M. J. Savage

Learners are we all at school,
Eager youth and weary age,
Governed by the selfsame rule,
Poring o'er the selfsame page.

Life the lesson that we learn
As the days and years go by;
Wondrous are the leaves we turn
On the earth and in the sky.

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2:37A	29	Birmingham-New York	29	2:37A
5:12A	44	Washington-Atlanta	44	5:12A
6:32A	31	Atlanta-New York	31	6:32A
8:41A	137	Atlanta-New York	137	8:41A
9:25A	11	Charlotte-Norfolk-Richmond	11	9:25A
10:55A	36	New York Birmingham-New Orleans	36	10:55A
3:20P	45	Washington-Charlotte	45	3:20P
3:45P	46	Charlotte-Danville	46	3:45P
7:10P	12	Norfolk-Richmond-Atlanta	12	7:10P
8:18P	32	New York-Augusta	32	8:18P
10:20P	35	Birmingham-New Orleans-New York	35	10:20P
9:45P	138	New York-Atlanta	138	9:45P
9:31P	135	Washington-Atlanta	135	9:31P

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THE UPLIFT

VOL XI CONCORD, N. C. MAY 19, 1923 No. 27

FAITH IN OUR FELLOW-MEN.

We cannot believe too strongly in the simple goodness of our fellow men. One whose eyes are open toward the beauties of the human life, the possibilities in every soul, the nobility of character to be found on every hand, will never doubt the power of God in human life.

If we look for goodness, we shall find it. If we persist in believing that people, in the main, have in them a vast amount of righteousness, our faith in them will be magnetic in drawing that righteousness to the surface. Christian people are most decidedly not divinely appointed judges to pass sentence upon other people who persist in sin, but they are called to discipleship that their lives may radiate a warmth, a tenderness, a spirit of Christain brotherliness that will draw souls to the Saviour himself. Our greatest service to our fellow beings will begin with our firm belief in their infinite possibilities when they have come in touch with the power of God.

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

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JAMES P. COOK, *Editor*, J. C. FISHER, *Director Printing Department*

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AFFORDING ENTERTAINMENT.

They have just completed the tearing down of the little, one-story brick building on South Union street in this town; and workmen are engaged in the excavation for the foundation of the Cabarrus Savings Bank and the new King building. A Fordson tractor with a scoop in front roots up the dirt and lands it in a wagon. It is a fine reproduction of old man John McAnulty's "scooter-mole-rooter" plow, the inventor of which was made famous as a weather prophet by Col. Wade Harris when he was running the Concord Sun. This Fordson scooter is bigger and mightier, but in McAnulty's day they didn't have gasoline—had to depend on mule power.

But it's curious how curious people are about the story of the old unsightly building. Fifty years ago it was an eye-sore, and all these years it has held its own. But just when the building was erected no one now seems to know exactly. Whenever some local history is desired, folks run to Mr. John Allison—not that he is so aged, but a man of observing nature and fine memory, and his long association with his father, who knew thing way back yonder, makes him fine authority on local history. When approached Mr. Allison just simply remarked "it was an old-looking building when I first knew it." Then Dr. Herring got the thing muddled by asking Mr. Bill Winecoff about the age of the building. Winecoff is quoted as saying that he did not know, but he remembers "seeing corn on the lot." And Mr. Allison had long since finished school before Mr. Winecoff was graduated from the

Academy of the late B. F. Rogers.

This all goes to show how easily things slip by us and soon become a part of the dead past. Now comes Mr. Vic Caldwell of Poplar Tent. He said that he had no fixed ideas about the age of the building, but he had just passed a man on the street that declared that the first time he ever saw barrels and barrels of corn whiskey was when it was being unloaded into that building. So Mr. Winecoff is right—he saw the corn, too. What a glorious blessing thousands in this old town have never seen what a bar-room looked like. The corner room of this old building was a fashionable(?) bar-room in its day. It probably has served at different times every conceivable purpose other than a Sunday School room or headquarters for a Salvation Army.

A fine summer is ahead of the old town. There is something to watch. The pavement is lined constantly by folks watching the Fordson do execution. Then when the steel skeleton for the six story building starts going up, there will be more stiff necks in Concord than in her combined history. Cashier Swink insists that it is not going to be a sky-scraper, but if a six-story building of steel and concrete construction with passenger elevators is not a sky-scraper in Concord, what is it?

* * * * * * *

NORTH CAROLINA IGNORED.

Sister Senorita Mondujano, a Chilean delegate to the Pan-American Conference of Women, held in Baltimore, requested a list of "America's Greatest Twelve Women" which she desired to hold up to the South American women as worthy ideals and inspiration. The list was made for her. North Carolina is not represented—it is irrefutable proof that the commission charged with this grave matter lacked information.

If that commission had been in Winston-Salem, several weeks ago, and given to the proposition the thought and consideration that the importance of the list warranted, that commission could have found the whole dozen among the delegates to that annual Federation meeting without spreading all over the country, picking out women that most of us never heard of very seriously. Confound this way of misleading innocent folks, seeking the truth, even though they come from Chile.

We have for our next issue a short biographical sketch of the twelve women, whom the Commission named the most outstanding and the greatest in American life. It is from the New York Times. They are: Cecilia Beaux, Carrie Chapman Catt, Jane Addams, Anna Botsford Comstock, Anna Jump Cannon,

Louise Homer, Minnie Maddern Fiske, Julia Latrop, M. Carey Thomas, Martha Van Rensslearer, Edith Wharton and Florence Rena Sabin. Honest, how many of these women did you ever hear of? Having heard of them, how many of you can tell off-hand in what field of endeavor and activity they have impressed themselves on the public mind as the greatest twelve?

THE UPLIFT is in favor of discharging that commission, and setting up a new one—the greatest state in the union deserves a representation in that dozen of celebrities, if sister Senorita Mondujano, of South America, is to be intelligently and accurately informed.

* * * * * * *

GOING AFTER IT HIMSELF.

Let us possess ourselves. There is no reason to become excited over Gov. Morrison's fixed determination to officially make an investigation of the conditions in the penitentiary, through agencies at his command and which, to him, seems best adapted for the purpose.

It nowhere appears that he ordered Commissioner Kate Burr Johnson to stop the investigation she was planning with the expert assistance of the Russell Sage Foundation. It is a fine opportunity, if such be needed, for this busy and active department to check up on the investigation.

We are satisfied, when the thing is over, that it will be found that a mountain has been made out of a mole-hill, as occurred in the Cabarrus county chain-gang affair.

But, what a pity that the reputation of the type of civilization prevailing in North Carolina had to be so severely injured by irresponsible parties like "Dr." Dudding.

* * * * * * *

HOW LITTLE WE KNOW.

A score or more of well-informed people were asked last week to give us the origin of "Mother's Day," and without success. So, THE UPLIFT advertised its ignorance.

But this frankness brought good results. In another page of this issue is the complete answer to our inquiry, being furnished by one of Concord's best informed ladies.

This reminds us of the amazing ignorance prevailing among us about everyday affairs. Who could qualify as an outstanding intelligent, smart person, by telling the story of the dozen women, selected for the Chilean delegate? There are even easier questions than this in our midst that puzzle.

ANNA JARVIS SUGGESTED THE IDEA—WILSON GAVE IT A SETTING.

In our last number THE UPLIFT confessed to its inability to locate anyone who could tell the story about the origin of Mother's Day, but made a shot at accusing ex-President Wilson for a part in it. One of Concord's choice and most highly accomplished ladies, Mrs. Dr. W. D. Pemberton, who follows THE UPLIFT weekly, comes to our relief in sending a clipping which she took from the "One Minute Page" of the Charlotte Observer several years ago, which gives just what THE UPLIFT was looking for. This account is produced, and in after years it will serve the purpose of other benighted folks in search of information.

The clipping sent by Mrs. Pemberton is as follows:

In response to a long distance inquiry from a prominent minister of Rockingham, N. C., to the One-Minute page editor in regard to the origin of Mothers' Day, the following facts were corralled for him and others interested, from Susan Tracy Rice's book, "Mothers' Day," kindly furnished by Miss Pierce, the Librarian:

"Although the formal designation of a specific day as Mothers' Day was but recently made in this country, we find in turning the pages of history that the idea rests, like so many of the customs, upon an ancient foundation. It strikes deep roots into universal truth and emotion. Mother love antedates the Christian religion. Mother-worship, with its own rites and ceremonies, reaches back into pagan times. Our earliest record of formal mother-worship is in the stories of the ceremonies by which Cybele, or Rhea, 'The Great Mother of the Gods,' was worshipped in Asia Minor. The worship of this 'Mother of the Gods' was introduced through Greece into Rome about 250 years before Christ. This grew in Rome into a celebration in honor of the 'Mother Church,' out of which grew the observance of 'Mothering Sunday,' just when and how, being uncertain. A long time ago when young men and maidens were bound out as apprentices and servants it was the custom for them to go visit their parents on the Mid-Lent Sunday, taking some present such as a cake or trinket. The youth was said to go 'a-mothering,'' and from this the day came to be called 'Mothering Sunday.'

"It is a far cry for these quaint English observances of the faithful in Mid-Lent to our new American festival. We cannot claim for Mothers' Day an unbroken line of descent from the old holiday when English apprentices went 'a-mothering.' This last festival of ours is perhaps the most conscious and deliberate effort a nation ever made to publicly honor motherhood and all that it implies.

First Proclamation.

"A proclamation was issued by President Wilson reading thus:

"'Whereas, By Joint resolution, approved May 8, 1914, designating

the second Sunday in May as Mothers' Day, and for other purposes, the President is authorized and requested to issue a proclamation calling upon the government buildings, and the people of the United States to display the flag at their homes or other suitable places on the second Sunday in May as a public expression of our love and reverence for the mothers of our country.

" 'And whereas, By the said Joint Resolution it is the made duty of the President of the United States to request the observance of the second Sunday in May as provided for in said Joint Resolution:

" 'Now, therefore, I, Woodrow Wilson, President of the United States of America, by virtue of the authority invested in me by the said Resolution, do hereby direct the government officials to display the United States flag on all government buildings and do invite the people of the United States to display the flag at their homes or other suitable places on the second Sunday of May as a public expression of our love and reverence for the mothers of our country.'

"The bill was known as mothers' Day Bill and is recorded in the Congressional Record, May, 1914."

An article by Jane A. Steward, in Susan Rice's book on origin of Mothers' Day, begins with a quotation from the late Rev. Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman: "I consider the observance of Mothers' Day one of the most beautiful suggestions I have heard in years. I have adopted it in my own work, and expect, after this, to have Mothers' Day in the campaign. My own mother has been in heaven for 35 years, but her memory is to me most precious, and grows more beautiful with each passing year."

"Thus wrote Dr. Chapman, apropos of the annual celebration of the second Sunday of May among the churches and Sunday schools as 'Mothers' Day' which was started in Philadelphia in 1908.

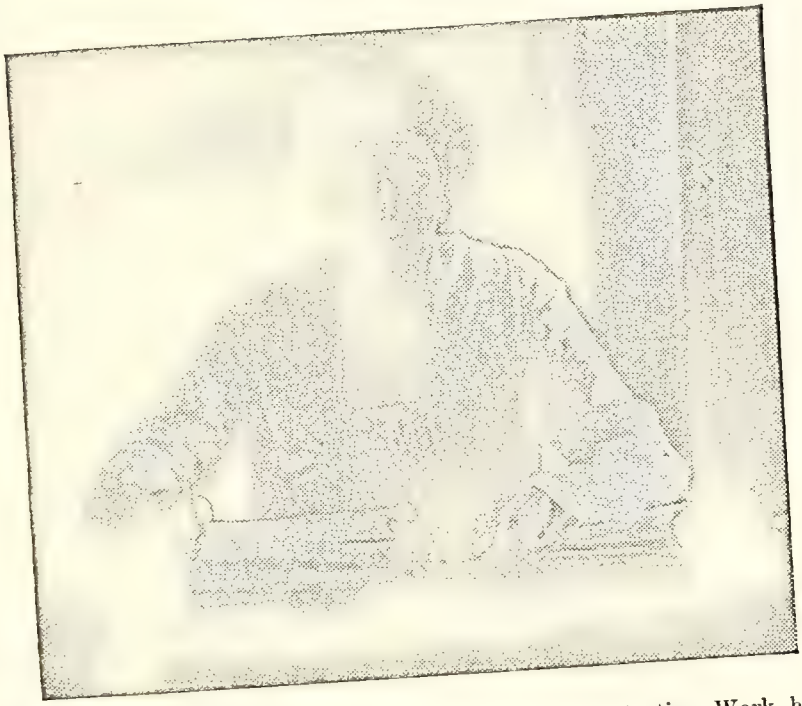
"The thought of a special Mothers' Day in Sunday schools and churches originated with Miss Anna Jarvis, of Philadelphia, to whom the idea came when she was asked by the superintendent of the Sunday school in the Virginia town in which her deceased mother had long been the moving spirit, to arrange memorial services.

"Thus the Mothers' Day idea came into the churches and Sunday schools, and had been expanded to include an outward demonstration of the latent love and gratitude to mothers, by a gift, words of appreciation, an act of kindness or a letter on the part of everybody."

What Europe needs is more miles of progress to the gallon of excitement.—Detroit Free Press.

SKETCH OF MRS. JANE S. MCKIMMON AND HER WORK.

By Maude E. Wallace.



When we look over the records of progress in rural lines in North Carolina we find no name which stands out more than that of Mrs. Jane S. McKimmon—State Home Demonstration Agent.

North Carolina was one of the five pioneer states in Home Demonstration work—the others being South Carolina, Mississippi, Virginia and Tennessee. In these five states only two of the original State workers remain—Miss Susie V. Powell in Mississippi and our Mrs. McKimmon in North Carolina.

Home Demonstration Work began in the fall of 1910—in the form of girls' club work—which at that time had to do chiefly with the growing and canning of tomatoes for home and market. The organization at this time spread only into fourteen counties. The early stages of the work necessarily had to do largely with such projects as would promote material wealth as this is usually the most accessible approach to the conservative mind. The first year the girls produced and canned 35,000 cans of tomatoes—fifty per cent of

these were put up in tin and everyone desired to find a market. One of the first things necessary was to convince the home people that these products had been properly sterilized and properly packed, that they were a good article of food and worth the price asked. This the girls proved by demonstrations in stores and other centers showing the kind of products they were trying to market. Almost all of these canned goods were sold right in the communities where they were grown and a reputation established there which still holds good today.

The interest aroused through this organization of girls in Girls' Canning Clubs spread to their mothers and they asked to be organized for Home Demonstration Work. Now the work had to expand from the first gardening and canning projects into a more general program for the development of the rural home—the selection and care of food, planning of meals, the meaning of well balanced meals, were some of the new features to be included.

Several big features of more recent development which have been holding the attention of the Home Demonstration Clubs are—Household Management—including the teaching and making of household conveniences; clothing work especially stressing the proper selection of clothing as well as better and easier ways of making these clothes. The work in clothing includes millinery and the hat problem, as to the making and trimming of hats, seems to hold unbounded interest. Household furnishings takes up the work of beautifying the interior of the rural home. These and other interesting projects have so vitalized the work that the number of counties organized has grown and the number of clubs and members have many times doubled since the beginning. The following figures make an interesting comparison: In 1911-12 there were fourteen counties organized while in 1921-22 the number had grown to fifty three. In 1911-12 thousand women in 1921-22. In 1911-thirteen counties reported on the work and last year all of the fifty-three counties reported—229 girls were enrolled in the work in 1911-12 as compared with over nine thonsand girls and in addition nearly nine thousand women in 1912-22. In 1911-12 the total number of containers filled was 330,000—while last year this number had increased to 1,720,-905.

No State Leader could have had a more loyal or better equipped group of co-operators than were furnished in the body of Home Demonstration Agents who carried on the work in the beginning at a great sacrifice of comfort and money. In most cases they received two months' pay and had to provide their own horse and buggy but feeling the need for help and instruction gave twelve months of service. The salaries gradually increased as the people saw the worth of the work until now well trained home Economics workers are at the head, in each county organized, under the title of County Home Demonstration Agent.

The wonderful growth of this work under the inspiration of Mrs.McKimmon's leadership has attracted national attention and from time to time she has been called into other states to present her plan of organization and methods of conducting the work.

Mrs. McKimmon has shown her true belief in cooperation by establishing with the other state departments a most satisfactory and harmonious arrangement. That there may be little or no duplication of work frequent conferences take place between the Home Demonstration Division and the heads of the other departments of the State Extension Service also with the State Departments of Education and Health and the State College for Women, Greensboro.

Mrs. McKimmon's services in Home Demonstration Work have brought developments in other associated forms. For instance the present fine Federation of Home Demonstration Clubs which meets annually in Raleigh at the Farmers and Farm Women's Convention is one of the outgrowths of this Convention. Mrs. McKimmon was one of the first Presidents of this Farm Women's Convention back in 1912 when the attendance had been not more than three or six women. She sent out the call,—promised them an interesting program if they would come and what was the result? About two hundred women came to this meeting,—fully half of them farm women.

The full value to the state and its womanhood of the inspiration and benefit gained from this leader cannot be estimated; but those of us who have the privilege of working with and knowing such a splendid type of womanhood are grateful for the inspiration and vision she gives us. The greatest benefits from such work are the intangible results which can only be measured by the increased amount of happiness which has come to the rural homes in this good old North State. And still the work is growing and spreading as we hope to see it continue to grow under its present leader, Mrs. Jane S. McKimmon, until it has spread into all of the one hundred counties—from the mountains to the seashore.

On Saturday, the 26th of May, there will be a great gathering of the women and girls in Concord, to hear this wonderful agent of service in the State. Miss Cathleen Wilson, the Co. Home Demonstration Agent who has been so successfully piloting and leading this great work in Cabarrus, is proud for club members to have a more intimate knowledge and appreciation of this splendid North Carolinian, Mrs. McKimmon.

Some day scientists will discover just what it is a young woman proves by dancing ninety hours.—New York Tribune.

CRIMINALITY OF DUELING.

In 1804, Alexander Hamilton was challenged by Aaron Burr. Both were distinguished American Statesmen, but Burr envied Hamilton's popularity. Hamilton felt compelled by the force of public opinion to accept the challenge, but fired his pistol in the air, and was himself killed by Burr. The following is from an address by Dr. Nott:

Hamilton yielded to the force of an imperious custom; and yielding, he sacrificed a life in which all had an interest; and he is lost, lost to his country, lost to his family, lost to us. For this rash act, because he disclaimed it, and was pentient, I forgive him. But there are those whom I cannot forgive. I mean not his antagonist, over whose erring steps, if there be tears in heaven, a pious mother looks down and weeps.

If he be capable of feeling, he suffers, already all that humanity can suffer; suffers, and wherever he may fly, will suffer, with the piognant recollection of having taken the life of one, who was too magnanimous in return to attempt his own. If he had known this, it must have paralyzed his arm while he pointed, at so incorruptible a bosom, the instrument of death. Does he know this now, his heart, if it be not adamant, must soften; if it be not ice, it must melt. But on this article I forbear. Stained with blood as he is, if he be penitent I forgive him; and if he be not, before these altars, where all of us appear as suppliants, I wish not to excite your vengeance, but rather, in behalf of an object rendered wretched and pitiable by crime, to wake your prayers.

But I have said, and I repeat it, there are those whom I can not forgive. I can not forgive that minister at the altar, who has hitherto forborne to remonstrate on this subject. I can not forgive that public prosecutor, who, intrusted with the duty of avenging his country's wrongs, has seen these wrongs and taken no measures to avenge them. I can not forgive that judge upon the bench, or that governor in the chair of State, who has lightly passed over such offenses. I can not forgive the public, in whose opinion the duelist finds a sanctuary. I can not forgive you, my brethern, who till this late hour have been silent, while successive murders were committed.

No; I can not forgive you, that you have not in common with the freemen of this State, raised your voice to the powers that be, and loudly and explicitly demanded an execution of your laws; demanded this in a manner, which, if it did not reach the ear of government, would at least have reached the heavens, and have pleaded your excuse before the God that filleth them; in whose presence as I stand, I should not feel myself innocent of the blood that crieth against us, had I been silent.

But I have not been silent. Many of you who hear me are my witnesses; the walls of yonder temple, where I have heretofore addressed you, are my witnesses, how freely I have animadverted on this subject, in the

presence both of those who have violated the laws, and of those whose indispensable duty it is to see the laws executed on those who violate them.

I enjoy another opportunity; and would to God, I might be permitted to approach for once the last scene of death. Would to God, I could there assemble, on the one side, the disconsolate mother with her seven fatherless children, and, on the other, those who administer the justice of my country. Could I do this, I would point to these sad objects.

I would entreat them, by the agonies of bereaved fondness, to listen to the widow's heart-felt groans; to mark the orphan's sighs and tears; and having done this, I would uncover the breathless corpse of Hamilton; I would lift from his gaping wound his bloody mantle; I would hold it up to heaven before them, and I would ask, in the name of God, I would ask, whether at the sight of it they felt no compunction. Ye who have hearts of pity; ye who have experienced the anguish of dissolving friendship; who have wept, and still weep over the moldering ruins of departed kindred, ye can enter into this reflection.

O thou disconsolate widow! robbed, so cruelly robbed, and in so short a time, both of husband and a son! what must be the plenitude of thy suffering! Could we approach thee, gladly would we drop the tear of sympathy, and pour into thy bleeding bosom the balm of consolation! But how could we confort her whom God hath not comforted! To his throne let us lift up our voices and weep. O God! if thou art still the widow's husband, and the father of the fatherless; if in the fullness of thy goodness, there be yet mercy in store for miserable mortals, pity, O pity this afflicted mother and grant her hapless orphans may find a friend, a benefactor, a a father in Thee

THE ALUMINUM AGE.

Aluminum is the most abundant metal. Every clay bank is a deposit of the metallic earth from which it is extracted.

Aluminum was discovered in 1727. A chemist named Margraf found a peculiar chemical earth in alum. He thought that it contained a metal, and he called it "alumina." His researches, however, brought to light nothing more than the name.

Louis Napoleon became interested in the story of a gray powder that a number of chemists were experimenting with. He subsidized Deville, who was in 1854. The plant turned out a maximum of 5,000 pounds a year until 1888. This was practically all converted into small fancy artcles—rings, brooches, statuettes, thimbles, souvenir bars, and wire coils. A four-ounce basket made of aluminum sold for $9 in Paris in 1869.

In 1884 aluminum cost sixteen dollars a pound but by 1889 it had dropped to four dollars and today it can be bought for twenty cents.

The great reduction in the cost of aluminum is largely due to the ingenuity of a young American chemist

—Martin Hall—who at the age of twenty extracted aluminum by means of electricity. Young Hall learned that alumina could not be electrically isolated in the presence of water, and also that it would not dissolve in any substance such as alcohol, benzol, or ether. Mr. Hall tried dissolving the alumina in melted cryolite. He powdered the cryolite, put it in a platinum crucible, and heated it. The cryolite melted and when he added the alumina in a powdered form the powder dissolved. It was this discovery that has made cheap aluminum possible.

Hall's next step was to determine whether the metal could be electrolized out of the solution in a metalic form. He prepared a carbon-lined iron crucible and again dissolved the alumina in cryolite. Then he connected the iron crucible with an electric circuit, introduced a solid carbon electrode into the cryolite, and connected the other side of the crucible with the electrode as in any electrolysis. He turned on his current; and presently, with an iron spoon, he spooned up some melted aluminum, just as you would spoon up any heavy liquid from the bottom of a vessel containing a lighter liquid. He poured this melted aluminum out of the spoon and it cooled into a solid metallic button.

Hall called his sisters out to his kitchen laboratory to show them what he had made. At the age of twenty-two he had discovered the only practical method that ever has been discovered of getting metal from alumina.

The specific gravity of aluminum is only two and one-half times that of water. In other words a cubic foot of water weighs a little over sixty-two pounds; a cubit foot of aluminum weighs one hundred and sixty-two pounds, while a cubic foot of gold weighs a little over a half a ton—or twelve hundred and three pounds. When hammered and rolled aluminum becomes as hard as iron and lighter than glass. It does not rust nor tarnish.

Owing to its wonderful properties, aluminum serves almost innumerable purposes and new uses are being found for it all the time. It is used to make hot-water bottles, camp cooking outfits, teapots, combs, pails, flashlights, picture frames, fans, keys, buttons, portable typewriters, parts of bicycles, folding cameras, folding boats, air-planes and many parts of automobiles. This once expensive metal is now used in nearly every automobile crankcase.

Millions of bottles have easily removed stoppers of aluminum and it is rolled into a foil, half the thickness of tissue paper, which is used for all the purposes of tinfoil. Small aluminum disks are used in the meters of electric lights to keep an accurate record of the amount of electricity used. The disk is made of aluminum because that metal is non-magnetic, and so light in weight that a very small portion of current is required to turn it.

Miles and miles of aluminum cables are used to span wide streams, chasms and other distances. These cables are much lighter and cheaper than the ordinary cable of copper. Besides being made into cables, aluminum is drawn out into the finest wire. This wire can be made into tubes with a hollow in it so small that you can hardly see it with the unaided

eye. These tiny tubes are used as dial hands on the instrument on the automobile dashboards and other like places.

Besides being drawn into a wire, hammered and rolled, aluminum can be cast into any shape by means of sand molds. The metal can be polished to luster equaling that of silver, and will not turn black in the air, as does the silver. Aluminum is a remarkable conductor of heat and when used as cooking utensils, saves the amount of fuel used.

Aluminum is absolutely non-poisonous. Some metals when attacked by the acids of certain foods, cause the formations of poisons; but it is impossible to produce a poison by uniting aluminum with any substance which is not itself a poison. For this reason and because the metal is very durable and easily kept clean, not only household utensils but also the big kettles and apparatus used on our navy ships, in restaurants and hotels, by candy makers, and by packers and canners, are made of aluminum.

Tooth pastes, cold creams and many other substances are now put up in aluminum tubes. These convenient collapsible tubes are growing in use every day. The vacuum cleaner would probably not have been possible without aluminum as it would have weighed at least three times as much when constructed of other materials. Rubber balls and other small articles are made in aluminum moulds because the rubber does no stick to the moulds and it is not necessary to cover the inside with soap or soapstone.

Steel manufacturers would find the output of their factories decreased twenty per cent. If they were deprived of the use f aluminum. Owing to the strong affinity between aluminum and oxygen, a small amount of aluminum added to the steel in the furnace, results in the elimination of the gas that causes "blow holes."

Aluminum is also used in the steel industry to quiet "wild heats." These "wild heats" were practically uncontrollable, resulting in bad ingots and great danger to the workmen before the use of aluminum.

When the steel is poured from the furnace into the ladle, the gases retained in the molten metal agitate it and cause it to boil. Metal in this condition is hard to pour; and if it is poured while in a "wild" state, it is likely to cool before the gases escape. In that case the steel is honeycombed with small holes. So now the makers of the steel introduce into the boiling metal a very small quanity of aluminum—from three to twelve ounces of aluminum to a ton of metal. A workman stands at the side of the ignot mold, and from time to time throws small pieces of aluminum either into the ladle from which the metal is poured or into the mold as it is filled. The effect is almost instantaneous. The holding and agitation cease very quickly.

Nearly all the aluminum used in the United States comes from the ore known as bauxite, which exists in great quanities in Arkansas. Nearly fifty per cent of this ore consists of alumina, and it is mined from the surface by hand or steam shovels, no underground work being required.

The impurities of the ore are removed by chemical methods. Then the aluminum oxide is dried by

means of two thousand degrees of heat, the product being alumina, a pure white powder like sand. This powder dissolved in cryolite by Hall's process is reduced by electrolysis to metallic aluminum and then poured into ignots.

The ignots to be made into cooking utensils are re-melted and cast into rectangular slabs. Then they go through rolling machines of enormous pressure by which they are reduced in thickness. Smaller sheets, cut from the large rough sheets, are then rolled until the metal is dense and hard and is in thickness about that of the finished utensils.

Sheets of aluminum about the size of the utensils to be made are then taken to the large presses or "stamping machines." These machines have a stationary socket, or die, the form of which is the same as that of the exterior of the utensil to be shaped in it and also solid steel punches fastened to moving pistons. When the operator places a piece of the sheet metal over the die and presses a lever, down comes the punch with enormous force, and the aluminum sheet is stamped into the die. The rough forms of the utensils are pressed in one die after another, becoming after each operation more nearly the shape of the finished utensil. An ordinary funnel is stamped in thirteen different dies before it has its final form.

The extreme malleablity of aluminum is shown in making a collapsible tube for tooth paste. A small aluminum button an inch in diameter and a quarter of an inch thick is placed in the chamber of a steel cylinder. A plunger driven with great force descends upon the button, and the cold, solid metal squirts like water through the space—about two-hundredths of an inch—between the cylinder and the plunger. When the aluminum is taken out of the cylinder we find that it has been squirted into the familiar tubular form of th collapsible tube.

As we speak of the past as the "stone age," the "steel age" and various other such terms, so it is possible that in the future this will be known as the "aluminum age." The uses of the metal are continually growing in number. Within a lifetime, the metal has increased in use from a few ounces a year to one hundred and thirty million pounds in the United States alone in 1919.

A DAY IN NEW YORK.

By Mrs. E. H. Pearson

Let us imagine that we are coming into New York for the first time by boat as the immigrants do. From the boat we can see the harbor filled with boats, large and small, ferry-boats, freight car floats long tows of canal boats bound up the Hudson, floating derricks, noisy tugs. European steamships, all coming and going, always changing and expressive of the ceaseless activity of the great city which we are approaching. We pass the Statue of Liberty, looking perhaps a little smaller than we have seen it in our imaginations, but a striking figure in the harbor nevertheless. Next to it we see Ellis Island and the large buildings

of the Immigration Depot. On our right are Staten Island, Governor's Island and Brooklyn enclosing the harbor. Of course we will not land without marveling at the skyline of huge buildings reaching up like great mountain peaks. We leave our boat at one of the piers along the Hudson and go down to Battery Park at the southern end of the city.

It does not look much like a park bounded as it is by skyscrapers and inter-laced with a noisy elevated railway whose trains thunder along over our heads and wind out of sight among the buildings. The Aquarium is on the water front, a low circular building with walls several feet thick and narrow window slits like a prison. That is because the Aquarium was once a fort, built for the protection of the city during the War of 1812. At that time the fort stood on a little island which has since been connected to the larger island by artificial means. In this very building six thousand people met to welcome Lafayette's return, and some years later Jenny Lind made her American debut. Now it is the home of all varieties of fishes, from the huge sea lion who roars for his lunch to the tiny sea horses swimming around so daintily and holding up their heads as proudly as the policeman's horse on the avenue.

Going uptown we pass the Custom House and Bowling Green, where they say the first New Yorkers used to bowl on the grass. We are going up Broadway now, the longest street in the world. If we stay long we shall discover that everything here is the longest, largest, highest, fastest, richest and noisiest in the world.

It seems odd to find churches down here on the busiest business streets of the city, but they were built a long time ago, not long after the time when Wall Street was really a wall to keep the Indians from coming down into the town. Trinity Church at the head of Wall Street dates from 1697 and is the oldest church in New York. Visitors used to climb the tall steeple for the view, but as it is only two hundred and eighty-four feet high, the buildings across the street, all of them more than three hundred feet high, would cut off our view if we should climb the narrow stairs. The interior is famous for its beautiful bronze doors depicting scenes from the Bible, and for the marble altar whose central panel is a Maltese cross in mosaic set with cameos. The colors are exquisite.

The churchyard contains many old and famous tombstones, some of them dating from 1681. Here is the stone of Captain James Lawrence, the heroic commander of the frigate Chesapeake. His dying words, "Don't Give Up the Ship," are engraved upon the pedestal. Alexander Hamilton and his successor, Albert Gallatin are buried here, and Robert Fulton, the inventor of the steamboat. Trinity Church is the richest church society in America, supporting several congregations and schools.

We must not leave this neighborhood without a glimpse of St. Paul's Chapel, also a relic of Colonial days, where worshipped George Washington, Lord Howe and the English midshipman who was afterwards King George the fourth. We can sit in Washington's pew, marked by the Arms of the United States. Directly

across the church is the pew of Governor Clinton, with the New York State coat of arms in similar position.

Now we are on Wall Street, the financial center of the country. Here fortunes are made and lost in a day. The sidewalks and the streets itself are crowded with hurrying, jostling throngs of bankers, brokers, lawyers, clerks and messenger boys, who scarcely give us room to pass along to the few buildings we must notice. The United States Sub-Treasury was built to house immense deposits of coin, and is a mass of stone and iron, standing upon solid rock. It is protected by walls five feet thick and the upper part contains an arsenal with equipment for one hundred men. We are not allowed to see inside the vault, which scmetimes stores as much as 225 millions of dollars. A bronze statue of Washington stands in front on the identical spot where the living Washington stood when he took the oath as first President of the United States.

Before we leave this part of the city we ought to see Fraunces' Tavern and the John Street Methodist Church. Fraunces' Tavern was built in 1700 and was a famous tavern at the time when Washington met his offiicers and aides in the long room upstairs to bid them farewell on resigning his commission. The very chair that he leaned upon that day still sits in the room, and other interesting relics of the times have been put on exhibition here. The lower floor is still used as a restaurant and the waiters wear the revolutionary costumes. Even the outside of the house has been restored to its original appearance, and the queer little old tavern looks quite out of place between the stately office buildings on that street corner where it used to hold chief place.

The John Street Methodist Church is called the "cradle of American Methodism," because it was the first Methodist church to be built in America. It is a quaint little meeting house, still keeping its long wooden benches and the old relics of the earliest worshippers. Back of the wooden railing around the pulpit stands the tall clock which John Wesley sent over from England and which still ticks off the time.

City Hall Park is the center of the official life of New York. We will not stop to visit the City Hall and the Mayor's office. A good many people seem to be ahead of us anyway, probably couples after marriage licenses or other vastly important business. We will go over to Printing House Square, presided over by Benjamin Franklin, the patron saint of printerdom. Printing House Square is a typical newspaper center. Crowds gather about the bulletin boards, great rolls of paper are unloading for the presses, newsboys block the sidewalk in their eagerness to secure attention. Interesting as this everyday scene is, we ought to be here on election night. The square and park are a solid billowing mass of people, shouting and hurrahing, or groaning and hooting as another county is heard from. And the newspaper brass bands and the thousands of horns bray approval or disgust!

Southwest of the park on Broadway is the Woolworth Building, 750 feet high and the tallest inhabited building in the world. We will let

ourselves be whisked up to the top in an elevator so fast it takes our breath away. And we don't regain it as we look at the sight before and below us. We are so high that even the skyscrapers look far away and the people on the streets below are mere ants scurrying around. We have a fine view of the harbor we entered, and can see away across Brooklyn and Long Island to the ocean beyond. Across the Hudson are the docks and chimneys of New Jersey and farther north the beautiful Palisades steep cliffs rising high above the river for miles opposite upper New York City. On the other side of the long and narrow island city a number of enormous bridges span the East River and connect New York with Long Island and the Bronx. The largest of these bridges carries four trolley and two cable tracks besides two roadways.

Traveling uptown as far as Madison Square and Twenty-third Street we come to the Metropolitan Tower, second in height in the city. Here is the famous clock that chimes out the hours, halves and quarters in tuneful melody. Here also is the Flatiron Building, no longer the highest in the vicinity, but still unique in architecture.

Fifth Avenue is the fashionable street of the city, famous for its residences, clubs, hotels and shops. The best way to see it is from the top of a bus which we shall mount at Washington Square, the old residential section of New York, now transformed almost wholly into an artist's colony with a few of the old residences still remaining to lend it dignity. We move slowly uptown on top of our bus passing through the shopping section where the crowds that fill the streets are chiefly made up of women. At Forty-second Street we pass the Public Library a beautiful structure of marble, the home of a million books and often the temporary home of valuable art collections. At Forty-fourth Street we find Delmonico's, one of the most famous restaurants in the world. St. Patrick's Cathedral at Fifty-first Street makes us think we are in Europe. It is very unlike the ordinary church in this country and is really a fine example of Gothic architecture. Almost across the avenue is the home of W. K. Vanderbilt and farther on that of Cornelius Vanderbilt, the Astor, Belmont, Gould and Carnegie homes.

Central Park extends from Fifty-ninth Street north to 110th Street, a distance of two and one-half miles. It contains hundreds of acres of woodland, meadows, lakes and ponds, and is a beauty spot in the middle of a brick and stone city. Among the many things in the park worth seeing is the Egyptian Obelisk, a remarkable piece of stone, sometimes called Cleopatra's Needle from its shape. It is the one Moses stood before when he denounced the praise of the Sun-god written on its sides, and was very ancient even at that time. The Obelisk is a single stone so hard that our modern stone-cutting implements make no impression on its its surface. How the Egyptians covered it with hieroglyphics is a mystery.

In such a short visit we cannot stop in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, although we might spend several days there to advantage.

Mounting again our Fifth Avenue bus we shall cross the city to Riverside Drive a beautiful parkway extending for three miles along the

slopes and bluffs of the Hudson. It is lined with fine apartment buildings and it is where we should all choose to live if we were to move to New York. No other place gives such wonderful views of river and hills beyond or has such marvelons sunsets.

Grant's tomb is at 122nd street on the drive, and east of it Columbia University was built on the historic site of the battle of Harlem Heights. This part of the city is over a hundred feet above the river and is a fine location for that reason.

The most famous historic house on the island is the Jumel Mansion, whose history reads like a novel. It was built by Roger Morris, who married a young lady said to have jilted Washington. Morris fled the country during the Revolution because he sympathized with the British. Washington then occupied the house as his headquarters until the capture of Fort Washington by the British, when General Clinton transferred his headquarters there. After the war it was bought by a rich French merchant named Jumel, and many famous characters were entertained there, including Lafayette, Louis Napoleon and Joseph Bonaparte. Jumel's widow afterwards married Aaron Burr and was a noted character in New York during her long lifetime. The house is now used as a museum for Revolutionary relics.

Our uptown jaunt will be concluded by a visit to two more parks. We shall wish for more time to spend looking at the Zoo in Bronx Park and the Botanical Gardens. Van Cortland Park contains a golf course, ball grounds and the old Van Cortland mansion, another of Washington's headquarters in the early days.

We have come all the way uptown without seeing the subway, the city's greatest triumph in the way of shortening distances. We can get on here at 242d Street and ride all the way down to Times Square in a little more than half an hour. In some places the great trenches of the subway were dug out of solid rock one hundred feet below the street level. By the time we reach Times Square at Broadway and Forty-second Street it is evening and we can see the bright lights of the Great White Way. The streets are thronged with people and the headlines over the theatres vie in brilliancy with the electric signs advertising Wrigley's Gum, Corticelli Silk and the rest. We make our way slowly across Forty-second Street to the Grand Central Terminal where we board our train for home.

Small duties and great duties are merely terms of earth. We may be very sure that God's standard of measurement is not ours. We, who cannot forsee consequences, cannot estimate either obedience or neglect at their full weight.—Forward.

HORRORS OF WAR.

Though the whole race of man is doomed to dissolution, and we are hastening to our long home; yet, at each successive moment, life and death seem to divde between them the dominion of mankind, and life to have a larger share. It is otherwise in war; death reigns there without a rival, and without control.

War is the work, the element, or rather the sport and triumph of death, who here glories not only in the extent of his conquests, but in richness of his spoil. In the other methods of attack, in the other forms which death assumes, the feeble and the aged, who at best can live but a short time, are usually the victims; here they are the vigorous and the strong.

It is remarked by the most ancient of poets, that in peace, children bury their parents; in war, parents bury their children, nor is the difference small. Children lament their parents, sincerely, indeed, but with that moderate and tranquil sorrow, which it is natural for those to feel who are conscious of retaining many tenderties many animating prospects.

Parents mourn for their children with the bitterness of despair; the aged parent, the widowed mother, loses, when she is deprived of her children, every thing but the capacity of suffering; her heart, withered and desolate, admits no other object, cherishes no other hope. It is Rachel, weeping for her children, and refusing to be comforted, because they are not.

But to confine our attention to the number of the slain, would give us a very inadequate idea of the ravages of the sword. The lot of those who perish instantaneously may be considered apart from religious prospects, as comparatively happy, since they are exempt from those lingering diseases and slow torments to which others are so liable.

We can not see an individual expire, though a stranger or an enemy, without being sensibly moved and prompted by compassion to lend him every assistance in our power. Every trace of resentment vanishes in a moment; every other emotion gives way to pity and terror.

In the last extremities, we remember nothing but the respect and tenderness due to our common nature. What a scene, then, must a field of battle present, where thousands are left without assistance, and without pity, with their wounds exposed to the piercing air, while the blood, freezing as it flows, binds them to the earth, amid the trampling of horses, and the insults of an enraged foe!

If they are spared by the humanity of the enemy and carried from the field, it is but a prolongation of torment. Conveyed in uneasy vehicles, often to a remote distance, through roads almost impassible, they are lodged in ill-prepared receptacles for the wounded and sick, where the variety of distress baffles all the efforts of humanity and skill and renders it impossible to give to each the attention he demands.

Far from their native home no tender assiduties of friendship, no well-known voice, nor wife, nor mother, or sister, are near to soothe

their sorrows, relieve their thirst, or close their eyes in death! Unhappy man! and must you be swept into the grave unnoticed and unnumbered and no friendly tear be shed for your suffering, or mingled with your dust?

We must remember, however, that as a very small proportion of military life is spent in actual combat so it is a very small part of its miseries which must be ascribed to this source. More are conssumed by the rust of inactivity than by the edge of the sword; confined to a scanty or unwholesome diet, exposed in sickly climates, harassed with tiresome marches and perpetual alarms; their life is a continual scene of hardships and danger. They grow familiar with hunger, cold, and watchfulness. Crowded into hospitals and prisons, contagion spreads among their ranks, till the ravages of disease exceed those of the enemy.

We have hitherto only adverted to the sufferings of those who are engaged in the profession of arms, without taking into our account the situation of the countries which are the scenes of hostilities. How dreadful to hold everthing at the mercy of an enemy, and to receive life itself as a boon dependent on the sword!

How boundless the fears which such a situation must inspire, where the issues of life and death are determined by no laws, principles, or customs, and no conjecture can be formed of our destiny, except so far as it is dimly deciphered in characters of blood, in the dictates of revenge, and the caprices of power!

Conceive, but for a moment, the consternation which the approach of an invading army would impress on the peaceful village in our own neighborhood. When you have placed yourselves in that situation, you will learn to sympathize with those unhappy countries which have sustained the ravages of arms. But how is it possible to give you an idea of these horrors!

Here, you behold rich harvests, the bounty of heaven, and the reward of industry, consumed in a moment, or trampled under foot, while famine and pestilence follow the steps of desolation. There, the cottages of peasants given up to the flames, mothers expiring through fear, not for themselves, but their infants; the inhabitants flying with their helpless babes in all directions, miserable fugutives on their native soil.

In another place, you witness opulent cities taken by storm; the streets, where no sounds were heard but those of peaceful industry, filled on a sudden with slaughter and blood, resounding with the cries of the pursuing and the pursued; the palaces of nobles demolished, the houses of the rich pillaged, and every age, sex, and rank, mingled in promiscuous massacre and ruin!

Sam (on outside looking in)—"Look heah, niggah, is you in fo' life?"
Rastus (on inside looking out)—"Not me, I ain't;" jes' fum now on."

FROGS AND THEIR COUSINS, TOADS.

By Edwin Tarrisse

The ingenuity and persistence with which man seeks out and applies to his service everthing in the world, animate and inanimate, is most curiosity exemplified in his utilization of the lower animals, no order of which seems quite unserviceable. Some of the quaintest instances of this may be found in the use of frogs and toads.

In the first place, frogs are edible. They are eaten the world over, especially in France and the French colonies. It is said, however, that this practice, which long ago gave the nickname "Johnny Crapaud" to the Frenchman, is no older than the end of the fifteenth century; and it seems probable that it arose from the effects of the fasting, or non-flesh-eating, monks, to get something as near as flesh as possible. Hence they always reckoned amphibious animals, including the otter and the beaver, as fish, not flesh. But it is thought that the common people of Europe had eaten frogs since there were any people there.

In the winter and spring all city restaurants in the United States put frogs' saddles on their bills of fare. These are chiefly of the species Rana sylvatica. Our Indians ate them and preserved them dried and smoked. Savages elsewhere do the same; South Australians even relish tadpoles, but only a few most brutish tribes ever eat the hideous toad.

In New Zeland it appears that certain frogs furnish drink as well to the natives. Drought sometimes endures there for many months at a time; yet when a rain falls, the water-hollows suddenly swarm with frogs. This mystery was explained to a traveler who was once in great need of water. A native lad, hearing of his distress, began to examine the dry surface of the water-holes, and finally detected and followed an indistinct trail left on what had once been mud until it ceased in the shade of a small bush.

He the began to dig with a sharp stick, and in a short while turned out a ball of clay about eight inches in diameter, quite dry outside, which, when broken, disclosed a frog shut up in its cavity, containing besides more than half a pint of water, cool and clear.

Toads and frogs were considered as indispensible to the outfit of the oldtime medical practitioner, and are still regarded so in Oriental countries. In Sir Walter Raleigh's day an oniment of toad's fat was supposed to give immense muscular strength, if applied to the body at the conjunction of certain favorable planets. The surprising jumping abilities of the animal no doubt suggested the thought that some of its power would enter the limbs of an athletic rubbed with its fat; but it is hard to account thus for Josselyn's assertion that the fat of the American pond-frog is good for burns, scaldings and the reduction of inflammation so as to leave no scar.

Brickwell, the earliest naturalist to visit North Carolina, recorded that "these animals, baked and beat to powder, are taken with rice to cure the tympany and many disorders."

In the time of Sir Thomas Browne, say 1650, a cubic inch of dried toad, worn around the neck, was believed to be an infallible antidote against many maladies, bodily and mental; and a powdered toad, swallowed in spoonfuls, formed an irresistible love-philter. In this notion we perhaps get a hint of the very ancient origin of the supposed medical efficacy of the toad, for it is a nocturnal animal and hence sacred to the powers of darkness, and in particular to Hecate, who, through her relations with the moon, was highly influential in human affairs.

If evil-disposed persons sought the aid of these nocturnal servants of witchcraft, what more natural than that a timorous mortal should protect himself with the same?

But we need not go so far back. Today in China, the daily medicine include dried toads and frogs, put down as "tonic and sudorific." You may buy the articles today in New York or San Francisco, and there is told the story of an enterprising coolie in California who caught and sent to China several thousand "horned toads," which, by the way, are not toads at all, but lizards, where they were converted into high-priced prescriptions.

In Gambia the natives bind a toad against each temple to cure sunstroke, and the same custom obtains elsewhere.

The Indians of Columbia poison their arrows with a compound, the chief ingredient of which is an exudation, of a very acrid nature, from the large toad of the Pampas. The Aztecs used something of the kind to change the color of feathers, and adapt them to gaudy designs in their famous feather-work. It is a popular belief in New England that the finger of a person handling a toad will be poisoned; and when one was a boy he used to be told by other boys that touching a toad would produce warts on one's hand.

Toads and frogs are serviceable to mankind as devourers of the insects that plague us. A toad domiciled among houseplants will rid them of lice; and a newt in a fernery is said to keep down a certain green fly which is a great pest in England.

Both the toads and the smaller frogs become interesting pets. They display a good memory and much friendliness. This ought to be counted a utilization of the animal, quite as much as the employment of thousands of them annually as dissected illustrations in schools of comparative anatomy, and on the tables of experimenters in electrical science. By means of this domestication we can study the intelligence and emotions of a lowly creature—something of quite as great interest as are the nerves in its haunches.

Entomologists have often enslaved toads, and enforced their help in the capacity of living fly-traps, while microscopists search toads entrail for protozoan plunder. A number of toads are turned out at night in the districts where the rare insects desired is known to exist. In the morning the scouts are recaptured, and either deprived of their spoils by gentle pressure, or killed and ransacked.

Frogs often serve as barometers. If you confine a small specimen—say a Hyla—in a glass jar in which plants are growing, he will hide himself in the grass when it is damp, but on the

approach of better weather, will show himself, and climb a little ladder or other perch furnished him. This hygroscopic faculty is well illustrated in the account of the sudden revivification of frogs in New Zealand by wet weather. It is often noticed nearer home that a rain, following a dry spell, brings with it hosts of young and noisy amphibians, which have not rained down, but come out of their burrows and cool hiding places.

How easily these animals are affected by a change in the condition of the atmosphere has long been recognized by the country people. Witness these sayings: "Frogs croak more lustily and come abroad in the evening before rain;" "The louder the frogs, the more the rain;" "Tree-frogs crawl up the branches before a change toward dryness in the weather;" "If toads come out of their holes in great numbers, rain will fall."

Something like a century ago desperate planters in the West Indies introduce the huge aqua toad of the Orinoco Valley to their rat-plagued sugar plantations. These toads will catch and devour young wild rats; but though they spread over Jamaica and several neighboring islands with amazing rapidity, the rats remained disturbed, and the planters suffered from an additional nuisance, of which they have ever since been extremely anxious to be rid.

Finally, we must not forget how the fanciful taxidermist mounts the frogs in caricature of humanity—sometimes with the most laughable effect—and the use that is made of this absurb-looking amphibian in fable and fairy lore, and in the illustrations of the more modern comic supplements.

LOVE OF APPLAUSE.

To be insensible to public opinion, or to the estimation in which we are held by others, indicates any thing, rather than a good and generous spirit. It is, indeed, the mark of a low and worthless character; devoid of principle, and therefore devoid of shame. A young man is not far from ruin, when he can say without blushing, I dont care what others think of me.

But to have a proper regard to public opinion, is one thing; to make that opinion our rule of action, is quite another. The one we may cherish consistently with the purest virtue, and the most unbending rectitude; the other we can not adopt, without an utter abandonment of principle and disregard of duty.

The young man whose great aim is to please, who makes the opinion and favor of others his rule and motive of action, stands ready to adopt any sentiments, or pursue any course of conduct, however false and criminal, provided only that it be popular.

In every emergency, his first question is, what will my companions, what will the world think and say of me, if I adopt this or that course of conduct? Duty, the eternal laws of rectitude, are not thought of. Custom, fashion, popular favor;

these are the things that fill his entire vision, and decide ever question of opinion and duty.

Such a man can never be trusted; for he has no integrity, and no independence of mind to obey the dictates of rectitude. He is at the mercy of every causual impulse and change of popular opinion; and you can no more tell whether he will be right or wrong to-morrow, than you can predict the course of the wind, or what shape the clouds will then assume.

And what is the usual consequence of this weak and foolish regard to the opinions of men? What the end of thus acting in compliance with custom in opposition to one's own conviction of duty? It is to lose the esteem and respect of the very men whom you thus attempt to please. Your defect of principle and hollow-heartedness are easily perceived: andthough the person conwhom you thus sacrifice your conscience, may affect to commend your complaisance, you may be assured, that, inwardly, they despise you for it.

Young men hardly commit a greater mistake, than to think of gaining the esteem of others, by yielding to their wishes contrary to their own sense of duty. Such conduct is always morally wrong, and rarely fails to deprive one, both of self-respect and the respect of others.

It is very common for young men, just commencing business, to imagine that, if they would advance their secular interest, they must not be very scrupulous in binding themselves down to the strict rules of rectitude. They must conform to custom; and if, in buying and selling, they sometimes say things that are not true, and do things that are not honest; why, their neighbors do the same; and verily, there is no getting along without it. There is so much competition and rivalry, that, to be strictly honest, and yet succeed in business, out of the question.

Now, if it were indeed so, I would say to a young man; then, quit your business. Better dig, and beg too, than to tamper with conscience, sin against God, and lose your soul.

But is it so? Is it necessary, in order to succeed in buisness, that you should adopt a standard of morals, more lax and pliable, than the one placed before you in the Bible? Perhaps for a time, a rigid adherence to rectitude might bear hard upon you; but how would it be in the end? possibly, your neighbor, by being less scrupulous than yourself, may invent a more expedious way of acquiring a fortune. If he is willing to violate the dictates of conscience, to lie and cheat, and trample on the rules of justice and honesty, he may, indeed, get the start of you, and rise suddenly to wealth and distinction.

But would you envy him his riches, or be willing to place yourself in his situation? Sudden wealth, especially when obtained by dishonest means, rarely fails of bringing with it sudden ruin. Those who acquire it, are of course beggared in their morals, and are often, very soon, beggared in property. Their riches are corrupted; and while they bring the curse of God on their immeadiate possessors, they usually entail misery and ruin upon their families.

If it be admitted, then, that strict integrity is not always the shortest way to success, is it not the surest,

the happiest, and the best? A young man of thorough integrity may, it is true, find it difficult, in the midst of dishonest competitors and rivals, to start in his business or profession; but how long, ere he will surmount every difficulty, draw round him patrons and friends, and rise in the confidence and support of all who know them?

What, if, in pursuing this course, you should not, at the close of life, have so much money, by a few hundred dollars? Will not a fair character, an approving conscience, and an approving God, be an abundant compensation for this little deficiency of pelf?

O, there is an hour coming, when one whisper of an approving mind, one smile of an approving God, will be accounted of more value than the wealth of a thousand worlds like this. In that hour, my young friends, nothing will sustain you but the consciousness of having been governed in life by worthy and good principles.

NEGRO HUMOR.

Atlanta Constitution.

The negro has several points of superiority over any other race.

Not the least of these is his sense of humor.

A negro is unqestionably the funniest man in the world. The negro joke still ranks above anything the Irishman can do, or the Yankee, or the German.

The reason is that the negro is instinctively good natured, utterly human, and can see the funny side of anything.

Everybody has his collection of negro jokes. Here are a few which, although they may be chestnuts, illustrate the negro's peculiar gift.

A colored man going to work one morning passed a jail. A prisoner looked out through the bars and called to him and asked him what time it was: "What do you want to know what time it is for?" replied the darkey. "You ain't goin' to no place."

A guest at a hotel had had a certain colored waiter for several days, had tipped him liberally and was enjoying special attention. One morning the waiter passed him by and another took his place. The guest called to the first waiter and asked him why he had deserted him. "Well replied the waiter, "you see, I done lost you last night, boss, in a game of craps."

A railroad contractor employed a number of negroes in Florida. One of them would sit up most of the night playing cards. The employer remonstrated with him and told him that he did not get enough sleep, and that he could not expect to do his work when he sat up until 3 o'clock playing cards and got up at 6 to work. "Yas," replied the negro, "I gits sleep enough, boss. You see, I sleeps awful fast."

One of O. Henry's favorite stories was about the negro who had been condemned to death by a judge. "You are to be taken out in the yard hung by the neck until you are dead, on the 13th day of August. Have you anything to say?" said the judge.

The negro rose to his feet and, after stammering a bit, inquired, "You all dont mean this coming August, do you, judge?"

A characteristic reply was that of a negro who was asked where he was going. "I ain't goin' nowhere," was the answer. "I done been where I'm going."

Illustrative of the negro's happy disposition is the story of a man who wanted a laborer to help him move a piano. He stepped out on the street and saw a negro leaning against a lamp-post. "Do you want to earn a quarter?" he asked. The boy slowly turned his head and said, "No sir; I got a quarter."

A young negro had been away from his native town in Kentucky to Chicago for some months. His name was Fred Brown. When he returned home some one greeted him with "How are you, Fred?" He replied, "My name ain't Fred no more; I done changed my name. My name now is S. R. Brown. That's my name. Cicero Brown."

A negro waiter in a southern town asked a guest at a hotel what kind of pie he would have for dinner. "What kind of pie have you?" asked the guest. The answer was, "Black, straw, huck an' raz." And if you say these words fast enough they make quite an imposing sound.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

James Gentry Reporter

Master Joe Kennon has been replaced in the carpenter shop.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Master Paul Groves has returned to his former job in the shoe shop.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

A new refrigerator has been bought and placed in the 9th cottage.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Mr. Zebulon Teeter, formerly an officer at the institution, made a short visit here last Tuesday.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Masters Frank Brockwell and John Hill were honorably paroled by Supt. Boger last Saturday.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The boys to receive visits from home folks last Wednesday were Claiborne Gilbert, Harry Dalton, Erma Leach and Ralph Cutchins.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Master Pressly Mills, the former reporter, was hurriedly called home last Saturday on account of the death of his grandmother.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Rev. Mr. Lawrence, of Concord, conducted the religious services in the auditorium last Sunday. His text was taken from the 1st. Psalm.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Miss Elizabeth Young of Sunderland Hall made a visit to see her mother, Mrs. Pearl Young, matron of the King's Daughters Cottage.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Last Friday while Master Frank Lisk was looking for hen nests, he ran across a turkey's nest along the banks of the creek near the old wash

place. Further looking disclosed a mother turkey and fourteen small turkeys just hatched.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Claude Coley, recently paroled from the institution, presented to the Iredell-Rowan cottage two beautiful table runners made by his mother. The gifts were delightfully accepted and appreciated by all, they are beautiful pieces of hand embroidery work.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The new three hundred gallon gasoline tank has been installed by the side of the garage, it has already been filled with gasoline and is ready for use. A small kerosene tank has also been installed by the side of the larger one. This one will supply the needs of the tractors, etc.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

About three acres of tomatoes and cabbage were planted last week, and several acres of beans were planted a few days ago. Mr White is still breaking the ground and preparing it for corn. We have already about fifty acres of corn planted. Six teams of horses and two tractors are being used in breaking up the ground and preparing it for planting purposes. The rye was mowed and hauled to the barn last week.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Roughly estimated, 320 yelling and cheering boys saw the J. T. S. give the Rocky River nine a good walloping last Saturday This gives the J. T. S. credit for three victories out of four games played this season.

The game commenced with J. T. S. in the field, Holman pitching and Cook catching. The visitors couldn't connect up with Holman's puzzling delivery and were forced to take the field scoreless. While J. T. S. tallied twice off of Bost in the first inning.

In the first half of the second inning Holman again retired the side without allowing them a single run. This continued throughout the whole game except in the third inning when the visitors tallied once, and in the eighth when they crossed the home plate twice.

Score:

J. T. S.

	AB	R	H	O	A	E
Hobby 2b	4	2	2	3	3	2
Cook c	4	0	0	6	0	0
Godown 1b	4	2	2	10	2	0
Holman p	4	0	0	1	2	0
Everhart ss	4	0	1	0	3	1
Scott 3b	4	0	0	3	1	1
Oglesby lf	3	1	1	2	0	0
Watson rf	3	1	2	1	0	0
Roper cf	3	0	0	1	1	0
Totals	33	6	8	27	12	4

Rocky River.

	AB	R	H	O	A	E
Boger 2b	5	I	1	6	4	4
Kiser c	4	1	1	7	0	0
Bost p	4	0	2	2	1	0
White lf	4	0	1	0	0	0
McCanolty rf	4	0	1	0	0	0
Hegler 3b	4	0	1	0	2	1
Garmond cf	4	0	0	0	0	0
Alexander ss	4	1	1	0	1	0
White 1b	4	0	0	9	1	0
Totals	37	3	8	24	9	5

Summary: two base hits, Watson and Boger. three base hits. Godown and Alexander. Base on balls off,

Holman 2, off Bost 0. Umpire; Alexander.

How We Stand.

	G	W	L	Pct.
	4	3	1	.750

YOUR BODY WORTH ABOUT 98 CENTS.

The material out of which your body is built would bring about 98 cents if only could be seperated and sold in a drug store.

This is figured out by Dr. Georgine Luden, in the current journal of the American Medical Association.

The human body, according to Dr. Luden contains iron enough to make and average size nail, fat enough for seven bars of soap, lime enough to fill a shaker and sulphur enough to rid a dog of fleas.

In the brain is a minute quantity of gold. A doctor can write out for you a list of chemicals or elements that make up your body. He might give you the exact quantities of each. You could go to a drug store and buy the list mix the stuff together and say: "There is a duplicate of my body; It all resolves itself down to simple elements. And yet there is a difference between the drug store chemicals and the actual body. That difference is something that cannot be measured. It has no weight. It is invisible. Our bodies are like railroad locomotives. The engine stands on a sidetrack, motionless, dead. Coal is in the fire. Water waits to be turned into steam. The engineer soul steps into the cab, touches a match to the coal. Life begins.

As the coal burns up more fuel corresponding to food, is shoveled in. Gradually, despite repairs, the locomotive (body) wears out. It goes to the junk heap—death.—Camden Daily Courier.

The Yankess have waited a good while after freeing the negroes, but now they are sending for them.—Greensboro News.

SUMMER VACATIONIST!

Summer will soon be here. Now is the time to make your plans.

The glorious Mountains of Western North Carolina welcome you.

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SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

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SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

Passenger Train Schedules

Arrival and Departure of Passenger Trains, Concord, N. C.

LV.	NO.	BETWEEN	NO.	AR.
1:40A	30	New York-Birmingham	30	1:40A
2:37A	29	Birmingham-New York	29	2:37A
5:12A	44	Washington-Atlanta	44	5:12A
6:32A	31	Atlanta-New York	31	6:32A
8:41A	137	Atlanta-New York	137	8:41A
9:25A	11	Charlotte-Norfolk-Richmond	11	9:25A
10:55A	36	New York Birmingham-New Orleans	36	10:55A
3:20P	45	Washington-Charlotte	45	3:20P
3:45P	46	Charlotte-Danville	46	3:45P
7:10P	12	Norfolk-Richmond-Atlanta	12	7:10P
8:18P	32	New York-Augusta	32	8:18P
10:20P	35	Birmingham-New Orleans-New York	35	10:20P
9:45P	138	New York-Atlanta	138	9:45P
9:31P	135	Washington-Atlanta	135	9:31P

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THE UPLIFT

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YOU'LL NEVER BE MISSED.

No man is so mighty in knowledge or cash that when he drops out he'll make more than a splash. And if you imagine that when you are dead, the world will be jolted clear out of its head, that people will weep till they wear out their eyes, you're in for jarring post-mortem surprise. The world will roll on without slipping a cog when you and the dead ones are lost in the fog that hangs over the breast of the mumuring Styx; the people will traffic and play the old tricks; the women will gossip, the children will dance, and if you are mentioned it would be by chance.

The sun neither rises nor sets in your clothes, the plannets do not borrow light from your nose; the globe that we live on goes round the ring but you're not the fellow that's pulling the string; so don't let your head get too swollen for use; don't think you're an eagle if you're a goose.—Walt Mason.

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R. O. Everett, Durham
Herman Cone, Greensboro
Mrs. W. H. S. Burgwyn, Raleigh
Mrs. A. L. Coble, Statesville
Mrs. T. W. Bickett, Raleigh
Mrs. W. N. Reynolds, Winston
Mrs. I. W. Faison, Charlotte

Chas. E. Boger, Supt.

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The Uplift

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JAMES P. COOK, *Editor*, J. C. FISHER, *Director Printing Department*

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Never put off till tomorrow
What you can do today;
That's what the old-time proverb,
And old-time people say;
But I say put off till tomorrow
Your worry and fret and gloom,
Keep steady and sweet all day today
For tomorrow has never yet come.
—A Twentieth Century Proverb.

ON THE WING.

It's happened. For years I have seen tourists pass, all condemning the roads of Virginia, the mother of presidents. It was impossible to bring one's self to believe the truth of the declarations some of them floated on canvas from the side of their cars.

Then again, at Cleveland Springs last summer I met Mr. Jas. Kyle, a prominent Goldsboro banker, who persisted in making known his appreciation of the superbness of North Carolina roads, and he actually grew poetic and eloquent over the scenery through Stanly and Montgomery Counties. The half of the truth has never been told. I've seen for myself. It's worth any amount of trouble to knock off, and make a trip by car, (beginning at Concord) to Albemarle, Troy, Biscoe, Carthage, Sanford, Apex, Cary, Raleigh, Henderson, Warrenton, Littleton and Thelma, where you approach the Roanoke River. Right here the poetry of the trip ends. If your destination

be Norfolk, better throw your Tin Lizzie aside and employ the services of a flying machine, or else turn back home. At this point, you are about to enter Virginia. The road from the bridge across the Roanoke River near Thelma to Suffolk, Virginia, via Emporia, Courtland and Franklin is a disgrace to any government, state or county. I would like, to appease my suffering in negotiating these one hundred miles of ungodly roads that would not be tolerated on the average N. C. farm, to turn Virginia (figuratively speaking) across my lap and give her an old-fashioned spanking. The tourists should not use their bad language in paying their respects to the average roads to be found in Virginia, but they certainly have a fine subject for their wrath.

Attempting An Explanation.

Three observing people have offered explanation why Virginia has the worst roads in the whole world.

The first, a native born lady, contends that the average Virginian regards it sacrilegious to do things in a way unknown to their grand-fathers and grandmothers;

The second observer contends that the leaders are afraid to make the plunge, and are lacking in real "good roads" enthusiasts and builders, and

A Third, representing not a small number, feels that so little is legislatively done to promote the progress and welfare of farmers, and that it would be injury upon insult to build good roads in Eastern Virginia. Up to date the boll weevil has not appeared in the Virginia cotton belt, and they are certain no boll weevil yet born could negotiate the character of roads now in existence in Virginia.

Jas. Kyle Is Right.

There is not to be found in any Southern state a more beautiful country with evidences of prosperity and visions of hope and fine cheer than to be seen through Stanly, Montgomery and Moore counties, all of which twenty years ago did not present such promises. Brain and enterprise have met in a superb development, the like of which has never anywhere been surpassed.

Not Infallible.

The road campaign in North Carolina is little short of marvelous. But sixty-five millions of dollars should make a show, and put ginger and pep into our people.

No law ever passed by a N. C. legislature is more far-reaching and shows more wisdom than does the law that authorizes the great road construction

programme. But no law, however wise, is altogether automatic, or is entirely free of the possibility of being abused or misunderstood.

One of the strongest points in the Highway Law, that won for it enthusiastic supporters, was the feature of linking up the several county seats of the several counties of the state in a scheme of dependable roads, in all seasons. The public is astounded at the course alleged to have been adopted by the Highway Commissioner for this district. There is every reason, natural, commercial, industrial and sentimental, why Albemarle and Concord should be connected by a hard surface road. The counties join, there is a vast amount of reciprocal business, and the road has to sustain an immense traffic.

Having done this, traffic is promised a modernly constructed black-top road from Concord direct to Charlotte, the Comissioner's home. But it is proposed to ignore the very heart of the law that contemplates linking up county seats of contiguous counties, by diverting the permanent, substantial, black-top road in another direction. It is announced that $700,000 of the road fund is to be expended in Stanly on a road from Albemarle to Charlotte, crossing lower Cabarrus, and a considerable mileage in Cabarrus and Mecklenburg. This road will not and can never serve as many of our people as it would were it built where it logically belongs and where a frank construction of the law contemplates.

The persistence of Commissioner Wilkerson in declaring for this course in providing for permanent road connection for the county seats of Stanly, Cabarrus and Mecklenburg, is variously explained by people—in some of which we can not sympathize—but it does seem that he has misread the spirit if not the letter of the law. The proper and just course, and the most economical, would be to hard-surface the road from Albemarle to Concord, where a hard-surface road leads to Charlotte. The traffic and the business between Albemarle and Concord demands it—the maintenance of a top-soil road between these two points under the heavy demands and uses is like pouring money into a rat hole. A top-soil road from Albemarle across Southern Cabarrus to Charlotte will meet the necessities in that direction; and why do violence to the very spirit of the law, which contemplates the direct connection of county seats. If you are quoted correctly, Mr. Commissioner Wilkerson, you are about to officially accomplish an injustice, an unwise thing and an indefensible act.

Mr. Wilkerson: your admiring friends can not bring themselves to believe that you will permit such a folly, for any reason in the world.

Don't, Mr. Wilkerson, don't.

P. S. I'm going back home on a better route, when I get ready, if I have

to leave my flivver and "ride the rails."

* * * * * * *

JUDGE P. D. WALKER PASSES.

On the 22ond North Carolina lost one of her finest citizens in the death of Associate Justice Platt D. Walker of the Supreme Court. A more gentlemanly gentleman, of fine accomplishments, of upright life, pleasing personality, unblemished integrity and a charming companionableness, North Carolina never produced.

A native of Wilmington, but a long time resident of Charlotte, from which place he went to the Supreme bench. Judge Walker served his state well and honorably, and his passing gives pain to the entire state. The appointment of his successor is a matter entirely in the hands of Governor Morrison.

* * * * * * *

SENATOR OVERMAN SOUNDS WARNING.

Senator Overman was the honor guest of the Concord Kiwanis Club Friday evening. The Senator made an impressive address on "Conservation of Our Constitution." He cited the fact that 71 admendments to the constitution had been introduced in Congress—one even providing for the teaching of birth control.

Senator Overman is popular in Concord, and he is always heard with enthusiasm.

* *.* * * * *

DAY LATE.

For the first time in two years and more the editor knocked-off for a week. The elements and the Virginia roads delay this number a day—utterly impossible to negotiate successfully against two stubborn forces like bad weather and Virginia roads.

The fish stories we've been hearing are all fables. But there was some compensation in the reasonable prices obtained from real fishermen and restaurant-keepers.

* * * * * * *

What has become of the system of hotel inspection? If the authorities functioned a little more vigorously, there might be some cleaning up, if not putting out of commission, of certain hotels along the Seaboard Ry. after it heads northward through North Carolina. One of the best towns in North

Carolina has the dirtiest and worst kept hotel in the state—and it bears a famous name.

* * * * * * *

If you want to show your patriotism and your interest in worth while developments, saying nothing of entrancing scenery, go through Stanly and Moore counties on the Concord-Sanford route, before hankering for scenes in other states and across the seas.

* * * * * * *

During the year of 1922 automobiles figured in 81 percent of the accidents which occurred at crossings of public highways with tracks of the Southern Railway system. Out of 474 crossing accidents, 384 were in connection with with automobiles.

* * * * * * *

Judge Heriot Clarkson would sound good to North Carolinians.

ARE WE TURNING FROM WAR?

By R. R. CLARK.

As the years pass interest in the exercise on Confederate Memorial Day is apparently on the wane. The annual event this year seemed to attract less attention than usual in some places. Or at least that was the impression in my home town and I judge by the reports that it was so elsewhere. There are several reasons for the decline in interest. The survivors of the mighty conflict of the ixties are fewer every year. It is natural and inevitable that one attracts less interest and attention as he grows older; and the events in which he played a part, no matter how stirring, lose interest with the passing of time. We have heard the story of the Confederacy and of the deeds of valor of the participants so often that it has in great measure lost its thrill. It is pitiable, too, that this lessened interest should be manifested while many of the soldiers of the Confederacy are yet with us. They doubtless feel the indifference keenly. It is distinctly discreditable to our age and our time that we show so little interest in old folks, generally speaking. Possibly it was always that way. Old people are too often made to feel that they are a burden. We are too busy to take a little time contribute to their pleasure and try to brighten their last days as the shadows gather, to show them that they are appreciated. Especially is this attention due the survivors of the Confederate army. They have a double claim on our interest and our care. A quarter of a century hence they will all be gone. Then it may be expected that Confederate Memorial Day will no longer be regularly observed, and this will not be unnatural. With the passing of the survivors of the Revolution and their near kin interest in the celebration of the Declaration of Independence and the events of that war waned. The glorious Fourth is celebrated only on occasion and because a celebration is desired for other purposes. It can not be expected that succeeding generations will go on celebrating and keeping alive the interest in the events so long passed, no matter how important they may be. Formerly the 10th of May with us was the most important event of the year, just as the Fourth of July was the most important event a hundred years ago. But the importance of these events was partially due to the fact that we had few events of any kind. Now there are so many things to attract attention that Memorial Day has small share in our interest, at least comparatively. This should not be so while any of the soldiers of the Confederacy are with us in the flesh. When all have answered the last roll call, are beyond the reach of praise or blame, it won't matter to them. But while a single one of them is with us a special effort should be made to celebrate the day in such manner as it deserves.

Another reason for the waning interest, as one of the Memorial Day speakers this year mentioned, is the lack of knowledge on the part of the younger generation of the history of

the War Between the States. It is distressing, this ignorance of our own history—especially the true story of secession and the war that followed. But this ignorance is our own fault. We have the truth of history written by impartial historians. But for some reason, which cannot be explained, we have prefered that our children study the books written from the viewpoint of the other side; or by persons who failed utterly to understand the Southern position or wilfully misinterpreted it. As for me, I contend only for the facts as they are. I do not ask that our errors, for we made many, be glossed over or explained away. I am content for the exact facts to take care of the situation; but I cannot understand why every Southern born man would not be concerned to have the truth of history taught with reference to that important event. But we go on placing in our schools books that do not correctly state facts. Our teachers don't know them, or at least they are not concerned about them. Once in awhile a community is aroused, as Concord was not so long ago, and the misleading histories are cast out, but that doesn't happen often. And folks who should be informed go on talking Gen. Lee surrendering his sword to Gen. Grant at Appomattox, notwithstanding Gen. Grant himself said in his memoirs that no such incident occured. And that is only one instance.

Another reason possibly for the lack of interest in Memorial Day: The war story no longer thrills as it once did. When we are brought into close contact with things they are likely to become commonplace. We seem to be "fed up" on war, to phrase it in the slang of the day. We have recently had a closer view and the story of the clash of arms and the deeds of valor does not interest us as formerly. I am moved to say this by the apparent facts that the world war soldiers seemingly arouse as little interest, a little more than four years after the close of hostilities, as the soldiers of the war that closed 58 years ago. In many respects the world war soldiers recieve much less attention than the Confederates formerly did. For more than a quarter of a century after the close of the War Between the States, the Confederate soldiers absolutely dominated public affairs in the South, as did the Federal soldiers in the North and West. Nearly every public office was held by an ex-soldier and war service was a distinct asset in the matter of public preferment. It was expected that when our soldiers came home from the world war they would soon take over control of public affairs, as their due. So far they have not done so and in our State they have shown no disposition in that direction. I think I am right in saying that only one member of our congressional delegation, Major Bulwinkle, is an ex-service man, and that place would have probably not been open to him had not the sitting member in his district voluntarily retired. If there is an ex-service man in the State office at Raleigh I do not recall him at the moment. None of the prospective candidates for Governor served in the war. There were not so many ex-service men in the Legislature and few are in county offices. They do not seem,

up to this time, to seek public places in any great numbers; they talk little about war experience and show no disposition, generally speaking, to capitalize on their war service. They have their organization, and with the support of those who believe that a soldier, all things being equal, should have the preference, they could make things interesting for the powers that be if they were so mindful. But recently when the State commander of the organization attacked two public officials as slackers, he seemed to arouse resentment rather than sympathy among his war comrades.

I am citing these matters simply to say that the lessened interest in the Confederate memorial observance taken in connection with the seeming lack of interest in the soldiers of the world war and the indfference of the ex-service men themselves, may suggest a turning away of the public mind from war. In all history the military man has been the popular hero. To his memory we erected monuments and his story made up the greater part of the pages of history. Are we changing in our attitude? Will the soldiers no longer be the chief figure? I don't know. If it be true that the public mind is turning from millitary glory that, in so far as it may lessen the possibilities of war, should be welcomed. But welcome as that possibility may be, it will be distinctly to our discredit when we cease to honor the men who answered the country's call and offered their all in its defence. We are certainly deteriorating if that is our trouble—and I don't want to think it is that. Oh, I know the soldier business is often very much overworked. Some who saw little service, were soldiers in name only, and soldiers only under compulsion, sometimes make the loudest demands for reward, and get it because of their much seeking, while the more deserving but more modest get no public recognition. And while I would not urge our ex-service men to demand public place solely because of their army service, I do say if they ask it they should, do say if they ask it they should, if they are qualified, have the preference. And not that only, but we should never forget, and our children should be taught to remember, that they who went forth to battle for their country and ours, deserve our first consideration.

SMILES.

Softly the nurse smoothed the sufferer's pillow. He had been admitted only that morning and now he lookd up pleadingly at the nurse who stood at his bedside.

"An' pwhat did ye say the docthor's name was, nurse dear?" he asked.

"Dr. Kilpatrick," was the reply. "He's the senior house surgeon."

That settles it," he muttered, firmly, "that docther won't get a chanst to operate on me."

"Why not?" asked the nurse in surprise. "He's a very clever man."

"That's as may be," the patient said. "But me name happens to be Patrick."—New York Globe.

AMERICA'S TWELVE GREATEST WOMEN.

Senorita Mondujano, a Chilean delegate to the Pan-American Conference of Women in Baltimore a year ago, requested that a list of America's Greatest Twelve Women be made up that she might use the same in arousing the women of South America. This is the report made up for the Chilean delegate.

It is to be noted that the commisson charged with the responsible business was not favored with the list made up of North Carolina women, some months ago, by Miss Nell Battle Lewis, the publicity director of the department of State Welfare presided over by Mrs. Kate Burr Johnson. Had that commission been better informed there is possibly no doubt that North Carolina would have been represented. THE UPLIFT could name twelve hundred North Carolina women that can outshine in the field of activity and real service the list furnished to sister Senorita Mondujano, of Chile, South America. This would mean only an average of a dozen to the county; and what a painful ordeal it would be in reaching a final list to be forced into an elimination slaughter—that would be the only way to end the matter.

The following sketches of the twelve women chosen by a committee of the National League of Women Voters as the greatest living American women were taken from the New York Times.

Jane Addams.

Miss Jane Addams opened the Social Settlement of Hull House in Chicago, with Miss Ellen Fates Starr in 1889. She is President of the National Conference of Charities and Correction and is well known as a writer on political and social reform. Her best known works are "The Spirit of Youth and the City Streets" "Democracy and Social Ethics;" "Twenty Years at Hull House," and "A New Conscience and an Ancient Evil."

Cecillia Beaux.

Miss Cecillia Beaux is a pupil of William Sartain, the Julien School and the Lazar School of Paris. She was four times the recipient of the Mary Smith prize of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts.

Other awards are: gold medal, Philadelphia Art Club; Dodge Prize, National Academy of Design; bronze and gold medals, Carnegie Institute; gold medal of honor and the Temple gold medal, National Academy of Design, 1913; medal of honor, Panama Pacific Exposition, in 1915; gold medal, Art Institute of Chicago, 1921. She is represented in nearly all of the important galleries in the United States.

Carrie Chapman Catt.

Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, has lectured in almost every country of Europe. She was State lecturer and organizer of the Iowa Woman Suffrage Association, 1890-92, President of the National Woman Suffrage Alliance, 1904, worked for suffrage in successful campaigns in nearly every

State and was leader in the campaign to present the bill which brought about the inclusion of the Suffrage Amendment in the Federal Constitution.

Anna Botsford Comstock.

Mrs. Anna Botsford Comstock studied art at Cooper Union and under John P. Davis. She received the bronze medal for wood engravings at the Buffalo Exposition; was assistant professor of Cornell extension work in nature study, 1899; lecturer in Leland Stanford Jr. University extension work, 1899-1900; has been professor of nature study at Cornell University since 1920. She has written extensively on natural history. Her best known works are: "How to Keep Bees" "How to Know the Butterflies," "Confessions to a Heathen Idol" and "Handbook of Nature Study."

Minnie Maddern Fiske

Mrs. Minnie Maddern Fiske has starred in many plays. She is indentified especially with "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," "Becky Sharp" and the Ibsen dramas. Her first appearance on the stage was when she was 3 years old. At 12 she was alternately playing leading roles and old women's parts. At 15 she became a star under the name of Minnie Maddern.

Louise Dilworth Beatty Homer

Mme. Louise Dilworth Beatty Homer has sung many sucessive seasons at the Metropolitan Opera House. Her greatest successes have been in contralto roles—Amneris in "Aida," Laura in "La Gioconda," Azucena in "Ill Trovatore," Ortrud in "Lonegrin,' Dame Quichly in Verdi's" "Falstaff" Orpheus in Gluck's "Orpheus," Fides in "Le Prophete," Branganene in "Tristan und Isolde." She studied here and abroad and made her debut as an opera singer in Paris in 1898. The following season she appeared at Convent Garden, London. Before coming to New York she sang with the Royal Opera Company, Brussels.

Julia Clifford Lathrop

Miss Julia Clifford Lathrop has spent much time as volunteer resident of the Hull House settlement in Chicago, since 1898. She has been an active member in various reform movements and has made a special study of care of the insane, better education of children and Juvenile Court laws. She was a member of the Illinois State Board of Charities and President of the Illinois Society of Mental Hygiene; Vice President of the Chicago School of Civics and Philanthropy and the Juvenile Protective Association. She has been chief of the Children's Bureau of the Department of Labor in Washington and is the author of a number of works on child welfare and care of the insane.

Florence Rena Sabin

Miss Florence Rena Sabin is a member of the editorial board of the Anatomical Record and has written extensively on that subject. She was Associate Professor of Anatomy at John Hopkins University, 1902-17, when she was appointed Professor of Histology. She was Vice President of the Association of American Anatomists 1909-10, and is a member of the Association of Collegiate Alum-

nae. Her best known work is "An Atlas of the Medulla and Mid-Brain."

M. Carey Thomas

Miss M. Carey Thomas, President Emeritus of Byrn Mawr College, was the first woman trustee of Cornell University. She was educated at Corness, John Hopkins and at the University of Zurich. She has written extensively on educational subjects. Among her best known works are: "Sir Gawayne and the Green Knight," 1893; "Education of Women," 1900; "Should the Higher Education of Women Differ from that of Men?" 1900, and "The College," 1905. Miss Thomas was appointed Professor of English at Byrn Mawr in 1885, dean in 1885 and President, 1894.

Martha Van Rensselear.

Mrs. Martha Van Rensselear has written many books on home economics. Her best known works are "Crochet Lace," 1882; "The Devil's Picture Books," 1887; "Van Rensselears of the Manor," 1889; "The Goede Vrouw of Manaha-ta," 1899; "New Yorkers of the Nineteenth Century," 1899; "History of Newport," 1905; "Nonsuch, Euchre and Other Games." 1907; "Prophetical, Educational and Playing Cards," 1913.

Edith Wharton.

Mrs. Edith Wharton has written more than twenty books, most of them novels. Among her best known works are: "The Greater Inclination," 1899; "The Touchstone," 1900; "Crucial Instances," 1901; "The Valley of Decision," 1902; "Sanctuary," 1903; "The Descent of Man and Other Stories," 1904; "Italian Villas and Their Gardens," 1904; "Italian Backgrounds," 1905; "The House of Mirth," 1905; "Mme. de Treymes," 1907; "The Fruit of the Tree," 1907; "The Hermit and the Wild Woman," 1908; "Tales of Men and Ghosts." 1910; "The Reef," 1912; "The Custom of the Country," 1913; "Fighting France," 1915; "In Morocco," 1919; "The Age of Innocence," 1920. She is a Chevalier in the Legion of Honor of France and the Order of Leopold of Belgium.

Anna Jump Cannon

Mrs. Anna Jump Cannon has made regular visual observations of variable stars of long period with 6-inch equatorial telescopes, and has completed a biography of variable stars comprising about 50,000 references. In the course of photographic work she has discovered 200 variable stars, three new stars, one spestroscopic binary and numerous stars having bright lines or variable spectra. She has completed a catalogue of 220,000 stellar spectra. She was made an assistant at the Harvard College Observatory in 1897 and Curator of Astronomical Photographs in 1911 and is the author of various Harvard College Observatory annals.

To live with high ideals is a successful life. It is not what one does, but what one tries to do, that makes the soul strong and fit for a noble career.

"SOCIALIZED CONSCIENCE."

Just why Mrs. Thomas G. Winter, of Minneapolis, president of the General Federation of Women's Clubs in America, was not included in the select twelve greatest American Women list made up for the Chilean delegate, is at least surprising. The Associated Press sent out from Atlanta a full reference to the striking speech this brainy and thoughtful and learned woman delivered before before an organization recently in Atlanta.....This is the report:

Development of a "socialized conscience" was described here tonight by Mrs. Thomas G. Winter, of Minneapolis, president of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, as the "first push off toward a new morality." This she declared, "is shown in a change that has gone on almost unperceived during the last generation."

Speaking before the mid-biennial of the council here, Mrs. Winter illustrated her definition of "socialized conscience," by asserting "Our old conception of charity—the diving doles to the unfortunate—has faded into disrepute."

"What gifts must be given are now regarded as one would think of temporary medicine to meet an immediate demand," she continued, "but we are not satisfied with such a solution. It looks ugly to us. Nothing really satisfies us except to set in motion forces that will wipe out the need of charity, through public health, through temperance, through industrial conditions. We do not want paupers as an eternal means of satisfying our benevolent superiority. We want self-respecting, self-rejoicing human beings on a level with ourselves."

New Great Ideal

The speaker cited history in support of her presentation of the "transforming vitality of an idea," adding "certain new great ideals are striking the gong today." The greatest danger facing the old world, she said, "in this new age is that of this huge mechanism, this even more intricate and more marvelous machine of modern civilization."

As a result, she asserted, "we get to think of life in terms of that mechanical success and lose sight of the great energy and pulses of emotion that turn the world." A civilization, she continued, "is indeed materialistic, when it thus forgets; and materialism is dust and ashes in the mouth of every one who feeds on it alone."

The president gave as her remedy the realization of "our eternal individualism." The very "dissatisfaction with the grinding business of civilization is producing a counter-irritant," she said, "a vocal and vociferous clamor for recognition on the part of myriads of those who are under the wheels of civilization, now crying out that they will not be clogged in a vast machine but human beings demanding the first of human beings, self-expression, satisfaction and a real share in the great game.

Like Red Hot Stove.

"Sometimes the self-expression is discord, the satisfaction gross, the

game mere madness. When we turn from fear of a smooth, hard, relentless civilization, that is only business dominant, we face the other fear of something that seems like a range of active volcanoes. It bursts out in blocs, farmers, loborites, feminists, clannites, demanding that law should be taken out of the hands of authorities and put into the hands of the unauthorized. The highest volcano, the most lurid and black-clouded we dub bolshevism. So we wind our way between Sylla and Charybdis. The world is like a red hot stove and wherever we touch it, it sizzles.

Out of the tumult of "these absolutely conflicting elements we have got to make a new world," Mrs. Winter asserted, adding "when we realize that ideals rule the world it is like setting that goal that makes us walk straight toward our destination, almost unconsciously, certainly unworried by the process."

If we can "back our tumultuous lives with serenity—with this constant realization of the purposeful energy of the world wherein we live, two things are coming to us: first the kind of perspective that makes us select important activities and avoid the confusion of lesser issues; second, we are going to use our energies without exhausting them, we are going to be left with added vitality and strength instead of being outworn old hulks," she said.

Mrs. Winter urged the delegates to harvest the experience of life "wifehood, motherhood, the daily task of our vigorous youth, harvest this into a public service that in the old days of the world was thrown into the dust heap and forgotten."

People of the present day have discarded much "youthful falseness of ideals and self-seeking, and eliminated many of its timidities, she said, declaring that "now is the time to turn this mellow ripeness of ours" into public service.

"Modern civilization," she continued, "goads us to sharpen our spiritual faculties by continually doing. I said we had two great fears, one on our right and one on our left, one the fear of a too mechanical world, the other the fear of too anarchistic world. Either menace is capable of wiping out our civilization if it gets the upper hand. One would make life too dreary to be lived, only by some white heat fusion toward which we are dimly groping, but which we have got to work out, are we going to get an enduring structure."

Many Standards.

A "socialized consciousness," Mrs. Winter said, "recognizes many kinds of standards and varieties of thought and achievement and recognizes them with respect. So all down the line we are readjusting our public consciousness. In nothing is this more visible than in the world of international relation. It is intolerably stupid to fail to realize that here our whole point of view has shifted. I have an idea that if Washington lived in the twentieth century instead of the eighteenth, in the most powerful nation in the world instead of in a country just struggling into national existence and attempting to try out principles at which all the rest of the world turns longing and hungry eyes and not only for bread but for a realization of our own magnificent democratic ideals—I believe Washington would warn us

more today against entangling hatreds than against entangling alliance."

The speaker praised the work of the Washington arms conference, of which she was one of the four women members of the advisory committee. This, she asserted, was one step "of value only if it is followed by more steps and still more steps."

Mrs. Winter declared that "whatever persons and whatever parties offer suggestions or methods by which we can substitute law for lawlessness, let us seize upon the opportunities offered. I beg the women of America, when such magnificent issues are at stake, not to let them be decided by any personalities or partisanship. This thing is a matter of supreme righteousness and of all the future of the world, and no contemptible small personality, no old antagonism should weigh in the balance."

The speaker illustrated this country's dependence upon the countries of the world in many ways, asserting that it came home in a hundred ways, but in none more striking than that of the opium evil.

The Opium Trade.

"There are certain phases of this inter-relation," she continued, "that are knocking at our national consciences just now. Perhaps, when we think of the opium trade in China, it is with a little sense of moral superiority and immunity, but when the best official reports that we can get tell us that we are consuming more in America than any other nation, that there are probably 50,000 drug addicts in New York city and 30,000 in Philidelphia, and 60,000 in Massachusetts, and nearly a million in the United States, that we use more opium than France, Germany and Italy combined, and that 90 per cent of the opium in the United States is used as dope and not as medicine, and when we know the relation of this hideous trade to crime, to economic laws, to physical deterioration and to moral death, perhaps no other single fact can bring home to us more conclusively the necessity for our sharing in the great international movement that must begin with the prevention of the raising of poppy and then must hound the peddler and smugglers of it until there is no dark spot in any nation in the world where they can hide themselves."

American embassies, Mrs. Winter described as "feelers," stretching into all the countries of the world.

"A tremendous element in international understanding," she said, "would be to make sure" that these men and women have a through knowledge of international law and understanding and are also familiar with the principles of their own government. "It is time to stop appointing men to consular offices either, as a matter of political reward, or because they have the money in their pockets and enjoy the diplomatic game on its social side," she said.

"Reflect upon your present blessing of which every man has many, not on your past misfortunes, of which men have some."

JOE BROWN AND JIM DAVIS.

By Ben Dixon McNeil

He has solved a part of the problem propounded in these columns some years since, but his name is not John Smith. He is Jim Davis to the neighbors around but to the bankers of the community he is James W. Davis, with an account that is treated with deference due a figure that is measured with five major digits, and giving promise of swelling even from that degree of opulence.

Three years ago he was Jim Davis, working in Senator Joe Brown's store store for $20.00 a week, or some such amount and not getting anywhere in particular, except that he was very popular with all the farmers who came in on Saturdays to do their trading in the Senator's place of merchandise. He had been working there for ten years, ever since he migrated from Bladen county to Columbus.

Farming Hits Bottom

Farming in Columbus hit bottom in 1920, and with a thud that shook even the robust fortunes of Senator Brown. The store itself, for a quarter of a century a sort of bastion of credit for all that section of Columbus, was groggy from the blow when tobacco went down to nothing, cotton fell into the clutches of the boll weevil, and people wondered why they had been foolish enough to plow up all the strawberries.

Jim Davis pondered things deeply. Up until that time he had looked upon Mr. Brown's store as an impregnable stronghold. Parenthetically it may be stated that the store is all right, and that under the careful guidance of its owner it has weathered the storm, and he will eventually make back his losses. He has a lot of faith in humanity, and they have a lot in him round about Columbus.

But Jim Davis, who owned not a foot of land, and who had not saved any great sight of money, pondered upon things and came to the conclusion that the farmer had the best chance, even if the boll weevils and tobacco trusts and the like were arrayed against him. And so, while everybody else in Columbus was wishing that he had a good job in a factory some where Jim Davis decided to go to farming.

Davis' Three Rules.

Strictly speaking Jim Davis was not a tenant farmer. He didn't own any land, and he hadn't been renting any from anybody. He had seen a lot of economic serfs that are classed as tenants, and a lot of scarcely more prosperous people who own a lot of land and make just about enough to pay taxes. He worked out three major promises upon which he would go into the business of agriculture and see if he couldn't make a living at it:

1. Own the land he worked.
2. Own no more than he could work himself.
3. Work himself.

A mile from the store was a tract of woods land, less than 33 acres with a fairly good house on it. It was good land, and under the stress

of deflation, he could get it for approximately $1,500. Thirty acres of land is not much of a farm to the average farmer. He feels like he ought to have three hundred acres to even begin to make a living but this Bladenite had different notions.

In 1921 he cleared up the land, planted a little tobacco and that fall he put in some strawberries. He didn't get rich, but he paid something on the place. The next year, 1922, he made some more money, and paid what he owed on his land. He had some money in the bank, a cleared farm with just a little woods lot on it, farm machinery, and all he needed to run the place without asking for any credit at the store.

$10,000 In Profits

Last week when we were there—he has 14 acres of strawberris this year—he had already put a little more than $9,600 in the bank, and still had $3,000 worth of strawberries in the field to ripen. The crop had cost him about $2,000 to grow and harvest it. A little tobacco, some corn and other feed crops will, along with planting a new field of strawberries, keep him busy for the rest of the year. The profits on the 30 acre farm this year will be $10,000,

Jim Davis was 30 years old, the husband of a wife and the father of two children before he made up his mind to go to farming. He had been raised on a farm over in Bladen and work was nothing new to him. He is a glutton for work. None of the sixty negroes who were picking berries for him worked half as hard. The difference between him and a hired hand is that he thinks with his head and works with his hands.

Eastern North Carolina is full of such opportunities as Jim Davis laid hold upon, and there is no lack of men like Joe Brown who will stand back of such men as Jim Davis. The trouble about the tenant farmer problem is inoculating the mass of them with the thing that got Jim Davis to thinking seriously about agriculture as a profession, and the virus that made him get out and go to work with his hands.

Its In The Man.

Not everbody in North Carolina can make ten thousand dollars a year raising strawberries. It probably wouldn't do for everybody to make that much money. The oil stock salesman would get too much of it. But Jim Davis has demonstrated definitely that a little farm can make a lot of money—provided the man who owns it works it and mixes a little brains with his fertilizer.

There is no idle land on his place. Ther are no weedy fence rows and ditch banks. It is 30 acres of land cultivated intelligently, with a weather eye out for next year's market. If it looks like everybody else is going to plant strawberries, Jim Davis will plant something else. He's thinking about spinach. They eat 9,000 carloads of it along the eastern seaboard annually, but they get it from California.

Across the railroad from Jim Davis is another place that follows the same general specifications as this story in methods and in results. And the whole truth won't hurt anybody—adjoining is a place somewhat bigger where nobody has made any money. It is very generally a ques-

tion of what's in the man and after all the tenant problem is not settled.

All over the country the Davis story could be multiplied, although few of them have made quite the money he has made out of his three years of farming. Back of all these stories is the single figure of Senator Joe Brown. It's a hard story to get if you go to the Senator to find out about it, but inquire around a little, and in no time you can hear of a dozen men he has helped into owning a piece of land—negroes and whites alike—when ever he has found a man worth investing with a chance he has done it.

Nobody around here calls him Senator. That is a name that he wears when he goes to Raleigh. Here he is "Uncle Joe," or "Mister Joe," who runs a great store where any decent farmer, tenant or landowner, can get credit to run his crop. He does a lot of other things, and just now he is harrassed with the problem of making enough ice to keep the strawberry crops moving like it ought to.

Helping "Uncle Joe"

Incidently the labor problem is worrisome. Everybody is busy with strawberries, and the exodus of negroes has hurt some. The ice factory and the icing of cars is just now manned almost entirely by high school boys who heard that "Uncle Joe" was in the hole. They stand by until midnight if he needs them. Along in the summer they know that he is going to organize a camping trip, mount his panting flivver and go down toward Myrtle Beach.

"Uncle Joe" is the son of a Presbyterian school master, born in 1860 in Richmond county. The family moved to Fayetteville during the war and afterwards his father taught at Little River Academy, near Linden in the upper edge of Cumberland county. Then he moved to Whiteville, where he spent the remainder of his life teaching. His son became a merchant, a farmer, and a godfather to Columbus county.

For thirty years his hobby has been the development of agriculture in Columbus county, and the bringing of immigrants from other sections of the country. What he wanted was folks to mix in with the local breed. If they had money, it suited him better, but if they had to be helped, provided a way to help them. Columbus is dotted with pleasant homes of people who came here years back under the guidance of "Uncle Joe."

In this black alluvial soil he has seen, and sees and will see possibilities of the finest agriculture development in the United States. Nothing pleases him more than to see a man come through like Jim Davis, and scores of them have come through during his time. Their problems have been his problems, their successes his successes and their sorrows and failures his own.

What He Dreams.

The Columbus county that he dreams of is a county unshackled at an open market, cut into small farms intelligently farmed and marketing full use of the natural endowments of soil and climate. This done, not only for Columbus, but for the entire tidewater section of the State, and he believes devoutly that North Carolina will be the

greatest state on the face of the earth.

He is the father of the strawberry industry that is this year bringing ing $750,000 into a county that was almost bankrupt because it went after cotton goods when the price swung upward and crashed when the boll weevil struck, that went out after tobacco and met disaster. Diversification is his shibboleth, and intelligent work the whole of his commandments.

No man in the State has wider knowledge of economic questions applied to home industry. He has travelled widely, read widely, studied broadly. Moreover, he chose wisely a wife from among the Lee county McIvers, a woman of brilliant intellect and great charm of manner. She is as widely beloved as he is. She was in Raliegh during the last session of the General Assembly and was tremendously popular with the "ladies cabinet."

Sage of Wannanish

When he is perplexed and in a damn-saying notion, he goes off to Lake Waccamaw and sits down with the Sage of Wannanish, the apostle and philosopher of work, and together they thresh out the problems of the world, cuss the neighbors gently, and—but more of the Sage tomorrow or the next day.

To the both of them the tenant farmer problem, social and economic, is the profoundest question that can engage the thinking of the State. The get very hopeful when they think about what Jim Davis has done and they think that the salvation of the State has materialized. But then a tenant will skip out with all of his crop money and leave the store holding a very empty bag. But his Presbyterian faith always comes uppermost, and he believes mightily in humanity.

THE NOMINATING SPEECH OF THE FUTURE.

"I rise to nominate for Congress a woman who, by the very character of her daily service, her standard of integrity and her abhorrence of all that is evil, deserves well at your hands when you march to the ballot box to exercise your soverign right. A woman whose consideration of others is truly sublime. A woman who never yet asked a man to open a fruit jar (applause,) a woman who concedes a latch key to be the rightful property and possession of the husband(cries of "Hear! Hear!") a woman who scorns bread pudding as beneath the commonest family (loud shouts;) a woman who has never disturbed the peace and quiet of the family by mentioning the furnace (applause;) a woman—a modern woman to be sure, but not offensively modern—who buttons her own gowns (cries of "Name her! Name her!") a woman whose tendency towards trading stamps and coupons assures a careful safeguarding of the public funds, who would—(nominated by acclamation.)—Buffalo Times.

SCHOOL FIRE DISASTER.

Camden, S. C., May 19.—This grief-stricken community bowed still lower today as the dawn brought the announcement of the death of the seventy-seventh fatality of the Cleveland school disaster.

Humphries, assistant cashier of the Bank of Camden, gave his life in a vain attempt to save his mother from the burning building. His aged father also lost his life.

Others in the hospital here suffering slight burns and broken limbs from leaping from the second floor of the little country school house are reported to be out of danger.

No Smiles in County

There are no smiles in Kershaw county today. Crepe is hanging on hundreds of doors while nothing is heard on the streets other than new tales of that terrible night.

Many who escaped, paralyzed with grief until today, told of many who made brave attempts to save lives only to lose their own. Hundreds visited the tear-soaked mound in Beulah churchyard which covers more than three score bodies burned beyond recognition now lying in the huge grave only a short distance from the dead embers of the fatal blaze.

In driving over the six miles of winding road from here to the rural school site one passes many farm cottages and death has crossed the threshhold of almost every one.

Homes Vacant

"Britt Croft lived there," whispered a local farmer, as he drove toward the large grave. "His wife and two children were burned up."

"And J. R. Phillips lives over yonder," said another, pointing over the cotton fields. "He lost his wife and three children."

So the journey continued over the same path which the grim reaper passed. Hardly a house was missed. One little farm house was completely deserted. On the steps sat the faithful "hound dog," patiently waiting, awaiting his master, mistress and the two children, none of whom will ever return.

Plows stand idly in the fields never again to be guided again by the hands that held them only a few hours ago.

Most of the dead lived together, died together, and now lie in one great heap in the Beulah church yard.

In One Great Grave

The mother who was lifted from the smouldering ruins with her baby clasped closely to her bosom; J. E. Pierce, who saved two women from the flames and died in an attempt to rescue a third, and some forty children ranging from tots to youths of eighteen who were on that fateful night receiving their diplomas, all are today resting under the same great mound.

A hillock of the dead which stands out like a giant among other graves of the cemetery.

Wires were kept busy all of yesterday and last night with the death messages. Relatives and loved ones today are pouring in from every direction to take care of children who are crying for their parents, to com-

fort the bereaved and to hear first hand the story of the awful tragedy.

They drive out to gaze silently at the grave around which dozens of heart-torn parents and children mourn for their lost. And then three-quarters of a mile away they gaze with horror at the greying ashes.

Many Unidentified

Again the story is told. As the blaze died down a huge mass of human flesh could be seen near the place of the only exit to the ramshackle wooden structure. With frenzied zeal those who escaped plunged into the ashes, searching for loved ones they knew had perished. Then human forms with members of the body completely burned away were brought from the mass.

There were two long lines of them stretching from the ground in front of the burned building. A mother could be seen passing from one to the other attempting to find her child, husband, father or mother.

Absolute identification was made certain on only a few of those forms. These few were brought to Camden and placed in individual graves.

Only seventy-four skulls were found, two reported missing in yesterday's casualty list, are conceded to have been lost and their bodies completely destroyed. The death of Thomas Humphries early today brought the total to seventy-seven.

COST OF ENVY.

Envy worries about the success of another and misses success for self. Envy loses sleep because we lost to another and meets the early morning unfit for the best achievement. Envy emphasizes our own littleness and tries to belittle another's greatness but by our envying we doom ourselves to disqualification to accept the challenging offers of opportunity. Envy closes our eyes to the flowers that bedeck our pathway, and turns our heavy feet into the zigzag trail that leads nowhere. Envy is a device of the devil to take the sweetness out of human living. Envy does its work so well that we shrivel into repulsive outcasts and are left companionless while the eager, happy multitudes surge ahead towards joy-bringing and joy-giving achievements. Envy throttles the ambition of the young, and makes derelicts of lives that promised much. Envy loses heart and takes on cruelty, laying sordid plots on meanness to hold somebody down or to get ahead. Envy gloats over a rival's defeat, and laughs at his suffering. Envy builds a gallows to hang some hated Mordecai, but the gallows later receives as its victim some Haman, its designer. Envy drags Christ to the cross, and wonders why its act did not hinder Him but helped to lift Him into the love and devotion of countless hosts. Envy fritters away its days and dies unlamented and goes to an unmarked grave, only remembered by those it hurt, who in their nobler natures hasten to forget. No; envy does not pay pleasing dividends on its excessive cost.—Selected.

LUMBAGO.

By Editor Saunders in the Independent

Did you ever have an attack of Lumbago, a form of muscular rheumatism that hits you in the small of the back and reminds you of all the kidney pill advertisements you have been seeing in the daily newspapers all your life? Well, if you have never had this thing called Lumbago you have got an experience comming to you. I have had a case of it for the past ten days and it is one of the most interesting things I ever had in my life. It is very interesting. When I sit down I can hardly get up. When I get up it was with difficulty that I get down again. When I lie on my right side I am not satisfied and have to turn on my left. I make the turn with extreme difficulty only to find that I have to turn back on my right again. I turn over something like three hundred times in a night.

When I walk down the street, it is with a humped or sidewise motion that makes all the neighbors stop and ask questions or whisper to one another that old age is getting me.

The remedies that have been suggested to me would fill a formidable volume. I have tried aspirn, quinine, cincophan, astrophan , lemon juice, salcylate of soda, salicylic acid, three kinds of potash, Sloan's liniment, chloroform liniment, mustard plaster, belladonna plaster Allcock's porous plaster, hot water bags, electric heating pads, kidney pills, calomel, salts and pluto water. I have tried internal baths, hot water baths, violet rays, dry heat and Osteopathic mauling and breaking.

The only relief I get is relief from a lot of petty drudgeries such as getting in fuel, building fires and being useful around the house. This Lumbago relieves me a lot of little things like that and gives me an excuse to unpack a lot of such stuff on a good natured wife.

Two remedies have been suggested that I have not yet tried. I am told that when everything else fails, wintering abroad will usally affect a cure. I have been wondering if I could get a trip to Bermuda or Havana out of the malady, when along comes Cam Melick who says he has been told that a sure cure is to be found by taking a piece of yarn, tying nine knots in it, dipping it in snake oil and tying it around one's loins. My wife insists that I should try Mr. Melisk's recipe before engaging transportation to Bermuda. I don't think I'll get to Bermuda.

NATURE STUDY.

Every normal child is born with two instincts, which will, if properly used, be of value in directing his mind in the pursuit of knowledge. These are inate curiosity and social instinct. By the means of the latter he identifies himself with those about him, and feels a sense of relationship to them. His entire conduct has its social bearing, along with the way in which he is influenced by the opinion of others. It is necessary that he

shall conform to society. This leads him not only to desire to know, and do like others, but to sympathize with and attempt to be of use to others.

If an age is reflected in its schools, then the ideals of the schools are mainly those of society. The character of the age in which we live must affect our education. So the basis of human society as it relates to conditions industrial and scientific must be recognized by the school for one of the strong functions of the school is to fit children for the environment in which they are placed. A child needs to sustain an intelligent relation with things about him.

The desire to know is very great in a healthy, normal child. He has a right to know as much as he can. It will not be long until he will desire to share his knowledge with others. When a real interest is infused into work, a real object to be gained is perceived.

A study of fundamental industries afford an intelligent grasp on social industries, and gives historic insight into their development, thus increasing the social value of the information.

Both geography and history furnish suggestions for nature study, and at the same time provides the social motive. But the child is interested in nature study in another way, through curiosity or wonder, which is the complement of the social interest, thus properly relating him to the world.

Many times the child wonders about what he sees; he is curious, simply because an object has attracted his attention. He wants to know why it is that way and not some other way, regardless of its usefulness or application to others. It is this craving, which ever satisfied, makes him a good student instead of a poor one.

Knowledge should be a means and not an end in itself. Even though knowledge gained through mere curiosity, while not always practical, affords satisfaction and pleasure. It furnishes the basis for our aesthetic and spiritual views of nature. Impulses arising from curiosity help one into harmony with the natural world and increases his general culture and fund of knowledge for futher use and helpfulness. Harmony between man and nature is an essential element in education.

Many important facts and principles have been discovered through curiosity. A child should be allowed to investigate in nature what his interest may suggest. By this I do not mean that a child should study only what he particularly likes. He might wish to follow something for which he is not fitted by age or education. Here is where the experience and wisdom of parents and teachers must shape his course.

The power of observation is a fundamental one, for through the power of perception we gain knowledge of things about us. There could be no mental development without it. The child begins his education through the special senses. Any of these may become more acute by practice or dulled by disuse and neglect. The senses are the gateway for our knowledge of the outer world. Clear perceptions furnish the basis for accurate thought and the proper unfolding of the powers of the mind.

The child's mind is not mature,

hence abstract thought is an impossibility. Object lessons in nature study suit young minds, for the things which they see they believe most readily. Nature study keeps alive the spirit of inquiry. Most children are nature lovers. Boys like to hunt, fish, play out door sports and be be close to nature and its beauties.

Birds and plants furnish good objects to place before them and at the same time teach many wonderful lessons as to their uses and how they should be cared for.

Nature study has an educational value second to none, as long as natural laws are understood and obeyed, all will be well; but the violation of these laws is certain to carry with it the most severe penalty. It is said more people die from ignorance of the laws of health than are destroyed in wars. There will always be something interesting and new for the student who wishes to know all the wonderful things in connection with the construction of either animal or plant life. No more appropriate time could be found to have our attention called to the study of the many wonderfully interesting things of nature, than just at the opening of spring when everthing is teeming with life and activity. J. E. P.

LORD MACAULEY.

I have no other desire to bring in Macauley's name than to get a really great sentence from his pen before us. That sentence may be more than three quarters of a century old, and yet it is as modern and fresh as if written yesterday. It runs thus: "Nine-tenths of the calamities which have befallen the human race had no other origin than the union of high intelligence with low desires." It cannot be successfully disputed that our weal or woe is determined more by the character of our desires than of our intelligence. There is nothing so dangerous as a superior intellect gone wrong. It cannot be too strongly impressed upon our educators that the demand our nation makes of them has to do with the heart as well as the head. If our desires are based and our ethics low, head culture can never save us. A throbbing engine is a perfectly good thing, but if it gets on wrong track it will play havoc. The desire for an education today, the like of which has never been known before, is a good sign provided there is joined to it the desire to use the knowledge acquired in legimate and unselfish ways. But if intellect be divorced from morality it were better to tear down our institutions of learning and send the money expended on higher education into other channels. It is impossible for us to get along without the strength which honesty, sincerity and unselfishness give. We may need more learning; but I am persuaded we need more heart.—Selected.

CRIME AND PUNISHMENT.

(From Youth's Companion)

Why do we of the United States have so unsavory a record both for the number of murders that are committed here and for the number that go unpunished? We have had a bad reputation in that respect for years, and we show no signs of being ashamed of it or of tryingseriously to reform. In the past our misdeeds have been excused on the ground that the United States was, and always had been, a country with a long and more or less disorderly frontier; or on the ground that our population was heterogneous, with no common standards of conduct; or on the ground that liquor was widely sold and consumed here. But our frontier has disappeared, our imigration is restricted, the sale of liquor is forbidden, and still we committed more murders in 1921 than ever before, and probably a smaller proportion of the murderers were caught or punished.

In twenty-eight of the largest cities in the country—cities that contain nearly one-fifth of our entire population—there were in 1921 more than nine murders for every one hundred thousand inhabitants. That is almost twice as many as occured 20 years ago, though even then the rate was so high as to put us below the other clviiized nations. In some cities the number of murders is incredibly large. In Memphis it is more than fifty-six in the hundred thousand yet Memphis is one of the few cities that in the last ten years have reduced the number of homicides.

Still more disturbing is the ease which murderers escaped detection, ro if detected escape punishment. The statistics on that point are not so exact, but the condition is notorious. Day after day the newspapers report murders for which no one is ever arrested, and when an indictment is found the chances are still against conviction. Juries will almost never find a woman guilty of murder, and they will accept all reasonable—and some unreasoable—excuses for acquitting a man. In New York in 1920 the number of convictions was about one to every ten murders. In the whole country the rate has been declared by the commission of inquiry of the American Bar Association to be as low as one conviction to every sixty-five murders. Across the border in Canada there is a conviction for every two or three murders. Why should there be any difference? Are Americans such lovers of violence, so careless of human life, so defiant of law, so sentimentally sypathetic, with the man who revenges his injuries in blood?

One thing is certain: there is casual connection between our slack ness in punishing crimes of violence and their increasing frequency. If our police ever begin to show energy and intelligence in tracking down murderers, if our criminal courts then endeavor to make the trial prompt and expeditious, and if, our juries can be got to regard manslaughter for whatever cause, not as a mere pardonable eccentricity, but as a serious offense, the number of murders will immediately decrease.

Until those conditions are fulfilled the improvement in the situation will be slow.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

James Gentry Reporter

The band boys practiced again last Thursday under the direction of Mr. Jason Fisher, of Concord.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Hair cutting day came around again last week. This work took several days.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Lee Young visited the institution last week. He was formerly a boy here.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

New pistons and rings have been bought and installed in the school car. Kelma Smith and Paul Funderburk are doing this work.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The boys to receive visits from home folks last Wednesday were: Ervin Cole, Thomas Hart, Eugene Myers and Johnnie Boyd.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Master Presley Mills returned to the institution last week from a short visit to his home in Statesville, where he went to attend the funeral of his grandfather.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Master Wayne Carpenter has returned from the hospital in Concord where he was operated on for appendicitis about three weeks ago. He will return to his old job of tending the pumps.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

It seems that the laundry has rather rushing business, especially for Manford Mooney who has charge of the pressing department. According to him he presses from six to ten suits a day.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Mr. White, who has charge of the incubator, states that about twenty five more turkeys were hatched last week. This makes a total of about ninety turkeys to be hatched in the last two weeks.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The first nine under the direction of Mr. Godown, went to the ball-ground last Friday evening for some field practice and also to prepare for the game Saturday between J. T. S. and Roberta Mills.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Fifteen thousand Porto Rico sweet potato plants were set out last Thursday, fifty or more boys were used in doing this, the time it took in doing this did not exceed three hours. Four hundred tomato plants were also set out.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Mr. Godown, the job instructor, has been busy for the past week putiug out a song book for the use of the boys at the school. This book contains twenty-three of the most popular songs of the season. The boys are very much pleased with this book, and so is Miss Goodman, because it beats our old method of

learning songs.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

About one hundred and fifty pairs of shoes were gone over and repaired out of the shoes the boys turned in to Mr. Groover when the order came last month that the boys could go barefooted. The shoes will be saved and probably used next winter.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Last Tuesday the band was called upon to play at various places. Accompained by Mr. J. C. Fisher, the boys left the school and motored over to Kannapolis, and from there to Davidson College. After playing several selections the boys left Davidson College and went to Mooresville, where Master John Moose was called upon to direct the band during the absense of the band director. After an enjoyable dinner at Mooresville they motored to Landis, China Grove, Salisbury and Albemarle.

They arrived back at the instituiton about eight o'clock. It can be safely said that all of the bandboys had an enjoyable day.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

BASEBALL CLUB.

Holman pitched J. T. S. to a 10 to 6 victory over Roberta Mills last Saturday. This is the fifth game of the season and the fourth one to be won by the Training School boys.

Cook, catching, done unusually good, making eight put-outs and only one error. Hobby, second baseman, scored the most runs of the game, getting two hits and three runs.

Holman allowed only five hits during the entire game, while J. T. S, got nine off of Mason.

Score:

J. T. S.

	AB	R	H	O	A	E
Hobby 2b	4	3	2	3	1	2
Cook c	4	2	2	8	0	1
Godown 3b	3	2	0	2	3	0
Russell 1b	4	0	2	7	0	0
Holman p	3	0	1	0	2	1
Everhart ss	4	1	1	0	1	0
Watson rf	3	2	1	1	0	1
Oglesby lf	2	0	0	0	0	0
x Mills lf	0	0	0	0	0	0
Roper cf	2	0	0	1	0	0
xx Scott cf	1	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	30	10	9	21	7	5

Roberta Mills.

	AB	R	H	O	A	E
Smith 1b	4	1	1	6	1	3
Garmond cf	4	2	0	0	0	1
Mason p	4	1	1	0	3	0
Cochran D. 3b	4	2	1	1	0	2
Kiser c	3	0	1	6	0	2
Verble rf	3	0	0	0	0	0
Earnhart ss	3	0	0	0	0	1
Cochran C. lf	2	0	0	2	0	0
Dorton 2b	3	0	1	3	1	0
Totals	30	6	5	18	5	9

x batted for Oglesby in sixth.
xx batted for Roper in sixth.

Two-base hits—Russell, Watson. three-base hits—Hobby, Cochran. left on bases—Roberta Mills 6, J. T. S. 3. base on balls—off Holman 2, off Mason 4. struck out—by Holman 6, by Mason 6. Umpire—Kiser.

HOW WE STAND.

G.	W.	L.	Pct.
5	4	1	.800

SCHOOL CHILDREN KICK ON BAD LITERATURE.

Some at least of the students of the Monroe High School have grown

tired of Hot Dog, Slap Dash, Slim Jinks and Slimy Sam kind of literature which has been having such a run on the news stands of the country. The following paper was found in an automobile and handed in at the Rotary lunch at the High School Wednesday. It was read to the club by Mr. J. C. Sykes and a resolution passed commending the action set forth. A number of names were signed to the paper, and the presumption is that it is being circulated in the school for other signatures. The paper reads as follows:

"We the boys and girls of the Monroe High school respectfully request that all magazines such as Whiz Bang, Hot Dog, Jim Jam Jems and all others that are impure and indecent, be eliminated from our news stands, drug stores and all other places where they are sold, given away or distributed in any manner.

"We make this request that these temptations be removed from our midst in order that we may be more inclined to read those things that are uplifting, instructive and beneficial.

"We sincerely hope that the grown ups of our town will cooperate with us in this movement to eradicate at least one evil from our midst, and encourage the news dealers by interesting in more magazines and books of culture and information."—Monroe Journal.

A woodpecker pecks
Out a great many specks
Of sawdust
When building a hut.
He works like a nigger
To make the hole bigger—
He's sore if
His cutter won't cut.
He don't bother with plans
Of cheap artisans,
But there's one thing
Can rightly be said:
The whole excavation
Has this explanation—
He builds it
By
Using
His
Head.

—K. C. Outlook.

DO YOU KNOW

That there are more than Eighty Noble Peaks in the Southern Appalachian Mountains that tower 5,000 to 6,000 feet above the sea?

That Mount Mitchell, which is 6,711 feet high, is the highest mountain in Eastern America?

Appropriately called----

"THE LAND of the SKY"

The Vacationist's Playground. All out-of-door sports. Make your plans now

Reduced Summer Fares, beginning May Fifteenth

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

Passenger Train Schedules

Arrival and Departure of Passenger Trains, Concord, N. C.

LV.	NO.	BETWEEN	NO.	AR.
1:40A	30	New York-Birmingham	30	1:40A
2:37A	29	Birmingham-New York	29	2:37A
5:12A	44	Washington-Atlanta	44	5:12A
6:32A	31	Atlanta-New York	31	6:32A
8:41A	137	Atlanta-New York	137	8:41A
9:25A	11	Charlotte-Norfolk-Richmond	11	9:25A
10:55A	36	New York Birmingham-New Orleans	36	10:55A
3:20P	45	Washington-Charlotte	45	3:20P
3:45P	46	Charlotte-Danville	46	3:45P
7:10P	12	Norfolk-Richmond-Atlanta	12	7:10P
8:18P	32	New York-Augusta	32	8:18P
10:20P	35	Birmingham-New Orleans-New York	35	10:20P
9:45P	138	New York-Atlanta	138	9:45P
9:31P	135	Washington-Atlanta	135	9:31P

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Schedules published as information and are not guaranteed.

R. H. GRAHAM. D. P. A.,
Charlotte, N. C.

M. E. WOODY, Ticket Agent,
Concord, N. C.

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XI CONCORD, N. C. JUNE 2, 1923 No. 29

WAY BACK IN 1890—

The world's most famous automobile manufacturer was working in a bycycle shop.

A millionaire hotel owner was hopping bells.

America's steel king was stoking a blast furnace.

An international banker was firing a locomotive.

A President of the United States was running a printing press.

A great merchant was carrying a pack on his back.

A railroad president was pounding a telegraph key.

There's always room at the top—where will you be in 1956?—Exchange.

PUBLISHED BY

THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-setting by the Boys Printing Class. Subscription Two Dollars the year in Advance.

JAMES P. COOK, *Editor*, J. C. FISHER, *Director Printing Department*

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920 at the Post Office at Concord, N. C. under act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of Oct. 1917, authorized April 4, 1923.

The thought is distressing. What in the world will we do when the old-timey artist that wields most gracefully and successfully the old English scythe passes away? I call him an artist, advisedly, for the effect of his ability and touch leave a joy behind them, a picture that gladdens the heart. Old ex-slave Giles Miller, a worthy relic of the slave days, of which he graciously and lovingly speaks when he gained his training on the banks of Dutch Buffalo Creek on the old Dan Miller place in No. 8. Why, Giles can swing his scythe, now not wider than a table knife, and leave a smooth effect just like Bub Henry or Ed Melchor, tonsorial artists, leave the faces of some hard customers. This thing of using effectively the old time scythe looks mighty easy. but as smart men as W. W. Flowe, Charlie Ritchie, Luther Bost, Frank Niblock Luther Hartsell, Dr. Rankin, Tiny Hartsell, Zeb Morris, Jake Moose, J. L. Crowell, Jim Dayvault, D. B. Coltrane, A. B. Pounds, T. H. Webb, Mayor Womble and others who have made their mark in the business world—all country and farm bred and reared—couldn't get a third grade certificate from the Cabarrus county educational department on the subject of using an old-time grass scythe. These men just like the balance of us, would throw the instrument as if it were an axe aimed at a tough tree. The prospect for the future is indeed gloomy.

SOME MOVING.

The payment of a dollar bill, wisely handled, could discharge a score of debts in a day. A vacancy in public office, when the appointment is in the hands of one man, or practically so, can start a regular series of movements.

No sooner had the announcement been made that Dr. Riddick would re-

tire from the presidency of the State College (Agricultural and Engineering, at Raleigh,) it is announced that Dr. E. C. Brooks would succeed him. It is perhaps the happiest selection that could be made. His promotion creates a vacancy in a department that is of more concern to the people than the fortunes of any single institution. Quick upon the heels of this announcement comes word that should a vacancy occur in the head of the educational department Gov. Morrison will appoint as Brooks' successor Prof. A. T. Allen, a most practical educator and a most worthy gentleman who has never paid court to the spectacular.

This able man has come right up from the people, where opportunities are few and the knocks are the hardest, and he knows the great and pressing needs of the people his office is supposed to religiously care for. Should the movements, prophecied, actually take place, every interest involved will be greatly advanced.

* * * * * * *

SET AN EXAMPLE.

Recently a conspicuous judge of the state of Maryland passed away. In life he stood for simplicity and economy. He deplored the expensiveness of dying, and sought in all ways possible to defer that event and to make provision that would guarantee a modest furneral account.

He made note of the alleged fact that a coffin factory or an undertaking establishment always prospered and that none had ever failed in business. He publicly declared that charges were all out of reason—rather taking advantage of the pride of the living and the helplessness of the dead.

He had his coffin made by a local wood-working shop out of plain boards. He left instructions that it was not to be polished; and that he was to be buried in his oldest and least valuable suit; and that the better garments in his ward-robe should be given to the poor of his neighborhood. He did all this unostentatiously, dying as he had lived—and he enjoyed the reputation of being a just judge, a fine citizen and thoroughly democratic. He declared: "I came into the world naked—I should leave it practically in the same manner." If the policy of the Maryland judge were adopted by a goodly number, the cost of dying would swing back to conditions in former and better days.

* * * * * * *

ASSOCIATE JUSTICE HERIOT CLARKSON.

It was perfectly natural that Gov. Morrison should have gone to Charlotte to find a successor to the late lamented Judge Walker, of the State Supreme

Court. And it is no surprise that he chose Hon. Heriot Clarkson.

THE UPLIFT is not qualified to pass upon the legal attainments of this new judge; but it knows the subject so well and intimately as to feel like congratulating the Governor and the state that Mr. Clarkson is elevated to a seat in the highest court of the state—intensely honest, always sincere, full of energy, of constructive ability, stands out in the open and has never learned how to straddle any question that looks to the best interest of the state and her people.

Though a native of South Carolina, for which he is not responsible, but having lived practically all his life in North Carolina, he is a genuine North Carolinian and loves the state. His appointment has been cordially received throughout the state, if we are to judge by the newspaper comments.

* * * * * * *

SHE IS HERE.

The attractive town of New London in Stanly county, which came into the world under the name Bilesville, but later in keeping with her aspiring spirit and determination changed the name to "New London," has taken unto herself a woman for mayor.

Since the emancipation of women, by virtue of the constitutional amendment, woman has been coming along at a very satisfactory rate. She has assumed charge of some very responsible positions and faithfully and successfully discharged some very delicate obligations. She has proved herself.

Now that a woman has been made mayor of a town the size of New London, and by the vote of her people, there seems no doubt that woman is here. On our fingers, just as fast as we can count, we can name as many old timers,, has-beens, incompetents and sleepers and dead timber that should for the sake of progress and the good of the community make way for women.

* * * * * * *

GASTON LOSES ONE OF HER FINEST CITIZENS.

In the death a few days ago of Mr. K. R. Davenport, of Mt. Holly, the county of Gaston and the state loses a most valuable citizen. His fine personality made of him one of the most popular citizens of the county. His fine business judgment won for him unbounded confidence; and his intense love for the advancement of his county made him an untiring leader in all forward-looking matters.

For twenty years Mr. Davenport was a member of the board of County Commissioners, and for the most part of that time he was chairman. He

took initiative that led to the enormous mileage of good roads and in the counsels of the state organization of the county commissioners he was a power.

A fine spirit was Kell Davenport. He was intense in his love for his friends; and if he had any enemies, it never developed in his speech or his conduct. Gaston county is distinctively blessed for having the love, the effort and the vision of Mr. Davenport during his active and useful life.

* * * * * * *

STEPS DOWN.

Dr. W. C. Riddick, who has held the position of president of the Agricultural and Engineering College, at Raleigh, since 1913, has tendered his resignation, which has been accepted. He heads in the same institution the department of engineering, from which he was promoted when made president.

The Board of Trustees will meet at an early date to elect a successor to Dr. Riddick.

* * * * * * *

EVERYBODY IS AFTER ME—EXCEPT.

Every one, says Dr. Frank Crane, is after me,, with some design upon me. "The Tailor wants to put his wares on my form, the Hatter wants to get one of his lids upon my head, and the Shoemaker to get his leather on my feet, the Barber wants to lather and scrape me, the Dentist wants to put his buzzer in my mouth, the Surgeon longs to get me unconscious and come at me with his knives, the Bootblack wants to polish two of my extremities and the Manicurist the other two.

"Hotel-Keepers want to make me eat and Bar-keepers to make me drink, the Hack Driver wants to drive me about and the Usher wants me to sit down, my Wife wants me to go to bed and my Baby makes me get up, the Ball-Player wants me to yell and the Lecturer wants me to keep still.

"The School Teacher wants me to study, and the Playmate wants to come out among the barley, the Railway man wants to rush me from the city, the Steamship Man wants to take me across the water, and the Elevator Boy wants me to go up and down not to forget him on Christmas, the Preacher wants to make me repent and take a pew, and my unregenerate Neighbor wants to fracture the Sabbath Day with him with a golf stick, Parents want to make me good, and the Ragamuffins in the alley want to make me bad, the Doctor wants to dose me, the Christian Scientist wants to read a book to me, Flies want to tickle my nose, Fleas want to bite me, Cats want to rub up against my leg, Bees want to sting me, Bears want to eat me, Ticks want to

bore into my skin; Jailers want to lock me up, Soldiers want to kill me, and Undertakers want to bury me."

But there is one man who ask nothing of you except to please you. He is the funny man. He seeks only to make you laugh. "I find it impossible," continues Dr. Crane, "to hate a man who wants to get nothing out of me except a laugh. For, after all, laughter is as cheap as tears. Ihave tried them both. And those who take their pay in smiles leave me not half so poor as those who find their reward in my distress.

"And it is a great mistake to suppose that it takes no brains to be funny. Quite the contrary. The most commonplace writer can sordid muck-raking or dreary bitterness. But it is a rare genius indeed that can be funny for a dozen pages.

"Usually a joke runs anywhere from three to twenty lines, whereas a sermon or denuncation often goes on forever."

* * * * * * *

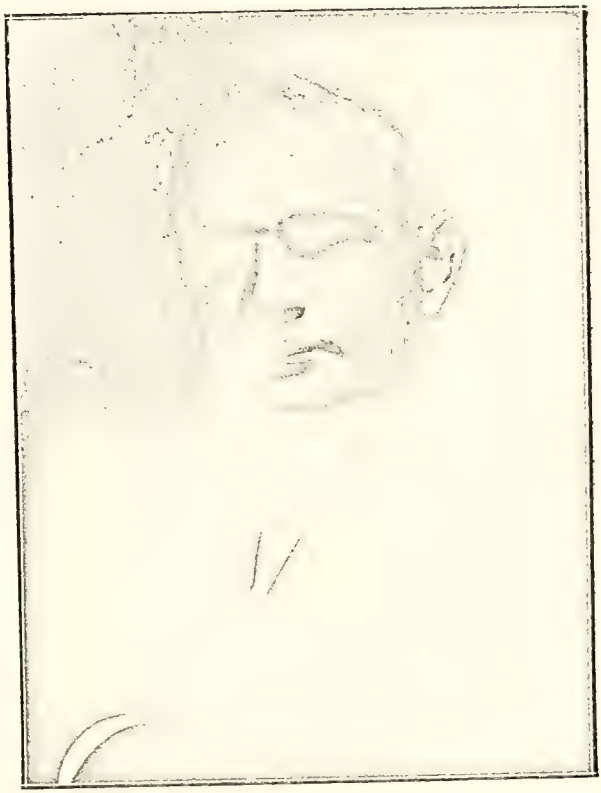
JUNE.

By Arthur Guiterman, The Mirthful Lyre.

Wrap me up in sunshine,
Bed me down in clover,
Tell Chewink
And Bobolink
To sing a gladder tune.

Hide the hedge in roses
Heaped and spilling over,
Thrill with mirth
The heart of earth
That I may know 'tis June!

HON. HERIOT CLARKSON.



To fill the vacancy in the North Carolina Supreme Court, occasioned by the death of Justice Platt D. Walker, Governor Morrison appointed Hon. Heriot Clarkson, of Charlotte. Mr. Clarkson took the oath of office on Wednesday, and his term continues until the general election in 1924.

MOTOR CARS IN NORTH CAROLINA.

Do you own a motor car? Perhaps not, but you will before many months. Everybody has a car or is planning to get one. At the rate we are buying them today there will be a motor car for every family in the state in three more years! Does it sound impossible? Perhaps so, but listen.

In 1915 North Carolina had one motor car for every 140 inhabitants. In that year there were ten counties that had a grand total of eighteen motor cars, and three counties had had none. In 1919 the state had one motor car for every 23 inhabitants. In 1922 she had one motor car for every 17.2 inhabitants. On January 20, 1923, there was a motor car for every fourteen inhabitants in the state, and on April 13 we had a motor car for every thirteen inhabitants. The number of inhabitants per motor car is being reduced by three each year, so that in 1924 there will be one car for every ten inhabitants, in 1925 there will be one car for every seven inhabitants, and in 1926, at our present rate of purchase, there will be a motor car for every family, white and black, town and country, in North Carolina. You may not own a car in 1926, but your neighbor will have two, and maybe three or four. In many families today each member has his or her private car.

Gaining Momentum

We are buying automobiles in this and every other state faster than ever before. In 1915 North Carolina had a grand total of 16,410 motor cars, or one for every 140 inhabitants. Many wise ones agreed that we were on our way to bankruptcy with eight million dollars invested in motor cars! In 1919 we had 109,000 motor cars or one for every 23 inhabitants, representing an investment of nearly 90 million dollars. In March 1922 we had 150,312 automobiles, or one for every 17.2 inhabitants, representing an investment of 120 million dollars. On April 13, 1923, we had 204,500 motor cars, or one for every 13 inhabitants in the state, representing an investment, at $800 per car, of $163,600,000; and we are not broke yet. In fact we are gaining momentum.

On January 20, we had 187,880 cars. On April 13 we had 204,500, a gain of 16,620 in less than three winter months. We have bought more cars in eleven weeks than the state possessed in 1915. During the last year from March 1922 to April 1923 we purchased 54,188 motor cars, or at that rate of 4,500 automobiles a month. At the present rate of purchase there will be around 260,000 motor cars in North Carolina by the Christmas holidays. They are being bought at the rate of 200 a day.

Where They Are

Where do the people live who own all these cars? Mainly in the central part of the state, from Edgecombe to Catawba county, and not in the mountain nor tidewater areas. There is not a single county in either of these vast areas in which there are as few as twelve people per motor car, and only seven of the

fifty-seven counties in these two areas are above the state average of one motor car for every fourteen inhabitants. The leading counties are located mainly in the great industrial area lying like a reap hook from Edgecombe, through Wake, Guilford, Iredell, Catawba and Gaston, along the Southern Railway.

Guilford leads North Carolina in the total number of motor cars with 10,777, and in people per motor car with one car for every 7.9 inhabitants. Guilford will soon have as many automobiles as the entire state possessed eight years ago. There are enough motor cars in Guilford to take the entire population of the county on a joy ride, by crowding in just a bit. By the end of the year there will be room for all to ride comfortably, for Guilford will buy more than 2 500 cars this year. She bought 2,263 last year.

Autos and Roads

Our rapid growth in motor cars is due very largely to our great road construction program. The counties which lead in motor cars are the counties with a large mileage of hard surface and other types of improved roads. The lack of autos in the mountain and eastern counties is due very largely to poor highways. Now that highways are being built in these sparsely settled counties the people are following the example of central counties and are buying cars at an unprecedented rate. Many of these counties purchased more cars last year than they possessed in March 1922. They have a long way to go to catch up with the counties which lead today, but give them good roads, and if good roads come can autos be far behind?—S. H. H., Jr.

THE GOVERMENT HOTELS.

Were a large number of buildings built near the Union Station during the World War to accomodate the very large number of women clerks needed for Government work. The Government claims to charge only cost for board and rooms, which it is claimed is about $50 a month. Very few girls get more than $100 per month, so with our costly 8 cents street car fare, many have barely enough to live on. Mr. Helm took the trouble to inquire as to the quantity used for Sunday dinner. For the 2,000 girls in the hotel the chef said 275 chickens, 7 barrels of potatoes (they use 200 dozen eggs for breakfast,) 60 gallons of coffee; when they have ice cream it takes 80 ggallons, and when they have whipped cream they start in with 25 gallons. They bake 4, 000 rolls or muffins for breakfast; they use 14 crates of grapefruit at one meal. They wash 60,000 dishes a day; it is done entirely by machinery; they claim the breakage is very little. They are ordering their canned fruits now; they put in the supply for a year.

VIRGINIA HEARS PAGE.

In the spring of 1921 the North Carolina Highway Commission started its organization in the building of our road system under the bond issue. At the end of 1922—say a year and six or seven months—we have constructed from the proceeds of this $50,000,000 bond issue 1,370 miles of improved roads. Four hundred and forty-three miles of this was pavement and 930 miles of other types. We had, however, under construction on the last day of December, 1922, projects amounting to $36,400,000, and, to show you the progress that we are making, our contractors' estimate for the month of November was $2,200,000, and in December, on account of weather conditions, it was materially reduced, but still we paid out to the contractors $1,200,000.

Attracts Contractors

At the beginnig of 1922 the State Highway Commission, realizing the unusual conditions then prevailing in the labor and material market, and the incessant demands for roads in the state, and further realizing that it was an economic proposition to build roads faster than we at that time contemplated, determined that we would let to contract in 1922 1,000 miles of roads. This large program enabled us to induce contractors to come in from at least one dozen different states, and by awarding contracts, not in one, two or three-mile sections, but in eighteen, twenty and thirty-mile sections, we were able to induce the largest and best contractors in the Union to come to our state. Some of these men today on a single project have one quarter of a million dollars' worth of equipment. These contractors came to us from Illinois, Pennsylvania, Missouri, Texas, Louisiana, Tennessee and Virginia, and I say to you that each of these states sustained a distinctive loss when a good contractor moved out of the state.

Roads Best Investment

Today we are building roads at the rate of fifty miles of pavement and seventy-five miles of other type of roads per month. You say it costs money. You say that we are spending large sums of money. Yes, we are spending large sums of money, but in my opinion it is the best investment that any state in the Union can make. The very fact that we had large sums of money to spend enabled us to secure contracts at a much more advantageous figure than if we had been forced to let these projects in very short pieces.

Bond Plan Saves $5,000,000

We are confident that we had a saving in the contracts let in 1922 by the method above described of at least $5,000,000 over what the roads would have cost if we had been forced to continue this road-building program over several years period. It is my opinion that we are going to have at the expiration of the expenditure of this $50,000,000 enough additional tax caused by the expenditure of this road money to pay every single dollar of it, and I want to tell you that some of these new citizens of North Carolina are going to come to our state from Virginia.

We have heretofore populated the Eastern Shore of Virginia by North Carolinians moving to your territory, but now they are coming back home, and when once again they get the "tar" on their heels you are going to lose some good Virginia citizens.

Schools and Roads

North Carolina's activity is not confined to our road-building program. We are today spending $25,000,000 in public school houses. We have today under construction and just being finished 800 new public school houses within the state. We are also appropriating additional buildings at our higher educational institutions amounting to about $6,000,000.

What The People Say

But to get to the point, what do the people of North Carolina say about this expenditure? We have biennal terms of the Legislature, and just prior to the convening of the 1923 Legislature the State Highway Commission was convinced that we would have our expenditure for roads so far advanced that we would need additional money before the 1925 Legislature convened, so we prepared a bill increasing our gasoline tax from one cent to three cents per gallon, and asking for an additional $15, 000,000 bond issue for road construction. This passed the House of Representatives by a vote of 88 to 9. The Senate Committee took it up without argument, and approved it. Today I assume that it will pass by an almost unanimous vote in the Senate. This, I think, shows what the people of North Carolina think of our road program. You may be sure that the legislator in North Carolina, and I assume in Virginia, has his ear closer to the ground than any animal living, and listening to the rumbling of public opinion.

Our Roads Save Gasoline

Some of you may say that we are taxing our people to death. No we are not. Here are some figures that will prove to you that the people of North Carolina love to be taxed when it is a paying investment. In 1920 there were shipped into the state 73,997,832 gallons of gasoline. There were at that time 142,284 automobiles in the state, or each automobile in 1920 used 520 gallons of gas. In 1921 there were shipped into the state 73,492 968 gallons of gasoline, and we had at that time 149,901 automobiles in the state, or each automobile consumed during the year 1921 490 gallons of gas. In the year 1922 we had shipped into the state 86,125,368 gallons of gasoline, and we had 181,955 automobiles, or each automobile in 1922 consumed 463 gallons of gas. This will show that the saving of each automobile in 1922 over 1920 was fifty-seven gallons of gas. This can be accounted for only by the improved roads in 1922 over 1920. This fifty-seven gallons of gas, multiplied by an average price of 25 cents, was a net saving to each automobile of $41.25, or a saving to 181.955 automobile owners amounting to the tremendous sum of $2,592,587.50. This is a saving in gasoline alone, not to mention the saving in oil, time, and the wear and tear of your machine and religion.—Frank Page, Chairman, N. C. Highway Commission

IN THE OLD DAYS OF SLAVERY.

By Fred A. Olds in Oxford Friend

Anything regarding the old "Slave Days" in North Carolina is naturally read with interest. The old time "Daddy" and "Mammy" of that period are nearly all gone, but they leave many a dear memory of devotion and infinite love. There is in South Carolina a splendid marble monument over the grave of a faithful slave. At his funeral only white gentlemen were pall-bearers. In Warren county there is a marble monument over the grave of a slave-owner which was erected by his slaves. When Mrs. Jefferson Davis, widow of the only President of the Confederate States, died her daughter would allow no one else to touch the body save James H. Jones, the devoted coachman of Mr. Davis during the War Between the States. He folded her hands and in them placed a magnolia, the flower she most loved; the "Flower of the South."

The original documents which so enrich the archives room of the North Carolina Historical Commission contain a wealth of material on the subject of the old Slave days, and easily the strangest of these documents is the following which came from Robeson county: "The bearer, Sam Boney, has Leave to Look a purchaser. His Price is three hundred and twenty-five dollars. Thomas Smith. 8th February, 1823. Apply to Mr. Julian P. Leonard, who is authorized to sell him. T. S."

So there was Sam Boney, Slave, equipped with this pass, going here and there, as he "looked for a new Master." Was he a skilled workman? He was evidently what we would now call a "trusty." There were "patrols" in each district of a county, but Sam's "pass" carried him anywhere. He must have had a rare privilege, that of selecting the man who was to buy him, but this was his "happy lot." This was in Robeson county, in 1805.

In the case of negro orphans, who requirements. There were "orphans' courts," held by the county "Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions." This latter court was composed of all the magistrates of a county, but usually from 3 to 5 sat at a time, one being designated by themas chairman. These courts disposed of many sorts of business. That which they could not handle they passed up to the "Superior Courts of Law," which which were at first called "Supreme Courts." The orphans' court required that where a negr orphan was placed in charge of a master the latter should give a bond with two or three sureties, in the sum f £250 current money, this to the chairman of the county court, setting forth that the person who was appointed master "must not remove the said orphan of colour from this county and must produce said orphan at any time before this court whenever it may require it and also must produce the said orphan at the time of the expiration of his service."

William Newsom appeared before the "Worshipful County Court of Wayne" in 1800 and signed the fol-

lowing document: "The undersigned is the owner of a negro Man named Charles, who has always conducted himself as a Faithful and Good Servant, who your Petitoner is anxious to emancipate and entitled to the Privileges of a Free Citzen and he therefore prays your Worship to take the case into consideration, to do what appears to you right and proper." Newsom was a Quaker, or "Friend," and people of this faith had decided views against Slavery.

In that county of Wayne in 1783 Joshua Fletcher, a member of the "Society of Friends," (as the Quakers always call themselves) presented the following paper to the county court: "From mature and deliberate consideration and the conviction of my own mind, being fully persuaded that Freedom is the Natural Right of all Mankind and that no law, Moral or Divine, has given me a right to our property in the persons of any of our fellow creatures, and being desirous to fulfill the injunction of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ by doing to them as we would be done by, do therefore declare that having under my care a Negro man named Scipio, he being now aged about 24 years, do for myself, my heirs, executors and administrators hereby release unto him the said Scipio all my right, interest and claims or pretensions of claims whatsoever, as to his Person or to any Estate he may hereafter acquire, without any intreruption from me or any person claiming for, by, from or under me. In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and seal this eighth day of the eighth month in the year of our Lord 1783. '

The Friends were (and are) tender-hearted folk and here is a ltter from Caleb White, one of them dated the "fifth of the third month, 1793," addressed to "John Lane, Pasquotank conuty."

"Friend John Lane, I set out from home yesterday to come down to court concerning that Negro woman that thee informed me was in jail at Nixton (then the county seat of Pasquotank,) but being in a poor state of health and the weather being so difficult I did not think it safe at any rate for me to attend court, but may inform thee that the same Negro hath been several times taken in our county and tryed at court, but the circumstances of the case was such that she was acquitted and I should willingly hope the court would not order her sold without it was clearly proved that she was free, which I believe cannot be done. Please to inform the court thus much and oblige thy Friend."

In many cases the county courts had before them negroes woh said they were free and ordered these sold as slaves, and in some cases there was refusal to recognize the papers giving freedom and the negroes given it were sold publicly. In Pasquotank county court, December term, 1795, the grand jury, of which Henry Lancaster was foreman, made the following presentment in the form of a "true bill" against the Quakers:

"The jurors for the state and the county of Pasquotank is reduced to a situation of good peril and danger in consequence of the proceedings of the Society of people called Quakers. That the idea of Emancipation amongst slaves is publicly held out to them and encouraged by the conduct of the Quakers. That

the minds of the Slaves are not only greatly corrupted and alienated from the service of their masters in consequence of such conduct but runaways are protected, harbored and encouraged by them. Arsons are committed, without a possibility of discovery. The Grand Jury, are so perfectly sensible of the Infatuated Enthusiasm of the Quakers, as to partial and general emancipation, that they see a present alarm amongst the minds of the people and foresee a prospect of imminent danger to impend, by the influence and designing attempts of the Quakers to this purpose, which unless prevented in direction that must burst with destruction around the citizens of the state.

"The Grand Jury, reflecting upon the miserable havock and massacres which have lately taken place in the West Indies, in consequence of emancipation; knowing the opinion of the Northern States; of the many hundred thousand slaves around them and of the infatuated enthusiasm of men calling themselves Religious who are amongst them, conceive it a duty which they owe to themselves, their families and this country to present this existing and alarming evil and to present the people called Quakers and their abettors, as the authors of the common mischief in this quarter of the world; where, independent of foreign opinion emancipation is publicly held out by the Quakers to the Negroes and private funds established in support of it.

"The Grand Jury present that speedy and resolute measures ought to be adopted, by the good sense and spirit of the people, in order to prevent that common appeal to arms in their own defense which at present appears to be almost if not altogether necessary."

In Pasquotank and in Perquimans Quakers were numerous and large numbers of them gave their slaves freedom. They did the same thing in Guilford county. There were also cases where persons other than Quakers manumitted their slaves. Slaves were of course considered as property and here is a paper from Pasquotank, giving title to the ownership of a slave; known as a bill of sale, with a warranty: "Know all men by these presents that I, William Brothers, Junior, of the county of Pasquotank and the Province of North Carolina, Planter, (meaning that was his occupation,) for and in consideration of the valuable sum of thirty pounds current money of the Colony of Virginia to me in hand paid by Thomas Taylor of Pasquotank, have sold and delivered and by these presents in plain and open market, according to law, have made over my Negro Boy called Cancer unto the said Thomas Taylor, his heirs, executors, administrators and assigns forever. Futhermore the said William Brothers, my heirs, assigns, etc., doth covenant to and with the said Thomas Taylor, his heirs, etc., the said Negro Boy Cancer to warrant, secure and forever defend. In witness whereof with the delivery of the said Negro Boy, Cancer I the said William Brothers have hereunto set my hand and seal the 14th day of December, Anno-Dom. 1743."

JOHN BURROUGHS.

By Maude Gardner

If John Burroughs could have known how one day loving hands would make his "Slabsides" into a wonderful home for birds, how happy the thought would have made him. Just to have known that the quaint old house, so intimately associated with his life, would be made into a sanctuary for the feathered creatures whom he loved, would have meant great joy to him.

And what a fitting tribute to the memory of the great naturalists, is the making of this favorite retreat of his into a home for birds. His work is being carried on for the association which bears his name has converted "Slabsides" into a perfect paradise for birds with drinking-troughs and bath and every convenience that would add to their happiness.

But at nesting time the birds miss the master of "Slabsides"—miss the gentle, kindly soul who was such a friend to them as well as to all Nature and her ways. There is a note of pathos in the song of the brown thrush as she builds her nest in the cherry-tree, for the gentle, kindly soul who was wont to fix the base of her nest is no longer at "Slabsides" and one wonders if in all the birds' songs there is not a minor note because the familiar figure with the snow-white hair is gone!

The quaint old house, perched on a shelf in the slope of the mountain side, and built of logs and stone, is tenderly preserved and kept in the same manner that its master left it. The great stone chimney John Burroughs built himself, and much of the rustic furniture was made with his own hands. There is the big open fireplace, before whose cheerful blaze he "found his thoughts," as he said when writing his nature books, and where many of his friends found a hearty welcome.

John Burroughs was born at Roxbury, New York, April 3, 1837. A year ago the farm on which he worked as a boy, and where was fostered that early love for nature, was bought by his great friend and comrade, Henry Ford, and dedicated as a memorial to his memory, and the rock on which he had played as a boy and in which a bronze tablet had been imbedded was unveiled by his two grandchildren. This "boyhood rock" marks the last resting place of the great naturalist, and the tablet pictures John Burroughs seated upon the rock and looking off into the distance, one hand shading his eyes. It bears two lines from his own poem: "Waiting"—

> "I stand amid the eternal ways
> And what is mine shall know my face."

It is interesting to know how this poem came to be written. It was in 1862 when John Burroughs as a young man of twenty-five was studying medicine in the office of a country doctor. It was a dreary afternoon, the work was not particularly pleasing to him, but amid his despondency, the thought came to him that if he was earnest and persistent in holding to his vision, there was nothing that

could stand in the way of its realization, and that his own would in time come to him if he had the patience to work and wait, and thus was written the poem that we all love:

"Serene I fold my hands and wait,
Nor care for wind nor tide nor sea;
I rave no more 'gainst Time or Fate,
For lo! my own shall come to me."

As a young man John Burroughs taught school, studied medicine, was in the Treasury Department at Washington for a number of years and a journalist in New York City, but always the woods called loudly and insistently, and the study of birds and plants and all growing things appealed to him far more than did these various occupations, which he finally abandoned in 1874 and building his rural retreats—Slabsides and Woodchuck Lodge—near the scene of his boyhood days, he divided his time between them, and the happy, interesting years of his life began.

"Living in a city," John Burroughs once said, "is an unnatural thing. It is a place where people overreach each other in the fight for gold, but it is not a place in which one can live." There was no loneliness for him in the deserted wilderness. The song of the birds made far sweeter music to his ear than the grandest orchestra of the city and watching the sun rise and set from his own mountainside was far better than the finest painting ever hung on walls. He came to know the birds as some men know humanity and as Henry Ford in his tribute to him said: "If some one had offered John Burroughs a million dollars in one hand and a strange bird in the other, he would unhesitatingly have chosen the unknown bird."

And the little poem "Waiting" turned out to be a prophecy, for John Burroughs' own did come to him, for here in the silence of the great woods with his friends, the birds, all about him, he found his real work and all that was great in his nature came to the surface.

And then there came a sorrowful day in April, 1921—the eighty-fourth birthday of the great naturalist—when friends gathered to celebrate his last birthday on earth and to carry him back into his beloved mountains for his final rest. In Memorial Field they made his grave and rocks native to the region have been placed around the spot, being built into pillars about two feet square and three and a half feet high. Between them are set birch, hickory and cherry limbs and so intertwined that they form a rustic fence which encloses the grave.

And there within sound of the call of the birds he loved, John Burroughs, the great naturalist, essayist and poet, sleeps.

I pity no man because he has to work. If he is worth his salt he will work. I envy the man who has a work worth doing and does it well.
—Theodore Roosevelt.

HE WANTED CARTRIDGES, GOT WARSHIP AND WAR.

By C. E. Collins in Dearborn Independent.

Most histories used in the schools say that the battleship Maine was sent to Havana "as an intimation that the Americans in Cuba would be protected by their government."

The Maine was not sent to Havana as a warning to Spain. It was sent there because of a misinterpreted cable message which a newspaper correspondent in Havana sent to his paper in New York. All that the correspondent wanted was a box of cartridges. A battleship was sent instead. It was blown up in Havana harbor, war with Spain resulted and a new page was added to America's war history.

The man who sent the ill-fated message was John R. Caldwell, now dead, then a correspondent at Havana for the New York Herald. Because of conditions in Cuba, the Spanish had established a censorship. The Herald and its Havana correspondent made use of a private code.

Caldwell, nervous over the ill feeling in Havana, sought to arm himself and he had his paper send him a revolver from New York, the sale of arms being banned in Havana. The revolver came without ammunition. Caldwell decided to cable for it but it was necessary that he send a message that would pass the censors. So he wrote:

"Camera arrived but no plates. Please hurry by next steamer.

"John R. Caldwell."

An assistant cable editor received the message. He knew nothing of the sending of the revolver. The full name, "John R. Caldwell," by a previous understanding, meant that the message contained more than the words signified. With aid of the code book he deciphered the message to mean that the American consulate in Havana had been attacked. Official Washington was quickly informed and by midnight the battleship Maine was under orders to proceed immediately to Havana. She reached there January 24, 1898. On February 14, she was sent to the bottom with two officers, and 250 men killed outright, eight wounded so severely that they died afterward and all but 16 of the remainder of the crew maimed and hurt.

That in brief, is the story I have from Walter Scott Meriwether. Meriwether was in Havana when the Maine was mined, was a bosom companion of Caldwell and was, moreover, correspondent for the very newspaper to which Caldwell had sent his innocent message. He now is owner and editor of a weekly newspaper in his boyhood home, Charleston, Mississippi, and it was from a sketch in his paper, the Mississippi Sun, written soon after he became the publisher, that I got an inkling of the secret which he had nursed for almost a quarter of a century, doubtless the only man who has the complete details.

Meriwether stands high in the estimate of his fellow townsmen. Some of the old residents remember his family and a few remain who

knew him 40 years ago before he left home to seek fame and fortune. Everyone around Charleston speaks of him with greatest respect.

But such a story!

How had it been kept secret, and why, for a quarter of a century? Who is this man now able to contribute such a revealing chapter to history? I wanted to know, so I made inquiry.

Soon after leaving his Mississippi home, Meriwether joined the United States Navy and saw 10 years of service. Afterward he got into newspaper work and he has devoted the remainder of his life to it. Most of the time he was with New York papers. For the New York Times he went to Labrador to meet Peary when word filtered through that the explorer was returning with the story of the discovery of the North Pole. Fresh from this assignment, he was ordered to accompany Admiral Kimball and a regiment of Marines sailing on the Yankee for Nicaragua to oust Zelaya. He reported the sinking of the Maine for the New York Herald and was the first to get through to America the great news story that Americans were on tiptoe to hear—that the Maine had been sent down by and exterior explosion.

"The correspondent who sent the cablegram from Havana to New York causing the Maine to be ordered to Havana, was one of my most valued and closest friends," said Mr. Meriwether. "Under seal of confidence he told me the entire story. He had planned to write it himself but thought it inadvisable to do so until some years had intervened. I asked and obtained his permission to make a passing reference to it in an article I wrote years ago describing the scenes in Havana on the night the Maine was destroyed but I was fearful of spoiling his story and the reference attracted little or no attention. More with the idea of serving my friend with data than with employing it myself, I had, as opportunity served, asked the several actors in the drama, each of whom I intimately knew, the parts they had played. Then the man for whom the notes were intended came back to the States from Havana, where he was long the Associated Press correspondent, and suddenly died. I felt that his death released the story to me but just at that time I was plunged into war work as publicity manager for the Shipping Board and later with my retirement to my old home, the episode was forgotten.

"It was early in February, 1898, that I received orders from my newspaper, the New York Herald, to go to Havana and relieve John R. Caldwell, who was then in charge of the Herald's bureau there. Caldwell was a bright fellow and an exceedingly capable newspaperman but for some reason he had come into disfavor with the then owner of the Herald, the late James Gordon Bennett, who had cabled from Paris a curt order to make the change.

"It was anything but an interesting place to be just then. Ill feeling between the Americans and Spaniards had been displayed several times and riots were frequent between the Cubans and the Spaniards. An order had been issued forbiding the sale of arms and ammunition. Caldwell was required to be on the streets a great deal and he decided that it would be wisdom to arm himself. Consequently he wrote to Fred

Burgin, cable editor of the Herald, to send him a revolver. Burgin did so, but he neglected to send cartridges with it. Caldwell could no more buy shells than he could buy a revolver. So he resorted to the cable.

"At that time there was a censorship in force, exercised by the Spanish. Because of it, the Herald and its Havana correspondent made frequent use of a private code. Without taking the trouble, however, to write a code message, Caldwell, realizing that Burgin would know what he wanted, sent the message in the following words:

" 'Camera arrived but no plates. Please hurry by next steamer.

" 'John R. Caldwell.'

"It so happened that the cable editor was home sick when the message came clicking into the Herald office that night. A young assistant was on the desk. He caught the significance of the full name, 'John R. Caldwell,' and realized at once that Caldwell was saying more than the mere words indicated and that the office would have to puzzle it out. Had Burgin received the message he quickly would have understood that Caldwell had received the revolver but no cartridges. But Spain's Nemesis was about that night. The assistant turned to the code book and transcribed the message to mean that the American consulate in Havana had been attacked.

"Fireworks ensued. An attack on the American consulate in Havana meant only one thing. It was the spark to set off the long brewing trouble between America and Spain.

"The message had come in at 9:30 o'clock. The cable office in Havana closed at 9 o'clock. There was no possible way of getting further news nor of communicating with Caldwell that night.

"The Herald got its Washington bureau by telephone and directed that every available man be hustled out on the story. The first move was to communicate with John D. Long, then Secretary of the Navy. He was informed of the contents of the message. Instantly official Washington was in a furor. Rapid telephonic conferences took place with the State Department and the White House. By 11 o'clock orders had been promulgated directing Rear Admiral Montgomery Sicard, commanding the North Atlantic Fleet, to detach a vessel from his command, then at anchor off Dry Tortugas, and send it to Havana forthwith, the reason given being that an eminently trustworthy correspondent of an important newspaper had cabled the report of an attack upon the American consulate.

"The message was relayed from the Key West naval station by torpedo boat to the New York, flagship of the fleet.

"I recall talking with Captain Sigsbee of the Maine some years after the war and he described the midnight visit to the New York where he was summoned by Admiral Sicard. His orders were terse. The Maine was to proceed at once to Havana. Everything was left to its commander's judgment, the admiral not hampering him with definite instructions.

"Fires were spread under the boilers of the Maine, awnings and stanchions were taken below and the decks were cleared for action. Soon the pride of the American Navy was on her way to the troubled

waters.

"Things were happening for Caldwell in Havana. He was in his room at the Inglaterra Hotel when a message came the next morning from the Herald:

" 'Rush story you bulletined on Cuban cane crop—we want it for main section!'

"Realizing that he had sent no story of the Cuban cane crop, Cladwell got out the code book. The first part of the message conveyed the tidings that, 'A United States man-of-war has been ordered to Havana.' He was puzzled a moment over the remaining words for there was nothing in the code that even slightly resembled it. Then it flashed on him that the use of the words 'main section' was to tell him the name of the vessel that was coming, otherwise the Maine.

"Caldwell was excited. His first impulse was to find the consul general. Fitzugh Lee, former Confederate general, then was in that position at Havana and he occupied quarters immediately across the hall from Caldwell. Caldwell met him in the hallway.

" 'The Battleship Maine,' he exclaimed, 'is on her way to Havana.'

" 'Impossible,' exclaimed General Lee. 'The government would not send a warship here unless I asked for it and that I have not done.'

"At that moment came the dull thud of guns, creating a tremor throughout the hotel building. Hurrying to the balcony the two Americans saw the Maine entering the harbor, bulbs of white smoke drifting off from her saluting batteries.

"The Maine steamed on in, piloted by an official Spanish pilot, and she was moored to a Spanish government buoy inside the approaches. The customary calls and salutations were exchanged between the Spanish authorities and the commander of the ship. Three weeks later the great Maine was a mass of twisted steel, her hulk resting on the bottom of the bay. Every school child knows what followed."

Such was Meriwether's story. He gave me many minor incidents touching on scenes and happenings in those memorable days but many already have been recorded in the pages of history of the war that moved America to its present place among the powers of the world.

"I have been asked a great many times," Meriwether added, "for an opinion as to the exact cause of the sinking of the Maine. The Sampson Naval Court of Inquiry found, as is a matter of history, simply that the Maine was sent down from an exterior explosion. It did not say in so many words that it was blown up by a mine placed under it by the Spaniards but I have never doubted that the court was convinced of that fact. The Spaniards would have been incredibly shortsighted if they had not placed a mine under the predetermined buoy to dominate any foreign vessel making fast to it, particularly with the strained relations existing with America. The Maine's guns absolutely commanded the situation once the ship was inside the harbor, for the Spanish guns overlooked the approaches and not a single one could be brought to bear on points inside.

"Aside from that feature, however, the physical condition of the wrecked battleship was evidence sufficient to convince the most skeptical. Its keel, ordinarliy 35 feet

under water, was bent and twisted until a portion of it was only 18 inches below the surface. It had been lifted up by a terrific explosion and no interior explosion could have left it there."

The veteran correspondent then unfolded another of the interesting facts surrounding the disaster which was responsible for a delay in getting the great news to America that the ship's keel was so near the surface, the news that was the clinching argument that war was imminent. Another cablegram that was misinterpreted kept the American people in suspense awaiting that decisive word.

"For days and days the American papers were frantically urging their correspondents to rush the story of the explosion as viewed by the Naval Court of Inquiry," continued Meriwether. "The correspondents were as frantic in their efforts to get the news. But the Sampson court arrived on board the lighthouse tender Fern and held its investigations secret. No newspapermen were permitted on board the vessel.

"Such was the situation when, one night while I was in my room at the hotel, someone rapped at my door. It was about 10 o'clock. Even after all these years I am not at liberty to reveal the name of the man who called on me, but he was a naval officer. I had been shipmates with him years before. He had been sent down to supervise the work of divers engaged in examining the wreck. The minute I saw him I knew he was excited. He came into the room and carefully shut and locked the door. Swearing me to secrecy and exacting a promise that I would not reveal the source of my information, he told me in one breath what the world was waiting to hear.

"'The keel of the Maine,' he said, speaking low and fast, 'is within 18 inches of the surface. We found it there tonight. Mr. Powelson was with me and he positively identified the keel plates.'

"Wilfred Van Ness Powelson was one of the constructors who had built the Maine and had been summoned as an expert to go over the wreck. I knew his reputation as a highly competent and thorough-going officer, and I knew that if he said the keel was within 18 inches of the surface it was information entirely to be relied upon.

"Here, then, was the biggest story of the day. It was the answer to the message coming from the papers. The position of the keel meant only one thing, that the battleship had been blown up from a mine placed beneath it and not from an explosion of the engine or a magazine. It meant war.

"But how was I to get this pretentious news past the censors? The old rule of closing the office at 9 o'clock had been rescinded and the cable offices now were open night and day. But I knew, too, that Madrid and Washington were keeping it so busy that newspaper correspondents could get little through. What they did send was subjected to the closet scrutiny.

"I had been provided with a dispatch boat which I used in getting to Key West to file my stories but on this night she could render me no service. Harbor rules forbade vessels leaving between sunset and sunrise.

"The code book was of no help for

it contained nothing by which I might tell my office about the position of the keel. I evolved several messages and finally hit on one which I propose to try. I strolled into the cable office and scribbled this cablegram:

" 'In important story which will be filed from dispaach boat in Key West tomorrow, please note that the main story is mine.'

"The censor, a Spanish colonel, had a knowlege of English that was disappointingly complete. He read the message and then inquired of me if I considered it worth while to pay high cable charges merely to claim credit for a story that had not even been sent. I explained my anxiety to have full credit, pointing out that the office would be certain to be impressed if I cabled. The colonel merely grinned. He made some remark about not liking the use of the word 'main' any more than he liked the use of the word 'mine,' and the message was passed back to me. All I could do was hand him a cigar and walk out.

"I thought of all kinds of messages which might give the office a tip and which I might be able to get past the censor. I knew a shift was made at 11 o'clock and I proposed to try something on the new censor who was due shortly.

"From the hotel news stand that day I had bought a copy of Life and had read Kipling's poem, 'The Destroyers.' I recalled a line in it which I believed I might be able to use, so I got the magazine and prepared this cablefiram:

" 'American colony in Havana much interested in Kipling's poem Destroyers appearing current issue of Life. Naval contingent assert technical accuracy of last verse impossible to improve upon.'

"This I handed to the censor. The first thing he wanted was a copy of the magazine. I had left mine at the hotel, so he sent a messenger out to buy one. The last stanza of the poem reads as follows:

" 'The strength of twice three thousand horse
That serve the one command;
The hand that heaves the headlong force,
The hate that backs the hand;
The doom-bolt in the darkness freed,
The mine that splits the main;
The white-hot wake, the 'wildering speed—
The Choosers of the Slain.'

As the crux of the situation was 'magazine' or 'mine,' I knew very well that my office would at once hit upon that pregnant line, 'The mine that splits the main' as containing the message I was trying to get to them.

"The messenger returned with the paper. The censor read the poem. He scarcely smiled when he remarked, 'very clever,' at the same time handing back my dispatch.

"That ended my cable chances. I was forced to wait until daybreak to get out for Key West. There I wrote my story which occupied the entire front page of the Herald on the following morning.

"I refer to this to bring in the sequel. On the day I left Havana another correspondent got an inkling of what I had heard the preceding night. Having no dispatch boat he was forced to depend entirely upon the cable. Knowing from experience the difficulties to be encountered there, he wrote a purely descriptive story of the crowds on

the Prado, the brilliant sunshine, sea breezes droning through the palm trees, the shimmering bay, and buzzards roosting on the keel of the Maine.

"As it all was extremely complimentary to the scenery and the climate, the censor let it go. But when it reached the New York office, the cable editor failed to catch the significance of the line, 'buzzards roosting on the keel of the Maine,' and, as the paper had no space for flowery descriptions, it was assumed that the correspondent at Havana had partaken of too much aguardiente, and the dispatch was spiked. A realization of what the correspondent was trying to tell his office came when the Herald's full-page account was published the ensuing morning.

"I've often wondered in the last few years what secrets will come out of the late World War when the newness has worn away in the years to come. Don't you imagine there is a sister-story to Caldwell's message story buried somewhere in someone's memory?"

A CAT AND DOG STORY.

I have a Scotch Collie dog and my youngest hopeful has a nondescript striped cat. My dog will chase every other cat in town except that cat that belongs in the family. My dog and this cat have been chums from childhood, the cat sleeping between the paws of the dog every night.

The other morning I looked out of my window and saw that cat walking sedately across the street, as cats will walk, with its tail hoisted haughtily in the air. Behind the cat the dog followed leisurely. At a gate across the street the cat paused, turned sidwise and waited for the dog to come up. The dog, not once halting, proceeded to the gate, pried the gate partly open with its nose and held the gate open thus until the cat entered. When the cat had crawled thru the aperture thus forced by the dog, the dog released the gate, came leisurely back to the house, stretched itself, yawned and laid down on the door-mat.

I have wondered and wondered if the cat asked the dog to go across the street and open the gate. I verily believe such was the case because I have seen that dog of mine do things requiring quite as much intelligence.
—Saunders in The Independent

INTO THE WORLD'S GREATEST VOLCANO.

By William Wallace Fairbanks

It was an early morning in the tropics—so early, indeed, that when the doctor's insistent knock at my door awoke me, I thought it yet midnight and wondered if some calamity had occurred. When the doctor was convinced, finally, that I was awake, he threw a question through the door that brought me out of bed to grope frantically for the matches. "Do

you,'' enquired he, ''want to go to the valcano?'' Did I?

There was on page sixty-seven of our old school geography, a most fascinating picture of a mountain in the shape of a cone. From its uttermost peak, sharp as the point of a pencil, white streaks representing fire and a mass of rocks shooting skyward. My dreams of future adventure in various parts of the world scarcely included a personal and intimate acquaintance with an actual volcano but when, after passing of some years, our steamer's prow was one day headed straight from the Golden Gate towards Honolulu, I remember that the greatest volcano in the world was on the Island of Hawaii. The fact occured to me again when, a month later, I stood on the deck of the little island boat bound for Hilo Bay. It was from Hilo that the inland trip to the volcano was then always made; but my stay at the little town was supposedly brief and the volcano itself still seemed quite remote. A trip there involved a ride on horseback of thirty miles over a narrow trail, across ancient lava beds, climbing steadily along the side of the great Mauna Loa to an altitude of some four thousand feet. Horses and guides must be obtained and much expence incurred. No, a visit to the great volcano seemed still beyond my reach, till now, in the early morning, the doctor, whose guest I was, came hammering at my door.

It was now explained to me: two ladies from the eastern states had come accompanied by their father to visit the volcano. The father was ill and could not go. Could I guide the ladies there and back? A horse would be furnished me and all expenses paid. I certainly could—at least I would. A rash undertaking, apparently, until one is told that the doctor's horse which I was to ride was trained to follow the narrow trail direct to the volcano; that natives dwelt along the way who could, if necessary, direct us; and that I myself, a Californian, had a bit of training in mountain travel.

Thirty miles on horseback isn't so much of a day's journey over good roads; but from the Hilo settlement to the volcano it wasn't what you might call a road—just a trail of the character to be described later; anyway, it was necessary to make an early start and break of dawn found our horses slowly picking their way, single file, along the rocky trail through the tropic jungle that covered the lowland for some miles out of Tilo. Here the ladies rode ahead as the trail was well defined, being in daily use by natives who gathered the wild oranges, plantains and bread fruit for the local market. In places this trail was built up from the lower jungle depths by long, stone causeways just wide enough for a single animal or man to pass.

In a few hours we had left the lowland jungles behind and were slowly reaching the higher altitudes. The surface of the country was rough and broken, showing evidences everywhere of ancient lava overflows. The trail, winding and irregular, sought always to avoid the rocky ledges and precipitous cliffs. In places it seemed lost to view but I was now in the lead and the doctor's raw-boned bay found his way slowly but without hesitation. Our progress was painfully slow. Noon-time found us, according to the little

chart which I had, much less than half way on the journey. For lunch we chose a smooth, grass spot near a native hut where we could get water and as the horses showed signs of weariness they were given an hour's rest and a feed of the grain which we carried. The native woman brought us oranges—large, smooth and as light in color as a lemon. Anything which the natives had was generously offered the traveler.

All the long afternoon our horses stumbled over the rough lava surface of the trail. All the time we were climbing upward and the air gave one the sensation of the crisp, higher altitudes. We entered again vast jungle tracts where the trees, closing above our heads, shut out the light of day. When darkness actually came, as it finally did, we let our weary horses pick the trail.

Soon after darkness had settled, a light in the sky far ahead relieved in a measure the gloom of our surroundings. We knew this to be the light from the fires of the volcano which at this time was unusually active; and long before we reached the end of the trail. the country round about was softly illuminated by these same fires, while the heavy booming in the distance suggested an irregular firing of cannon.

We were received most hospitably at the volcano house, a low, rambling sort of structure planted alarmingly near the very edge of the crater itself; and at daylight the next morning I stood for the first time on the real brink of an actual and very active volcano; this, however, did not in every way fulfill my previous expectations; it was not a lofty cone or sharp mountain peak pointing toward the heavens, but a vast amphitheater located on a high, flat plain with walls rising many hundreds of feet above the crater's floor; it was of a circular, irregular form and it was nine miles in circumference.

Accompanied by a native guide, we followed a zig-zag trail cut into the side of the basalt cliff and entered the crater's depths. It was perhaps six hundred feet to the floor of the main crater. This of itself was not in a wholly molten or liquid state. Black, heat-riven, lava formations rose about us everywhere. There were cones, caverns and plains; wave-like bodies of lava recently cooled; there were lakes, pools and ponds, acres in extent, all semi-liquid and agitated into movement by the forces below. The more violent of these we dared not approach.

Our objective point was the "Burning Lake," a sub-crater occupying a more distant section of the main one we were in. To reach this we traversed several miles of the crater's bed. In its lower depressions great waves of molten lava six feet high would be rolling slowly toward us. The outer crust of these was black and shiny as it cooled, but as it rolled along, the numberless cracks, fissures and openings emitted streams of fire.

One part of our journey was, perhaps, more dangerous than any other; here the deep fissures emitted suffocating fumes of sulphurous gas. Instructed by our guide we held handkerchiefs to our faces, ceased to breathe—temporarily—and ran the fifty yards or so to the point of safety.

A mass of lava in circular form,

up-heaved a hundred feet above the surrounding surface, indicated the rim of the sub-crater or "Burning Lake." We clambered up this and approached—it must be confessed, with considerable fear—the very brink. It is quite impossible to fully describe what we beheld. Some of the world's greatest wonders are quite beyond description. At the depth of many hundred feet we saw a molten lake of vast extent. It was a sea of liquid fire filled with islands over which waves of flame constantly dashed. More than fifty of these islands were craters of lesser size. They emitted smoke and flame. From some streams of molten lava rolled in blazing torrents down their blackened, corregated sides. The motion of the great mass was ceaseless. We were told that this pit or crater would sometimes fill, rising so close to the brink that it would overflow into the main crater. This, itself, has on occasion filled till the great pressure against the sides forced a passage through the walls. Then great tracts of the country far below were flooded by the fiery mass. This accounts for the many square miles of old lava beds that reach far down towards Hilo. Once, a river of fire, it forced a channel more than a mile wide, plunging finally, over great cliffs into the sea more than twenty-five miles away.

Kilauea is situated on a sort of tableland or shelf on the side of the great mountain, Mauna Loa, whose snow-capped top rises ten thousand feet above. This, too, is a volcano, but active only at long intervals. After years of inactivity it broke out in the spring of 1880. For many months the lava flowed down the mountain side towards the little settlement of Hilo, forty miles away. For eight months the flow continued, forcing its way over the wildest country imaginable, sweeping down forests and filling up canyons and gorges. Thus it slowly approached Hilo whose inhabitants, which included some thirty white families, had with their belongings packed, been in a state of preparedness for weeks. Steamers were in the bay ready to receive the people but fortunately, when the lava stream reached the river which separated the mountain from the town, the flow had begun to subside and so, gradually ceased.

We ate our lunch on the crest of the rim which surrounded the "Burning Lake"—a day, I'm sure, never to be forgotten by any of us. Early in the afternoon we retraced our steps towards the volcano house. It was a matter of some three miles and there was the roughness of the great lava beds; the long detours to avoid the molten streams which like an ocean's tide, had ebbed and flowed all day; and the zig-zag trail with its direct upward climb of over six hundred feet. Not the least matter for consideration was the fact that the shoes we all wore, had, from so close a contact with the internal fires, begun to show signs of rapid disintegration; the leather was burned to a crisp and were it not for the greatest care, we would have reached the volcano house barefoot.

Our journey back to Hilo the following day was more rapid and just as the sun was dropping behind the old, extinct crater cones back of Hilo town, we entered the village, tired enough, but all happy in hav-

ing realized an almost impossible dream.

Modern methods of transportation have now reached into this remote part of the world. There's a train and auto service direct from Hilo to the volcano; but nothing that man can do will add to the grandeur of the scene or make it more deeply impressive.

She could swing a six-pound dumb-bell,
  She could fence and she could box;
She could row upon the river,
  She could clamber 'mong the rocks;
She could golf from morn till evening,
  And play tennis all day long;
But she couldn't help her mother,
  'Cause she wasn't very strong.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

Pressly Mills Reporter

A new sewage system is being installed at the institution. Work on this system has been carried on for several days.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Master Allie Williams visited the institution last Sunday morning. He was paroled by Mr. Boger during last January.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Master Roby Mullies, arrival of April 23, has been placed in the printing office, and as a former reporter once said, "he likes to hear the click of the type."

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The boys, who entered the latin class, that was started last fall are progressing very rapidly in this study. Some of the boys can read Cæsar fairly well.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The carpenter shop has been temporarily closed owing to the illness of Mr. Cloer, who is at the present unable to attend to the work that is performed in this department.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The boys who received visits from their friends or relatives last Wednesday were: Richard Hoyle, Ralph Freeland, Mack Wentz, Leon Allen, Jack Stewart and Julian Strickland.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Master Wayne Carpenter is back on his job of tending to the pumps. He had been suffering in a hospital, in Concord, for several days with appendicitis but has now fully re-

covered.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Last Sabbath afternoon the Rev. Mr. Armstrong, of Concord, conducted the religious services in the Auditorium. He delivered an interesting sermon, his text being taken from Exodus 3 1-6.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Several hundred flower plants have been set out in the front and around the printing office. Soon the little flowers will begin to bloom and a brighter light will be thrown on the printing office and on the other buildings near it.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Last Sabbath afternoon the band boys took their instruments upon the campus and played several pieces of music. Master John Moose led the band through these pieces and the boys did pretty well in all they played.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Strawberries are ripening and nearly every day they are picked and sent around to the cottages. We have a fine strawberry patch and some of the berries that have been taken from this patch were as large as a small hen egg.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Mr. Jason Fisher, of Concord, who recently agreed to take charge of the band, came out to the institution last Tuesday and let the boys practice some new pieces. The boys learned upwards of five pieces in just a few hours and this shows that Mr. Fisher is really teaching them something, for heretofore it took them several houas to learn one piece. Mr. Fisher will come a gain next Friday night to let the boys practice again.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

J. T. S. Loses Another One.

Last Saturday afternoon a groupe of base ball players, who were called the Flowe's Store nine, journeyed up to the institution and defeated the boys in a snappy game that was well played by both clubs.

Summary. Two base hits: Boger. Three base hits: J. Dorton. Errors: K ser, Russell, Hobby and Bigger (2). Base on balls: Off Holman 1; Off Bost 2. Left on base: J. T. S. 5: Flowe's Store 5. Hit by pitcher (Holman).

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Instead of having the religious services on Sabbath afternoon May 20, the boys were entertained in the Auditorium by Mr. S. A. Ackley, who is a great Y. M. C. A. booster, and Mr. Alan Prindell, who was at one time a singer in the great Metropolitan Opera house, of New York. Mr. Ackley delivered a long and interesting speech that was greatly enjoyed by the boys, officers and visitors. Before Mr Ackley delivered his speech Mr. Prindell, accompanied by Mrs. Black at the piano, sang the twenty third Psalm. Mr. Prindell is a fine singer and his audience was greatly pleased with his singing. Mr. Verburg, who is one of the best friends of the boys living, in Concord, arranged this entertainment for the boys, and we, the boys of this institution, wish to thank him for the pains he took in preparing this entertainment for us.

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SOUTHERN
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SYSTEM

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

Passenger Train Schedules

Arrival and Departure of Passenger Trains, Concord, N. C.

LV.	NO.	BETWEEN	NO.	AR.
1:40A	30	New York-Birmingham	30	1:40A
2:37A	29	Birmingham-New York	29	2:37A
5:12A	44	Washington-Atlanta	44	5:12A
6:32A	31	Atlanta-New York	31	6:32A
8:41A	137	Atlanta-New York	137	8:41A
9:25A	11	Charlotte-Norfolk-Richmond	11	9:25A
10:55A	36	New York Birmingham-New Orleans.	36	10:55A
3:20P	45	Washington-Charlotte	45	3:20P
3:45P	46	Charlotte-Danville	46	3:45P
7:10P	12	Norfolk-Richmond-Atlanta	12	7:10P
8:18P	32	New York-Augusta	32	8:18P
10:20P	35	Birmingham-New Orleans-New York	35	10:20P
9:45P	138	New York-Atlanta	138	9:45P
9:31P	135	Washington-Atlanta	135	9:31P

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M. E. WOODY, Ticket Agent,
Concord, N. C.

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XI CONCORD, N. C. JUNE 9 1923 No. 30

THE HOUSE THAT STANDS.

Every one of us must see how stupid it is to give more attention to a house in which we can live for only a few years at most than to life itself which goes on forever. We may build these houses of ours out of gold, silver and precious stone, which will give them permanence or out of wood, hay and stubble, which the first storm or the least fire will destroy. If the man who builds a house is greater than the house, and it requires no argument to prove it, then we should give more attention to ourselves, our faith and our character, than to any structure we may erect. Much that we are now doing will perish ere many days are past, while much will endure throughout eternity. Happy is the man who has wisdom enough to concentrate on doing what is of permanent and abiding value.

—PUBLISHED BY—
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

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JAMES P. COOK, *Editor*, J. C. FISHER, *Director Printing Department*

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THE SURPRISES.

The front page of the last number of THE UPLIFT carried a list of men, who by dint of ambition, devotion to a purpose and the influences of opportunity and environment, rose from common-place conditions and positions to exalted ones and of great influence and wealth. This example of surprises in the course of life is no less marked in the social world than in the industrial world. A brilliant example of this is found in the case of a lady widely known that has conquered every position of honor in the gift of her fellows, is socially a pronounced leader and an immaculate dresser. Not many years ago, she lived in a modest home, in a good street, in a promising young city, and her father never wore shoes after the frost period ended in springtime and he always washed his feet on the front porch daily, enjoying chatty remarks with the passers-by. Opportunity comes to every one once, at least—it may not make a second visit.

CLAUD KITCHIN.

On the last of May, Claud Kitchin, representative of the second North Carolina congressional district, after three years' struggle with bodily infirmities, peacefully passed away at a Wilson hospital, surrounded by his family and devoted friends.

One can not look upon the handsome face and admire the robust physique of the dead giant, as we knew it in life, and associate Congressman Kitchin with death. It is to the finite reason an inconsistency. But his vigorous intellect that constantly functioned in the interest of what he always thought

was best for his district, his state and his country finally broke a robust constitution and the brainy and brilliant man succumbed.

We are reminded by this death that the price of public life is enormous. Aycock made the supreme sacrifice in his public service; Glenn shortened his life by his public labors; W. W. Kitchin is to-day a perfect wreck; Craig patiently bears the punishment of his heroic service; Bickett sapped his vitality and soon fell by the way-side; and we fear that another dynamic force in the public- life of the state has taxed and is taxing what seemed unbreakable physical powers by his strenuous efforts in behalf of the state. The price for these temporary honors and this consuming pride in serving the state is too great.

It is no small honor, however, that attaches to the name and record of congressman Kitchin, who became nationally known and admired. He had no superior in debate; and it is said that in obeying his conscience and his reason, he took his political fortune in his hands when he opposed the declaration of war against Germany. He knew the cost of such a course; but his conscience was his master and he obeyed. That speech of Kitchin's when he announced his inability to follow the leader of his party in the White House, is regarded the greatest and most forceful speech delivered in congress in modern times.

The state and the nation have sustained a severe loss in the death of Claud Kitchin, and the state along with his family is in mourning

• • • • • • •

COBB MORRIS.

During the World War, the report came from across the seas that Cobb Morris, of the flying squad, had perished by falling from a machine hundreds of feet. For days the people of this community mourned the sudden taking away of this popular and attractive young Cabarrusite.

The report proved intrue and there was rejoicing. This young man came back sound in mind and limb. His record and achievements were of such a high order that he has, in conesquence, reached an important and responsible position in the Training Service at a station in Texas. A few days ago he came back on a visit to the old home. He brought his bride with him—he found this charming young woman, not in the air where he is just as much at home as a bird, but in the great state of Texas.

Young Mr. Morris was an honored guest at a meeting of the Concord Kiwanis Club; he made an address about this flying business, which the government is developing so rapidly. The revelations he made as to the develop-

ment and the necessity for this air service was not only a rare treat but most instructive. Joseph Caldwell, long before the balance of the world thought of it seriously, always claimed that "we will fly;" but were he alive today, he would be astonished at carrying freight trains through the air. Undoubtedly future wars—and may they be in the far, far future—will be fought almost entirely in the air.

* * * * * * *

NEW PRISON RULES.

It comes out from Raleigh that Mr. George R. Pou, the superintendent of the state prison, is well pleased with the results so far of the operation of the new rules governing the control of prisoners in the state pen and in various camps that are under his control.

In the great majority of the counties it appears that conditions are satisfactory, though from some counties some ugly reports have come. When you weed out the exaggeration of the reports and get down to the bottom it will be found that conditions in North Carolina prisons compare favorable with any of the states. The officers of the law are responding promptly and faithfully to the request of the governor; and by and by the whole matter will be cleared up.

* * * * * * *

GOVERNOR SMITH.

The governor of New York has furnished to the country the occasion for much writing and talking. The bill that sought to abolish a certain state law for the enforcement of the Volstead Act, having been passed by a majority of one vote, came before Gov. Smith for his signing or rejection.

A spectacular performance was pulled off in presenting the argument to the Governor why he should veto the measure. It was like pouring water on a duck's back—though keeping a straight face and humoring the performances, the governor, like the billy goat, had already voted: Gov. Smith is a wet man.

* * * * * * *

KEEPING BOOKS.

From the various exhibits that come out from the offices of the Southern Railway, there must be a perfect system of book-keeping. They certainly know where they stand and which way they are headed. It is figured out that during the year 1922 the Southern handled 51,327,645 tons of freight,

and the average distance this was carried was 176.52 miles, and at a cost of one ton four miles, or four tons one mile, for a nickel.

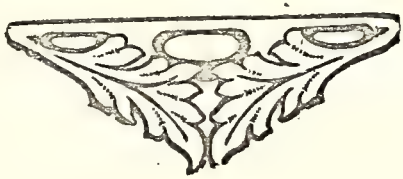
* * * * * * *

THE FEW.

The easy roads are crowded;
And the level roads are jammed;
The pleasant little rivers
With the drifting folks, are crammed.
But off yonder where it's rocky,
Where you get a better view.
You will find the ranks are thinning,
And the travelers are few.

When the going's smooth and pleasant
You will always find the throng,
For the many, more's the pity,
Seem to like to drift along.
But the steeps that call for courage
And the task that's hard to do
In the end results in glory
For the never-wavering few.

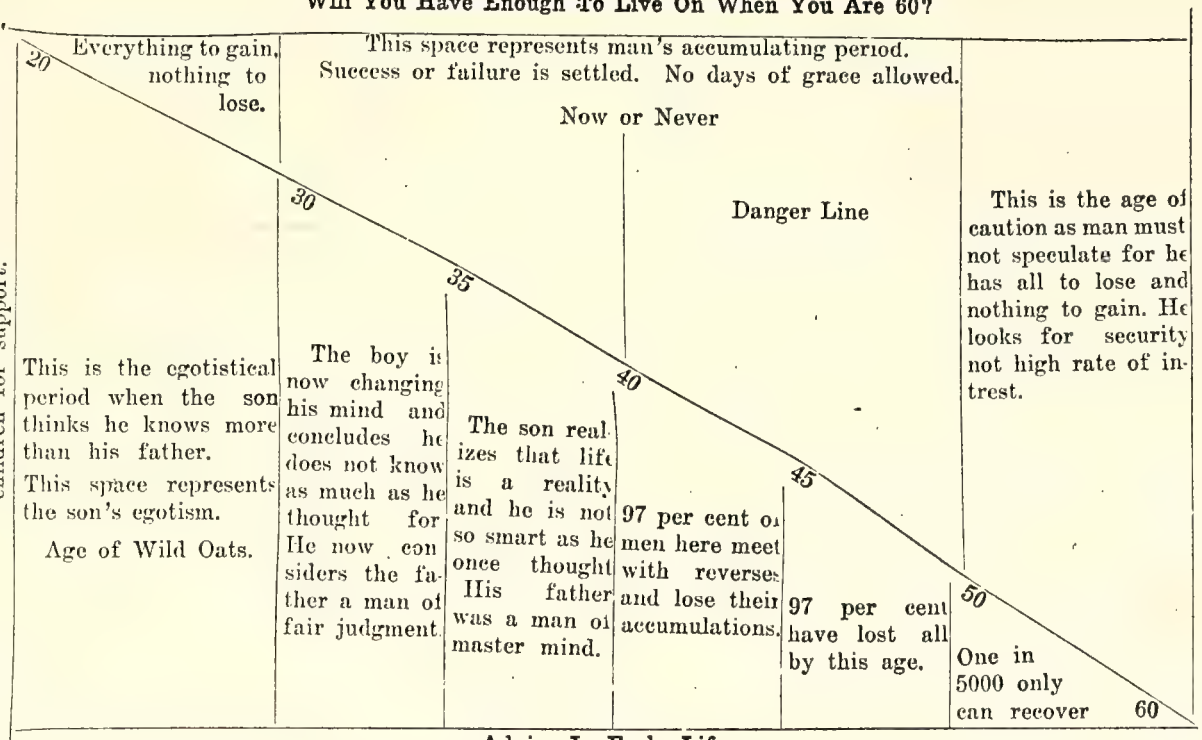
—Edgar A. Guest



At 60, 95 per cent are now dependent upon their daily earnings or on their children for support.

THE IMPORTANT QUESTION.

Will You Have Enough To Live On When You Are 60?



Advice In Early Life

If You Do Not Securely Lay Up During The Harvest The Drought Of Old Age will catch You Without Provinder At 60.

THE IMPORTANT QUESTION.

"Will you have enough to live on when you reach 60" is a question propounded in the diagram printed on the opposite page. A Marylander sojourning for a term of business employment in eastern Virginia carries this chart about with him, and during the course of a friendly talk he springs it on you. He is a thoughtful and serious-minded man, having had broad experiences in the affairs of his native state, having gone up against the darts of ingratitude and having seen human financial wrecks strewn where one least expected to find them.

I asked him where he got this chart. He does not recall. He showed it to Mr. Chadwick, of Beaufort, N. C., and that gentleman was deeply impressed with it. It would, I take it, be a jar if not an offense to ask a thriving and prosperous young man, reveling in his might and his success, "will you have enough to live on when you reach 60?" The declaration made in the period assigned to the attitude of men during the years between 20 and 30 seems warranted by our personal experiences and our observations; the awakening suggested in the period assigned to the period of one's life between the years of 30 and 35 squares with the recollection of most of us and will be the experiences of all who are to travel that period in the future; the cold fact of a realization of the consequences suggested in the chart for the period between the years of 35 and 40—that is realizing that we were not so smart as we thought and that the old man had a "master mind"— has a tendency to sober a fellow, and may we hope that the sobering does not arrive too late.

It is startling, however, that 97 out of every one hundred men between the ages of 40 and 45 suffer reverses and lose in consequence of same, their accumulations. Is this so? Take an inventory of those whom you know and whose career you have knowledge of—you will be struck by the approach to accuracy of the statement, if not its fatal truth. Between 45 and 50 it is claimed that 97 out of every hundred have "lost all." This is more startling than any of the foregoing declarations. That there is just one "come back" in 5000 seems thoroughly verified by our observations.

In the economy of nature and the purposes of life, the mere fact of making a living or an ease is not the outstanding object in our short sojourn in this world. It is a frightful, if not a fatal slogan to impress upon a child that the purpose of his sojourn in this world is for the purpose of making a living. That is not very aspiring and indicates a low order of ambition. The grasshopper makes a living; the toad accomplishes this feat with great ease; the ant faithfully looks after the matter of making a living—all these and many others of the lower creations set an example for us in the matter of industry, but their existence is brief and when the end comes, all is ended.

The teachings of this chart, if they be true, (and are they not?) seem to carry with them the injunction

that the highest purpose in the brief period allotted us in this life is not to "make a living" or to amass a fortune, or secure ease in the twilight of our earthly existence but rather the injunction is TO MAKE A LIFE. A life that blesses the world for having been spent in it; a life that touched some less fortunate individual and planted in him a chance, an opportunity, a hope; a life that spoke a belief and an abiding hope in a larger life hereafter where stocks, accumulations and fortunes have no value—just an empty dream, vapor and of no service.

The power that controls the world and the destiny of us all may have permitted this sad record at "making a living" to be outstanding before us to humble us, and to lead us to aspire to something nobler and more enduring and more profitable in the reign of eternity—that something, the noble business of "Making a life."

CAN'T TROUBLE THE SOUL

The Winston-Salem Journal says that "in a single sentence Dr. Henry Van Dyke stated the whole truth as to religion and science when he quoted Genesis to show that man's body came from the dust and man's soul from God, and that each will return to its source. Let scientists dig as deep into the dust as they can. Let them trace the origin of man as far back as they please. They are dealing only with the body. They can't touch the soul. Science can no more destroy the spiritual revelations of Christianity than Christianity can destroy the material revelations of science."

DREAM MADE INTO A REALITY.

Prof. Chas. L. Coon, county superintendent of the Wilson county public schools, who has led a successful fight to make the public schools of his county function in a manner unsurpassed by any county in the state or elsewhere, was invited to Johnston county to make a school address. From the Smithfield Herald we gather this report of his address.

He can stand up and face his people and declare with pride "this has been done for childhood of the county, who looked to us for aid; is there any man ashamed of the accomplishment?" Could a public school official of Cabarrus county face an audience and have the nerve to call upon the people to view with pride and satisfaction what had been accomplished educationally during the past six years? What has been done could have been done by well informed grocery clerks, nothing appearing in the record as the work of picked school men. The harvest is ripe for constructive leadership.

The people of Meadow township and the surrounding community had the opportunity last Friday of listening to what the speaker himself characterizes as a "sermon," when Mr. C. L. Coon, superintendent of Wilson County schools, made an educational address at the Meadow

school commencement.

Mr. Coon has made a reputation for himself and his county for the work he has done in Wilson in lengthening the school term and in the building school houses. He addressed his audience in a plain matter-of-fact way saying that he had come to Meadow, not in the capacity of a politician for he was not running for any office, but he had come to endeavor to create in the minds of the people before him a vision of what education might mean in Johnston County. Tersely expressed this vision is, that every child in Johnston County may have the same kind of a school house, the same length of school term and paid for at the same rate of taxation.

Mr. Coon said that when he lived in the country as a boy, and when as a young man he taught school, he had had a vision of the good school teaching could do. He had dreamed of the time when every boy an girl in North Carolina would have a chance for an education. After ten years of work in Wilson he is beginning to see his dream realized. And what can be done in Wilson county, he said, can be done in Johnston. He made an appeal for a uniform county wide tax. Why should not the railroad tax which helps to educate the children at Benson help to pay for schools for the children in Meadow township also?

"Can you build schools in Johnston?" he asked. "Can if you want to," was his own reply. Have you ever heard of any one moving from Wilson to Johnston to escape taxes? Is the truck expensive? Is everybody satisfied? These are some of the questions which Mr. Coon asked and answered. Schools cost money but folks cannot afford not to educate their children. "I would rather put some sense into Sally's and John's head and leave them not a cent ofmoney than leave them a lot of property and not give them an education," was one of Mr. Coon's statements. Not all are satisfied, he said, nor will everybody be satisfied when Gabriel blows his trumpet.

Mr Coon pictured a life in the country with good schools and churches which will keep the young folks on the farm. He pointed out that the country was the best place to live and the best place to have a good school. The distractions of moving pictures, etc., do not have to be contended with in the country, which makes for a better school.

In closing he told of some of the aspirations he had for the schools in Wilson county. He hopes for the time when a country library shall be established from which books shall be distributed to all the schools in the county. He wants to see the time when the schools shall serve everyone in the community, grownups as well as children, and he is planning for courses which shall benefit grownups.

Mr. Coon recieved warm applause when he had finished, an evidence that the seed he had sown had not fallen on barren ground.

"He who has the truth in his heart need never fear the want of persuasion on his tongue."—Ruskin.

FIGHT ON GOD OF WAR.

Greensboro held a memorial service on the 30th. Ex-congressman Clyde Hoey, of Shelby, was the speaker. It is practically conceded that Clyde Hoey is the most eloquent man in North Carolina at this time. A profound thinker, a man of sterling qualities, clean in his acts and thinking, handles words that are full of meaning like a master—no wonder people flock to hear him whenever opportunity affords.

From the Greensboro News we gather striking statements Mr. Hoey made in his address on the occasion of that city's memorial exercises for the world-war heoes, where he emphasized the fact that "This land must lead the fight on the God of War.

"America will be untrue to the 50,-000 men who made the supreme sacrifice in the world war if she abandons the fight to lift forever the burdens of war and the horror of bloody carnage from the hearts of the mothers of men,,"

The World Needs America.

"The observance of this Memorial Day should mean more to us than merely the recounting of the service and sacrifice already made." "The world is still in need of America. We need to justify before the world the sacrifice made in men and treasure. This occasion should awaken feelings of both pride and pentience. Pride in our common country, our heroic sons, our sacrifices and services in war, and the assitance we rendered our allies in crushing the advancing German army and bringing to a gloriously victorious conclusion the long existing hostilities which had already drenched the world in blood. Pentience that we as a nation have failed to meet the responsibility of peace and to make good our pledge to our sacred dead that their sacrifices should be translated into an unbroken covenant to make future wars impossible."

"Let us covenant afresh today with lifted from the back of business and the fear of bloody carnage forever removed from the heart of the mothers of men."

"I was for the league of nations. I am now for the world court. I am for anything that promises to redeem America and restore to her the lofty ideals and high purposes which characterized her entry into this war and that shall justify before the world the offering in blood and treasure which we freely made in this titanic struggle.

"I abhor the selfishness of a policy of isolation in the presence of a world in need. I would have America assume her rightful place of leadership, under God, of the moral and spiritual forces among the nations of the earth, pointing the way along the dimly lighted path to the attainment of the exalted purposes of just government among all peoples.

America Saved by Sacrifices

"America saved her soul in the recent war by her sacrifices upon the altar of world freedom, while the sweet incense of the sacrifice is yet ascending to high Heaven she should not quench the fires, extinguish the flames and abandon the altar."

Mr. Hoey expressed confidence that some day men of the nations of the earth will bow together and looking upward through the mists will see the fatherhood of God and recognize then the truth, the brotherhood of man.

Praising the spirit of pure and noble altruism which prompted America's soldiers to deeds of greatness on the battlefields of Europe, the speaker declared "Our gallant soldiers entered this war without malice, without hate, without even bitterness in their souls. They desired no conquests, they sought no indemnities, they coveted no territory. Neither did they go to war for revenge for ruthless wrongs committed by Germany, but actuated by the highest motives and moved by the holiest emotions they dared to lay their all on the altar of world freedom and sought to save the world's civilization and make it possible for weak nations and weak people to live and enjoy the benign blessings of liberty and justice, and to sound the death knell of war for all time. A less purpose than that would have been unworthy of the sacrifice which they made; a greater purpose never challenged the thought of man.

Struck Decisive Blow.

"It shall ever be the undying glory of our honored dead that they were privileged to strike the decisive blow for world freedom.

"When the last great German offensive was in full swing and the German guns were thundering at the very gates of Paris—when France was gayly bleeding upon her war torn frontiers and counting her waning wealth in men and gold with still unquailing heart—when Britain's soldiery was holding the wavering lines at Chateau-Thierry under the merciless fire of German shot and shell, when the seat of government in Paris and a large element of her population were preparing to abandon the city, and when the whole world breathlessly awaited in grave doubt as to whether the allies could hold the lines and prevent the German hordes marching into Paris there came the startling message: 'The Amricans are advancing.' It not only electrictfied the civilized world, but it thrilled with new courage the whole allied army, and Germany never made another advance and America never retreated during the entire struggle.

Americans Died Nobly.

"Your comrades in arms died gloriously in those terriffic engagements. We pause today to pay tribute to their valor, their heroism, their undying devotion to the cause and their sacrifical offering. Men never fought more furiously nor died more nobly than the sons of America who christened Europe's soil with their own rich blood. They are fit to live in company with the martyrs of earth.

"We come not to mourn for them today, not to shed tears, not to lament, not even to complain. There must surely come to every bereaved household a solemn pride that they were permitted to lay so rich an offering on freedom's altar."

The speaker pointed out that America in all her previous wars had gone to battle in defense of some

principle which was primarily selfish, no matter how high and noble in purpose. He said "The record and achievement of the soldiers and sailors of America in this stupendous struggle enriched our annals as no other great event has everdone. The other wars fought by our brave and nessheroic sons were for our own independence or someselfish right which it was our duty to maintain or enforce. This war was fought for the saving of civilization and the preserving of the rights of the defenseless and oppressed of the whole world and the preserving of peace upon the earth forevermore. Brave men have never dared to sacrifice their lives in a holier cause."

Service Is Greatness.

"Service," in the opinion of Mr. Hoey, is the most powerful word in the English Language. "All true greatness," he said, "Is founded upon service. It has been so ever since the immortal decree that whosoever would be the greatest among men must be the servant of mankind. Back of that fundamental statement of a great principle of living was a life so full of service that it has made radiant the pathway of men for 2,000 years.

"All real service grows in the soil of an unselfish soul. It finds expression in a life surcharged with the dynamic power of love and attuned to the harmonies of nature, willing to give itself to the last full measure of sacrifice in order that others may enjoy the unfettered freedom which it covets for its own and the liberty for which men have always been willing to die.

"All genuine unselfishness expresses itself in sacrfice. It has been so ever since woman was crowned with the glory of motherhood and transmitted to man some of the fragrance of her purified nature and the wealth of her unfailing devotion.

"Measured by these standards the men whose memory we honor today were both great and good. Their bodies have been buried in mother earth; their unconquered spirits have been released from the habitation of the flesh; their unfettered souls are as free as the eagle in limitless sky as they rise on ethereal pinions into the very region of the seraphims and cross over the ramparts of Heaven.

Deeds Not In Vain.

"It is fitting that we meet on this sacred day to contemplate their service, to command their unselfishness and commemorate their sacrifice. They have not died in vain. No service is lost, no sacrifice fails. No man ever emerges from a sacrifical altar that he isn't a finer spirit and a freer soul. No nation ever enters its Gethsemane, as America did in the recent war, without being in a measure refined by its sufferings and sanctified by its sacrifices."

Mr. Hoey described how 4,000,000 of the best of the young manhood of America responded when this country could no longer stand by and see civilization slaughtered and the ideals of government founded upon righteousness and justice blotted out of the international code of morals. "The noise of the tread of that vast army was heard on the remotest outposts of civilization and they never stopped the march until the very foundation of Potsdam were shaken and until autocratic and bar-

barous Germany gave up her war lords, and not then until the impregnable Hindenburg line had world given a vision of dauntless courage and valor unsurpassed in all the pages of human history," he said.

He voiced his dislike of a diplomacy that stands by and sees the fanatical and barbarous Turk destroys the city of Smyrna and murder thousands of helpless men, women and children. He shouted his disapproval of a diplomacy that counts the deeds of brave men in dollars and territories, of a diplomacy that sends thousands of brave boys to an untimely grave in an effort to settle the disputes of kings and kingdoms.

On the other hand he recalled a picture of Woodrow Wilson as he left the white house and the end of his term with fire flashing from his eyes denoting that the "matchless leader of men" still had a vision of a world wide belief in the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man to the end that war may be abolished forever and peace and righteousness shall prevail over the earth.

In conclusion he urged that the people give their unqualified support to the President's league court proposal and not give up the fight for an international organization of nations that will end for all time the sacrifices and horrors of war.

GLUE AND GLORY.

The carpenter preached a sermon with his glue. It was a good sermon, though he didn't know he was preaching.

To begin with, the glue must be hot. That stands for enthusiasm, a good text.

Glue sticks to a rough surface as well as a smooth one. In fact, it likes a rough surface best. Don't give up your job or shrink from your duty just because it's hard or the way is rough.

Glue is wonderfully sticky. But that isn't enough. It must have something to stick to.

Last of all, in a good joint the glue itself can not be seen. It just stays down out of sight and does it's work of holding fast. That means humility, an excellent conclusion. You may think some people do not amount to much till you try to pull apart what they're holding together in their unassuming way.Then you will find that you will have to split the wood to get them loose.

Worth-while people are like glue. They stick. Not only that, but they have something to stick to. Not the stubborn foolishness of "Right or wrong, I'll stick to it," but a life purpose which they know is right. The Psalmist expressed this when he said: "I have stuck unto thy testimonies: O Lord, put me not to shame."

That prayer is always answered to those who stick as he stuck.

INDETERMINATE SENTENCES.

Brock Barkley sends to the Charlotte Observer the following statement regarding the working out of the rules governing the matter of indeterminate sentences which the officials have decided to adopt in dealing with prisoners of the penitentiary hereafter:

Governor Morrison made the definite announcement today that all prisoners in the state's prison system will put under indeterminate sentence. It will be another week before the plan can be fully worked out, the governor said; but the way is being provided for guaranteeing shorter sentences to those prisoners who made good prison records.

The indeterminate sentence will be one of the feature changes brought about by the new disciplinary system recently ordered instituted by the prison board. Practically all court sentences are for fixed terms. To elucidate, under the new plan aprisoner whom courts have sentenced to 20 years may have his sentence changed to read from 15 to 10 years. By good behavior he would get five years off and months or years might be added up to the maximum fixed originally by the court for violation of prison rules.

Simultaneously, with the issuance of executive orders placing all prisoners now in the state penitentiary and the state convict camps under indeterminate sentences, the judges of superior courts, in co-operating with the governor and prison authorities, are expected to inaugurate the plan of imposing indeterminate sentences rather than fixed number of years, as has been the custom.

Governor Morrison said today he had been assured the way was open for fixing the new sentences by a blanket order, but that before announcing the plan he wanted to make furthur investigations. Other conferences with Attorney General Manning, who has been giving consideration to the proposal, will alsc be held. It is expected that the various et order will cover the various length of the sentence in blanket form. For instance, all prisoners serving 10 years will get a proportionate cut, and so on.

The change will put the matter of prison behavior squarely up to the man, it is thought, and will prove or disprove his inclination to reform and prepare himself for his return to freedom.

Dr. Hastings H. Hart, noted criminologist, who was called by the department of public welfare to assist in the investigation it had planned, has written Governor Morrison highly commending the action taken by himself and the prison board in bringing about the reform in prison methods of discipline. Dr. Hart offered some suggestions, especially as to the parole system, and the governor is giving them serious consideration. The system used by the governor in granting paroles, whereby a man is held responsible for his furthur good behavior, was enthusiastically endorsed by the criminologist.

THE REAL BASIS OF PROSPERITY.

(Rev. Thos. F. Opie)

The Bible in the mind, religion in the heart, Christ in the soul—this spells success; this insures prosperity, and I am not speaking platitudes when I so contend. No less an authority in the business world than Mr. Roger Babson, far-famed statisticians and business expert, says. "When the line of religious interests begins to climb and the nation turns again to the simple mode of living laid down in the Bible—then it is time to make ready for a period of business prosperity."

Success is not so much in making a living, as in making a life; not so much in laying up treasures in the bank, as lying up treasures in heaven; not so much in cash, as in character—and yet these things actually go hand in hand! Mr. Babson says, "I am not a preacher. I am simply a business man, and my work is almost wholly for bankers, brokers, manufacturers, merchants, investors. The need of the hour is not more legislation—but more religion. It is one thing to talk about plans and policies—but a plan or policy without a religious motive is like a watch without a spring!"

This business expert believes in God in business—in Christ in character—in religion in life. He says that the greatest undeveloped resource in America is the human soul! The human elements of character, fidelity, honesty, integrity and faith—these undeveloped resources are greater than the undeveloped resources of forests, ores, cattle, cotton. We are expending more to develop material things then to develop spiritual life.

Mr. Babson, in his unique little book, Fundamentals of Prosperity, contents that the principles set forth in the Bible are the basis of financial prosperity and material success! He speaks with "forty-parson" power. He says the four chief fundamentals are, fidelity, faith, industry, and cooperation. He shows that opr bank deposits and our bonds in vaults are safe not because they are behind steel doors—but their security depends upon whether the keepers of the bank are honest and religious.

"This religion which we talk about for an hour a week is not only the vital force which protects our community—but it is the vital force which makes our community! I have referred to the fact that the security of our investments is absolutely dependent upon the faith, the rightousness and the religion of other people. I have stated that the real strength of our investments is due, not to the distinguished bankers of America—but rather to the poor preachers. I now go farther than that and say that the development of the country as a whole is due to this 'something,' this indescribable 'something'—this combination of faith and thrift, of industry and initiative, of integrity and vision—which these preachers have developed in their communities."

Brotherhood in work, as well as in spirit and in all our relations, based

on the high principles laid down in the Bible—this, thinks Mr. Babson, is one of the greatest contributions Christainity has made to the race. The spirit of helpfulness and service, the spirit of mutual fellowship and of fraternal cooperation creates cash and character. It creates factories and homes. This also builds up churches and communities. This olone will ever contrive to build up the world—not only in material prosperity, but in peace and amity and in brotherhood and spiritual comity. Three great passages from the Bible, put into actual demonstration and worked out in the lives of peoples, would remake the world in two generations, giving us a world of material plenty, of spiritual riches, and of perpetual peace. These three passages are, the Ten Commandments, Christ's summary of the Law, (Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, mind, soul and strength—and thy neighbor as thy self) and the Sermon on the Mount.

These, worked out, in principle, in the lives of five hundred million people would reorganize society, restore theocracy and democracy and put out of existence poverty, greed, social and racial injustice and would create a new heaven and a new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness.

"Then thou shalt make thy way prosperous; then thou shalt have good success!" When efforts, hopes, intentions, aspirations, communities, peoples and organized bodies shall be based on fidelity, faith, industry, cooperation and good-will, Christhood and the-life-of-God-in-the-human-soul—then will there be ushered in a millenium of joy, peace and happiness, combined with prosperity, success and high achievment .God speed the day!

TEMPER OF WILD MAN.

Back in the days when he was a struggling young North Carolina lawyer,, Kitchin's temper was like that of a wild man, as he himself expressed it. One day a country trial justice decided a case against him and Kitchin started to clean up the court. It was an exciting moment.

"And then it suddenly occured to me," he told friends later, "that if I expect to get along I had to put ice on my head and a bridle on my tongue. Right then and there I decided I would never get mad with anybody again."

James R. Mann, a veteran Representative from Illinois, who often crossed swords with Kitchin in the House, declared on the occasion of the latter's retirement as Democratic leader that he was vicious in debate because his attacks, like brick in a towel, were wrapped in smiles.

THE WAY IT IS DONE IN SOME COURTS.

By Arthur D. Gore, in News & Observer

"Well, you see, it was like this. We fellows were down at the swimming hole when we saw tracks. I said to Isaiah to let's track him and see where he went to. So we did."

"And what did you find?" said the county solicitor.

"We were almost on him when we saw smoke coming up out of Turkey Pen Branch."

"What was he doing?" continued the solicitor.

"Throwing wood under the furnace."

"What sort of furnace?"

"It was the furnace to his liquor still."

After a lengthy examination of all three witnesses, who witnessed the liquor making by the copper-skinned defendant, the story of how he was captured was told by the officers.

"What did the defendant do when you approached his house?"

"Ran for the woods as hard as he could," said the smiling official.

"Tell the court just what took place," insisted the solicitor.

"Well, two other deputies and I were not far from the defendant's house when we met two soldiers on horseback. We asked them if they would help us catch a bootlegger, and they agreed. We told them to flank the defendant's house right and left while we went straight towards it. We saw a negro leap from the back door and make a bee-line for the woods like a shot cat. The soldiers chased him with their horses, over stumps, trees, logs, holes, and through the thick bushes and briers, and for a while it looked as if they were going to lose him, but after a while one of the horses ran right up behind him, bent his head to one side and bumped the defendant with his neck and shoulder, and you ought to have seen him turn a double somersault. He bounced up again and ran. The same horse let out after him as if he enjoyed bumping him down.

"I object to all this rigamarole, your honor," said the defendant's attorney.

"Objection overruled," said the recorder.

The witness proceeded with the story.

"He kept running and seemed to get faster after the horse knocked him over the first time. The next glimpse of him I saw was his heels going up among the leaves of a tall blackjack. I first thougt the horse had thrown the soldier, but I saw the soldier about that time jerking his horse to keep him from trampling on the darkey. About that same time the other soldier drove up and they made the negro stop and started him back towards the house, where the other officers were."

Then the solicitor said, "Did you go get the still then?"

"Yes, sir, we got it."

"I object to that question," said defendant's attorney. "That question would indicate that it was the defendant's still, and there is no evidence of that, your honor."

"Well, did you find a still?" re-

plied the solicitor. "And if so, where was it, and how came you to know about it?"

"Wat Gailes and the other two witnesses sitting yonder, told us where it was. Said it was just on the line between here and Fort Bragg, about three miles from Raeford. Said that they'd go and show us where they saw this negro building a fire under the still. They carried us right where it was. They have just stated on the stand that this defendant was there when they found it and that when one of them whistled the defendant ran through the woods with two jugs in his hands."

The defendant winced and slipped a little lower in his seat.

His attorney began to object to any and everything, and there was a general side-glancing among the spectators.

"State rests," said the solicitor.

"No, sir, your honor, we will offer no evidence," said the attorney for the defendant.

"Mr. Clerk," said the recorder, "the court finds the defendant guilty of manufacturing liquor, in open and flagrant violation of the statutes of the State, and contrary to the spirit and intent of the good citizens of North Carolina, and a judgment of one year on the roads, subject to the approval of the county commissioners, may be entered as the penalty."

"And from this judgment the defendant files notice of appeal," the suave attorney for the convicted negro replied.

"Bond in the sum of four hundred dollars," said the recorder.

"Your honor, don't you think that in itself is punishment? The Federal courts for the first offense seldom make the bond that much."

Well—"

"And, your honor, this defendant cannot give that much bond. He will be an expense to the county and have to lie up in jail here until the middle of August unless your honor sees fit to reduce it so he can obtain his freedom until trial."

"The court feels that in view of the fact that this first offense brought forth unmistakable evidence that this defendant was operating a still which not only had used up 300 gallons of beer, but showed signs of having been operated for many months, which in itself makes the first offense an unusually flagrant one, it deserves punishment accordingly. The county, in the court's opinion, would rather defray the expense of keeping this defendant in jail until August than let him go free on a nominal bond and continue to damage the citizenship of the county and abuse the confidence of the public."

"But, your honor, you are presuming guilt, which is not—"

"Next case, Mr. Clerk."

And so that is how it happens that there is one boolegger less stoking fuel in the furnace built in the secret wastes of uninhabited North Carolina woodlands, and operating to quench the uncontrolled appetites of pitiful humanity, and to inflame the passions of the undisciplined to commit heinous, unnamable and eternally regrettable deeds against their innocent fellow beings.

THERE IS NO SUCCESS FOR THE MAN—

Who vacillates.
Who is faint-hearted.
Who shirks responsibility.
Who never dares to take risks.
Who thinks fate is against him.
Who is discouraged by reverses.
Who does not believe in himself.
Who expects nothing but failure.
Who is always belittling himself.
Who is always anticipating trouble.
Who complains that he never had a chance.
Who is constantly grumbling about his work.
Who never puts his heart into anything he does.
Who blames circumstances or other people for his failures.
Who can do a poor day's work without a protest from his own conscience.
Who assumes the attitude of a victim who everybody is bent on "doing."
Who expects to eliminate from his work everything that is disagreeable or distasteful.
Who is forever wishing he was doing something else instead of the thing he is doing.
Who clings tenaciously to old ideas and old ways of doing things and is a slave of precedent.
Who shuts himself within his own little life so completely that he can not take interest in anything outside of it.
Who thinks the times are always out of joint, and that he was not born at the right moment, or in the right place.

HE FOUND GOLD IN '48: IT PAUPERIZED HIM.

There is a saying among Spanish miners in the New World that "He Who Finds Gold Dies in the Almshouse."

The yellow metal has built empires for those who possessed it; it has destroyed empires for those who found it.

More than this, and worse than this, it has destroyed the men themselves, not necessarily nor always through avarice, or through excesses which gold can buy, but through some turn of the economic balance-wheel which seems always to hurl those who have made the great "gold strike" of the world away from the rewards these discoveries would seem to entail.

What has become of the men who found the Welcome nugget, the Comstock lode, the Homestake mine, or

the vast alluvial deposits of the Urals and further into Siberia? Certainly, none of them hold these possessions now; and most of them went on, and on, and on again, seeking new fields, fresh placers, always hunting the mysterious "Mother Lode" that no man yet has found.

In California, where was made in 1848, the greatest discovery of gold known to the world either before or since, the finding of the precious metal not only ruined the men who found it, but destroyed an agricultural and industrial empire one of them had erected, an empire which was not again made productive for nearly half a century. When California was ceded by Mexico to the United States, she was not considered a great asset. The settlement of the Mississippi Valley, especially its western half, had been slow and sparse, and the main question that permeated the acquisition of any new territory was whether its people were for or against slavery. But this problem along with all others, was forgotten when James W. Marshall, building a small lumber mill for John A. Sutter, on a tiny creek near Colma, picked up a rough, red lump on the afternoon of January 24, 1848. The lump was pure gold, but the finding of that little nugget spelled ultimate poverty for Marshall, destruction of all the cattle and the grain on the thousands of acres belonging to General Sutter, and eventually the latter's death at the verge of pauperism. The whole story is economic, one of those disasters gold brings sometimes suddenly to men and to nations.

The discovery was kept a secret until March 15, 1848, when it was published in a weekly newspaper in San Francisco, then a town of 700 inhabitants, clinging precariously to the hills rising on the southern side of the Golden Gate. Even then there was not much interest until Sam Brannan a man of importance in the town, and afterward a leader of its famous Vigilantes, returned from Colma with a bottle filled with gold dust. Immediately the rush was on; overnight San Francisco was almost depopulated, ships in the harbor were deserted, and, as the news of the "strike" spread eastward, a stream of immigrants started across the plains, around the Horn and across the Isthmus of Panama, headed for the setting sun. From 10,000 in 1847, the population of what is now the state of California leaped to more than 100,000 in three years, and Sutter's Fort, where Sacramento now stands, became the goal of myriad Jasons seeking anew the Golden Fleece.

Among the men who had arrived in California some time before Marshall made his epoch-marking discovery, Captain John A. Sutter, by birth a Swiss, educated at Berne Military College, whence he graduated in 1823 and afterward an officer in the French Army, was probably the most prominent, the best educated, and the most capable. He reached Monterey, then the capital of the state, in 1839 or 1840—authorities differ on this—with eight Kanakas, given him by the king of the Hawaiian Islands. Being an adventurer of parts, with a trail around the world, Sutter was given warm welcome by Julian Alvarado, governor of California, who promoted the Swiss captain to be a general, issued to him a passport giving him the freedom of all districts of the

state, and gave him full title to 11 square leagues of land, wherever he should select it, provided the selection was made within 18 months.

After a few weeks at Monterey, and a few days in San Francisco, Sutter sold the sloop in which he had girdled the globe, and, taking his faithful Kanakas and three or four white men, among whom was one named Marshall, set out in three small boats to explore San Francisco Bay. Passing through San Pablo and Suisun bays, they entered the wide, flat-walled mouth of the Sacremento and San Joaquin rivers, not hitherto explored by white men, owing to the savage opposition given by the Indian tribes in the delta of these rivers. With his entry into this marsh-bordered stream begins the greatest romance of the Pacific Coast—a romance without a woman in it—a romance with Gold as the villain, and men merely mimes running hither and yon at the whim of their yellow master.

The party proceeded up the San Joaquin to the mouth of the real Sacramento, and there, turning northward, followed it to a point near the site of the present city of Sacramento. There they were met by an armed force of "more than 500 Indians, painted with red and blue and green, apparently to terrify us," says Sutter's diary, now in the historical department of the California State Library. They parleyed with this Indian band, and won their way past, due largely to the fact that the chief spoke Spanish, with which Sutter was familiar. They proceeded on up the Feather River until increasing numbers of hostile Indians, all armed, compelled them to turn back, when they returned to a point on the Sacramento where Sutter's fort now stands, within the city limits of Sacremento.

There, General Sutter decided to accept the grant of land from Governor Alvarado, and when he came to measure his 11 square leagues, found himself possessed of approximately 83,000 acres of land. Methods of measurement being crude, it is quite probable that he took good measure, and men, who were in the great gold rush which was to follow less than a decade later, have stated that Sutter's original I "ranch" covered more than 100,000 acres. On this land, at an elevation slightly above the level of the river and its valley, Sutter began the erection in 1841 of one of the most historic structures in California—"Sutter's house," later to be re-christened "Sutter's Fort," a name it retains to this day. In the same year he was made a Mexican citizen, confirmed in his possession of the lands he had measured, and given the title of "Governor of the Northern Frontier." The adventurous army officer was now a man of substance, well on his way to fame and wealth in the Mexican territory of Alta California.

He fought off the Indians, inflicting severe losses on them, with a force of only 18 men, and eventually forced a peace treaty from the leader of the Indians, whom he named "Chief Abraham, because of his long white beard and his general appearance of patriarchal dignity," according to the old diary. So time passed, with fields of barley and wheat springing up on the once brown hills and valleys, and with thousands of cattle spreading their animated blanket over them. The

year 1845 came, and Fortune again smiled on the man who had dared to invade the delta of the San Joaquin and the Sacramento. Governor Micheltorena, successor to Alvarado, presented General Sutter with 22 square leagues of land, in addition to the 11 square leagues he already possessed. This gave him at least 166,000 acres more and increased his total holdings to something like 250,000 acres, even though he adhered rigidly to the measurements given him, which it is not likely that he did.

Not in modern times in the New World has such an empire lain under the hand of one man. Overnight, Sutter became the most influential man, American, Mexican, Chinese or Indian, in California. His trading embassies reached to the Canadian line, on the north, and deep into Mexico on the south; he opened the largest merchandising post in the United States—at any rate the largest west of St. Louis—and the Indians from the Tehachapi Mountains on the south to the volcanic Lassen and the Cascades on the north flocked to his fort to trade their furs and their beadwork, their basketry and their deerskin garments for the white man's food supplies and for powder and ball.

Then—out of such simple beginnings do great disasters grow—in the spring of 1848, Sutter needed lumber for more cabins for additional white men who had come to work for him. He sent James W. Marshall, a staid, sober, reliable carpenter, to select a grove to be cut and a place beside a stream, back in the mountains, to erect a small water-driven sawmill. Alone with a dozen Indians on the bank of a branch of the American River, which he named Sutter's Creek, Marshall longed for white companionship, and, to rid himself of this longing, was accustomed to take long walks, up and down the canyon of the stream, every Sunday. One can see him now, a middle-aged man, far from his home and friends on the bowed in thought, memory his only Atlantic seaboard, walking head companion, along the graveled margin of Sutter's Creek.

He has told the story that, seeing a cub bear in the brush, he idly stooped for a stone to throw at the little brown animal, but checked his arm in mid-swing when he felt the weight of the pebble he had picked up. At first, he thought it lead, and, knowing the need for lead for rifle balls, dismissed the bear with a shout, and turned to look for more. Scraping of the pebble showed not the gray-blue of lead but the red of gold, and the California gold strike had been made.

In after years, Marshall was wont to say that, had he known the events that were to follow the finding of that pebble, he would have hurled it into the forest, and moved the sawmill, so that other men would have no occasion to wander that way. Like the honest worker that he was, however, Marshall informed Sutter of his discovery, and the two men tried to keep it a secret, and failed, as two people usually have failed when they were intrusted with a secret. The wave of the gold rush of 1849 arrived, coming on foot, on horseback, in wagons, in boats, even by dog-trains—and camped, one and all at Sutter's Fort. At

first, these prospectors were miners, who knew gold deposits; then came the clerks, the workmen, the teachers, all those who hoped by a single stroke of fortune to make themselves independent of hard labor for the rest of their lives.

At the beginning, these people had money; they bought from Sutter's store; business was good. Then two factors intervened: The seekers for gold "lived up" all their small hoards of money; and, fast on the trail of these came the riffraff of the cities, Australian convicts from San Francisco; Mexican cutthroats from below the border; bad men from the frontier of the Middle West, gamblers from the centers of population in the East. These were men who proposed to eat; drink and be merry, whether they had the money to pay for it or not. More than 20,000 persons gathered at one time at Sutter's Fort and along the trails between that place and the mill half-erected, on Sutter's Creek.

Then, one night, when the money in the pokes of many of these wanderers was running low, some one called their attention to the vast herds of cattle feeding over Sutter's broad acres; some one else suggested that there were millions of loaves of bread in the ripening wheat fields; then a third, more bold than the rest,, spread the plan of taking what they needed. At first, they took with the proviso that they would pay when they "filled their pokes;" and Sutter had to take their "chits," their "I. O. U's "for what they ate. Later, they merely took what they wanted, without the formality of giving the general more than their word of mouth for it. Sutter called on his Kanakas, but the whiskey brought in by the gold rush had rendered them worthless; he called for his original white companions, and they responded, but they were half a dozen against thousands; he called for his Indians, but they, like the Kankas, were either drunk, or up on Sutter's Creek hunting for the gold they could trade for more whiskey.

After the men in the gold rush had stolen his cattle, eaten his wheat, and destroyed his crops, squatters came in and took his lands. California was in the transition stage; titles granted by the Spanish governors had to be confirmed by the new American courts. What had been a Mexican province became an American state, without the formality of passing through the territorial stage, and she had had no opportunity to collect money for her treasury. When Sutter presented his claims for his losses, he was called on to produce confirmed titles to his land, which he could not do. Meanwhile, the squatters, through various means, some of them questionable, obtained titles to their farms from the American courts, and, gradually, this one-man empire of more than 250,000 acres of the finest land in California, melted away.

Sutter expended more than $200,000 in the California courts, and paid more than $30,000 in taxes to the treasury of the new state, but all in vain. His titles were thrown out of court whenever they came in conflict with the "squatters' rights," and, finally, the one-time multimillionaire was reduced to property, all because one of his workmen had chanced to pick up a golden peb-

ble to throw at a cub bear. Friends at length interceded with the state government, and California magnanimously gave to the man, who had made settlement of the Sacramento Valley possible, a pension of $250 a month, which was continued for 14 years.

Discouraging and broken in health and heart, General Sutter left the state and retired to Littitz, a little Moravian colony, in Pennsylvannia. He died in Washington, in 1880, while attempting to obtain recognition of his claims by the Federal Government, and was buried in Littitz a few days later. Through the efforts of the Sacramento organization of the Native Sons of the Golden West, Sutter's Fort has been preserved to the state forever. This organization, in 1890, paid $20,000 for the fort, which has been converted into a museum. The property today, considered as Sacramento city real estate alone, is worth rather more than $100,000—less than one-hundreth part of the fortune of General John A. Sutter at the height of his career in California under Mexican rule. The fort has been restored from the same materials—adobe bricks—of which it was originally constructed, and contains an extensive collection of relics of Sutter and of early days in Northern California. Locally considered, it is probably one of the most valueable historical museums and collections in the world.

In the historical department of the California State Library is preserved Sutter's diary, which he kept througout his life in California, from the time he landed at Monterey in 1839 or 1840, until he left the Pacific Coast forever. An extract from this dairy, with the spelling and punctuation unchanged, tells the following intresting story of one of his battles with the Indians.

"In the spring, 1840, the Indians began to be troublesome all around me, Killing and Wounding Cattle, stealing horses, and threatening to attack us en Mass, I was obliged to make Campaigns against them and punish them severely, a little later about 2 or 300 was approaching and got United on Cosumne River, but I was not waiting for them. Left a small garrison at home, Canons & other Arms loaded, and left with 6 brave men & 2 Baqueros in the night and took them by suprise at Day light, the fighting was a little hard, but after having lost about 30 men, they was willing to make a treaty with me, and after this lecon they behalved very well, and became my best friends and Soldiers with which I have been assisted to conquer the whole Sacramento and a part of the San Joaquin Valley."

Some idea of the manner in which this man whom the gold destroyed lived and conducted his business may be gained from the following, written by General John C. Fremont, when he visited Sutter's Fort in 1844 on an exploring expedition sent out by the United States Government:

"The fort is a quadrangular adobe structure, mounting 12 pieces of artillery and capable of admitting a garrison of 1,000 men; the present garrison consists of 40 Indians in uniform—one of whom is always found on duty at the gate. The whites in the employ of Captain Sutter, Americans, French and German,

amount, perhaps, to 30 men. The inner wall is formed into building comprising the common quaters, with blacksmith and other workshops; the dwelling house with other dwellings, occuping the center of the area. It is built upon a pond-like stream, at times a running creek, communicating with the Rio de los Americanos, which enters the Sacramento about two miles below. The latter is here a noble river, about 300 yards broad, deep and tranquil, with several fathoms in the channel, and its banks continuously timbered. There were two vessels belonging to Captain Sutter near the landing—one, a large, two-masted lighter, and the other, a schooner, which was shortly to proceed to Fort Vancouver for a cargo of goods-Dearborn Independent.

Before the bells ringing out on crisp autumnal air again call "to books" the State Board of Health will have contributed through its tonsils and adenoid clinics to the physical betterment of close to three thousand children.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

Pressly Mills, Reporter

Master James Gentry left for his home in Asheville to spend a short time with his parents, last Tuesday.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Miss Aupha Wrenn has returned to the institution to fill the position she formerly occupied. Miss Wrenn is the matron of the Rockingham Cottage.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The Rev. Mr. Myers, of Concord, preached an interesting sermon in the Auditorium last Sabbath afternoon. His text was taken from 1st Corinthians 4 2.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

One of our best cows fell in a ditch while she was grazing in the big pasture last week and broke her leg. Her leg was re-set and it will soon be healed.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The following boys were visited by their relatives last Wednesday May 30: Moody Parker, Plaze Johnson, Washington Pickett, Herbert Orr, Jesse Hurley and Lester Camel.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The milk which is to be distributed to the cottages is now taken to the ice plant, and is cooled almost to a freezing degree. This forethought makes the milk more pleasing to the palate.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

A considerable amount of work has been done on the new rat-proof granary, that is situated in the rear of the institution. This building is to be finished as quickly as possible so that it will be ready for use this fall.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Last Friday Mr. Tom Grier left for New York City accompanied by Mr. George Lawrence, who was at one time an officer at the institution. Mr. Grier will visit: Washington,

Richmond, Baltimore and several other cities while he is on his vacation.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Dr. Howard A. Johnson, a dentist, is doing dential work at the institution. Dr. Johnson began the work during the latter part of last week. Already several aching teeth have been fixed, and perhaps their owners will never have any more trouble with them.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

A truck load of cotton choppers went to a neighboring planter's farm a few days ago and they did their work so well that the kind-gentleman distributed 10 gallons of ice cream among them, which, it must be added, was greatly enjoyed by them.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

If the visitors venture down into the Printing Office, they will hear, while in this place of Publication, strange noises from above. If they have not already been told, inquiry will reveal that the Shoe Shop is situated just above. Upon receiving this information the visitors follow it up with the entirely reasonable demand to "see the Shop." Of course the request is granted. They see the various wheels, pulleys ,etc. The usual implement of a shoe reparing Shop. Then the visitors are shown some products of this Shop and thus they describe the work: "Why they're just like new!" Mr. Grcover has charge of the Shoe Shop.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Last Saturday we had a good base ball game started but it came to an abrupt end in the sixth inning, when the players of the Cannon Mill team decided, that they did not get justice on a decision made by Umpire Wilson. The visitors were leading in the scoring, but when they left the field they also forfeited the game and left the score 9-0 in favor of J. T. S. We do not wish to win our ball games in this manner and we shall always do our best to give our visitors a fair showing when they come out to the institution.

Standing of Club

	G	W	L	Pct.
J. T. S.	7	5	2	.714

Pitching Records.

Name	W	L	Pct.
Everhart	1	0	1000
Holman	2	1	.667
Russell	2	1	.667

HONOR ROLL.

"A"

John Dalton, Thos. Hart, Washington Pickett, Jas. Foy, Norman Iddings, Raymond Keenan, Harry Sims, Baxter Sheppard, Walter Brockwell, Patrick Templeton, Albert Hill, Judson J. Jones, Jas. Gentry, Jno. Moose, Elbert Perdue, Roby Mullis, Chas. Roper, Robt. Watson, George Stogner, David Underwood, Max Thompson, Loxley Saunders, Harry Ward, Joe Moore, Wm. Gregory, Jno. Wright, Carroll Guice, James Alexander, James Autry, Brevard Bradshaw, Uldric Bracken, Walter Cummings, Ed Finch, Richard Hoyle, Carl Henry, Carl Osbon, Odell Ritchie, Jno. H. Vann, Odell Wrenn, Jess Wall, David York, Vestal Yarbrough, Frank

Brockwell, Earle Crow, Bob Carswell, Harry Dalton, Dewey Griffin, Everette Goodrich, Floyd Linville, Glenn Monday, Marshall Williams, John Cain, Elvis Carlton, Spencer Combs, David Driver, Hyram Greer, Vernon Lauder, Smiley Morrow, Walter Page, Louie Pate, Frank Stone, Sammie Osborne, William Buckanan, Charlie Jackson, Paul Green, Raymond Scott, Edgar Warren, Julius Strickland, Charles Crossman, Herbert Apple, Charlie Beach, Sam Deal, Claude Friske, Claiborn Jolly, Albert Johnson, Paul Kimery, Thomas Moore, Ervin Moore, Garfield Mercer, Walter, Mills, Manfred Mooney, Charlie Parton, Donald Pate, Roy Rector, Walter Taylor, Herbert Tollie, Fred Wiles, Watson O'quinn, Sanford Wilson, Hazen Ward, Rhodes Lewis, Sam Poplin, James Ford, Solomon Thompson, Jerome Williams, Jesse Foster, James Philips, Earle Houser, Samuel McPherson, Autry Wilkerson, Travis Browning, Turner Anderson, Roy Johnson, Carlton Hager, Arthur Hyler, Mack Duncan, Harry Shirley, Joe Pope, Avery Rothrock, Leon Allen, Herman Cook, Breaman Britton, Hoke Ensley, Barnie McCrary, Samuel Carrow, Whitlock Pridgen, Clyde Hollingsworth, John Wafford, Erma Leach, Thos. Allen Oglesby, Charles Padgett. Sanford Hedrick, Graham York, Grover Lverly, George Scott, Judge Brooks, Obed McClain, Earle Little, Henry Nunery, Harry Stevens. Herbert Orr, Lee Rogers, Dallas Hensley, Jack Steward, Howard Sillman, Clayton Stephens, Olen Williams, Jeff Latterman, Charles Haynes, Ed Moses, John Forester, David Queen, Geo. White, Bloice Johnson, Brody Riley, Wayne Carpenter, Lester Bowens, Preston A. Wiles, Abraham Goodman, Johnie Hall, Herbert Fulllord, Franklin, Carlton, James Turner, Paul Hager, Joe Mason, Forest Byers, Ralph Hunley, Howard Catlett, Ned Morris, Daniel Johnson, Jim Fisher, Edgar McKeel, Eugene Long, Hallie Matthews, James Long, and Joe Stewart.

"B"

Rufus Wrenn, Douthy Everhart, Earnest Jordan, Lambert Cavenaugh, Robt. Ferguson, Keith Hunt, Howard Riggs, Jas. Shipp, Pressley Mills, Garland Banks, Hubert Pressley, Ralph Cutchin, Lloyd Winner, Chas. Mayo, Eunice Byers, Julian Commander, Anderson Hart, Lee McBryde, Lewis Norris, John D. Windham. Chas. Blackman, Ervin Cumbo, Claiborne Gilbert, Charles Hutchins, George Howard, Paul Leitner, Percy Briley, Amaziah Corbett, Willie Case, George Everhart, Cleburn Hale, Roy Johnson, Pleas Johnson, John Kemp, Valton Lee, Lee Smith, Hugh Tyson, Arthur Duke, Roy Fuqua, Elvin Greene, Pearl Graham, Joseph Hatem, Emmitt Lassiter, Ervin Turner, Newton Watkins, Thural Wilkerson, Chester Shepperd, Lee Yow, Ernest Allen, Earnest Cobb, Chas. Almond, Wirron Terry, Paul Camp, Earle Wade, Edwin Crenshaw, Hurley, Way, Clifton Rogers, Robert Ward, Carlyle Hardy, Baynes, Poterfield, Clyde Pearce, Norman Lee, Preston Winders, Coleman Smith, Sylvester Hunnicut, Hill Ellington, Otis Floyd, Todie Albarty, Maston Britt, Wm. Wafford, Edgar Sperling, Walter Culler, L. J. Campbell, William Waller, Jethro Mills, Moody Parker,

Filmore Cranfield, Enoch Briley, Blaine Ensley, Sam Dixon, Murphy Jones, Clay Bates and Roy Lingerfelt.

CONCORD MAKES BIG CONTRIBUTION.

Society of Franklin and Norfolk, Va., will be enriched by the addition of two most admirable Concord young women.

For a month the social atmosphere of this community has been agog with excitement and deep interest in the two marriage events which took place on the evening of June 5th. Marked distinction and honor have been worthily bestowed by numerous friends, in which the general public showed a lively interest, on Miss Elizabeth Coltrane and Miss Alice Brown, two perfect specimen of June brides. Miss Coltrane became the bride of Mr. Robert E. Jones, of Franklin Va., and Miss Alice Brown became the bride of Mr. Burks Withers, of Norfolk. Both marriages were strikingly beautiful, the former at 6:30 in Central Methodist Church, Drs. Jenkins and McLarty officiating, the latter at 8:30 in All Saints Episcopal church, Rev. T. N. Lawrence, officiating.

The best wishes of everybody follow these sterling young women—what could Virginia do without North Carolina?

WEDDED TO THEIR IDOL.

Thoroughly satisfied with a do-nothing policy of directing the rural educational buisness of the county, the Board has re-elected Prof. Judge Buxton Robertson to another term as county superintendent. If a lame and sorry leadership of the cause, as has prevailed during the past six years, is to continue, then the crime lies on other shoulders and not where the general public thought it belonged. Ephraim seems joined to his idol. When the ruling spirit of that executive board who enjoys the reputation of having compassed for the second time the defeat of an enlarged district with modern facilities is to continue to hold sway, then the foolish statement—lacking the wisdom of outlining a well-defined programme and manifesting no courage to take the leadership, and showing a disposition to shift a serious responsibility to others—that eminated from that board in the form of acommunication to a local paper over the signature "X" prepares the real friends and well-wishers of educational progress in Cabarrus for the doom of disappointment.

DO YOU KNOW

That there are more than Eighty Noble Peaks in the Southern Appalachian Mountains that tower 5,000 to 6,000 feet above the sea?

That Mount Mitchell, which is 6,711 feet high, is the highest mountain in Eastern America?

Appropriately called----
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The Vacationist's Playground. All out-of-door sports. Make your plans now

Reduced Summer Fares, beginning May Fifteenth

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

Passenger Train Schedules

Arrival and Departure of Passenger Trains, Concord, N. C.

LV.	NO.	BETWEEN	NO.	AR.
1:40A	30	New York-Birmingham	30	1:40A
2:37A	29	Birmingham-New York	29	2:37A
5:12A	44	Washington-Atlanta	44	5:12A
6:32A	31	Atlanta-New York	31	6:32A
8:41A	137	Atlanta-New York	137	8:41A
9:25A	11	Charlotte-Norfolk-Richmond	11	9:25A
10:55A	36	New York Birmingham-New Orleans	36	10:55A
3:20P	45	Washington-Charlotte	45	3:20P
3:45P	46	Charlotte-Danville	46	3:45P
7:10P	12	Norfolk-Richmond-Atlanta	12	7:10P
8:18P	32	New York-Augusta	32	8:18P
10:20P	35	Birmingham-New Orleans-New York	35	10:20P
9:45P	138	New York-Atlanta	138	9:45P
9:31P	135	Washington-Atlanta	135	9:31P

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Unexcelled service, convenient schedules and direct connections to all points.

Schedules published as information and are not guaranteed.

R. H. GRAHAM. D. P. A.,
Charlotte, N. C.

M. E. WOODY, Ticket Agent,
Concord, N. C.

THE UPLIFT

L. XI CONCORD, N. C. JUNE 16, 1923 No. 31

SOME FOR A FEW–OTHERS FOR ALL.

Some gifts are for a few people, others are for all. When we stop long enough to think the matter through we see how the best things are for all. What are the inferior things? Those that perish with the using. What are the superior things? Those that endure forever. It is also true that the best things cost us least. They usually come to us as gifts. They have cost somebody a great deal, and that is why they are free to us. And so in our prayers we say, "Lord, give us, give us." But, let it not escape our serious thinking, that each of us may be called by God to make possible the answer of somebody's prayer. Maybe we are the agents God wants to use in answering another's prayer.

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

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JAMES P. COOK, *Editor*, J. C. FISHER, *Director Printing Department*

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Smithfield, June 8.—The board of education of Johnston county has awarded contracts for the construction of new school buildings at Wilson's Mills and Micro districts at a cost of approximately one hundred thousand dollars. This contract was awarderd to Walter Clark, of Wilmington. The county has under construction eight buildings costing from $30,000 to $75,000 each. The largest being at Four Oaks.

The county has four buildings under construction to be used for consolidated districts, known as Brogden, Corinth-Holders, Corbett-Hatcher and Archer-Lodge. They are modern eight room buildings with ground floor auditoriums.

There is a fine co-operative and progressive educational spirit prevailing in Johnston and the board has a splendid superintendent in the person of H. B. Marrow, a man who has the welfare of his county at heart, and is making for the county a record in educational progress.

When such news as this goes out, bearing a Cabarrus date line, it will be when the present board of education awakes to its duties or else there is a progressive board installed in its stead. This is the kind of news that is almost daily coming out from various sections of the state—except Cabarrus.

EVEN IN STOKES COUNTY.

It's breaking out everywhere except in Cabarrus county. The following from a correspondent to the Greensboro News is respectfully referred to Hon. W. R. Odell, Prof. G. F. McAllister and Mr. W. F. Smith, the county board of education, with the hope that it may be suggestive, and be an inspiration to their superintendent, whom they declare, "is a capable school man and enjoys high rating among the educational forces of the state. He

knows the county and the people:"

Germantown, June 10.—Stokes county took a forward step when 100 or more committeemen met with the board of education and the superintendent of public instruction, J. C. Carson, Saturday at Danbury for the purpose of discussing a plan for county-wide consolidation of the county schools, so as to enable each child in the county to have access to a high school. It was a very enthusiastic meeting, each township in the county being represented.

J. D. Humphreys, attorney for the board of education, was present and discussed the new law on consolidation. J. R. Forrest, chairman of the board, and J. L. Christian made interesting talks.

* * * * * * *

THE HARDSHIPS OF MA.

That is both an engaging and philosophical article Mr. Clark gives us this week. What he says is all true; but Mr. Clark anticipates, from his own misgiving, that Ma will continue in the same grooves notwithstanding the verity of his statements, and Pa and the daughters and the sons will keep up their practices of neglect and injustice.

Mr. Clark was writing about real Ma's, the faithful mothers in Israel—not the butterflies that are amongst us in all communities. Our correspondent is so observing and in possession of so many facts, he could take the other side of the proposition and make some Ma's playing the game of neglect he assigns to the Pa's. The socially ambitious Ma's that turn the care of the children over to colored servants or push them off on their husbands, that they may trot unhampered the path of idleness or in persuit of notoriety or galivant about promiscuously and thus neglect home and the high duties and responsibilities of motherhood and home-making, and who too often ignore the balance sheet to know whether the outgo overcomes the income—there are lots of such Ma's—would afford a fruitful field of observation by our faithful and interesting correspondent.

Pride and rivalry turn the heads of too many folks. But, it is argued, this keeps up business, unmindful that collapses follow such courses.

* * * * * * *

TRANSFER COMPLETED.

As forecasted by news coming out from Raleigh more than a week ago, there have been some very important changes made in positions that very largely touch public interests. When it became known that the Board of Trustees of the Agricultural and Engineering College was considering Dr. E. C. Brooks for the position of president of that institution, the governor

very promptly took the public into his confidence in the announcement that if this election of Brooks took place, he would appoint Prof. A. T. Allen to the vacancy created in the office of State Superintendent of Public Instruction.

All this has taken place. Dr. Brooks is now president of State College, and Prof. Allen is State Superintendent of Schools. The public should feel entirely satisfied with this new arrangement. Dr. Brooks will fit the office of a college president most admirably; and Prof. Allen is a real teacher, a real man, who has won his spurs down in the trenches and he has done this without making a blow about it or doing any spectacular stunts. While not as well known in the state as some educators of less ability and less capacity, he is a big brained, well-qualified and up-standing man, without guile or sham and has never been acquainted with that great disease that affects so many people, tiredness and laziness.

Prof. Allen will make a great state superintendent, conducting that great office along sane and safe lines. Governor Morrison is keeping up his reputation for making admirable selections for the vacancies that occur during his administration.

* * * * * *

THE PRESS ASSOCIATION.

Fine praparations are making for the annual convention of the North Carolina Press Association which is scheduled to meet in Maview Manor hotel at Blowing Rock next week, June 20-22. It will probably be the first time a number of the editors have ever entered into the fastnesses of the mountains and it will be a great treat to them as well as those who have heretofore had the privilege of going through that matchless scenery.

Miss Cobb, the tireless and efficient secretary has, worked out for the benefit of the editors all the details that enter into a convenient and satisfactory trip to the meeting point. The programme promises both an interesting and profitable meeting of the boys. Let's all go and take our families.

* * * * * * *

GREAT JOY FOR THE BOYS.

The local Kiwanis Club invited a delegation of Jackson Training School boys to meet with it on Friday night and contribute a short programme. Supt. Boger delegated Miss Goodman, the executive clerk and who leads the boys in musicial practices, to carry five boys he called from the farm, the shop, the landury and bakery to accompany her in answer to the invitation.

Their programme of song, declamation and a cornet solo, according to the Concord Tribune, made one of the pleasantest evenings the Kiwanis ever had. The wit and originality of Miss Goodman in directing the hurriedly prepared programme caught the big boys of the Kiwanis and they gave the delegation from the Jackson Training School practically an ovation.

* * * * * * *

MUNICIPAL HOTEL.

The goodly town of Smithfield, the capital of Johnston county, has decided to go into the hotel business. Recently it was voted to appropriate $125,000 towards the erection of a modern hotel.

The town of Warrenton has set a pattern for many municipal undertakings, novel in themselves, but of great public benefit.

• • • • • • •

It is a matter of state pride that federal judge H. G. Connor, one of the state's finest and most elegant gentlemen, dignified and learned in law and with a heart and mind throbbing with a high sense of justice, enjoys the distinction of not having been reversed by the highest court in the land. He has made a perfect score, which is no surprise to the hosts that know and admire the great man.

• • • • • • •

The congressional committee of the second district, at its meeting on the 12th, was not unanimous in its purpose of nominating Mr. Mills Kitchin, son of the late congressman, to fill out the unexpired term of his father, so the young man declined to have his name considered in connection with the nomination. That district has many able and worthy gentlemen who can fill the vacancy caused by this death, but it will be no easy matter to find in that district one who can fill the place made vacant by the death of Congressman Kitchin.

* * * * * * *

"He has high rating among the school men of the state; he knows the county and the people," but what a pity he is grievously afflicted with "neophobia!"

MA MUST DEMAND HER OWN.

By R. R. CLARK.

I read the other day the story of a woman—wife and mother—who managed the affairs of the family. The husband wasn't a bad sort. He made good wages when he worked, and gave the money to the support of the family; but he didn't work regularly and he wasn't thrifty. The burden of keeping things going fell on Ma; and her accomplishment in steering the family craft would have ranked her with great civilization builders if honors were justly awarded to women who do the family managing. She worked early and late and kept things in presentable shape when there was little to work with. Getting up early in the morning she not only managed the household drudgery all alone, leaving Pa and the children to sleep, but in season worked the garden before breakfast. She was very particular, too, to cook the food just as she knew Pa liked it; sparing no exertion to make the husband and children comfortable. The story concludes with the statement that some of Pa's relatives called on Sunday afternoon in their new car and proposed to take the family to ride. Pa and the children went but Ma said she would stay at home and have supper ready when they got back. During the ride one of the relatives suggested that it was too bad that Ma didn't go out more and enjoy herself. "Oh, she's never happy unless she's working," Pa rejoined. "He didn't know," we read, "that Ma was wiping the tears out of her eyes at that time."

The story is of course based on actual facts. Mas similar to the one described are numerous. Selfish and thoughtless Pas and equally selfish and thoughtless offspring permit her to be the burden-bearer of the family, never realizing until too late, if they come to the realization at all, what an intolerable burden they imposed on Ma. Sometimes after Ma's toil-worn hands are crossed in the sleep that knows no waking the hearts of those whom she so unselfishly served are wrung with bitter anguish. When it is too late they realize how they could have lightened her burden and made life happier for her if they had only thought about it in time. They didn't mean to be unkind. Ma bore the burden without asking help, and they thought she was giving all her time to toil for them simply because she was better satisfied at work. Often and often those who have allowed their best beloved to endure a life of toil and sacrifice without even a word of appreciation, would give their all for another opportunity to show that they were appreciated. But the awakening nearly always comes too late.

This is not written for the purpose of calling on the thoughtless beneficiaries of Ma's sacrifice to stop and consider while Ma is in the flesh and while she may be helped. If any who read this have a twinge of conscience I shall be glad. But my primary purpose is to call on the Ma to stop making the sacrifice. I suppose it is the inheritance of the

woman from the early time, when she was supposed to exist solely to serve the man, that causes so many women to endure a life of martyrdom as the slave and burden-bearer for thoughtless husbands and children. But while Ma has been canonized for doing that sort of thing she ought to quit it—and the purpose of these remarks is to call on her to have an end of unreasonable sacrifiice. So long as she is willing to make herself a slave her service will be accepted in most cases without thanks; as a matter of right. And she is not only needlessly sacrificing herself but she is encouraging and perpetuating monumental selfishness in the beneficiaries of her labors and is entailing similar slavery on generation of Mas that are to come after her. Pa and the children deserve all the unkind things that can be said about them for allowing Ma to slave for them; for not realizing the cruelty of their selfishness. But Ma is most to blame for the system. She voluntarily accepts it and her very unselfishness tends to perpetuate it. The condition is solely due to the generations of Mas who have made slaves of themselves without reason.

If Ma makes herself a slave for the family, the family will usually let her slave simply because she seems to want to do that. She will refuse to take outings when they are offered and often attempts to lighten her burden are refused. Too often Ma seems to find a sort of pleasure in her self-imposed martyrdom. In secret she will shed tears and suffer heart-pangs, as did the Ma in the story, because her loved ones seem to lack appreciation; never seeming to realize that she is primarily at fault in the matter. If that sort of Ma has any sons she is passing on to some other woman a selfish husband that his mother trained in selfishness. You have heard men criticised, harshly, for not giving more consideration to their wives; for not helping with the children and trying to make the wife's burden lighter in the home. The thoughtful husband can do much to help in the home if he thinks about it. He is not excusable for not thinking about what may be before his eyes every day. But whose fault is it that he doesn't see the numerous things that he could do to lighten the load of an over-burdened companion? Usually the blame is with his mother, who in her mistaken notions of duty made herself a slave for her family and reared a son to feel that the housework and the care of the children are the woman's job and that the man isn't called on to lend a hand. He has been accustomed to that and he isn't always so much to blame as appears, because of his defective training.

I am constrained to believe that the system is changing and that the wives and mothers of the future will not make themselves slaves, as so many of them have done, from a mistaken sense of duty. But if the change is to be successful it must begin in the home with the mothers. The little sons must be taught early the consideration that is due to mother and sister. The child is naturally selfish. If mother waits on him and yields to his selfish demands he will grow up believing that the chief work of a woman is to serve man, just as the ancients maintained.

And when one of that sort mates up with a modern girl who has the right idea of marriage being a real partnership, in which both partners are to be equal sharers in labor and rewards, there will be domestic trouble. This same strange idea that moves a woman to self-imposed martyrdom in home duties will more than often cause her to refuse to ask what she thinks the other partner should see she needs without the asking, and a feeling of resentment grows up that disturbs, if it does not destroy, domestic happiness. Often the man is willing to do what is wanted if it is pointed out to him; but as result of inheritance and training in selfishness he doesn't see the need until he is shown.

There would be much less unhappiness and less friction in homes if the mothers would train sons to give women the consideration that is their due; and if wives would, at the very outset, be candid with their husbands as to their feelings with reference to the conduct of the partnership. Of course there will be men who are mean to their wives, just as there are wives who are mean to husbands, while time lasts. What I am talking about is the needless sacrifice on the part of the woman and the selfishness in the man that is a part of his heritage as a result of the unnecessary sacrifices made by womankind.

WORTH MORE THAN MONEY.

"There are some things that are worth more than money," Justice Stacy wrote, "One of these is the peace of the fireside and the contentment of the homes, for such is the kingdom of righteousness. While the family relation of parent and child exists, with its reciprocal rights and obligations, the latter should not be taught 'to bite the hand that feeds it;' and no such action as the present should be entertained by the courts. As the twig is bent, the tree will incline; and it is the inexorable law of nature that whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap. Grapes are not gathered from the thorn bush, nor figs from a thistle. It is doubtful if any age promises a sweeter remembrance than that of a happy childhood, spent in the lovelight of kindly smiles and in the radiance of parential devotion.

"In youth," Justice Stacy goes on, "the currents of life are prodigal in their racing course, and we should be slow to encourage or to permit a minor, in the household of its parents, unemancipated, and who has not yet reached the age of discretion, acting only upon the advice of a next friend, to run the risk of losing a priceless birthright and a rich inheritance in an effort to gain for the moment a mere mess of pottage, or a few pieces of silver."—Justice Stacy in his opinion of the court before the N. C. Supreme Court wherein a child was denied the legal right of sueing his father.

ASCENDANT WOMAN.

By Thos. F. Opie

Looking back over the history of human progress, one is struck with the comparative inconspicuous place of woman—and also with the remarkable ascendency of woman, despite man's assumed superiority and imperiousness.

No longer, however, is woman destined to inconspicuousness—and no longer will man be permitted by mere tradition, to impede feminine ascendency. The suffrage will inevitably entitle woman to a prominent place in real affairs of material cultural, social and religious development in the world. Her development as a sex, retarded in some fields as it has been, because of the probably unintentional (possibly the intentional) disadvantage at which she has been placed from the beginning of the race, will henceforth be, we dare to predict, little short of meteoric.

In law and politics, from a Deborah or a Portia to a Victoria or a Lady Astor and in military science from a Joan of Arc to a Flora Macdonald, outstanding feminine figures have overcome tradition and attained to fame in literature and history. In religion, woman has been the silent force that has kept the altars aglow and the doors open—but here too she has been inconspicious as she has had almost no part in an administrative or executive way, until recently.

"In the church's field of battle,
In the bivouac of life—
You may find the average Christian
Represented by his wife!"

This has been true only in respect to worship and in the lowly places—and not on boards, vestries, sessions, nor in the pulpit or the rostrum. However, with such a dynamic force as Miss Maude Royden, the eminent English preacher; with the Methodist, Baptist, Episcopal and Presbyterian churches gradually admitting women into equality of privilege with men, and with such an organization as the Woman Preacher's Association, the other sex will soon be making itself felt in a unique and doubtless highly effective way.

As Euphemia Drysdale of Boston intimates, "the talents of thousands of spiritually gifted women of the past remained hidden, unused, burning deep under the tradition of the elders." And she asks, "How long will ye make the word of God of none effect through your tradition?" —For "there is neither male nor female; for ye are all one in Christ Jesus" (Gal. 3:28.)

Says Frances Willard, "Woman enters the arena of literature, art, business, what you will, become a teacher, a physician, a philanthropist, but she is a woman first of all, and cannot deny herself. In all these great vocations she has still been true to the kindred points of heaven and home."

A small boy was asked to name the four seasons, and here's his answer: "Pepper, salt, mustard and vinegar."—Tit-Bits.

THE SCHOOL EQUALIZING FUND.

Recently the state board of education made an allotment of the $1,250,000 *appropriated by the General Assembly for the purpose of aiding the public schools in the several counties of the state. Sixty-six counties appear in the list. The name of Cabarrus county is not in the list—probably the school officials, so busy with their own private affairs, were not aware that such a law was in existence and had failed to make application for its needs, as every one conversant with the conditions in the rural districts are aware of the cry-aloud for intelligent and interested attention. The state also has a fund to assist in the erection of suitable and modern school facilities for the rural schools, which is loaned out on favorable and attractive terms—Cabarrus, so far as the public has felt, has not enjoyed any of the benefiits of this wise legislation. Probably the officials, so satisfied with their superb direction of the rural schools, have not heard of this enabling measure.*

A Raleigh correspondent of a number of state papers has sent out to his papers the following statement:

"Wilkes county, with an allotment of $75,647.41, leads the 66 counties that draw from the state school equalizing fund of $1,162,-929.42, it is announced by the state board of education, and Chowan county is at the foot of the list with $2,694.56. The average amount received by the 66 counties is $18,-000.

Distribution of the fund was determined by fixing the average amount of money necessary for salaries of all teachers in the counties for six months and deducting therefrom the amount of the gross taxes levied in the county for the purpose. The difference between the gross tax and the gross salary of teachers is the amount received by each county.

The equalizing fund for the year appropriated by the general assembly was $1,250,000. The total distribution among the 66 counties, including $30,000 for helping pay the transportation costs of children in in consolidated districts, leaves $57,070.58 in the hands of the state board for assisting counties engaged in raising the standards of their teaching forces.

A letter was sent out to the county superintendents with their allocation of funds, and in explanation of the distribution.

"I'll have you understand, sir," said the bustling little chap, "I am a self-made man."

"All right, old man," said Jiggers. "Now run along home and finish the job and then I'll talk to you."

SLAVE LIFE ON A MISSISSIPPI PLANTATION.

(Progressive Farmer)

I don't suppose there was another plantation in the South conducted like ours. The slaves were worked by tasks. The field hands had to work to a certain place in the fields each week, and usually this was accomplished by Friday night, though I have known the task to be finished as early as Thursday night and often by Friday dinner. The balance of the week belonged to the Negroes to spend as they chose.

I

It was our custom to give the slaves the use of the land they cleared for two years, and all crops raised thereon were purchased by my mother, or the Negroes were allowed to take their produce to Natchez and sell it there. They were allowed to plant any crop except cotton, and raised mostly corn and cowpeas. I remember how proud I was when first my mother let me sit behind a table piled with silver money, all ready to pay off the Negroes for crops the plantation would purchase. We always paid 50 cents a bushel for the corn and 75 cents a bushel for the cowpeas, regardless of the market price, which was generally below these figures and rarely above.

There was hardly any whipping done. The hope of reward in the crops they were permitted to raise was a spur towards achieving their weekly tasks with the grown-ups, while the certainty of a holiday at the end of the week appealed strongly to the younger slaves. There was no necessity for the overseer to speed up the hands and the consequence was that our slaves were commonly known as "Chamberlain's free Niggers." Nevertheless, our plantation led all the rest in our neighborhood in the amount of crops grown per hand and per acre. Prizes were given for the largest amount of cotton picked and the pickers were divided into several classes, so there were a number of prizes distributed every year.

II

When a child was born to any of the women slaves, if it was a son, she was given $10 in gold, a barrel of flour, several nice dresses, shoes, and other things. If a daughter, she was given $5 in gold and other things. Morality was encouraged in every way, and the young men and young women slaves were encouraged to marry. When no suitable mate was available on the plantation, a young man or woman, as the case might require, was purchased.

When the day's work was done, the darkies came trooping home with gay laughter, chatter, and fun. There was once a gentlemen from the North, a minister, who was sitting on our gallery one evening as the Negroes came home. "Wonderful!" he exclaimed. "I always conceived of slavery as a state of sorrow, gloom, and depression, but those voices sound to me to be possessed by the happiest people in the world."

III

At Christmas the Yuletide backlog was put on the fireplace. This

was a blackgum log seven feet long and of a size requiring four men to tote it. It was soaked before it was put on, and as long as it lasted, the Christmas holiday for the slaves lasted. It usually took 10 days to burn the last of it up, though the fire was kept going to cook all the good Christmas eating that was provided.

I well remember the great yawning fireplace, eight feet wide and three or four feet deep, with its two iron cranes at each end. These swung out and after being loaded with a half dozen pots were swung back over the fire. There was a row of skillets and portable ovens along the hearth, each standing over its bed of glowing coals, with an array of extra skillets and utensils for hanging on the kitchen walls nearby.

Take down de skillet, pile coals on de led,
Mammy's gwine ter bake a little short'nin' bread.

This was easily done, for about 200 hogs were butchered yearly on the plantation an no packinghouse products were purchased. The tall, large log smokehouse was filled with hams, shoulders, sidemeat, bacon, and festoons of sausage hanging on swinging racks, while barrels of lard, cracklings, and corned beef stood all around the floor.

VI

My mother encouraged the practice of religion, and provided a church for the Negres. The plantation had its own Negro preacher who had services every Sunday, except when some white preacher was invited to conduct service, which happened several times a year.

The plantation also had its Negro doctor, Zedwick Bowie, who handled all the minor illnesses, while Dr. Frank Coleman of Church Hill was reguarly employed for graver cases of illness. Zed was also the plantation hunter and kept the("big house" table well supplied with squirrels, partridges, and wild turkeys, of which there was an abundance at that time. He also directed the drawing of the seine in the creek, which was done very often during the proper season. Taken altogether, our diet was a varied one.

When our stock of quinine gave out during the Civil War, the quarters were full of the sick and those pretending to be sick. Few hands were going to the fields to work. Zeb was equal to the occasion, however. eqaul to the occasion, however.

"Marse Duncan, ' he said to me, "we just got ter do somethin' ter clean de quarters of loafin' Niggers. I ain't got o quinine ter cure de chills and fever, but what has de curin' power in quinine is de bitter. Why can't we go out in the old field and git er load of bitterweed and make de Niggers some tea?"

So out we went, got a cart full, and made a double strength decoction from it. Every day Zeb would report that another Nigger had "run frum de tea." I never knew whether the decoction had any of the virtues of quinine, but it certainly put everybody back to work!

V

Until 1857 our plantation was in two parts, the Liverpool quarters and the Waterloo quarters, with an overseer on each place. At this time I was seven years old. One night, when I was sleeping on a trundle bed in my mother's room, we were awakened by loud knocking on the

window. My mother asked who it was and a voice from the darkness replied, "Mistis, dis is Harry, and Ise come ter tell you a big wind has blowed erway everything on Liverpool and killed most all de Niggers."

My mother told him to have her horse and saddled at once and told me to get up and dress an go with her. It was quite dark when we left, being a cloudy morning, but it had been clearing and when we arrived at Liverpool the sun was rising.

A scene of indescribable confusion greeted our eyes. Every part of the ginhouse had been blown away except the huge gearing beams and some of the framing. In the quarters everything was in piles of debris and the cabins which had been made of hewn logs lay scattered in piles. The overseer was standing in the midst of the ruins with the Negroes clustered around him. My mother asked in great anxiety if anyone had been killed or badly hurt. "Call the roll," she said.

Every slave answered except one named Austin, and none of them were hurt. A little later we were all startled by a terrified yell from under one of the log piles. Men rushed there with handsticks and moved the logs, and there was Austin penned down by the logs, but almost without a scratch! It turned out that Austin and one of the Waterloo darkies had spent most of the night stealing a half-grown hog from a neighbor and cleaning and dressing it. They had finished only a short time before the storm broke, and Austin had slept so soundly that he had not been roused by the storm!

D. H. Chamberlain.
Brookhaven, Miss.

ATTENDANCE RECORD.

I notice in today's paper that Egbert Mills, of Reidsville, a graduate of the high school has a perfect attendance record for eight years.

Dr. A. H. Zealy, an osteopathic physican of this place, has four children attending school, with the following record:

Hazel went through high school, and has now spent one year at the University. He has never been absent or tardy.

Mary graduated at the high school here this year and she has never been absent or tardy.

Robert is in the eigth grade and has never been absent or tardy.

Helen is in the fifth grade. She has never been absent or tardy. Total, 34 years without being absent or tardy.

If there is a better record for attendance in one family in the State or the United States I would like to hear of it.—S. L. Rose Goldsboro, N. C.

KEEPING DICTIONARIES UP-TO-DATE.

Perhaps you think that a dictionary is dull reading, and that the making of a dictionary would be duller still. If so, your attitude is a general one. It was mine until a friend who is working on a dictionary entertained me for two hours with an account of how the thing is done. This just proves that nothing is uninteresting if a person is interested in it, which dosn't mean at all that dictionaries are the most thrilling of books for general reading, or that all of us should desire to make them.

My friend has charge of the department of synonyms and antonyms in a dictionary which a leading publishing company has been preparing for five years. It will be published soon, and will be a really stupendous achievement, even if it is all built upon the foundation dictionary that old Noah Webster put out.

In working out the synonyms and antonyms the method has been to take each word of certain types and practically write a little essay about it, giving the other words which correspond in meaning, and discussing the various association which the word has had from the beginning. The word "boat," for instance, has dozens of synonyms, or, rather suggests words indicating special varieties of boats, such as the cruiser, yacht, and canoe.

The man who writes out his discussions of these words sits in a library of books about words, the derivations, and their connection with words in other languages. He studies the history of words and has assistants who read everything in a few daily papers and in current magazines, to find out what changes are taking place, and to note any new use of words.

Another gigantic dictionary is coming out soon in England. More than thirteen hundred word specialists have been "on the job." Some of them started at it sixty years ago, and the dictionary's magnitude may be inferred from the fact that the word "get" is given twenty-one columns of space, each column being ten inches long. It was prior to the Civil War that the dictionary was planned, when its scope was intimated in a resolution adopted by the British Philological Society, which proposed "illustrative quotations from all the great English writers of all the ages, from all writers on special subjects whose works might illustrate the history of words employed in special senses, from all writers before the sixteenth century, and from as many possible of the more important writers of later times."

Herbert Coleridge, a nephew of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, who wrote "The Ancient Mariner," was the first editor, and he has been succeeded by scholars of a high character, among them being a schoolmaster who had erected for himself a special corrugated iron building, containing a wall rack with more than a thousand pigeons holes.

The first few volumes of this dictionary have been published, but still it is impossible to say how many volumes there will be altogether. Sixteen years ago when the staff reached the word "infer," which, of course, occurs early in the alpha-

bet, the dictionary contained so many columns that, stretched end to end, they would have extended fourteen times the height of the Eiffel Tower, in Paris, the highest structure ever erected.

The research work in connection with this dictionary has included the careful scutiny of one hundred thousand books. It is said that "all known books printed before the year 1500 were searched."

An interesting detail of the enormous task is that all of the work has been done in long-hand, several times over, and the manuscripts have been deemed so valuable that they have been stored in fireproof safes. —Classmate.

"What makes girls run about the way they do?" snarls a petulant club woman, and a timid exchange suggests they may be trying to find their mothers.

HELPFUL OR HURTFUL?

(Editorial News & Observer)

The decision of the Supreme Court as to the teaching of foreign language in schools does not apply to public schools, but only insures to parents to have their children taught foreign languages in private or church schools if so desire. Justice McReynolds, who wrote the opinion of the court, says, "Nor has challenge been made of the State's power to prescribe a curriculum for institutions which it supports."

During the World War in certain parts of the country it was found that where people had been taught in other tongue than English, many of them were more in sympathy with the country of their mother tongue than with the country of their adoption. Twenty-one Legislatures forbade teaching in any language but English. The court holds that such legislation affecting private and parochial legislation was contrary to the fourteenth amendment, "No State shall deprive any person of life, liberty or property without due process of law." Mr. McReynolds says this, "without doubt, denotes not merely freedom from bodily restraint but also the right of the individual to contract, to engage in any one of the common occupations of life, to acquire useful knowledge, to marry, establish a home and bring up children, to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience, and generally to enjoy those privileges long recognized by common law as essential to the orderly pursuit of happiness by free men." He points out that the study of German, for example, broadens one's education and cannot in itself be "regarded as harmful," and adds, "Heretofore it has been commonly looked upon as helpful and desirable."

The purpose of the statue was to aid all foreigners to become true Americans. In his dissenting opinion Justice Holmes says in some instances and sections he cannot bring

his mind to believe the statue is not necessary. He says:

The part of the act with which we are concerned deals with the teaching of young children. Youth is the time when familiarity with a language is established, and if there are sections of the State where a child would hear only Polish or French or German spoken at home, I am not prepared to say that it is unreasonable to provide in his early years that he shall hear and speak only English at school. But if it is reasonable, it is not an undue restriction of the liberty, either of the teachers or scholars.

The question, aside from the constitutional one, is whether young children should be taught first in the English language alone. Nobody doubts that an educated man should understand the language which gave us Goethe and Luther as well as Shakespeare and Milton, Moliere and Dumas, Dante and Petrarch.

When we look into the long avenue of the future and see the good there is for each one of us to do, we realize after all what a beautiful thing it is to work, and to live, and be happy.—Exchange.

THE WOMAN WITH THE APRON.

The first monument ever raised to the glory of plain, everyday motherhood will be one of the sights for strangers in our land to ponder on when they visit the City of Washington, of the future. Foreigners to our shores will stand at the base of a shaft as splendid as ever pierced the blue sky in the cause of king or statesman and find that this was built by sons and daughters, with great simplicity of heart, to one they loved.

And within its marble chamber, as though there must be no mistake about this matter, those who come will find the names of thousands of mothers written in letters of gold.

Yes, literally written in tiny letters of gold on small insets of marble; written in the most beautiful hall of fame the world probably will ever have to offer. The one for the mothers who scrubbed, baked, cooked, darned stockings, dreamed true dreams for their children and passed on

No great mother of history will be enthroned on this monument when the dream of the woman who has visioned it comes completely true.

Perhaps those who come will find a woman in marble, still forgetting to take off her apron. But her head will be flung high in the summer suns or the newness of the spring. At her feet her sons will stand tall and straight. In her body, strong and enduring, will be shown all the strong and enduring things of her heart.

Perhaps at the base of this memorial will be written this line:

We cannot lose our whole life while we feel the touch of her hand.

This is the conception of Miss Anna Jarvis, founder of Mother's Day, of a memorial to the mothers of America. A lasting tribute to these has long been the dear dream

of that woman whose love for her own mother lit a torch of remembrance for mothers of all races, classes and creeds in the world.

Today, the fifteenth anniversary of her day, finds this no longer a dream. On March 23 of this year the plan for a Mother's Day monument to be erected on some site in Washington was placed before the Congress of the United States by Senator David A. Reed, of Pennsylvania, the adopted home State of Miss Jarvis.

In remarks incorporated in the Congressional Record he stated.

"This monument will not be for what some persons may call great mothers. It will be one that will remind you and me of the mothers of our hearts and it should be a tribute that will make the strangers of foreign lands who may visit this capital city think that American homes and mothers are the Nation's idol.

"Every son and daughter should aid Miss Jarvis in this new tribute to their mothers. The Mother's Monument should be one worthy of a great family of sons and daughters as represented by our Nation."

The idea is meeting with wide appeal and, although Miss Jarvis has not tried to launch it in any spectacular fashion, already letters have begun to arrive asking where and when and how. Some of these have come from persons in high places who became her warm friends while she labored bravely and single handedly without drives or solicitation of funds and spending thousands of her own self-earned dollars to plain a day in the hearts of the people. Many of them have suggested that she form a committee of men and woman and proceed at once, now that the idea has been launched through Congress, with the initial steps of making Mother's Monument a reality. Therefore such a committee is in the course of formation.

The monument to mother will not be utilitarian. It will be beautiful.

This pronouncement was made in the lovely little upstairs porch garden of Miss Jarvis' home in Philadelphia, where the visitor heard, for the first time they had been confided to any one, plans for the Mother's Day Memorial as the founder of the day conceives it.

"When I first thought of it," she said, "it occurred to me that an orphan asylum or shelter of some sort might be fitting. And then I suddenly found myself saying, No! Mother has had useful presents all her life. If father needed a new smoking set she told him to give it to her for Christmas. If Mary thought the parlor looking funny without a parchment shade for the lamp mother suddenly discovered she needed just that article of all others for her birthday." Miss Jarvis paused. She is a slim, graceful figure of a woman, with delicate skin and finely chiseled features. There is a great deal of humor in her gray eyes. "Why should we give mother a monument that will keep her hands flying until the Angel Gabriel blows his horn? Don't you think she deserves the most beautiful non-utilitarian memorial that ever was built instead?"

As to size the memorial will be just as large as the people's mother-loving hearts care to make it. If the size warrants it, Miss Jarvis will

ask for a site that will give a splendid perspective. In beauty and simplicity she is hoping it may approach the Lincoln memorial, that white marble place of beauty with its massive Doric columns that rises on the banks of the Potomac and perpetuates in marble and sculpture the spirit of Abraham Lincoln. Already she attaches beautiful significance to the fact that the mother memorial would share the blue places of the sky with the monument raised to the great man who said all that he was or ever hoped to be he owed to a sainted mother.

There are two separate plans held in mind for the actual execution of the memorial, although Miss Jarvis, leaning foward from the graceful wicker chair and talking animatedly, advanced neither of these dogmatically; she feels too strongly that all the daughters and sons of America should have something to say about the matter.

The "woman with the apron" is the mother Miss Jarvis would personally like to see perpetuated in marble aloft the memorial.

This mother, with a child or children at her feet, would be caught at some memorial task, memorial only because mothers have performed it by the millions and brought out of it the shining beauty of living. Her face would not be that of a lovely girl. No famous beauty would pose for it, but rather a woman you have seen by the hundreds—a plain mother.

Faithfulness is the quality this single figure would of all others immortalize, for this, Miss Jarvis believes, is the shining, white, enveloping feature of a mother's love. It lasts forever. There has not yet been found the place it will not follow.

This tribute, with its one simple and beautiful statue, would be the simpler memorial. The other that has been conceived is larger, more complex of execution, and it contains that altogether beautiful plan for the gold and white mosaic of motherhood—that hall of fame for those who never sought it.

"On this large memorial," Miss Jarvis says, "there might be at each corner of the base a group illustrating her of the universal characteristics of motherhood. Courage would be one of these, faithfulness another, beauty a third, for what mother is not beautiful to her own child?—charity a fourth.

"Inside, don't you think it would be wonderful if the marble chamber open to visitors might not be made up of small marble insets inscribed with the names of mothers in tiny letters of gold.

It would be a monument with a great soul.

And yet if there lined the walls the simple, homely names of everybody's mother there could be no aloofness about it. Big, grown-up, lonely children might go there and loose their loneliness for a while. You know, there's one group that I think of most of all when I visualize the actual coming true of this memorial. That's the one that typifies the breaking of home ties. Perhaps it's the most poignant moment of all of life.

Colossal, you say, this new undertaking? When you consider this quiet-faced woman with the persistent gray eyes received a warm and

beautiful personal letter from President Harding a few weeks ago commending Mother's Day; when you consider she was able to make congress pass the first and only Federal law ever passed for the general display of the flag, that she has in her possession glowing personal letters ranging all the way from Theodore Roosevelt and General Pershing to Governors that go all the way from Scott E. Bone, of Alaska, to McRea, of Arkansas, then it does not seem, after all, that there will be more than the ordinary amount of life labor connected with the raising up of a mother monument.

Fifteen years ago Anna Jarvis was unknown, the daughter of an old Southern family, a woman who made her living writing. Today at this very moment as you read the radio is broadcasting her beautiful and enduring thought to the ends of the earth. In Japan, in China, in Africa, Palestine and other countries that circle the globe they are holding Mother's Day celebrations that increase in love and reverence as the years go by.

Is it, after all, so great a step from all this to the white shaft of marble in our Nation's capital that will speak forever to the children of men of their mothers?

The world is blessed most by men who do things, and not by those who merely talk about them.—James Oliver.

THE ROMANCE OF OUR FLAG.

By Earle W. Gage.

It is a strange coincidence that the United States of America, youngest among great nations, possesses the oldest of flags, but it is a fact beyond dispute, for the others have many times changed the design of their emblems since we adopted our present flag in 1777.

When the American colonies decided to assert their individuality, one of their first desires was to hoist a flag of their own, so in 1775 a committee was appointed to consider the matter and suggest a suitable design. And this was an important committee, consisting of Franklin, Lynch and Harrison, appointed by Congress to confer with General George Washington at Cambridge, Mass., and it was a memorable act; yet there is no authentic record of the proceedings of the committee, or of the adoption of the design which is believed to have been submitted by a nameless professor who was an inhabitant of the house in which the meeting was held, and who was invited by General Washington and the com-

However, it did not require great genius to originate the design that was accepted, since it is quite similar to that of the flag of the English East India Company. It had thirteen stripes of alternate red and white, with a union field of blue in the upper corner next the staff, on which were the crosses of St. Andrew and St. George, the same as on the originalUnion Flag of Great Britain, under which the Pilgrims sailed for Ameri-

ca.

The union field of the newer flag was deeper than the other, extending to the depth of seven stripes, four red and three white instead of five stripes, three red and two white, as in the East Indian flag; and this new Colonial flag is supposed to be the first flag bearing stripes of red and white that was unfurled in this country.

General Washington presented the flag on the 13th of December, 1775, at Cambridge, Mass., as the standard of the American army and navy. Soon after the Declaration of Independence, a new flag was demanded—one that should be unlike all others, yet typical of the new life of the nation. This standard was urged and procured, but no one knows who designed it; whether the nameless professor at Cambridge, Mrs. Betsy Ross, of Arch Street, Philadelphia, or General Washington himself. The design was accepted by Congress on the 14th of June, 1777.

The flag that Congress accepted on that historic date has ever since been "the flag of my country and your country," and had thirteen stripes, in recognition of the thirteen original states, but instead of the Union of Great Britain, it had a field of blue containing thirteen white stars. This was an original design, since no other flag possessed a constellation of stars. Others have adopted the design since, but none show so large a cluster as that on the flag of the United States.

For a time the stars were arranged in various ways on the field of blue sometimes as a star of stars, again in a circle, and then again as a square. On the 25th of March, 1818, Congress passed a bill "to establish the flag of the United States," and from the following Fourth of July, the flag has had seven red and six white stripes alternating, with a field of blue on which is placed a star for every state in the Union.

The honor of unfurling the first flag bearing the stars and stripes belongs to the men of the garrison of Fort Stanwix, the site of the present city of Rome, New York. The garrison had no flag and material was needed to make one. Someone suggested making one out of such materail as could be procured at hand. Thus the wife of one of the officers contributed a red petticoat, out of which the red stripes were made; several of the men gave shirts for the white stripes and stars and Captain Abraham Swartwant, of Poughkeepsie an officer of the garrison, gave his blue camlet cloak to be used for making the field. This remarkable flag was completed and raised on the 5th of August, 1777.

It is easy to picture the little band of men, women and children standing around the staff with uncovered, reverently bowed heads, while the chaplain, or superior officer, offered prayer before raising that precious flag.

For it was the new country's emblem of liberty and justice spelled in its three colors: red for defiance, war and determination; white being the color betokening peace and good will, and blue emblematic of justice.

The first actual engagement in which the new flag of our country was displayed was at the Battle of Brandywine, on the 11th of September, 1777. Ten years later, 1787, the American flag started on a voyage around the world on the ship Colum-

bia, under Captain John Kendrick. It had already established itself as one of the naval flags of the world, receiving its first salute from a foreign power, a French vessel, in answer to a salute from Lieutenant John Paul Jones on the 14th of February, 1778.

Whether made of material contributed from various sources, like the flag at Stanwix, or whether the nicest of imported bunting, the flag became the emblem of patriotic devotion. It was held sacred by all loyal Americans, who were willing, yes, glad—to lay down their lives in its defense and for what it stood in just causes: and from the first, it has met with success in every cause in which it has been unfurled.

One of the most conspicuous features of the historical exhibits in the National Museum at Washington is the flag collection, which includes examples of the American flag and shows its development in the different historical periods. While there are no early colonial flags, such as were used by the several colonies before the flag of the United States was adopted, a fine example of the first true United States ensign is shown. Representative of the Stars and Stripes type, is a flag said to have flown on the Bonhomme Richard, under command of Admiral John Paul Jones. This flag measures 10½ by 6¼ feet.

On December 13th, 1784, this flag was presented to Lieutenant James B. Stafford, U. S. N., by the Marine Committee of the Continental Congress, as a reward for meritorious services during the Revolution. It came into the possession of Smithsonian Institution as a gift from Mrs. Harriet R. Perry Stafford.

Another flag of the very highest historic value is the original "Star Spangled Banner," of Key's anthem, which waved over FortMcHenry during the bombardment of September 13-14th, 1814, and which was presented to the institution by Eben Appleton. This flag is true to the type having fifteen stars and stripes, adopted in 1784, upon the addition of Vermont and Kentucky to the Union. This type went into effect in 1785 and continued to be the standard until 1818, when Congress returned to the original thirteen stripes and made provision for the addition of a star for each new state.

The original Star Spangled Banner, which is very large, measuring 28 by 32 feet, was recently remounted on linen for preservation and exhibition. It was amidst the fire and smoke of Fort McHenry that this banner continued to wave until darkness hid it from sight, and as he paced the deck in deep anxiety, Francis Scott Key wrote the words of our national song, "The Star Spangled Banner." Eighty-nine years later the order was issued by the Navy Department that that song should be rendered at the hoisting and lowering of every flag, thus making Key's historic national song virtually the national air.

It matters not whether a flag is made of a few inches of silk, a yard or so of bunting, or a strip of printed cotton—so long as it is the emblem of one's country it appeals to every loyal-herted individual. In itself it may be valueless—soiled, torn, faded —yet to the true-hearted citizen it is priceless for it represents the noble sentiment of patriotism, the love of country.

The word flag, of Teutonic origin —means to fly, and the insignia has assumed various forms and designs in its evolution from the pennon, formerly used to designate the Knight Bachelors in the days of chivalry. Its changes have come very naturally through its use as the standard of different orders of knighthood. The long pennon with a swallow-tail fly-end cut to the depth of one-third its entire lenggth, had to be changed when the Knight Bachelor became a Knight Banneret; the swallow-tail end was cut off leaving a square ended banneret. The highest form was the square banner which was the standard used to designate royalty.

As our flag has won signal honors and victories on the land, also the flag's history on the waters is imbued with romance and historic interest. Somewhere, on land or on sea, for generations our men have fought, bled and died that their countrymen might have a deeper feeling of loyalty toward the colors of the United States.

In Trophy Hall at the Naval Academy in Annapolis are found the nation' s unknown trophies. Flags that were captured in now forgotten engagements are hung in large cases side by side with those whose glorious story is known. That the historical data of the trophy flags is so complete is due in no small measure to the efforts of Professor Harold C. Washburn, the civilian instructor in English at the Naval Academy.

Flags captured from the British and Mexicans during the wars of early days, the story of which is yet unknown, grace the walls. A beautiful guidon, bearing the lion and unicorn blazonry of England, and marked, "John Wilson, Bedford, Long Island," still awaits the discovery of its history. In 1812 John Wilson, of Long Island, organized a battery of light artillery, and it is thought that the flag may have belonged to him. But the devices upon it are older than that date, for George III officially changed the royal blazonry of England in 1801, and it is doubted if as enthusiastic a supporter of his king as Wilson must have been would have employed a flag which was not correct in every official detail.

As one enters Trophy Hall at the Naval Academy, here appears about him in cases about the walls and stretched across the ceiling those flags which mark the naval successes of the United States. Almost every battle in which the ships of our country have met an enemy is represented in this wonderful collection. Most of the flags come from the battles of the War of 1812, and Perry's battle flag is the center and the inspiration of all this group.

It is only a square of dark blue bunting, but across it in straggling letters, evidently cut by a sailor from some odd piece of white cotton that was at hand, are the words of Captain James Lawrence as he was carried below in that ill-fated fight between the Chesapeake and the Shannon, "Don't Give Up the Ship." This is the flag that Oliver Hazard Perry flew on Lake Erie on that eventful September day in 1813. First at the masthead of the Lawrence it gave the signal for the beginning of the fight, and later, when that ship was sunk by the fire of the British, Perry carried the flag over

his arms as he rowed to the Niagara. "This is the battle-flag under which I wish to fight," he said.

Around this relic of two great naval heroes are the captured flags that date back to the wonderful campaign of Lake Erie. From all the captured ships of Captain Barclay, who led the British squadron, the flags have been preserved. The list is a long and glorious one. As one consults the numbers and the catalogue, one reads that here are the flags of the Detroit, the Chippewa, the Hunter, the Little Belt, the Lady Prevost, the Queen Charlotte, and several others. Nor are the lake battles the only ones which have given their trophies to serve through the years as reminders of past valor.

The jack, the ensign and the pennant of the Guerriere recall the first successful action of an American warship on the high seas. "Old Ironsides" in her first battle with this ship that the British had captured a year before from the French made her first great success and brought home these historic trophies. Then on down through the war with the Algerian pirates, through the campaign against the Chinese pirates, through the expedition that went to Korea to mete out punishment for the destruction of the trading ship Sherman, into the days of our own memory of the war with Spain, the latter fighting against the Filipinos, and the combats on the high seas against the Germans, the trophies are here and preserved so that time can never harm them.

Some of the almost forgotten incidents of our national history are recalled by these tattered old flags. The United States and France have never declared war upon each other, yet among the trophies are two French tri-colors. They are the ensigns of the frigate L'Insurgente and the corvette Le Berceau. In 1799 and 1800 the United States Government backed with force the protests of New England shipowners against the searching of their vessels by foreign warships for the naturalization papers of the seamen. So without a declaration of war a clash took place between the two French vessels and two American frigates, the Constellation, and the Boston, and the French ships were captured.

A group of wonderfully decorative Oriental flags and pennants is formed by the trophies of our navy's two greatest punitive expeditions. Here is the Chinese pirates' flag taken by the crew of a pinnace from a battery at Coolan on the Island of Tylo, near Hongkong. There are upwards of thirty brilliant trophies of Rear-Admiral John Rogers' Korean expedition in 1871, and an enormous black silk flag bearing a legend in scarlet Chinese characters recalls to mind the heroic work of the American legation guard at Pekin during the Boxer rebellion in 1900.

There are only a few "Old Glories" in the collection, but each of these is connected with some incident that gives it the honor of its present position. There is the thrity-one starred flag that flew as an ensign beside the sunrise flag of Japan when the close-shut doors of the Island Kingdom were pried open for American commerce. The old flag that Lieut. Charles Haywood defended so gallantly in 1847 at San Jose, Lower California, is there to recall the story of how he and his tiny garrison held

on old mission house for over three months against an overwhelming Mexican force.

Here, too are a few of the reminders of history's saddest war—our own War Between the States. Side by side in the one case are draped the ensign of the Union man-of-war Kearsarge and the stars and bars of the ensign of the Confederate cruiser Albemarle. Then there is the ensign of the battleship Maine, recovered fourteen years after the catastrophe in Havana Harbor, as well as ensigns of several ships that took part in the crusade against German domination of the Atlantic and North Sea.

The doubter always has to wait for the cloud to pass away; the man of faith has the sun with him, for he knows the sun is there.

THE EXPERT.

Exchange

Words have their day and almost cease to be, at least they cease to carry the significance that once attached to them. The word "expert" belongs to that class. To call one an expert used to give an audience confidence; it raised our hopes high and made us feel we were listening to about the last word that could be found on the subject. Now it not infrequently happens that the use of the word produces amusement. One regrets that such is the case. It discredits men who really have a distinct contribution to make.

I chanced to be in a strange city during Lent. I bought a daily paper and turned to the editorial page. The first words to meet my eye were, "Experts and Education," the subject of the first editorial. The article was the result of certain propositions and findings of a convention of educators being held in a distant city at that very time.

I quote part of the editorial, not because it merits our unqualified endorsement, but because it is written from the layman's point of view and has in it food for serious thought.

"The basic trouble with education in this country—if we may venture timorously upon a generalization—is that it is over-expertized. Experts have their uses. But those who specialize tend to become divorced from life. The expert in education of today has developed what he calls a "methodology." It is scientifically correct, no doubt, and it ought to work. Unfortunately, it doesn't. But the expert, who is near-sighted as a result of long application to his theory is not abashed. His counter to criticism is always that it isn't the method which is wrong, but the child, or the community.

"To prove that the child is wrong, he has developed the intelligence test and dubbed most of us morons. To prove that the community is niggardly he shows what he could do with his method were more money available.

"Taking the expert by and large, he's got a swelled head. He needs the chastisement which a bath in common sense gives."

All of us have heard the definition

of an "expert," as "an ordinary person far from home." Sometimes we wish he had gone away from home before. There are few thing more dangerous than theories that have been worked out apart from life itself. The business of writing books and delivering lectures by those who rarely see inside a school room will not help us solve our educational problems. We are always ready to listen to those who have had the practical experience. And most of the "experts' who come be-us have had that experience and are in a position to show us the better way of doing things. Our whole educational program has made wonderful strides under their leadership.

We have a suspicion, however, that many of the methods proposed and books written at present will be valuble twenty-five years hence, but can hardly be effective now. They are so far beyond our people as to be incomprehensible in thought and impossible in practice. One of the prerequisites of good teaching is that we first get down to the plane where our people live and think and work and by steady and patient effort seek to lift them up to better ways. If we are so far ahead of them that we have little in common, there is no chance that we shall be of service to them.

We need experts, and we want them to be within call; but they must keep in touch with the people and think much about the humblest schools, and the simplest organizations, and the least trained minds. If we would escape the reproaches of those who are actually doing the hard work of teaching and training on the one hand, and, on the other, become constructive forces in the new day for which we are praying we must avoid the path of the visionary. Success in our chosen field will not be withheld if we keep to the dusty ways of actual service.

A THOUGHT FOR THE WEEK.

America desires—and rightly desires—to be free from the entanglement of Europe and its concerns. But can she be free from them? What is her own experience quite recently? In 1917 America felt compelled to enter the World War. It was not that she desired war—far from it. Will anyone say that if another great European war took place involving, as wars always do, great interest of right and wrong, that it would be possible in the future any more than in the past for America to stand outside and take no part? And if that be so, if it be really true that even on this side of the Atlantic there is no certainty that this nation can avoid the worst of all entanglements—participation in war—is it an American interest to erect safeguards against the outbreak of war in any part of the world? For when war breaks out, no one can tell how far it will spread.—Lord Robert Cecil.

CATAWBA COLLEGE TO MOVE.

(Sailsbury Post)

Taking advantage of an opportunity shunned 72 years ago, Salisbury has landed an A grade college. During 1851, Salisbury, Newton and Sandy Ridge were considered as sites on which to found Catawba College. Newton won out.

Decision to remove Catawba College, Reformed institution located at Newton, to Salisbury was reached late yesterday afternoon at a meeting of the trustees of that institution in this city.

The college will be raised from its junior ranking to an A grade institution.

The trustees of the college accepted the offer extended to them by the trustees of the Salisbury Normal and Industrial Institute to take over the latter's college property near the city.

This property consists of an elaborate structure for an administration building and dormitory, partially finished, and 40 acres of land.

In taking the property over, the Reformed synod will assume a mortgage of $50,000.

It was decided at the meeting of the board of trustees of Catawba College that Salisbury will be asked to assist in raising $50,000 towards the $400,000 endowment fund which will be raised for the college.

Removal of the college to Salisbury will not be made this year, it is announced. The building will be completely finished, in the meantime, and installed with all modern conveniences.

Enrolled in all departments, Catawba College, at present, has about 150 students.

The United States synod of the Reformed church is backing the college.

Members of the board of trustees of Catawba College, who were present at the meeting yesterday—perhaps the greatest and most significant in the history of the institution—are as follows:

J. T. Hedrick, Lexington; Dr. Clarence Clapp, Newton; Dr. Hubert Rowe, Newton; Will Hinkle, Thomasville; the Rev. Shuford Peeler, Charlotte; the Rev. W. W. Rowe, Hickory; the Rev. J. H. Keller, China Grove; Dr. M. A. Foil, of Mt. Pleasant; J. O. Moose, Concord; John Plott, Greensboro; the Rev. W. H. Causey, Salisbury; and John W. Peeler, Rockwell.

In addition to the board members, a large number of friends, alumni and Reformed laymen attended the meeting.

Catawba College was founded in 1851—72 years ago. Salisbury had a chance then to get the institution, but Newton won out. Three cities were considered: Newton, Salisbury and another.

So Salisbury is doing something this year that she should or could have done 72 years ago.

People seldom improve when they have no other model but themselves to copy after.—Goldsmith.

Southern Buys Rail.

Thirty-three thousand tons of steel rail have just been purchased by the Southern Railway System for delivery during the last six months of 1923. Included in this order are 25,500 tons of 100-pound section and 7,500 tons of 85-pound section rail. This brings the Southern's purchase of new steel for 1923 to 73,000 tons, 40,000 tons having been bought earlier in the year.

The largest share of the new order went to the Tennessee Coal, Iron & Railroad Company, which will roll 23,000 tons at its Ensley, Ala., plant; 8,000 tons were ordered from the Bethlehem Steel Co., and 2,000 tons from the Illinois Steel Co.

The 100-pound rail will be used in carrying out the program of the Southern to relay the Washington-Atlanta, Cincinnati-Chattanooga, and other lines of high traffiic density with this heavy rail. This work is now in progress between Manassas and Orange, Va., between Greensboro and Charlotte, N. C., between Knoxville and Morristown, Tenn., and between Somerset, Ky., and Oakdale, Tenn.

Heavy tie plates are being used wherever the 100-pound rail is being laid, giving added strength and smoothness to the track.

A large amount of servicable 85-pound rail is being released and transferred to lines which are now equipped with lighter rail.

SPEAKERS AND MANUSCRIPTS.

News & Observer

Referring to the fact that in the midst of his commencement address at the State College Senator Copeland laid down his manuscript and talked to the audience straight from the shoulder, and without any rest, the Charlotte News says:

Audiences nowadays demand first of all, in a public speaker that he divest himself of every semblance of a manuscript. They want straightforward, out-of-the-mouth counsel rather than the finely-phrased orations. They demand the eloquence that comes from conviction rather than that which pours from language mastery or stage presence of magnetic voice.

We are conjecturing, of course, upon the reasons that Dr. Copeland threw his prepared address to the winds, but observation in the case of others and knowledge as to what is popularly demanded of public speakers directs us immediately to the conclusion that even so great and worthy an orator as the eminent visitor from New York got news of the fact, early in his address, that he was not making much progress reading his message into the hearts of the people. It takes more dynamic methods than that in these times to get a crowd to listen to you.

If there is a direct appeal to the public for immediate action, the address must be fresh from the bat without manuscript. But there are times when a manuscript is suitable. We have heard so many orators rattle around, having no terminal facilities, and then heard a clear and

concise address by one with m
script, that we have preferre
manuscript to an extemporane
speech. Everything depends up
the speaker and the subject.

Raleigh had two examples last week in commencement addresses. Senator Copeland had a manuscript from which he departed and scored. Judge Kerr Morehead Harris, who spoke at Peace, had a manuscript which she used with so much grace and familiarity that she scored. It is better for every speaker to follow his or her own method. To slavishly follow a manuscript is to read and not to speak, but to be familiar with manuscript, depart from it at

ILWAY SYSTEM

Schedules

in pe
up in effectiv
prepared as a wr
often the speaker with
script depends for the inspiration of the moment and it comes on a delayed train. Scatteration is a thousand times worse than a well-written manuscript.

"What have you been doing all summer?"
"I had a position in my father's office...And you?"
"I wasn't working, either."—Frivol.

INSTITUTIONAL NOTES.

By William Gregory.

Master Julian Piver was paroled from the Institution last Saturday by Supt. Boger.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Master, Jimmie Fisher left for his home in Fayettville last Monday to spend a short visit,he will return to the institution in a few days.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Mr. Zebulon Teeter a former officer at the institution is back on the job again and is taking Mr. Tom Grier's place as an officer in the 1st Cottage.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Master Pressly Mills, was called to his home in Statesville, to the bedside of his sick sister on last Friday and will return to the institution in a few days.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Dr. Howard A. Johnson is doing a rushing business. He has already finished about forty boys and is still going. Dr. Johnson is conducting a dental clinic at the institution.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Miss Mary Young of Maryville College is spending a short time at the institution visiting her mother. Mrs. Young is a matron in the King's Daughters' Cottage. Miss Young will then go to Washington to spend the summer with her rel-

Southern Buys Rail.

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‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The hot summer sun, the green plums, and the bare foot boy make increased calls upon the "medical fraternity" of the institution to cure headaches, stomachaches, dress the stumped toes and the pitchfork wounds caused from the careless handling of this implement of work.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The twelfth Cottage is now completed and is ready for occupancy [illegible]far as the school's work is con[illegible]ned. The water, sewer and [illegible]nts have all been connected. [illegible]en the furnishings are installed [illegible]e cottage will be opened. The [illegible]atron and officer are ready to [illegible]ake charge.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

J. T. S. was defeated Saturday June, 5, by the Flowe Store Nine. It was a rather bad game, taking 10 innings to decide which was the victorious, and it finally came out in the visitors favor 19 to 16. Although they did win our boys gave them a pretty hard struggle. Nearly every boy got him at least one hit. Hobby and Godown getting 3 hits each led in the slugging.

Batteries Godown and Cook and Bost and Dorton.

How We Stand

J. T. S.

G	W	L	Pct.
9	5	4	.556

He (as canoe rocks)—"Don't be afraid; we're only ten feet from land.
She (looking around)—"Where is it?"
He—Underneath us!"—Chaparral.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

Passenger Train Schedules

Arrival and Departure of Passenger Trains, Concord, N. C.

LV.	NO.	BETWEEN	NO.	AR.
1:40A	30	New York-Birmingham	30	1:40A
2:37A	29	Birmingham-New York	29	2:37A
5:12A	44	Washington-Atlanta	44	5:12A
6:32A	31	Atlanta-New York	31	6:32A
8:41A	137	Atlanta-New York	137	8:41A
9:25A	11	Charlotte-Norfolk-Richmond	11	9:25A
10:55A	36	New York Birmingham-New Orleans	36	10:55A
3:20P	45	Washington-Charlotte	45	3:20P
3:45P	46	Charlotte-Danville	46	3:45P
7:10P	12	Norfolk-Richmond-Atlanta	12	7:10P
8:18P	32	New York-Augusta	32	8:18P
10:20P	35	Birmingham-New Orleans-New York	35	10:20P
9:45P	138	New York-Atlanta	138	9:45P
9:31P	135	Washington-Atlanta	135	9:31P

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Charlotte, N. C.

M. E. WOODY, Ticket Agent,
Concord, N. C.

Cp 364

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XI CONCORD, N. C. JUNE 23, 1923 No. 32

THE QUESTION.

Were the whole world good as you—not an atom
better—
Where it just as pure and true,
Just as pure and true as you;
Just as strong in faith and works;
Just as free from crafty quirks—
All extortion, all deceit;
Schemes its neighbor to defeat;
Schemes its neighbor to defraud;
Schemes some culprit to applaud—
Would this world be better?
If this whole world followed you—followed to the
letter—
Would it be a nobler world,
All deceit and falsehood hurled
From it altogether;
Malice, selfishness, and lust
Banished from beneath the crust
Tell me, if it followed you,
Cov'ring human hearts from view—
Would the world be better?—Selected.

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HIND-SIGHT.

You will never be sorry—
For doing your level best.
For hearing before judging.
For thinking before speaking.
For standing by your own principles.
For being generous to an enemy.
For promptness in keeping your promises.

THAT ROAD.

Concord and Cabarrus need Albemarle and Stanly; the latter, we make sure, need Concord and Cabarrus. We are kin folks, have intermarried, have enjoyed a long-time friendship that amounts to a passion. Been a lot of reciprocal courting that ended in a glorious manner.. This much for sentiment sake.

There are thousands of dollars invested here and there by the people in the two counties in commercial and industrial enterprises. Much communication in person becomes necessary. There is a heavy exchange of freight almost daily in carrying on these mutual enterprises. This is the business side of why the two towns should be connected by a dependable road, which on account of the heavy service required of it must necessarily be of hard surface—or a ceaseless expenditure in upkeep and the risk of fatal disease from the clouds of dust that the heavy traffic produces all the

time.

To make this a dependable road at all seasons and at all times will require the hard-surfacing of just 22 miles and the grading and most of the bridges are placed; here you touch a hard surface road direct to Charlotte. The proposed lower route to reach Charlotte will at least require 44 miles of hard surfacing. At best the distance cannot be decreased as much as five (5) miles by actual measurement. Is it good business to expend a sufficient amount of state money to hard-surface an additional 22 miles merely to save less than five miles distance?

There is no objection to hard-surfacing both roads if the money is available; but until the spirit of the law, if not the very letter of it,is met in linking up the county seats of contiguous counties, no fancy propositions should be able to seduce the good people of Stanly and of Cabarrus. Let's stick to our kin-folks—the tourists don't mind an extra five miles if they can see more of the wonderful development of this God-favored section.

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MARVELOUS PROGRESS.

Three things in modern thinking and endeavor constitute what is regraded progress: good churches, good roads and good schools. Stanly county, by this measure, enjoys a perfect score. No county in the state has added more attractive church buildings to its territory than has Stanly, during the past four years; no county can surpass her in a development of good top-soil roads; and in her schools her record is marvelous.

Pictorially THE UPLIFT carries this week everlasting evidence that a wise and aggressive set of men has been in charge of the rural public education affairs of that county. All this has been accomplished in four years. What Stanly did, could have been done by Cabarrus and other counties that are lagging behind in this great educational campaign. Wherever this development has not occurred you find entrenched in charge of school affairs either incompetency, or indifference or selfishness or a secret opposition to public education. In such counties the public is taking a hand and making strenuous effort to remove the body of death.

Stanly county is to be congratulated on the achievements her chosen and trusted officers have wrought; while in some other counties the real friends of public education and the well-wishers of the rural child, making a comparison of what Stanly has done with what these friends see around them, are compelled to hang their heads in shame.

The brief story of what Stanly county has accomplished is respectfully

referred to Messrs Odell, McAllister and Smith, the Cabarrus County Board, and to their executive officer, Prof. Judge Buxton Robertson, for their consideration and inspiration, with the hope that they are in a receptive mood to take notice of what progressive boards are accomplishing.

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SOME NEW DOCTORS.

The trustees of the University of North Carolina have conferred the degree of LL. D on Senator Carter Glass, of Virginia, General Julian S. Carr, of Durham, Judge W. P. Stacey, of Raleigh, and Frank Page, of Raleigh. A fine worthy deed, but confound it, who in the world will ever get his mouth trained to say "Doctor" at General Carr? Col. Baldy Boyden, of Salisbury, will say it just one time to see how it sounds, but never again. Dr. Carr is to everybody in North Carolina just General Carr.

Dr. Pagge and Dr. Stacey sound pretty good, and those titles will stick,
Dr. Page and Dr. Stacey sounds pretty good, and those titles will stick,

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R. B. Babbington, whose trip around the world has been a subject of much newspaper notoriety, lands back at his home in Gastonia safe and sound. That he may have living evidence that he's been in a number of famous places, he took the precaution to have in each celebrated place the name engraved on his watch. So if you have the nerve to doubt that Babbington has been in Hong Kong, or Tokyo, or Cairo, or Boston or any other place not in a class with the goodly city of Gastonia, why Babbington will make you look at his watch.

* * * * * * *

Bank failures and corporation distresses are to be deplored. They never stop with the principals, but generally involve numerous others; and it takes months and years to heal the old scores. That is a most deplorable event in the financial life of Salisbury. It involves so many good and innocent men and leaves in its wake embarrassments that create a doubt in mankind that is a long time being overcome. Already suits have been started against the principals in that unfortunate affair, and the thing is not yet well started.

* * * * * * *

The naming of what started as the Agricultural and Mechanical College, at Raleigh, is coming in for some new discussion. There seems no real good reason why the institution should have come to be called The State College. The public is awaiting to see what the new President is disposed to call it.

A novel thing occurred in the Superior court of Guilford the other day. Court adjourned for the lack of cases. It often occurs that courts adjourn because the judge wants to go home, or litigants press for continuances.

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Hickory is moving to vote on a $300,000 dollar bond issue to make certain the erection of a modern High School building on property recently donated to the city for school purposes.

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COMPARATIVE JEWELS.

Our readers, who believe in giving the rural child a square deal in educational facilities and advantages, will applaud the superb leadership that stands out conspicuously in the achievements of the Stanly county school officals, as exhibited in this issue of THE UPLIFT, during the past four years.

In contrast with this—extremes always suggest themselves—in another county of the state, (and pride forbids its naming) the only visible constructive piece of work to which the school officials may point with any pride and on which alone they may rest their laurels as forward-looking educational leaders is the installation of sanitary closets at the several school-houses. In this, however, all of the glory of voluntary action does not belong to them—it required a positive threat by a high official of the health department and the vigorous pounding of the chairman's fist against further delay before its executive officer gave signs of moving. This is the outstanding record of the achievements in an administration that covers a term of six years—these be the jewels in the record of one "who rejoices in a high rating among the state's educators."

WHERE BRAINS, ENERGY AND UNSELFISHNESS ABIDE.

I spent a day riding over Stanly county, viewing what had been accomplished in four short years by the public school authorities. I had heard so much about educational progress in Stanly, that I desired to get some first-hand knowledge of the achievement. It made me ashamed, when mentally I compared what I saw among the rural hills of Stanly with the practically neglected educatioal cause in Cabarrus county. Ten years ago Cabarrus county was long ways ahead of Stanly—today there no longer remains the possibility of a comparison. They are in different classes.

Sometime ago an official of the state Educational Department remarked that "there seems to be less doing educationally in Cabarrus than in any county in the state." What about Stanly, he was asked. "On fire with enthusiasm, and her achievements are little short of marvelous." Having a first-hand knowledge of conditions in the two counties, I was convinced that this departmental representative kept a close tab on educational doings in the state.

Mingling with the good folks about Albemarle, I found that the livest question with these awakened people is the matter of rural education. It soon developed that credit for this condition was assigned to the wisdom and activity of the county educational board and its executive officer. The character of the public schools and their success, always reflect the composition of the county board. If there is progress being had, the board is composed of competent and patriotic men; if the cause is lagging, it is a sure indication that those in charge are either incompetent or selfish or both. No cause can rise higher than its source, unless a great power is exerted from without.

When I stopped and took in the situation where a splendid brick school building, with auditorium, patent desks, complete school equipment in evidence, a great piano, had been provided for the children of a vast territory formerly composing six districts, and trucks to take care of the children, I wondered if it would not be possible to persuade the Cabarrus county Board, Messrs Odell, McAllister and Smith, and their executive clerk, Prof. Robertson, to make an official visit to Stanly and learn the rudiments and the primary facts that govern the great educational campaign that is now going on in the state to the pride and joy of all progressive people?

Geographically these modern school buildings serve different sections of the county. We present pictorial references to only five of them; there are three others complete and three others are in making. Last year the Board purchased 8 pianos for these modern buildings. Why should a country child not be in hearing distance of music as well as a town child—who decreed that a town child deserved more privileges than a country child?

This same board purchased 1050 opera chairs for the modern school auditoriums. Has not a country

gentleman as much right to be comfortable while he sits witnessing the various school entertainments as is the town gentleman. The clay that made one made the other.

During the year this same progressive board purchased 1,500 patent desks for their rural schools. Is there any reason why a town child should sit on a comfortable seat, and his country cousin be compelled to hang out on a slab bench or an awkard home-made desk?

During the year this very same progressive Stanly county board has increased the number of school trucks to 18. Is there any reason why a little country child should toddle through mud and slush to school, and the town child carried to school in street cars, automobiles or on paved streets a-foot? One is no beter than the other. That our school officials in Cabarrus may know what a school truck looks like, we have secured a cut of one that carries little Stanly county children to school in the morning and in the late afternoon carries them back to their homes. What would our people think had come over our school officials if they happened to awake and consolidate six districts into one, providing a modern building with splendid equipment and unbobbed teachers to conduct a modern school in the county, and use a truck or trucks to convey the far-off pupils. Answering our own question, they would at first be jarred and finally conclude that the school officials of the county show some signs of life and a disposition to function competently and efficiently.

The school board of Stanly county is sure of the wisdom of its course—with them it is no longer a problem or an experiment. They are rejoiceing in their achievements, and already the fruits of their courageous and progressive legislation is bearing great fruit.

Just this week, Prof. Reap was re-elected, having declined a $4,000 position elsewhere. He preferred to remain to personally see the ambitious programme he and his board had mapped out brought to a successful issue.

It is a glorious thing to have a real man, a competent man, in charge of a cause where helpless children confidingly depend on the leadership of others. Their lives and their future are largely in their hands, and to withhold them from the best of opportunities is no less than a cirme—that's the most decent name you can give the act.

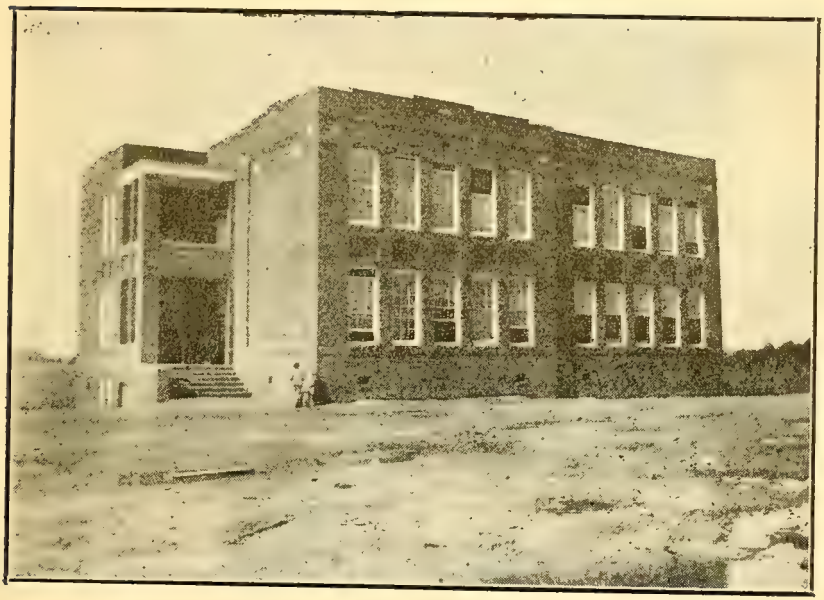
Oh, for more Reaps and County Boards like Stanly county enjoys.

In this issue we carry pictures of five of the eight complete, modern school houses, serving consoilidated districts in Stanly. At present there are eleven projects of consolidation of districts being worked out, and before a great while they will become a reality. These buildings are a proper recognition of the rights of the rural people, they speak a language of consideration, of justice, of interest, of service to fellow man, who must depend upon devoted leaders charged with a sacred duty. They are monuments to the wisdom, devotion and energy of Prof. Reap, who works in season and out of season. Such a man is a credit to a county, and no wonder Stanly county is proud of him; and just the other day they re-elected him, not

that he "stands high among educators in the state, knows the county and the people" but because he recognized his responsibilities, knew his duties and went about them like a man full of good, rich blood and determination.

All this has been accomplished in four years—what was done in Stanly, could have been done in Cabarrus if the Executive officer "had made up his mind" and had energy and capacity enough to tackle a man's job. But his administration seems to have pleased the board of education and, it follows, that this sorry and sleepy administration of the educational affairs of Cabarrus county lies at the door of the board of education as much as with Prof. Judge Buxton Robertson, who "stands high among the educators of the state and knows the county and people."

AQUADALE PUBLIC SCHOOL.



Aquadale school building serves the pupils of what formerly covered a territory of six districts. This building has ten school rooms, and the pupils are served by two trucks. The arrangement is so modern and the design is so attractive that it would grace the educational cause in any town or village, such as Mt. Pleasant in this county. But a barrier, who has taken an oath to promote education in the county and to give each child the privileges of adequate educational facilities and to encourage education in general,decrees otherwise. Yet this handsome school building stands as a beacon light out among

the hills of rural Stanly; and the people are proud of it, and love the kind of government that made it possible.

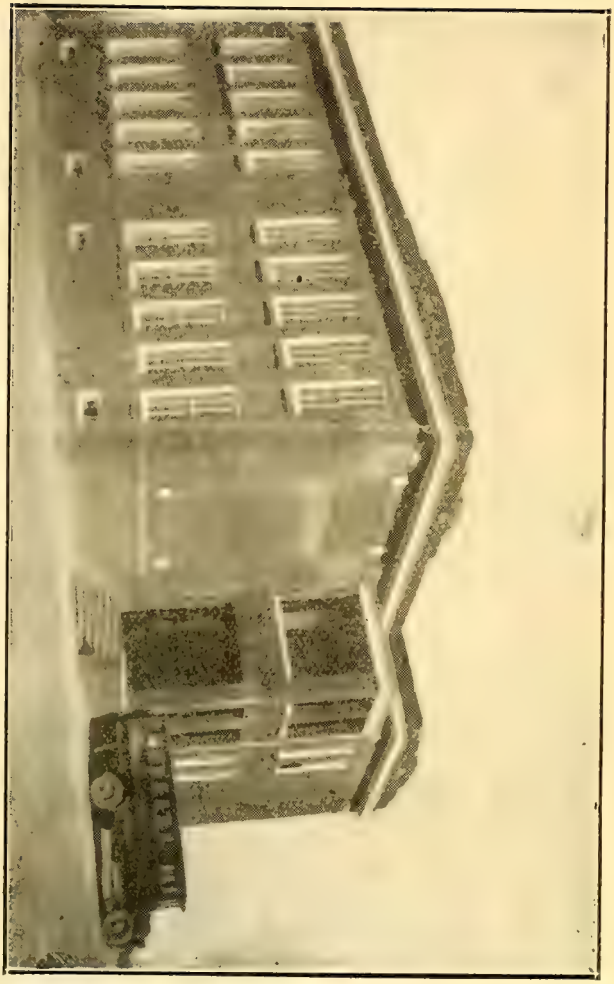
The enrollment last session was 307, of whom 55 were in the high school department. Instruction in Home Economics is featured at this school. There are ten grades. And of course where such progress and vision prevail, it goes without saying that the building is supplied with a piano and there is instruction in music. No wonder the people are happy in their rural environment, when they see that the authorities of government are willing to hand out a square deal to them.

ENDY PUBLIC SCHOOL.

This is a brick building, containing eight school rooms. It serves the school purposes of a territory formerly divided into six districts. The trucks are operated for the convenience and comfort of the pupils. The enrollment last session was 307, of whom 42 were in the high school. The course covers nine (9) grades.

The building is supplied with all conveniences, has a piano and a music instructor is employed. This effort on the part of the board of education (Stanly, of course) to bring school advantages and opportunities under a favorable environment is loudly praised by the fathers and mothers of the consolidated district. There has grown out of this progress a better community spirit and a greater delight in dwelling in the rural section.

EAST ALBEMARLE.



This is an attractive brick building, containing eight school rooms, and an auditorium seating over 500 people. It serves the patronage of a territory formerly divided into six districts, each having a poorly adapted school building such as you find in Cabarrus county and other backward counties of the state. Two trucks provide for the transportation of the pupils. This elegant school building is out from Albemarle on the road leading to the great concrete bridge across the Yadkin.

The wisdom of the plan lies in the fact that the size of it may be and is to be doubled, when other districts are added to this consolidated district. The enlargement will be another unit just like the one here shown to be placed at the right of the present building, thus avoiding tearing off any of the present building or even disturbing the splendid arrangement or injuring the architectual effect.

The enrollment last session was 304, of whom 30 were high school pupils. The course covers nine grades. This building like all of the modern rural school buildings erected by this progressive and patriotic school board is supplied with a piano and maintains an instructor in music..

MILLINGPORT PUBLIC SCHOOL.

This splendid brick building is the educational center for the children of a territory formerly divided into six districts with ill-adapted buildings for school purposes. That the children of this consolidated district may get to and from school without negotiating too much distance, becoming bespattered with dust or mud and avoiding exposure, three school-trucks are operated. The building contains six school rooms and auditorium with a seating capacity of more than 700.

The enrollment last year was 315, of whom 60 were in the High School department, The course covers ten grades. The creation of a fine school interest was observable throughout the entire consolidated district. The pupils caught the spirit of progress and the morale of the entire school was pleasing. This building is on the Concord-Albemarle highway, eight miles from Mt. Pleasant.

The school owns a piano, and a teacher of vocal and instrumental music is a part of the splendid faculty of this modern school undertaking.

OAKBORO PUBLIC SCHOOL.

Situated over a mile from the little village of Oakboro on the Norfolk & Southern railroad is this splendid public school property, which Stanly county has furnished as educational facilities for the children of a territory formerly in three districts. There are ten school rooms. The enrollment last session was 325, of whom 65 were high school pupils. Eleven grades are maintained, including musical instruction and in the faculty is a full time agricultural teacher. It is an accredited State High School.

When the rural sections are supplied with school facilities and advantages such as this educational endeavor secures, there is prevailing contentment and a spirit that makes a charm of rural living, and the call to towns—deserting the farms for the excitement and the glitter of towns—ceases to have an influence. It is brutal to withhold from the rural children the convenience and the opportunity that they know exist in the towns where patriotic and unselfish men direct the educational cause.

Any set of school officials that do not make an honest effort to meet this crying demand from the rural sections is unfit to occupy positions of honor and trust such as the sacredness and importance of the work involved—there should be a way,, if they lack sufficient pride and self-respect to vacate, to remove them from places where they are committing a sin against the rising generation.

A SCHOOL TRUCK.

This is the simple little conveyance that Stanly county uses—18 of them—to convey its school children to and from school. There have been several of them in Cabarrus county, but they were just passing through to other counties where a progressive educational campaign is going on.

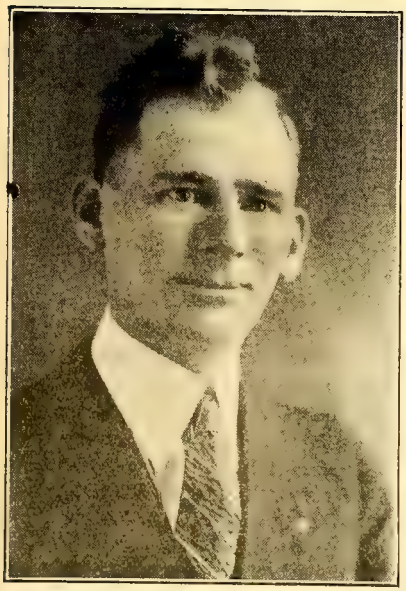
CHARLES AUGUSTUS REAP.

It's a joy to know a real man—a man that is honest with his job and works it for all there is in it. It's refreshing to meet a man who stands for something and has the courage and the honor to face the public, eshewing all straddles and compromising. It's inspiring to find a man who, to be faithful to his responsibilities and conscientious in the discharge of his duties, is willing to undergo hardships, suffer misunderstandings, go up against temporary oppositions and willing to deprive himself of many comforts that a public service may be rendered efficiently.

Over the way, in Stanly county—a goodly county of noble people for a long time bottled up and, in consequence, behind the march of progress as prevailed in many of the counties of the state—is just such a man as we have pictured in the opening paragraph. He is Prof. Charles Augustus Reap, a native of Stanly soil, being a country born and reared example of well-poised, earnest and patriotic manhood. This fellow has wrought a success in Stanly county that makes for him an everlasting monument and a record that will touch and bless immortal souls to the end of eternity.

Through his leadership, indomitable energy, broad vision, his fine executive ability and his consuming passion that the rural child should have adequate educational facilities and advantages, he has led in a programme that has resulted in making the rural public schools of Stanly county one of the prides of the state. In reality and in truth he enjoys a "high rating among the educators of the state," having won it by service and achievement and not thrust upon him by apologists who seek to make excuse for surrendering to inefficiency, if not incompetency.

Prof. Reap was born on a farm in Tyson township, Stanly county, April 3, 1892. He attended the county public schools for a period; then, in 1909, he was for three months a



student in the Academy at Palmerville. For two years following this he taught in the public schools of the county. In the fall of 1912 he became a student of Mt. Pleasant Collegiate Institute, leaving there after the first year for Weaverville College, where he remained for two years. After an attendance upon the summer school of 1915 at the University of North Carolina, he entered Trinity College, from which institution he graduated with A. B. degree in 1917 and M. A. degree in 1918.

Full of patriotism, he volunteered for military service in the world war in July 1917, and went across in July, 1918. After the armistice was signed Mr. Reap taught the American soldiers in Beaune University in France until July, 1919. Returning to his native country and his native county, he was elected county superintendent of public instruction.

Another forward looking Stanly man, Mr. Z. V. Moss, who has had ample opportunity to know what manner of man Prof. Reap is and to see him daily in action, took occasion to thus write about this dynamic force that has been born and bred on Stanly soil:

"He took hold of this work with a firm hand and a determination to make Stanly county schools second to none in the state. No one doubts that he has labored earnestly for four years with this aim in view. The time was ripe when he assumed control, and the position was a gigantic one. The accomplishments have been remarkable, almost marvelous in some instances. Perhaps his greatest work has been along the line of consolidation of schools and the erection of modern school buildings. In July, 1920, there were 60 schools in Stanly county for the white children, not including Albemarle, Badin, and Norwood. Today there are 40 schools with trucks in operation conveying the children to and from school. In most cases, from four to six schools have been put together, thus making one strong school, with the possibility of developing large rural high schools capable of doing accredited work. Mr. Reap has also worked incessantly to raise the standard for teachers in the county. As a result 45 per cent of the teachers of the county today have had college training and all of them have

had professional training.

Mr. Reap is a tireless worker, and no school interest will be allowed to suffer if he can prevent it. No day is too cold or too rainy and no night is too dark for him to drive his Ford and serve the interests of Stanly county schools. If he is not filling an engagement concerning school matters he will be found in office until late at night. He takes just as much interest and will go into details of any school matter with teacher or patron then, just the same as he would at any hour of the day.

While he has been very busy and great demands are made on him he finds time to do some very effective church and Sunday school work. He is superintendent of the largest Sunday school in the county. His place would be hard to fill in this field He also finds time to give to every movement that is for the upbuilding of Albemarle and Stanly county.

BEWARE!

Don't gget impatient with the human mule who opposes progress or new ideas. Maybe he's a pathological case, a victim of the mental disease known as neophobia.—Salisbury Post.

THE BIBLE IN DICKENS' NOVELS.

Paul V. D. Hoysradt, in C. E. World

Charles Dickens has been dead a little more than half a century, and to us of today it seems somewhat strange that at the time he was living a great many people should have questioned his Christianity. This was an actual fact, for at the time when Mr. James T. Field, the American publisher, wrote his book of reminiscences, "Yesterday with Author's," he went out of his way to prove that in his opinion the great novelist was a true and sincere Christian believer. To clinch his testimony Mr. Fields quoted a passage from Dicken's last will and testament in which the writer committed his soul to the mercy of his "Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ;" in this same passage the novelist further besought his children to follow Christ's teachings as found in the Gospels.

Probably if many of the readers who questioned Dickens' religious beliefs were alive today, they would one and all wish that modern novelists were half as careful as he to reveal their Christianity in their written work. Assuredly, if there was ever a great novelist whose stories were full of Christian love and cheer, that novelist is the author of "A Christmas Carol" and "David Copperfield."

It is interesting to observe how many times the Bible is mentioned in his novels. In the very beginning of "David Copperfield' little David hears the story of the raising of Lazarus as read by his mother one Sunday evening; and in "The Old Curiosity Shop" little Nell used to read the Bible in the quiet, lovely retreat

of the old church. Oliver Twist read the Bible to Mrs. Maylie and Rose Fleming. Even Scrooge heard, "And he took a child, and set him in the midst."

Few novelists, too, have given us such convincing proof of their belief in immortality as Dickens has given. The death scenes in some of his novels are among the most beautiful word-pictures in the language. After reading of the death of little Paul Dombey who will soon forget this passage?

"The golden ripple on the wall came back again, and nothing else stirred in the room. The old, old fashion, the fashion that came in with our first parents, and will last, unchanged, until our race has run its course, and the wide firmament is rolled up like a scroll. The old, old fashion—Death! Oh! thank God, all who see it, for that older fashion yet of immortality. And look upon us, angels of young children with regard not quite estranged, when the Swift River bears us to the Ocean."

Another beautiful passage about death and immortality is this short paragraph from "Hard Times:"

"The star has shown him where to find the God of the poor, and through humility and sorrow and forgiveness he had gone to his Redeemer's rest."

But of all the death scenes perhaps the most moving of all in its tenderness and noble restraint is that in "Bleak House," where poor, homeless Jo is on his death-bed, and Allan Woodcourt asks him:

"Jo, did you ever know a prayer?"

"Never knowed nothing, sir."

Not so much as one short prayer?"

"No, sir, nothing at all."

"Jo, can you say what I say?"

"I'll say anything as you say, sir, for I know it's good."

"Our Father."

"Our Father! yes, that wery good, sir."

"Which art in heaven."

"Art in heaven—is the light a comin', sir?"

"It is close at hand. Hollowed be Thy name.'

"Hollowed be—Thy—

"The light is come upon the dark benighted way."

Among the salutary recommendations of Judge B. F. Long, at the May term of Iredell Superior court, was that the sheriff open the Bible used for administering the oath to witnesses, so that no two would be likely to plant their covenanting lips at the same place. Judge Long criticised the custom of every man kissing the cover—usually about the same spot—and pointed out that if the Bible were opened each time the chances were that the witnesses would have a comparatively fresh page.

"DYNAMIC EDUCATIONAL LEADER."

What is the result? Better schools everywhere and a community of feeling between dwellers in town and country, which is essential for the best feeling in any county. Of course this could not have been possible if the people had not worked together and supported Supt. C. L. Coon, the dynamic educational leader of the county. Sometimes they have "cussed" him and sometimes they have disagreed with him, but always they have realized that he was dominated with the one resolve; to give Wilson the best educational system. Therefore, even when they thought his way was not always the wisest, they have given support, swapped ideas, with the result that the system here is as near a model as can be found in any county in the United States.

It reads like a romance—the progress of the last 10 years. The only way to tell what is being done in anything is to contrast 10-year periods. What was Wilson doing in education 10 years ago as compared to what it is doing now? We go first to investment, not that a building is to be reckoned in importance to a good teacher, but because somehow or other our materialistic minds grasp a figure quicker than an ideal. In 1913 the value of the school property in this county was $257,000. Today it is $2,462,000. Even at that, as Professor Conn points out, the people heve invested $3,200,000. in automobiles. But that is only partly a criticism, for the consolidation of schools is made possible only by utilizing 65 trucks which carry 2,200 children to school every day. That's a revolution, sure enough, and some of the older fellows said and still sav: "When I was a boy I thought nothing of walking four miles to school and it will do my boy good to do the same thing. It is a big waster of money to let them ride and makes school-going too soft and easy." It is on objection that only experience can answer. Then the father went to a one-room school and the teacher taught everything from the a-b abs and spelling "baker" and "shady" up to the highest grades, and they were not very high. Now what was once called "way out in the country" has a schools with half a dozen teachers or more and eight or 10 grades, and in the high schools a boy or girl passes directly to the state university, the state college or any of the church or other colleges in the state. Besides, if it costs more for gas it saves shoe-leather and gives two hours, more or less, in school, which the old man spent walking to and fro when he was a boy.

The school budget has grown from $67,919 to $402,252; the enrollment from 10,758 to 20,224; the school term has been lengthened from 103 days to 165 days. The total pay of teachers then was $39,214, whereas today it is $233,070.

These are illuminating and encouraging figures, and in many respects they are duplicated in most progressive counties in the state, even where large territory makes such unification more difficult. There is only one place where there is a decrease in the period of 10 years, and that is apparent rather

than real. The number of schoolhouses iu 1913 was 160. Today it is 106. Why? Consolidation. The little one-room ramshackle (is that a good word?) schoolhouses have given place to modern school buildings, the value of the school building having increased more than tenfold in 10 years.

This decrease recalls a story that happened some years ago with reference to a church report. At every session of a Methodist conference each minister is called upon by the bishop to make a report showing the church membership. Most preachers take pride in reporting the increase in such memberships. After a score or more preachers had reported "gracious revivals" and large accessions to the church, the bishop called upon a leading preacher in charge of a big church in a big town: "Bishop, we have had a good year in our church---a year of examination and improvement. When I became pastor of this church there were 783 members enrolled on the church books. By conscientious pruning we have reduced the number to 641. What we have lost in quantity we have made up in quality and usefulness. We are now rid of the driftwood and are ready to go forward." That would doubtless be the report of Professor Coon. He would say that having reduced the number of school-houses—driftwood buildings, so to speak—the county was ready to go forward, with full attention to better teaching and more thorough instruction—John Daniels.

P. S.—One of the best things about the completion and better equipment of the schools is that it is the forerunner of better instruction and better teachers who go into teaching as the most honorable profession and not as a makeshift as was necessarily the practice when the pay of a teacher was insufficient to insure support. With better school and better paid teachers, we must look for teaching in our public schools that will measure up to the best standards of instruction and scholarship in our best old-time academies. This is the goal.

Washington dispatches recently stated that manufacturers of the country paid 76.83 per cent of the Federal taxes received. If the whole truth were told, the statement would be something like this: "Of the Federal tax burden laid on the people of the United States, so much reached the Treasury through the collectors, and 76.83 per cent of the amount received was collected by manufacturers."

Manufacture pays no taxes. Every assessment against manufacture is added, together with aaprofit, to the price, and in the end Mr. Ultimate Consumer, although not listed on the tax rolls, pays the shot.

A manufacturing center derives its profits from sales all over the country, sometimes from other countries, so it may happen that a part of the nation's revenue is paid by some foreign ultimate consumer who has purchased American goods, although not under the protection of Old Glory.

NEOPHOBIA.

Charlotte Observer.

The Scientific Monthly says: "The neophobic patient shows marked aversion and resentment at the sight of anything new. The disease is very prevalent and there are no drugs known that will cure it, except poisons. We all seem to carry about the germs of it, for any of us is liable to manifest mild symptoms, and in certain countries and certain centuries it has been epidemic."

Anyone who has ever tried to put over a new idea or introduce a new device or method, will realize that much of the difficulty encountered can be classed as neophobic. Most people are suspicious of anything new, though in fairness it must be admitted that this is partly because they have been stung so many times by the new. The Scientific Monthly points out that the first printed books had to be sold as manuscripts because of the prejudice against printing. The learned men of Italy sneered at the invention as a barbarous German innovation. When bathtubs were invented, about 80 years ago, prejudice rose so violently against them that Virginia levied a tax of $30 a year on each tub and Boston passed a municipal ordinance making bathing in a bathtub unlawful except when advised by a doctor. Some of the foods you eat daily found their way to the average table only after a hard struggle. Parmentier, to introduce potatoes, had to resort to getting the society folks of his day to eat them at banquets. The apes copied them.

Seneca, fighting waterworks and heating systems when they were introduced into Rome, orated: "Believe me, that was a happy age before the days of architects, before the days of builders." Seneca would have had a stroke if he could have seen the Woolworth building. Thomas Creevey, fighting in the English Parliament in 1825 against the bill for the construction of the first railroad, denounced its backer as insane. He raged at "the locomotive monster, navigated by a tail of smoke and sulphur coming through every man's grounds between Manchester and Liverpool." Clear-cut cases of neophobia—mental derangement that causes an aversion to anything new. On the other hand is another type of mental unbalance, not quite as clearly define—a craze for perpetual experimentation, a chronic adversion to anything old.

The Scientific Monthly puts this cracker on its discussion: "Neophobia in the material world is now practically non-existent. Neophobia in the domain of ideas is as virulent as in the Middle Ages."

At home and abroad the liberal appropriations to education by North Carolina are appreciated and held up for emulation. Dr. Alderman president of the University of Virginia, evidently had in mind the policy of his native state when he recently declared that if Virginia did not move forward the Old Dominion "will be forced to take second rank among state universities of the south."—News & Observer.

MARKED DOWN FROM FIFTY CENTS.

By Annie Cornforth

At the big department store of Kendrick, Chase & Co., they were getting ready for the spring clearance sales.

Jack Newman, head clerk of the linen and cotton cloth department, was marking and arranging goods in his usual alert, active manner. His rapid rise since he had come to the store, a green country boy, was, to him, a matter of considerable satisfaction. Mr. Farley, the general manager, was especially appreciative of his business ability, and Jack felt flattered by the increasingly important tasks that he was called on to perform.

"Can you come and help Proctor a little while, Jack?" Mr. Farley asked. "You want lose anything by it," he added, "Proctor's a little too big for his job, sometimes."

The insinuation jarred Jack, for, in his heart, he respected the clerk mentioned more than the man who had voiced his dislike. He was hardly conscious of this recoil, however, for his mind was occupied with his own success.

"All right," he replied. "I'll be over there in a minute. Lois, can't you mark these towels?"

The clerk with the blond hair and mischievous gray eyes turned quickly. "Certainly, Jack," she replied. "I'll mark them: 'Great slaughter—chance of your life.'"

"Mark this pile thirty cents," interrupted Jack with a slight smile. "Write the card, 'Marked down from fifty cents,'" he added. "That'll take with the bargain-hunters. And you can throw in half a dozen from the other pile, to ease your conscience, you know." He was about to turn away; but something in Lois's manner prevented him.

"These towels were never more than thirty-five cents," she said.

"O well don't split hairs. Mix in a few from the other pile. They will help sell the others, anyway."

"I'll not do it!" Lois's voice held the same quiet scorn that, of late. Jack had more than once felt. "I should feel as if I were 'marked down from fifty cents,'" she added.

"Very well," he said, taking out his pencil with angry dignity. Jack marked the tags, and wrote the placard, then proceeded to the dress-goods department, where Mr. Farley awaited him.

"Lois Hight is getting a little too flip," said Jack.

"I guess she's flip all right," replied the manager.

"She not only refused to do what I asked her, but she was positively rude about it."

"I don't doubt it in the least," said Mr. Farley. "I'm glad you spoke of it, Jack. After this sale we shall need one less clerk."

Jack was too busy for mature reflection; but a feeling of exultation lingered with him, as he helped sort and arrange the goods. The remonstrance of his better self sent a flush to his face; but he recognized only the sense of triumph that had first possessed him.

As he stood by the show-window,

passing goods to the trimmer, his attention was arrested by the exquisite tracing of frost on the pane of glass nearest him. The pure, delicate beauty of the fern-like shapes mocked him; or was such perfection a dream, a beautiful unreality?

Saturday evening, shortly before closing time, Jack was startled when Lois received a summons to the office. "I don't care," he thought. "I've stood her airs just as long as I'm going to."

Later, clad in cap and ulster, Jack was leaving the store, when he barely escaped collision with a tearful little woman, coming from the cloak room.

"Why, Agnes!" he exclaimed. "What's to pay?"

"O Jack," she said, "Lois has been discharged, and she thinks that you told Mr. Farley about the —the towels. I didn't believe it and I said so," she added. "You didn't did you, Jack?"

He stood defenseless before her. "I did," he answered quietly. "I don't think I'm called upon to put up with anyone so high and mighty as Lois had been. It wasn't so much what she did as the way she did it. Now take the same thing. Do you think you and I would have quarreled?"

"No," Agnes slowly admitted. "But what makes me feel worst is that you—wanted—her to do it, Jack."

"Fiddlesticks! You are generally sensible Agnes." Impatiently, Jack adjusted his cap, and left abruptly.

Although some years his senior, Agnes had always reminded him of his childhood's playmate, back among the New Hampshire hills—the girl he so eagerly waited to see when vacation should come, and he could again visit the old home. In the olden days, he had been to her the personification of virtue, her knight of honor. Was it true that he had fallen, ever so little, from the old standards? Agnes Warren had hit the sore spot in his conscience which he thought had almost ceased to trouble him.

Clearly, almost in a flash, the whole thing passed before him. His pride and pleasure in his success and in the growing esteem of the manger; his first shock at some of that same manager's "tricks of trade," his own subsequent mild imitation of these things, and his irritation when reminded of lost standards—all this stood plainly before him, and more; he saw the cause of his anger to be not the impertinence of Lois, but the guilty admission of his own heart. And Lois! She was a poor girl with a dependent mother. What had he done? He had known that Mr. Farley hated Lois, that he would be glad of an excuse to discharge her. And he, Jack, knew the reason. He knew it was because she had scorned his underhanded ways, and had been brave, if unwise, enough to show it. Could it be that he, Jack Newman, had been so mean about so small a thing? Moreover, Lois was right! Jack's whole soul echoed the cry.

When Mr. Farley came to the store, Monday morning, he found Jack waiting to speak with him. He smiled affably as they entered the office and motioned Jack to a seat. Jack's courage waned as he realized how foolish his errand would ap-

pear to the manager; but he finally forgot his embarrassment in pleading Lois's cause.

Mr. Farley assured him that it would be impossible to change his arrangements; that having a surplus of clerks, one would have to be dismissed, and it might as well be Lois; Jack was not to reproach himself in the least. "I have given her permission to remain a week," he said. "That will give her a chance to look around."

Jack felt himself dismissed, and left the office with just enough self control to keep his anger from his lips. His thoughts came crowding one on the other, demanding passionate expression. "Chance to look around!" A girl discharged for impertinence, dependent on her daily earnings, with a week to look around! "And some of those greenhorns in the notion department have good homes," he thought, "and they know just about enough to sell a paper of pins." When Jack returned to his place behind the counter, the frigid Lois thawed sufficiently to steal a second glance at his flushed face and angry eyes.

As a last resort, Jack resolved to appeal to the junior partner of the firm. When Mr. Chase arrived at the store, Jack was engaged with customers, but glanced up to see Agnes Warren approaching the office, with pale, determined face. This was an unpleasant surprise; for, knowing the comradeship between the two girls, he easily guessed her errand. "Puts me in rather a nasty place," he thought. "Chase'll think I'm toadying for favor."

Nevetheless, at the first opportunity, he sought the interview determined on. To his disappointment, Mr. Chase deferred the consultation until evening, at which time, Jack found himself in the office with both Mr. Farley and Lois, who seemed to have a like appointment. Jack was conscious of the manager's smile with its scarcely perceptible sneer, Lois's quiet, pale face with brave defiance still flashing from the gray eyes, and the keen, inscrutable glance of the junior partner, as he turned in his office chair.

Mr. Farley, who was first called on, stated that he had discharged Lois for impertinence and refusal to follow instructions as given by the head of the department, on complaint of that young man himself. "Afterward," the manager added, "he wishes me to reconsider the case; but it was then impossible to alter the arrangements already made; besides, I considered his first action the more rational, as it has never been my practise to encourage impertinence in clerks."

"Now, Mr. Newman," said Mr. Chase, "let us hear from you."

Jack sprang to his feet. "What Mr. Farley has said," he responded, "is true, except that I think Miss Hight had a right to be impertinent."

"You will please state exactly what occurred between you and Miss Hight," the junior partner requested.

Jack gave full details, ending with this declaration: "I think Lois was right, sir. "I felt marked down from fifty cents' myself. I felt like thirty cents." Jack took

his seat, unconscious, alike, of the indulgent sneer on the one face and the penetrating gaze of the other.

"You may go, Mr. Farley," said the junior partner, "unless this young lady has something to say."

"I think you have the whole story, Mr. Chase," Lois replied quietly.

When Mr. Farley had gone, Mr. Chase turned to Jack and Lois. "I should be glad to see Miss Hight reinstated in her position," he began, "but as Mr. Farley has said, we have too many clerks, and, under the circumstances, I do not see how it can be arranged. I think you will see, Mr. Newman, that it would be putting your manager in an awkward place. I do not see," he deliberated, gazing at Jack's dissatisfied face, "how we can manage it, unless you can recommend Miss Hight to your own position." Jack started involuntarily, and, for a moment, remained speechless.

"Do you consider Miss Hight qualified to take charge of that department, Mr. Newman?"

"I do, sir," Jack replied, too proud to express his suprise.

"And are you willing to resign in her favor?"

Jack's breath came hard; but there was no hesitation in his low-toned reply.

"Yes, sir. It's no more than fair."

Lois had risen. "I can't take Jack's place, Mr. Chase. But if you would give me a recommendation, I might—"

Mr. Chase motioned Lois to a seat. "We will let Mr. Newman decide this, Miss Hight."

"Then it is decided," replied Jack. "And I am glad to be able to make this much amends."

"We will consider the matter settled, Miss Hight," said Mr. Chase.

"And how soon," stumbled Jack. "When do you wish the change to take place."

"Mr. Farley will decide that, I think. I'll see you again, young man, in the morning."

Jack paused again in embarrassment. "Could you give me a recommendation, Mr. Chase?"

"Certainly, I shall be glad to give you a recommendation," replied Mr. Chase, cordially.

When Jack returned to his counter, Lois turned, her wet eyes flashing.

"You shan't do it, Jack Newman!"

"You can't help yourself, Lois. I've got the grand bounce, sure. It's all right, too."

Lois's lip trembled. "I'm sorry, Jack," she faltered. "I needn't have been so—so uppiss."

"I'm glad you did it, Lois. I needed it. I'm glad of it. And when I say that, I mean it." Jack's erect figure and clear, earnest eyes gave eloquence to his words.

The next morning, Jack was in the junior partner's office. He had been informed that an immediate change would be desirable, and waited, cap in hand, while Mr. Chase wrote the promised recommendation. Still feeling somewhat dazed he started blankly at the window opposite, until he became conscious of the glistening frost-work In the stress of the moment, the shining fronds were indelibly stamped on his mind. Their message, he no longer doubted. They spoke to him

of truth, and he felt himself a part of it.

"I trust you will find this satisfactory, Mr. Newman."

"Thank you, sir." That was all. No regrets, no good wishes, no good-by. Jack forced back the lump in his throat, and the tears that threatened his eyes. He had loved the store with a feeling of ownership. The memory of the frost-picture comforted him. He walked from the office in the strength and dignity of an untarnished self-respect.

"Anything I can do for you, Lois?" he asked, pausing before the counter.

The excitement in Lois's eyes surprised him. "O Jack!" she cried. I'm so glad."

"Glad of what?" he queried in astonishment.

"Why don't you know? Didn't Mr. Chase tell you?"

He informed me that the proposed change would take place immediately, and has given me some sort of a recommendation I suppose."

Lois stared, nonplussed, then, she cried: "Read it Jack, quick!"

Wondering, Jack mechanically drew the paper from his pocket. The flush that rose to his cheeks satisfied Lois, as he read:

Mr. Nathan Proctor,
Dress-Goods Department,
Kendrick, Chase & Co.

Dear Sir—In recognition of your appointment as manager of the above mentioned establishment, I heartily recommend the bearer of this note, one John Bates Newman, to the position made vacant by your promotion.

Sincerely,
Albion K. Chase.

Jack was draping his first show-window, when he again observed the finely-wrought figures of the invisible frost-artist. His soul rejoiced in their wondrous purity; every line of crystal beauty was, to him, a joyous reality.

His window completed, he turned to a pile of remnants on the counter. Jack smiled whimsically, when he found himself handling them with involuntary compassion, as he read the placard: "Marked down from fifty cents."—Exchange.

To grasp an opportunity is not enough; you must grasp it quicker and hold it harder than the other fellow.—Pleasant Hours.

SOMETHING ABOUT HAWKS.

By Beatrice M. Parker

Too often do we think that a hawk is a hawk and that all hawks are enemies to the farmer. This is far from so, although it is true that there are several species that are predatory and do a great deal of harm to the poultry. For example, take the red-shouldered hawk. This bird is not a poultry eater and only very infrequently does one find a "bad actor." Ninety per cent of the food of this hawk consists of mice, rats, snakes, fish, grasshoppers, snails, centipedes, etc., that are injurious to the best

interests of the farmer. Yet, more than ninety per cent of the farmers shoot at him as if he were the most destructive creature on earth.

The worst hawks and those that uphold the reputation all hawks get of being "hen-hawks," and the Cooper's hawk, the sharp-shinned hawk, and the goshawk. Fortunately, the last named lives far north of most poultry yards, else he would be classed as the worst of the entire family. He is, however, very harmful as he destroys great numbers of game birds, like grouse, quail, etc. On the other hand this bird is often called the most symetrical and clean-cut of all birds of prey and his beauty attracts attention wherever he goes. Hungry, he is audacious and fearless in the extreme, often snatching game right from under the hand, so to speak, of the hunter. But when well fed he is rather quiet and the young are far more brave.

The sharp-shinned hawk is best known as the hen-hawk and is bad all of the time. He is not much bigger in body than a flicker or robin, but he has great pinions and flys like a rifle bullet. He is unerring in his aim and swoops down on a brood of chickens before the watcher is aware of his presence. He has a terrible temper and often attacks much larger birds just because something has happened to ruffle him. Small birds have no chance at all of escape by flight, for he gets them before they have gone ten feet, but frequently the dodging tactics of some species make escape possible as this hawk cannot turn quickly when flying at full speed after his prey.

The Cooper's hawk is larger than the sharp-shinned and there is quite a resemblance between the two. He is a chicken hawk always, and darts after the brood relentlessly, killing, often, for the mere love of killing. His movements are so swift that he has earned his knickname of "striker," "swift hawk" and "big blue darter." He has a spread of from thirty to thirty-six inches and the amount of harm done, in killing smaller birds, game birds, etc., amounts to more than that of any other bird of prey. Nor is he averse to a meal of rabbit, squirrel, or small mammals.

The red-tailed hawk seldom visits the poultry yard and is very valuable in keeping down the mice and other rodents. It is one of the best known of the hawks and most frequently seen, as it is a large family. This hawk is something of a scavenger as it eats the bodies of dead birds, mamals, etc. Its preference for food is in the smaller mammals—snakes, sknunks, etc. Throughout the country, there are many kinds of red-tailed hawks, and in the different climate localities they differ quite considerably, the amount of sun and heat seeming to affect the coloring somewhat; but the family can always be identified by the upper coloring of the tail feathers—a dusty brick-red with a distinct bar near the end.

Harris' hawk is an odd chap and not noticed as much as the others of the hawk family, because he is a lazy fellow, slow in flight when not actually hunting and very tame—perhaps this latter trait being due to an over amount of curiosity. When going after his prey, however, he develops a speed that is astonishing.

The marsh-hawk is one of the most interesting and one of the least to

fear because of any depredations he might make. He is also one of those most frequently seen. He guards the lowlands and marshes, watching for mice, frogs, small snakes, etc., with a patience that is well worth copying. Back and forth across the meadow many, many times he sails slowly, seeking the slightest movement of the grass that marks the path of a field mouse; then down he swoops, not with a rush of the fiercer members of the hawk family, but with a more deliberate movement that frequently results in his missing his mark. Yet the persists and sooner or later that same mouse falls into his clutches and is destroyed. Naturalists tell us that the average number of field mice consumed by a hawk's single family of young in a season is at least 1,000. Another interesting feature of the life of the marsh-hawk is that which is seen during the courting season. The male, trying to please his mate, goes through with a series of antics that make the watcher laugh heartily He circles up into the air for quite a distance and then suddenly tumbles down, head over heels as if shot. Just before he strikes the ground he recovers his poise, swoops along the tops of the bushes and goes upward again, to repeat his performance. He is silent during the downward somersaulting, but as he starts back he utters hysterical notes of joy as if asking his mate how she liked the circus!

Another doer of good, well known in the west, is the roug-legged hawk, sometimes called the squirrel hawk. This hawk preys upon the ground squirrels that are so destructive and for the farmers realize what a valuable friend he is. There have been efforts, however, on the part of most destructive mammal to agriculture of the northwest, and where he is known, he is usually well protected, the little meadow mouse known as the mole, that has been called the rabbit, prairie dog, and pouched gopher. He is the principal enemy of occasionlly he takes a side dish of sportsmen, to have all owls and hawks killed, so that these men may hunt the game birds, for the hawks do destroy a certain number of game birds; but if this ever comes to pass, and the rough-legged hawk is exterminated, the farmers may just as well go out of business where the mole lives! There is no other effective way of destroying this rodent.

True—"Chimmie, wot's a island?"
"Why, its a place you can't get away from without a boat."

ROBIN'S PLANTAIN.

By Harriette Wilbur in Young Folks

"Blue Spring Daisy" it is often called, and rightly, since it is one of the first members of the Aster family to make its appearance; it heads the procession, along with the Early Everlasting. From April to June the

gay companies will be seen in open pasturelands, whether the soil be dry or moist, nodding their pretty heads as if they were so many village gossips holding a convention over the latest news of the neighborhood.

Just why Robin should have a Plantain is not explained, but it may refer to the fact that the blossom appears in Robin time—that both in their way render praises to the spring showers that are so benefical to flowers and birds alike. Sometimes the name is dignified to Robert's Plaintain and sometimes it is familiarized as Poor Robin's Plantain. It may be, also, that instead of being named from the bird, the plant gets its front name from the use of robin as a synonym for a bumpkin, or a lout, and so implies the pasture-land habitat of this country-lover. Though in this case, a "robin" of the rural byways may well feel complimented in having such a pleasing plant named for him.

This pretty, daisy-like flower consists of a yellow-green face surrounded by a collar of finely-cut lavendar fringe, which, too, may account for the "robin"—the round, bright, merry face peeping out from a gay bumpkin ruff. The blossom is about an inch broad, the disc in the center being somewhat broader than the ray-flowers are long.

The color of the rays varies from lilac or magenta to a rich violet-purple, but it is always bluish rather than blue. They number about fifty, and are set so closely together that they give the head a tufted appearance.

As this very common little plant is fond of company of its own kind, during the blossom time the bluish-purple ray flowers gives the pasture or hill a delicate lilac tint even when seen from afar.

However, the ray flowers are useful as well as ornamental, rather, they are useful because ornamental. For their pretty color attracts the bumble-bees, honey-bees and butterflies, which, crawling over a blossom head, spread the pollen from the yellow disc flowers in the center out over the bluish-lavendar ray flowers, and so fertilize the seeds. Being an animal plant mainly, it is very necessary that this Blue Spring Daisy should have plenty of seeds to scatter to the four winds, for the next year's crop.

The seeds are flattened little nutlets with one end stuck into the pincushiony top of the blossom stem, and the other equipped with a long tail to serve as a wing when the seed takes its flight, and as a guy-rope to wiggle-waggle back and forth when the seed has decided on a favorable spot for self-sowing.

Robin's Plantain has a trig, neat appearance, and looks well prepared for spring chills. To protect its foot from the damp, the stem rises from a mat of light, olive-green leaves that form a flat whorl upon the ground. These leaves are practically stemless, and are tongue shaped, the broadest part being not far from the blunt tip. They are more or less hairy, which adds to their rug-like character. This tuft explains the "plantain" in the name.

Each root puts forth one main stem which rises from the center of this leafy clump and is itself more or less leafy. These stem-leaves are small and narrow, tapering to a sharp tip but clasping the main stalk

in a protecting manner. As both these leaves and the stem are softly downy, the plant seems well dressed for early spring.

Then at the top of this stalk, which may measure from ten inches to two feet in height, are the blossom-heads, each on a short stem of its own but in no way detracting from the trim gesture of the stem. In addition, a plant may put forth runners and offsets, so that if the one to nine blossom heads of the main stem fail to set seeds in sufficient numbers to tinge the fields the following spring, the runners may take root in preparation for flowering in their stead.

"There is nothing like having two strings to your bow," Robert's Plantain seem to think.

Acting on this principle, Robert has been able to extend his holdings until he is common everwhere, communistic, even, the country over, "this daisy blue, in many a dell."

"So often we overlook the opportunities at our own door for the imaginative opportunity afar off."

RECORD FOR SAFE TRAVEL ON TRAINS OF SOUTHERN.

Figures just compiled by the safety department of the Southern Railway System show that a high degree of safety for passengers was accomplished during the year 1922 when the Southern handled a total of 17,668,605 passengers without a single fatality to any passenger as the result of an accident to a train or negligence on the part of the railway.

A total of 177,084 passenger trains were operated during the year and the average distance traveled by each passenger was 62.17 miles. Had one passenger ridden the entire distance that these passengers were carried, he would have traveled more than 44,000 times the distance around the earth.

Four passengers were killed as the result of their own acts in violation of the safety rules established for their protection. Of these, two fell from moving trains, one attempted to board a moving train and fell under it, and one jumped through the window of the coach in which he was riding.

"These figures," says a statement issued by the safety department of the Southern, "show that, while the Southern has attained a remarkable degree of efficiency in protecting the passengers who ride on its trains, no refinement of protective features can insure the safety of persons who carelessly or deliberately violate the common laws of safety and the rules which have been established for their protection."

"Couldn't you find any eggs, dear?" a woman asked her little city niece who was visiting her on the farm.

"No, auntie," said the child, "the hens were scratching all around as hard as they could but hadn't found a single egg."

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Pressly Mills

The laundry boys are still washing blankets. About two thirds of them have already been washed.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Mr. Sam Horton, with the help of the farm boys, reaped about thirty acres of oats last week.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

There are, at the present, more fowls at the institution than ever before. We have: 700 chickens and 90 turkeys.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Master Charles Roper has been taking lessons on the linotype. He is learning fast and hopes to make a good operator.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The boys who received visits from their relatives and friends last Wednesday were: Clyde Trollinger, John Wright, Ralph Freland, Walter Culler, Paul Funderburk and Sanford Hedrick.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Last week one of our best mules was bitten by a snake. The mule was taken to Concord, where it was treated by a veterinary surgeon. The mule was lately returned to the institution.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Rev. Mr. Jamison, from Kannapolis delivered a very insteresting sermon in the Auditorium last Sunday, June 10. Mr. Jamison took his text from the ninety-first Psalm, the last part of the fourth verse.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

As it is rather uncomfortable sitting in a school-room, during the hot summer days, the boys in Mr. W. M. Crook's room are trying to get enough money, with which to buy an electric fan. Already about fifteen dollar have been promised.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Mr. Hobby reports that 4 good Holstein cows and one Poland-China pig were purchased last week.

At the dairy barn a test of several kinds of dairy feed is being made. The one that gives the best results will be used hereafter. We also have enough silage to last throughout the summer and a large part of the winter.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

Passenger Train Schedules

Arrival and Departure of Passenger Trains, Concord, N. C.

LV.	NO.	BETWEEN	NO.	AR.
1:40A	30	New York-Birmingham	30	1:40A
2:37A	29	Birmingham-New York	29	2:37A
5:12A	44	Washington-Atlanta	44	5:12A
6:32A	31	Atlanta-New York	31	6:32A
8:41A	137	Atlanta-New York	137	8:41A
9:25A	11	Charlotte-Norfolk-Richmond	11	9:25A
10:55A	36	New York Birmingham-New Orleans	36	10:55A
3:20P	45	Washington-Charlotte	45	3:20P
3:45P	46	Charlotte-Danville	46	3:45P
7:10P	12	Norfolk-Richmond-Atlanta	12	7:10P
8:18P	32	New York-Augusta	32	8:18P
10:20P	35	Birmingham-New Orleans-New York	35	10:20P
9:45P	138	New York-Atlanta	138	9:45P
9:31P	135	Washington-Atlanta	135	9:31P

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Charlotte, N. C.

M. E. WOODY, Ticket Agent,
Concord, N. C.

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XI CONCORD, N. C. JUNE 30, 1923 No. 33

BUT HE WON'T.

I remember a friend of mine who wanted a gardener. He advertised, and got a letter from a gentleman concerning a man whom we shall call John Smith. This gentleman said, "John Smith has an excellent knowledge of gardening. He can manage a kitchen garden wonderfully and he can bring an ornamental garden to perfection." And he went on through the list of what the man could do. As the other gentleman read the letter he said, "That's the very man for me; he can do the very things I want." He got to the bottom of the page and turned over, and on the other side were only three words, "But he won't." There are men and women who could revolutionize the districts in which they live, who could turn topsy-turvy the lives of their most intimate friends, but they won't.—The Bishop of Chelmsford.

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

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JAMES P. COOK, *Editor*, J. C. FISHER, *Director Printing Department*

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SUGGESTION FOR LOCAL THOUGHT.

The County Board of Education will make a visit through the Mountain Creek section Thursday afternoon, June 21st, with the view of determining the advisability of building a consolidated school building in the vicinity of Palestine, Mountain Creek or Prospect section.-Albemarle News-Herald.

THE PRESS ASSOCIATION AND ALEXANDER.

Blowing Rock is becoming an institution in the make-up of the many attractive possesions of the good old North State. It requires some effort to reach that spot that tosses its head in the very sky. They have a road up to the Rock, but it lacks much yet of being an ideal road, but for a mountain road it is so much better than what we have been accustomed to that we are inclined to give great thanks to those who brought it to its present condition.

Men have tried—even the good women have tried it—to describe the indescribable scenery round and about that section of Watauga county that has come to be known as Blowing Rock.

There was a fair attendance at this annual convention, but some familiar faces were most conspicuous by their absence. Business and health conditions kept them away from what is regarded one of the most delightful meetings of the Association. By the way, it was worth the trip up the mountain to hear Dr. Henry Louis Smith, president of Washington & Lee University, in his

masterful address on General Lee. Though years have begun to show their work on this wonderful and charming gentleman, he is the same eloquent and forceful orator, whom North Carolina will always claim as her own. His description and word-painting were so vivid and life-like, that one could actually see the great Confederate hero moving about doing his wonderful constructive work in the re-building of the educational structure after the War Between the States had done its worst.

The Association tried its level best to persuade John B. Sherrill to continue as its president. It looked like a disposition on the part of the Association to ride a good, trusty horse to death. Notwithstanding Mr. Sherrill had filled the position of Secretary and Treasurer of the organization for thirty-two consecutive years and the office of president for two terms, it pressed on him another election. He declined, giving such reasons that appealed to the Association. Upon his declination, the presidency went to Hon. Chas. A. Webb, one of the owners of the Asheville Citizen, who received the unamious vote of the Association. Webb is active and he will go about filling this office as if his bread and meat depended on his preformance.

Miss Beatrice Cobb, of the Morganton News-Herald, one of the finest and ablest newspapers fellows in the whole gang, was re-elected secretary and treasurer. Miss Cobb takes her duties seriously and the affairs of the Association will continue to have intelligent care.

Editor Honeycutt, of Morrow Mountain fame, and the able editor of the Albemarle News-Herald, was made vice president. He is a subject, and a good one, for the lightening when the time rolls around.

The committee on resolutions, composed of Mrs. W. N. Hutt, A. C. Honeycutt and THE UPLIFT representative, taking into account everybody and everything that conspired to the pleasure of the Association, was called out by toast-master Carey Dowd, of the Charlotte News, for ignoring Savory's incense pot, which he brought down with him from New York hoping to get the editors excited over the thing.. The Committee on Resolutions refused to be stampeded, and this was the only thing left out the chapter of fine things.

The Association will hold its Mid-Winter meeting at Pinehurst, having had cordial invitations from that place and Charlotte and Raleigh.

The creation of Mayview Manor, where the editors held this meeting, is the happy fruition of a large dream. Mr. Alexander, a Charlotte man, has seen big things big and he came in for most hearty congratulations for his enterprise and his accomplishments. Elsewhere in this number we carry a short description of this wonderful spot by Mr. Jas. A. Robinson.

MILLION-DOLLAR GIRLS.

In the most admirable Education Special issued by the Progressive Farmer, last week, was a picture that told a story that touches the heart of all on speaking acquaintance with human kindness and enjoy in the smallest degree a sense of official obligation and responsibility.

The picture was that of a dilapidated shack of a house; a small, poorly clad girl standing in front; and drawing up to take her on was a school-truck. Under the cut Editor Poe made this comment.

> A three-thousand-dollar school bus, ,stopping in front of a two-hundred-dollar farm home to pick up a million-dollar girl and take her to a hundred-thousand dollar consolidated school. The motor truck and consolidated schools are giving this little girl in her remote country home educational facilities equal to any afforded the children of the cities. . .

Break the news gently to the school officials of Cabarrus county, which enjoy the services of a superintendent who "stands high among the educators of the state and knows his county and people," that there are million dollar girls and million dollar boys out in the hills of Cabarrus county, who are educationally perishing for an adequate chance. "Knowing the county and the people" can Judge Buxton Robertson doubt that the county is full of just such boys and girls as Editor Poe has so well described and who have a right to look to him and his board for an intelligent and progressive administration of the school affairs of the county?

* * * * * * *

"CONSOLIDATION AND TRANSPORTATION" THE MODERN MOTTO.

The issue of the Progressive Farmer of date of June 23 is the greatest paper that has been issued in the state for months. It is a special under the title of "Education Special." It is all that it claims to be. It should be in the hands of every school official of the state.

Among other things of information and inspiration we find this:

> The rapid progress made in the consolidation of schools in the South in recent years shows that the one room, one-teacher school has failed to give country boys and girls the kind of education they need today.
>
> Everywhere small schools are uniting to form bigger and better schools. Many counties in the South today are proud of the fact that a high school education is within the reach of every boy and girl in the county. Louisiana has 1,100 consolidated schools, Mississippi 770, Texas 757, and Alabama 306. Five years ago Alabama had twenty consolidated schools with 4,000 pupils enrolled while today she has 306 such schools with 52,-728 pupils enrolled. Five years ago Mississippi had 290 consolidated high schools with over 30,000 enrolled; today she has 757 schools.

The transportation of pupils to and from schools, which is always a problem involved in consolidation, is being handled successfully, according to reports from the different states. Alabama transported 9,154 pupils in 285 trucks last year at an average cost of 3.2 cents a mile and Mississippi reports 2.4 cents a mile as the average cost for 56,900 pupils. Following are some interesting statistics on transportation of pupils, 1921-1922:—

State	No. trucks operated	No. pupils transported	Cost of transportation
Alabama	285	9,154	3.2c mile
Florida	.....	9,360	.....
Texas	247	7,110	.....
North Carolina	528	20,359	.....
Arkansas	.....	1,032	.....

To show how backward Cabarrus county is, under the direction of the superintendent that "stands high among the educators of the state, knows his county and people," it is only necessary, in passing with a modest comparison, to remark that there is in the county not a single consolidated district nor a single school truck; and the fearful thing about it is that an intelligent survey of the educational needs of the county in order to put the county in the progressive class has not been made, and, judging the future by the past, it is folly to expect one as long as the rural schools are directed as now controlled.

* * * * * * *

EVEN UNION COUNTY TO THE FRONT.

THE UPLIFT has in preparation a pictorial and word picture of the achievements of the school officials of Union county. The educational strides that county that touches Cabarrus on the South has made in the past few years are just as marvelous as the great accomplishments which Stanly has made on the East.

This will be followed by what other progressive counties have done for their rural children. In one of the exhibits to follow are the pictures of the educational equipment of two towns, one in a 150-population town in an adjoining county; the other the picture of the public school facilities in Mt. Pleasant, this county, a place of probably six hundred people, where a member (Prof. McAllister) of the County Board of Education lives. The comparison is fatal, but it tells the story of genuine friendship for public education and a pretense. The picture themselves will do their own lauding and their own condemnation.

An alibi, by no resort to statements or explanations or apologies, or selfishness in part, can be established. Inefficiency and indifference have been treed

—there is no escape.

* * * * * * *

WE ARE STILL REJOICING.

The athletic field of the Jackson Training School is to have in the immediate future an artistic and complete grand-stand 35 x 100 feet, with a seating capacity of 800 or more. It will be fitted up with dressing rooms, store room and lavatories. The building is to be of substancial construction, in keeping with the other splendid buildings on the campus, and will cost twenty-five hundred dollars.

Instead of 340 boys being required to sit on the ground, in the broiling hot sun watching games and other recreational stunts, they will in a short time have all the comforts that any athletic field affords. This much needed addition is made possible by the generosity and big-heartedness of three prominent and substantial Concord gentleman. The matter was presented to them as a fine opportunity for a kindly service, and they were not long in phoning their willing and hearty acceptance of this opportunity to aid the institution. These benefactors are Messrs. J. Archy Cannon, William H. Gibson and Geo. S. Klutz. The 340 boys at the school join the officials in the delightful sensation of writing the names of these gentleman in their little books, where other benefactors names are recorded.

* * * * * * *

JUNE.

By Mrs. H. S. Williams

Oh, June, how glorious are thy days—
So fresh and sweet and rare,
All nature gently sings thy praise
And perfumes fill the air.

The stately hollyhock is fine—
Sweet pea and roses, too,
No time is pleasanter than thine,
Thy days are all too few.

And, June, I love each precious minute,
No month is quite so dear;
The thrush, the bluebird and the linnet
Sing gladness in my ear.

I wish you'd stay forever, June,
You're always at your best;
When earth and people are in tune
Sweet June, you do the rest.

MAYVIEW PARK AND MAYVIEW MANOR

By Jas. A. Robinson

Development of Mayview Park was begun three years ago by W. L. Alexander. The entire property comprises Mayview Manor, the Wonderland Theater, with about fifteen cottages and other necessary things that go to make up a complete and modern community. There is a children's hospital, drug store, laundry, dairy, power plant, garages, ice plant and cold storage, lake and bath houses, and everything else necessary to round out all the things a person or family could want during a summer's stay. Mayview Manor also maintains a number of the finest tennis courts to be found. The water supply comes from an underground reservoir direct to the homes. This water is from pure mountain springs that are above 5,000 feet in altitude. Several miles of graded and top-soiled roads run through the prperty.

Three miles distant, the Mayview property takes in a large area on Boone Fork creek. Here is a trout stream, possibly the finest in North Carolina. Ten miles of this stream are open to guests of Mayview Manor. This property is being de- however, are not allowed on this property. The Cone estate joins Mayview property on the north, while on the east is the Boone area of the Government National Forest. This government forest extends 15 or 20 miles to the east from Mayview Manor. Seventy thousand acres of government land is in this immediate tract.

Blowing Rock is located on top of the divide of the Blue Ridge mountains. It is on the State highway between Lenoir and Boone, twenty miles from Lenoir and ten miles from Boone. Another State higghway leads from Blowing Rock to Linville, Newland, Spruce Pine and Asheville. It is 95 miles from Blowing Rock over this route to Asheville. From Blowing Rock to Asheville by the way of Lenoir, Morganton and the Central highway is 105 miles.

Mayview Manor is built almost entirely of native material. Native stone quarried from the mountainsides was used in all the masonry. The lumber used was cut from nearby forests, while the chestnut bark siding is a typical product of the section. The inside finish of the hotel is in chestnut, while the furniture, which was made in Lenoir, also carries out this design.

"Man's progress has been by the breaklng of chains. It doesn't matter what chains you break, strike fearlessly at anything that tends to hold back or to hold down a man. It is legitimate to emulate Plato, Lincoln and the rest, but do not forget that whatever your station there are chains you can break. There are the chains of disease, there are the chains of ignorance, there are the chains of prejudice, there are the chains of falsehood, there are the chains of tyranny, there are the chains of death."—Dr. Plato Durham at Chapel Hill.

NORTH CAROLINA'S ROOF GARDEN.

(By Old Hurrygraph)

The Yonahlossee (which means bear trail—and it is evident the bears knew a beautiful route to travel) State highway, from Blowing Rock to Linville, is one of the most fascinating and thrilling scenic highways in the world. Besides the startling views of Majestic mountains, near and far, on either side, rise rhododendrons in regal, riotous beauty; flaming azaleas, zealous of their beauty, astound your senses; and the lovely laurel gathers in beauty—clusters to add to their charms to the ever-changing panoramic scenes. There are other flowers, and gorgeous ferns, in this avenue of wonder, but you scarcely see them, being so intoxicated with the queenly rhododendrons, azaleas and the caparicious laurel. There are numerous glens, fresh with fairy splendor and crystal waterfalls, that catch the sunshine through green tapestry of tress and change it into golden laughter; dark pools where the musicial fall of the waters lulls into dreams of sweet romance. There are scenes and fragrances in the heart of the forests, along the Yonahlossee highway that play on the waiting heart like incense. The forest breathes upon you the natural perfumes of the pines, balsams, firs and hemlocks, and you inhale an exhilaration that is perverbial in this section.

Up In Wonderland.

This was the surprising introduction of the North Carolina editors Saturday, to mountain scenery and beauty, as they passed over the Yonahlossee road, and were ushered into the lovely Linville valley, where nature and man have combined to make a little paradise on earth—the golfers heaven. The bark covered Eseeola Inn, and the cottages, are as natural to the lovely velvet-green valley as the trees. This wonder skyland was a revelation to many editors who have not been here before. They have gone home singing its praises.

Big Improvements On The Way.

American men and women are everywhere realizing the importance of devoting more time to the rest and recreation, if they are to meet successfully the intense demands of buisness and social life. The number visiting the resorts of the Southern Appalachians is ever increasing. There is room in this particular section for two millions of people who desire to sport and rest in the play-ground and roof garden of North Carolina, and America. Linville is one of the most attractive spots on the globe. It is proposed to erect here a modern resort hotel and an 18-hole golf course, with other features for healthful recreation, at an approximate cost of $435,000. It is on the way.

It was revealed to the editors, on their short visit to Linville, that Linville, Mayview Manor, at Blowing Rock, and the town of Blowing Rock are working in complete harmony, for each other's interest. A beautiful spirit of co-operation, which is destined to make this section the beauty spot and the play ground—more attractive than ever—to America's rest and recreation seekers.

HON. CHAS. A. WEBB.

Mr. Chas. A. Webb, Of The Asheville Citizen, Who At The Recent Meeting Of The North Carolina Press Association Was Elected Its President.

WOMEN AT WORK.

This is taken bodily from the News & Observer, the same being contributed by Miss Nell Battle Lewis, a very brilliant young woman, who has attached herself to the State Welfare Department as publicity manager. Miss Lewis contributes some lively discussions to the Sunday issue of the "Old Reliable." This one is highly charged with sound philosophy and good sense, though written in a vein of humor.

Somewhere we read recently that certain organizations of women are planning to join in a celebration in honor of the inventor of the typewriter, (apologies for not being more accurately informed)—the idea being that the type-writer has been a powerful instrument in bringing about the entrance of women into the business world.

Probably more women have entered this sphere, to which we seem to have heard that they do not "belong," by pounding the keys of a

type-writer than in any other one way. As one whose daily and nightly work is done mainly on this machine, manipulation of which has given us some of the keenest pleasure of our life, we herewith paw the constant Corona to the effect that participation by women in such a celebration seems to us decidedly in order.

This suggests the whole subject of women at work, not only the working girl for whom, it is said, that Heaven has special protection, but also those women of maturer years who, in constantly increasing numbers, are finding satisfaction in regular employment, In our own conception of the Ideal Republic every woman therein whose time is not taken up with rearing her family, as well as those exceptionally gifted women who are capable of handling efficiently two jobs at once, will, as a matter of course, be regularly and actively at work. In our own republic the idle woman will not merely be out of fashion. She will be completely and fortunately extinct.

With the recently rapid progress of that fascinating phase of human evolution, "The Woman's Movements," a great change has come about in the popular attitude in regard to the employment of women. The rise of industrialism with its need of thousands upon thousands of machine workers has given work to countless women. The typewriter has brought out of domestic life countless more as stenographers. With the increasing, though reluctant admission of the intellectual capacity of women, many of the superior among them have entered professions other than that of teaching which still claims a large proportion of the more intelligent women workers.

In the old regime in the South, the work that women did was, almost entirely domestic. The superior woman who worked then usually had to be a domestic executive or nothing, for to her lot fell the management of a large number of servants in the plantation home. A few, usually considered unfortunately penurious, taught select private schools. But the general ideal for a woman then was a creature of beautiful leisure who could not do better, with or without children, than to decorate the world by sitting on a cushion and sewing as fine a seam as possible. If she had children to rear she had what is still, of course, the highest and most valuable employment for a woman, but women who did not have children were, in the main, doomed,—and "doomed" is the world,—to graceful idleness.

An atavistic throw-back on our part has always made us admire the hoop-skirted femine costumes of the '50's and '60's as the loveliest that women have ever worn. But we console ourself for having been born too late to wear them by reflecting that the women of that peroid, although unquestionably more decorative, must have been much more subject to ennui than enterprising ladies of the present.

This ideal of idleness as proper for a woman has, happily, been to a large extent modified, even in the South where the ante-bellum leisure was especially fashionable. But, unfortunately, there are still vestiges of its survivals among the local "quality" and among others who ape its members. The most entirely fool-

ish utterance that we think we ever heard from the lips of a well-born woman in this section was her apology for having to work. "I'm just working for furbelows," said she with what seems to us complete stupidity. There was, too, a certain business man in Raleigh who employed a number of girls in his office. So many of them simpered, "I don't have to work," when applying for a job, that he finally became properly disgusted and said, "Well, if that's the way you feel about it, thenI don't want you." Which, in our judgment, was exactly the succinct reply these particularly foolish virgins deserved.

The woman whose time is not taken up with her household duties and who does not work is missing one of the greatest pleasures as well as one of the greatest lessons in life. Because of pitifully false pride or indolence she is voluntarily foregoing one of the real joys of living. In our estimation this woman is short-sighted.

A lot has been said about the dignity of labor," no so much about the fun that is mixed up with the stress of it, the unmatched satisfaction that results for the person who, as Emerson, (himself of the "quality") says, "is relieved and gay when he has done his best work." A. C. Benson even goes far as to declare that "the secret of happiness is in congenial labor" and he mentions no restrictions as to sex.

All of which does not mean that we rush to work every morning with a blithe song on our lips. Not at all. But it does mean that if we were asked to name the source of contentment and satifaction in our daily life which we would be least willing to dispense with, we should unhesitatingly answer: "My two jobs."

The ridiculous assumption that work is in some way degrading either for a man or for a woman result, of course, from confusion in regard to the relative importance of what a person does and what a person is. It is almost platitudinous to say that the latter is practically all important and that the former follows and takes its entire character, good or ill, from that.

"Oh, when I am safe in my sylvan home
I tread on the pride of Greece and Rome.
But when I am stretched beneath the pines,
When the evening star so lonely shines,
I laugh at the love and and the pride of man,
At the sophist's schools and the learned clan;
For what are they all in their high conceit
When man in the bush with God can meet?"

—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

WHAT POLITENESS DID FOR A LAWYER.

Hon. Josphus Daniels missed the annual convention of the N. C. Press Association last week at Blowing Rock. He is out west filling Chatauqua engagements but occasionly contributes the impressions and good stories that are suggested in "Riding on the Rail."

This is particularly an engaging story because behind it is an incident in the life of one of the greatest men the South ever produced, and teaches a lesson that all could adopt with fine advantage.

Does courtesy pay?

I mean the courtesy in travel that includes giving up your bunk for somebody else—somebody you never saw?

The late Chief Justice White told me a story once out of his own experience that prompts the question with which this "Riding On the Rail" opened.

My wife and I had been to New Orleans to attend the National Editorial Association and also to take in the Mardi Gras. We planned upon leaving to run down to Beauvior and spend a day at the home of Jefferson Davis. As it was a trip of only a few hours, I had not engaged seats on the train. Our bus was late and we got to the train just in time to rush aboard and our bags were tossed on the last car as the train moved out.

"What reservations have you?" asked the conductor.

I explained we had decided late to take the train, were going only to Beauvior, and had no reservations.

"There is not a seat on this train," he said. "The depot master ought not to have permitted you to board the train without reservations."

It was a predicament. The train was going forty miles an hour and we couldn't get off. Finally the conductor found two camp stools and we were trying to make ourselves comfortable when Chief Justice Edward D. White came up the aisle. He was not then Chief Justice. I had known him when he was Senator. We exchanged greetings and he soon learned our predicament. With his innate courtesy, the great man said, "Why this is very fortunate." We thought is most unfortunate and could not grasp his meaning. He continued:

"I am on my way back to Washington and have a hard day's work to do, having my law books here with me. So I engaged a whole section. It is fortunate I have the space and you will come and share it with me."

His gracious hospitality was accepted and we listened with delight to his stories and incidents of his early life in New Orleans. In the course of the evening the Justice said the opportunity to share his space with us recalled an incident that happened when he was a young lawyer just starting practice in New Orleans. "I had almost forgotten it, for it happened many years ago," and he gave us this leaf out of his life:

One night he was coming out of

Memphis where he had been on professional business. Just before the train started, a young woman came in the car. She was very pale and was supported by her husband. He had Pullman tickets for Lower 6. He seated his wife, handed his tickets to the conductor, at the time remarking, "Please have the bed made up at once. My wife is ill and the doctor has ordered her to X at once." The conductor looked at the tickets, and said, "I am sorry, sir, but this seat has already been purchased by another gentleman and it has been assigned to him." The young man told the conductor he had bought the Pullman tickets from the uptown ticket office from the regular agent, and, as his wife was sick, he would not surrender it. The conductor said, "Perhaps the gentleman would surrender it, but if not I am helpless. My diagram shows that he is the rightful owner of Lower 6 and I am powerless."

The other holder of No. 6 would not surrender it, and there was a quarrel and excited words between the young husband and the other holder of the tickbet for No. 6. When a conflict seemed inevitable, Chief Justice White, the a young lawyer, went over to the young husband, and told him he would be most happy to surrender his lower to the sick wife. "Your train," said Mr. White, "arrives at your destination at 3 a. m. I am going to New Orleans, and am in the midst of reading one of the most interesting books I ever read. It is not my intention to go to sleep now, and as I am going through to New Orleans I will get plenty of sleep after 3 a. m." The young man was most grateful, his wife thanked Mr. White, and the future Chief Justice went in the smoker, read his book, and at 3 a. m. the porter made up his bed, he slept to New Orleans and thought no more about the incident.

Until—a few months later as he sat in his law office (he did not have many cases then) there was a knock on the door, a gentleman came in and asked, "Are you Mr. White?" Receiving an affirmative answer, the young man introduced himself as the local representative of one of the biggest corporations doing business in Louisiana, He explained that as the result of a serious accident in the plant of his corporation a number of employees and others had lost their lives and others had been injured. "The company is in great trouble and I have come to ask if we can retain you?" asked the local representative.

Mr. White asked the facts, accepted the retainer and looked into the whole matter carefully. He soon learned that the company was to blame and had no real defense, and was liable for many thousands of dollars. He took charge of the case for the company, made the best possible settlements and the Northern representative who came down expressed his pleasure that the company had gotten off so well. When the matters were all settled up, Mr. White told us he asked the young man, "Why did you happen to select me as the attorney you desired to represent your company in this case? I did not know you, I had never represented your company. I am curious to know how it happened."

The young man replied by asking this question: "Do you remember

one night coming out of Memphis you gave your Lower 6 to a young man who came on the train with a sick wife?"

Mr. White said he did.

"I was the young man," said the client. "I did not know your name, but a short time thereafter as I was walking along the street I recognized you as the man who had rendered me that courtesy on the train. I asked a passerby your name, he told me that you were Lawyer White and I made up my mind if I ever had any litigation I would ask you to represent me."

The Chief Justice looked out the window after he had related that interesting incident, and after musing a minute or two as was his wont, went on to say that the corporation represented by the young man had large and important interests and much litigation and he attended to it all until he was elected to the United States Senate.

This incident does NOT teach that because a man has courtesy and sympathy, his generous acts will bring him clients or money. If ever a man lived who never made merchandise of chivalry that man was Chief Justice White. His courtesy was innate, in the blood, and he could no more have refrained from giving his Lower 6 to the sick lady than he could have committed a wrong. The grateful thing to him was that there is appreciation in this world of kind deeds. He illustrated in his own life and experience that

"Kind hearts are more than coronets
And simple faith than Norman blood."

J. D.

BEING A FRIEND

There is no word like friend. It is about the finest word we have to tell the closest relationship we can know. It is hard to explain, for it has no reasonable cause back of it. It is easy enough to see why a mother and her child grow to be closest companions; it is not hard to understand how husband and wife become firmest chums. But when two persons with nothing of blood relationship to draw them, become friends that is a mystery. It would be no small thing to try to define a friend. Friendship may be described as to its actions and its outcomes, but just what it is defies definition. Maybe the boy was close to the truth when he gave a definition of a friend that must have come out of his unforgetable experience. He said, "A friend is a fellow who knows all about you and yet likes you." Pretty good, we think, from a practical viewpoint. It may be weak in the fine points of a scientific analyst, but there are some things, such as friendship, and some person, such as friends, that are removed from the realm of analysis. We just take them and enjoy them and profit by them, asking no question as to why or how. It might be a good thing for each of us to try to conduct ourselves so that the more people know about us the better they would like us. Maybe that would help register us in the list of friends kept by many people.—Young Folks.

"OLD TIMES IN THE SOUTH."

(The Progressive Farmer)

I—AN EXPERIENCE WITH YANKEE RAIDERS.

Shortly after the surrender of Lee and the departure from Richmond of President Davis and his Cabinet, there passed through this part of South Carolina a number of United States soldiers, popularly estimated at 5,000 men.

These trops claimed to be in pursuit of Davis. They had the impression that Jefferson Davis had passed this way with the specie belonging to the Confederate Treasury and that he had spent the night at the home of my brother, Robert Adger, four miles out from the village of Pendleton. Accordingly a major with his battalion came back from Anderson to Mr. Adger's house and demanded the treasure, threatening to hang him if it were not forthcoming. The officer even insisted on telling where the money was hidden. There was a place under the basement of the house always covered with planks, and some Negro had told the major that Jeff Davis's gold was under those boards. Mr. Adger had the boards lifted and a hole dug deep enough to satisfy the major that he had been misinformed.

II

While these men were at my brother's place, seven or eight of them came over to my house. I was lame at the time and obliged to use a crutch. When they came up I was at some distance from the house but they saw me and one of them came over to me.

"Are you the owner of this place?" he said.

"Yes," I told him. "Are you Yankees?"

"Yes, we are. Where are your horses?"

I told him I had sent them away.

"Sent them away, did you?"

"Yes," I replied. "I sent them away so you wouldn't get hold of them."

"Well," he said, "you come up to the house and we will take care of you."

We went up to the house together and my escort told the other men what I had said. As he was speaking I saw that some of his comrades had gone into the house and I immediately turned and went in. One of the party who had gone into the house demanded my watch. I gave it to him, but said, "Does your government send you through the country to rob private citizens?"

"Do you suppose I would go riding all around here and not take anything to my family?" he retorted.

Several ladies of my family were near and he said, "Don't be afraid, ladies. We only want to get pistols and watches."

They took whatever jewelry and articles of value they could find.

III

I followed this man about as well as I could with my crutch and finally walked with him along one side of my side piazza and down the back steps to where his horse was standing hitched. When he start-

ed to mount, my back was toward him and I heard his gun go off. Startled at the sound, I turned and saw the man falling head foremost from his saddle with the blood pouring from a wound in his neck. The sound of his gun brought several of his companions to the scene and two of them raised their guns and were about to shoot me, my back being turned to them. My daughter, Mrs. Mullally, was on the piazza, and was the only witness of what had happened. She cried out to them, "He shot himself!"

I had not one particle of fear of them from the beginning, and now took command, saying, "Don't you see this man is dying? Come and lift him up!"

As soon as they raised him, it was plainly to be seen that as he mounted his horse his gun was discharged, the bullet entering his neck and passing out through the top of his head. As soon as they saw this, they promptly dropped his head and all three began to empty his pockets, which were full of plunder. I clapped my hands and said, "The hand of God is on you men. Give me back my watch!" They seemed to be impressed, and quietly gave back my own watch and my daughter's.

They then departed, taking with them their friend's horse and all his other belongings, but showed no feeling or concern for him. He was still living, though unconscious, and I told them as they left that I would bury him when dead. They told me the dying man was from Hillsdale, Michigan, and that his name was Alason Chapman. They also told me that he had a brother out on the road with the troops, who could not be seen.

IV

Two or three weeks after this, the alarm was given that four Yankees were coming up the avenue. I left the breakfast table and went out to meet them. Two I recognized as having been in the previous party. One dismounted, and was standing on the ground.

"What do you want?" I asked him.

"We have come to see about the man who was hurt. What did you do with him?"

I saw he was the brother of the dead man and took him to the grave.

I had told my old Negro man, Charles, to prepare a decent coffin and grave and gather the people together for religious services, all of which we had done. But the old man had also made a nice pine headboard and footmark, brought them to me, and asked me to put the dead man's name on the headboard. I objected, but finally carved and

(Concluded on Page 25.)

The world's greatest need is resolute, energetic workers. Ability is worthless without the power to put it into action.—The Way.

JULY FOURTH IN HISTORY.

By Earle W. Gage in Young Folks

The signing of the Declaration of Independence on the Fourth of July, 1776, by fifty-six daring men was so important an event in American history that when the day is mentioned throughout the world that event is immediately connected with it.

Yet, a great many other important things in connection with the history of the United States happened on the Fourth of July. Only a deep student of our history—one who has a wonderful memory—will be able to recall these events, yet they are of especial interest on this, the 147th anniversary of American independence.

It was on July 4th, 1754, that Colonel George Washington surrendered an army to the enemy. It was only a small army, but a fort was included. He experienced on this occasion his first defeat in war, at the hands of the French.

Although at that time only twenty-two years of age, Washington had been placed in command of a small body of troops, which was marching toward Fort Duquesne. At a point on the Monongahela River, less than forty miles from his destination, he heard of the approach of a party of French and Indians, sent to intercept him. Accordingly he fell back to the Great Meadows, fifty miles from Cumberland, and hastily erected a stockage which he called Fort Necessity. It was well named.

With the aid of a friendly Indian —Sachem, Half King—Washington attacked the French in their camp at night, their commander being killed, several prisoners taken. It was the first blood shed in the French and Indian war. A few days later Fort Necessity was stormed by 1,500 Indians and French, under De Villiers, and Washington surrendered on honorable terms, rather than have his entire company massacred. This was on the morning of July Fourth. He marched out with his army of four hundred men, drums beating and flags flying, and he and his soldiers returned peaceably to their homes.

On July 4, 1846, the independence of California was declared. There were at that time in California—then part of Mexico—some two hundred Americans, nearly all of them men of exceptional vigor of body

and alertness of mind. Of Mexican Indians there were 6,000, and the aboriginal Indian population numbered perhaps 200,000.

Capt. John C. Fremont had been sent to California on an exploring expedition the year before. He was on his way to Oregon when he was overtaken by an officer sent from Washington with a message, ordering him to wait and to co-operate with the Pacific squadron in case of hosilities with Mexico. The message had been in writing, but the officer was obliged to destroy it while crossing Mexican territory after committing it to memory. Accordingly, Fremont returned to California and took up his headquarters at Sutter's Fort.

A few days later, June 14, a party of fourteen Americans organized a small revolution on their own accord, captured Sonoma and declared war against the Goverment of Mexico. Needing a flag and not daring to use that of the United States, they made one, not out of an old lady's petticoat, but from a Mexican's rebosa, or scarf of unbleached muslin, a yard wide and five feet long. Along the bottom they sewed a strip of red flannel and in the left upper corner they painted a star in red. The middle of the flag was occupied by a picture of a grizzly bear, beneath which were the words, "California Republic."

The temporary government thus established is known in history as the "Bear Flag Republic." Its banner now ornaments the rooms of the Pioneer Society in San Francisco. The grizzly bear was rather crudely drawn, and the Mexicans said it was a pig, calling the flag a "pig flag."

Meanwhile, news had come of the outbreak of war along the Rio Grande, and on July 4 Fremont called a meeting at Sonoma, which formally proclaimed the independence of California. He was appointed its first Governor.

Soon afterward there came intelligence that Commodore Sloat had arrived at Monterey, July7, and had raised the American flag; also that by his orders Commander Montgomery of the United States sloop of war Portsmouth, had taken possession of San Francisco.

Sloat, having heard of the hostilities with Mexico, had sailed immediately from Mazatlan for California, where he took possession of the country and raised the American flag on his own responsibility. He was none too soon, for exactly a week later, July 14, the British man-of-war Collingwood, commanded by Sir George Seymour, arrived at Monterey to proclaim British sovereignty. It was thus by only a narrow chance that England did not become the possessor of California, which she had coveted greatly for many years.

On July 4, 1584, two barks which had seen sent by Sir Walter Raleigh to discover and annex the American Continent of Florida, arrived off the coast. Sailing for one hundred and twenty miles they entered the mouth of the river and took formal possession of the country for the Queen of England, naming it Virginia. They landed on Roanoke Island, afterward occupied by the first English settlement in the New World. This colony, consisting of 110 persons, sent out in April, 1585, was abandoned in less than a year, the settlers carrying back with them to

Europe the first tobacco and potatoes introduced into Europe, later planted experimentally on Raleigh's estate, not far from Cork, Ireland.

On July 4, 1754, Benjamin Franklin laid before the Commissioners of the Colonies at Albany, a plan for a Federal Constitution, aimed to accomplish a union for defense against French encroachment. It was adopted, but afterwards was rejected by some of the Colonies and by the British Government, who feared organization on this continent. This was exactly twenty-two before the signing of the Declaration of Independence. Curiously enough, the document was rejected by the Colonies because it put too much power into the hands of the king, and it, was voted in England because it gave too much power to the Coolnies. This gives sme conception of the understanding of independence in those times.

On July 4, 1770, umbrellas were first introduced into this country, a shipment of them arriving at the port of Baltimore. They were generally regarded as an absurdity and it was considered that only foolish an effeminate persons could possibly use them.

The massacre of Wyoming Valley occurred on July 4, 1776. In the previous autumn two companies had been raised in the valley and had been ordered to join General Washington. Several stockade forts had been built during the summer, but those left behind to guard them were mostly old men.

A raiding force of Tories, Canadians and Indians, under Major John Butler, a Tory of Niagara, entered the valley and set fire to some of the forts. Forty Fort, three miles from Wilkesbarre, had assembled a garrison of three hundred, largely old men and boys. This force decided to march against the invaders, which it did, resulting in disaster. Taken in flank, it was routed and destroyed. Major Butler reported taking 227 scalps and five prisoners, the English loss being two white men killed and eight Indians wounded.

Incredible deeds of cruelty and ferocity are said to have been committed by the Tories on this occasion and the whole valley was left a scene of desolation. But it is not true that women and children were massacred. They had fled in time to escape the enemy, though many of them perished in the swamps along the Pocono range in endeavoring to escape.

On July 4, 1780, Continental currency notes were worth two cents on the dollar, and it was said "a wagon-load of paper money was required to pay for a wagon load of provisions." Nothing could well give a more vivid notion of the desperate situation of the Revolutionary Party at that period.

Nine wagons of anthracite coal were hauled one hundred and six miles to Philadelphia, July 4, 1812. This, be it noted, was exactly one hundred and twenty-three years ago. Two of the loads sold for the cost of transportation and the remainder were driven away. The sale was afterward denounced as a fraud, because the stuff was "nothing but stones, and would not burn," the fact being, of course, that people did not know how to use coal. They kept poking up the fire instead of permitting the coal to burn unmolested. But nevertheless, on that date,

the commercial coal industry saw its birth, for every good cause is usually first brought under the fire of ridicule before being accepted and adopted.

On the Fourth of July, 1826, Thomas Jefferson, third president of the United States, and author of the Declaration of Independence, died, aged eighty-three, exactly thirty years after the date of the birth of this historic document. On the same day died John Adams, second president of the United States, aged ninety-one. James Monroe also died on the Fourth of July, 1831, aged seventy-four.

On July 4, 1848, the Treaty of Peace with Mexico was proclaimed at Washington. And on the same day the corner-stone of the Washington monument was laid with great pomp and ceremony. Money for building it had been subscribed by individuals, but the sum thus obtained proved to be so far inadequate for the purpose that the monument remained a mere stump about one-third its present height, until 1881, when Congress appropriated the amount necessary for its completion. It cost in all about $3,000,000.

There was a similar and even more important ceremony in Washington on July 4, 1851, when President Filmore initiated by the laying of a corner-stone the construction of the two great white marble wings of the capitol. There was an impressive assemblage of dignitaries and an oration by Daniel Webster, then Secretary of State. Of special interest was the presence of a few persons who had witnessed the laying of the first corner-stone of the Capitol by George Washington, on September 18, 1793.

Thus the Fourth of July means much to the people of the United States, and should be held in patriotic reverence.

NOT WITH DIRTY HANDS.

In a sermon recently preached in Central Church, Chicago, the minister, Dr. F. F. Shannon, drew the following from his personal experience to illustrate a point he was making: "But I reckon that making a saint is worth all it costs. When he is finished he is worth more to God, in this world at least than an angel. I had this brought home to me in my pastoral work. I have an old friend whom I call "My Lace-Maker." She is in her eighty-seventh year, but almost every time I call I find her making the most beautiful English lace. It is a sight fit for angels and men to see Auntie, without glasses, handle her forty bobbins and create the most exquisite designs. As her dear old hands, soft as the hands of a baby and almost as frail, showed me how well she could weave, she paused for a moment, held up her hands and said: 'You see, I couldn't do this work with dirty hands.' It was so suggestive that I ventured: 'And Auntie, we can't make a true life with dirty hands, either can we?' Quick as a flash, she answered, 'No, no; to make a beautiful life we have to say with Peter, 'Lord, not my feet only, but also my hands and my head.''

religion? It is a hoax—a hoary-headed hoax. Your heaven? It is no more than another Utopia—a dream-land. Your life? It is a vapor-without continuity, purpose or meaning. Your Mind? It is only a bit of wind and water and waste—signifying nothing. Your soul? It is a mixture of imagination and metaphysical ether-dust. Your world? It is a mad-house. Your friends. They are only a lot of gibbering idiots in a vast cosmic insane asylum—with no hope, no destiny, no ultimate and no primate. Nothing about you has any meaning—it has no significance—no end—no purpose and no intelligent interpretation, cause or origin.

No God! Then your Bible and your Church rest on a bubble. "The heavens declare the glory of God."—no! The heavens declare the glory of Science! The heavens—and the earth, and this vast myriad-planetted universe—they all declare th glory of Chance, of Matter and the Molecule! And the firmament showeth—not God's handiwork—but the handiwork of Blind Chance and Innate Material Energy—Molecular Motion and Material Evolution!

No God! Then all your hymns, all your prayers, all your aspirations—these are merely a snare nd a delusion! We are still thinking in terms of mythology and superstition! The vast universe—stars, planets, fire-mist and gases—trees, flowers, fruit—fish, fowl and flying creatures—mammal, mastodon, man—space, time, energy, gravitation—electricity, radio-activity, winds and storms—Niagaras and all the Seven Wonders (all the seven million wonders!)—all this "started itself!" All this and everything else in the universe, whether material and inanimate, with or without reason, or mental, spiritual, metaphysical, emotion, comprehensible or incomprehensible—originated itself—started in the bosom of a protoplasm or a microcosm, evolving, of itself, into larvae, etc., etc.—then into all the glories of a multiplex and infinite world! Nothing designed it! Nothing defined it! Nothing behind it! Not even Reason. Just a Process started itself! "If anybody likes that kind of a god—that is the kind of a god he likes!" Is there any sense in it? Any reason? Is it really scientific? Is it indeed not absolutely absurd? Quite Quixotic!

It is related that Bishop Brooks called in Bob Ingersoll and showed him marvelously executed globe—a reproduction of the world in miniature—done with infinite skill and care and scientific accuracy. "Who made it?" asked the noted infidel. "Nobody," was the reply. It is said that this came nearer converting Ingersoll, according to his own alleged statement, than did anything that ever happened in his life. And who can believe that either he or anyone else with rational faculties could live and die in absolute and categorical denial of some sort of belief in some sort of Infinite Intelligence?

Again, if there be no God—then Christ, the master mind and heart of the race—Christ, the Incomparable One, was self-deceived; or else the Best Man who ever lived (and it is beyond peradventure that He did live) has decieved us! Not only has He eluded us, but He has founded a

SUPPOSE THERE WERE NO GOD.

By Thos. F. Opie

Ps. 116: 11.—All men are liars.

Ps. 14: 1.—There is no God.—Men who are saying there is no God are doing what I have done with these famous texts. They have torn the material world out of a contiguous universe and failed to read the whole of the world's history. You have seen railroad tickets that are perforated and that have a coupon attached which reads, "Not good if detached." I have "detached" those two statements from the Psalms, "All men are liars" and "There is no God"—and there is no truth in either. The complete texts read, I said in mine haste, "All men men are liars" and the fool hath said in his heart, "There is no God."

Scientific and philosophical conclusions and pronouncements which leave out the Infinite, the Divine, which leave out the spiritual, the Omniscient, the Great First Cause—these have "detached" things tangible and material from the ultimate and complete cosmos, and have read and interpreted to the world only a part of the text. And it is evident that these pronouncements, like the railway tickets, are no good if detached. Let us have the whole cosmic reading!

Suppose there were no God! Then let the race war and destroy and kill and murder! Let only the "fit" survive! If there were no God the only one who would benefit, would be the "Fool"—he would be vindicated! The fool hath said in his heart, "There is no God." Judge you whether even the fool, not to mention the whole world, would benefit!

If there be no God, then Moses was insane! But no—he was among the wisest of the ages. He was the world's first law-giver. Blackstone the eminent English authority on things legal, based most of his law on Moses! And to this day, young attorneys the world over, study Moses throught Blackstone.

If there be no God then David was an idiot. But no—he was a great statesman, a great warrior, a great poet—clear-sighted and wise, if human and clay-clogged. Then Daniel was a fool. But no—he was the wisest and most astute man in the kingdom—a statesman of genius and foresight—honored and renowned, even in a foreign state.

Then Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, Hosea, Joel, Amos, Obadiah, Jonah, Micah, Nahum, and all the other prophets of righteousness, were under an hallucination—all suffered from mental aberration—or else from spiritual degeneracy—deceived or else deceiving.

We put Cromwell, Victoria, Shakespeare—Jefferson, Washington, Lee—Wilson, Roosevelt, Taft, Harding—Bryan, Spear, Mott—We put these against Tom Paine, Ingersoll—and ever several infidel, agnostic and unbeliever that the wide world has produced—dead or living today!

No God! Then your pastor is a fake and a fraud—or else self-deceived and a fool. Your church? It is a temple to a myth. Your

Church on the sand, like the Foolish Man in His Parable of the Builders—if there be no God, as represented and supposed by this Church. Christ deceived? Christ a deceiver? Christ knew less than your infidel and your smart professor of agnosticism? I will take my chances with Jesus, in His Church, with the high-minded spiritual leaders of the ages. Then, to put the matter on the flimsiest of bases for argument, if in the end of the age we find there is no God—I have nothing to lose! I have lived nobly, serviceably, spiritually, deeply—but have lost nothing in the process. But, if in the end of the age, it develops that there is a God whom we must all meet, and in whose presence we stand or fall, then the agnostic and the infidel and the blasphemer and the reprobate, the degenerate and the self-deceived—these all have much indeed to lose! I have two chances to the unbeliever's one to come out well and happily in the end!

No God? Then millions have lived and died all but in vain. Then three billion dollars' worth of churches in this land—and quintillions' worth of cathedrals and church buildings throughout the Christian era, have been dedicated to Nothing—sacred to the Great and Infinite Negation—a divine, infinite, omnipotent Negative!

No God? Then I say we have a material, metaphysical, spiritual universe, a universe of over four thousand million worlds—with just a Zero for their origin—a Cipher as their creator and maker. If that be Reason—if that be Logic—if that be Science—give me hemlock and deadly drugs that will destroy me—reason, affection, soul and spirit! But no! I am "incurably religious"—and so is the whole human race. Rule out God and you have a world darker and more hopeless than would be this planet with no sun—no light, no comfort, no life! Reductio ad absurdum.

"A haze on the far horizon, the infinite tender sky—
The ripe rich tints of the cornfields,
And the wild-gesse sailing high;
And all over upland and lowland
The charm of the golden-rod (God's glowing smile!)—
Some of us call it Autumn—and others call it God.

"Like tides on a crescent sea-beach,
When the moon is new and thin—
Into our hearts high yearnings
Come welling and surging in;—
Come from that mystic ocean whose rim no foot hath trod—
Some people call it Longing—and others call it God.

"A fire-midst and a planet—a crystal and a cell;
A jelly-fish and a saurian—and a cave where cave-men dwell;
Then a sense of Law and Beauty—
And a face turned from the clod—
Some call it Evolution—and others call it God."

"Some men," said Uncle Eben, "goes fishin' not so much foh de sake of de fish as foh de chance to loaf without bein' noticed."

"OLD TIMES IN THE SOUTH."

(Continued From Page 17.)

inked the name for him.

When his brother looked at the grave and its inscription, tears came to his eyes and he said, "You did all you could for my poor brother." I told him I would do no less for any man who died at my door.

Six months afterwards a squad of soldiers was sent from Anderson for the remains of the dead soldier.

Jno. B. Adger, D.D.

Pendleton, S. C.

II.—"THE HOTTEST LITTLE REBEL"

It was the 20th of May again, and a warm day. I was sitting on the steps, while on the porch were my father in his wheel chair and Aunt Kate, a dear old lady who was barely four feet tall but had a dignity all her own.

"It's warm today," said Daddy.

"But not as warm os the 20th of May, 1864," said Aunt Kate. "I walked down the hill that morning with one of Sherman's officers, wearing four, my only four, homespun dresses all at once."

"Four dresses at one time, Kate?" asked Daddy.

"Why, Billy, don't yo uremember? If Sherman burned our house, I was determined he should have no chance at my clothes!"

"This Yankee officer had come to the door and asked if he might have some water for a wounded soldier nearby. We had drunk every drop in the house, and Ma told me to take him to the spring. As I stepped out, hot as a freshly baked potato and round as I was long in my four thick dresses, I saw the officer hide a smile behind his hand. I pranced ahead of him as stately as possible, never glancing at him.

"'Are all the young rebels as plumb as you, Miss?' he asked as he stalked after me to the spring. 'I would certainly like to have your picture to show up North as the hottest little rebel south of the Mason-Dixon line.' "

"I interrupted him with a stamp of my foot that sent all four of those skirts around my ankles in a swirl, showing the various colors of my attire. 'Perhaps you can take another picture of the hottest rebel back with you,' I retorted, as a sudden idea entered my head, and with a quick twist of my arm I drenched him and his fresh uniform with a bucket of the cold spring water. Before he recovered I had scampered up the hill and out of sight.

Aut Kate's merry laugh joined ours, for the memory of her wilful deed still gave her a happy sense of satisfaction.

"He was quite a spectacle as he marched back to the wounded soldier," she concluded. "At once more soldiers joined him, and I think they enjoyed his discomfort as much as I did. From my hiding place I could hear and see them, and I heard him tell them that the cause of his plight was 'the hottest little rebel I ever saw, fighting for their blooming Confederacy in her own way.' "—Mrs. W. S. Adams, Senoia, Ga.

FUTHER TALK ABOUT MA.

By R. R. CIARK

Editorial suggestions in the last issue of THE UPLIFT, concerning my remarks on Ma and her relation to the scheme of things, are responsible for this second installment on the subject.

I was, as the editor suggests, talking about the old-fashioned Mas, the real Mas who make up the great majority in the realm of motherhood; the Mas who sacrifice and serve. And let it be understood that I bow in reverence to this type of womanhood. It is to that type that every man worth his salt is mainly indebted for whatever character he has and for whatever success in life he may have—to them and the good woman of similar type who has shared his fortunes and sacrificed for him. Sometimes the wife is entitled to more credit for the making of the man than she gets, but she is generally included in the homage paid to mothers and her task has been much lightened if the man has a good mother. I am delighted to see that the lady who was responsible for the institution of Mothers' Day, now so generally celebrated annually, has a plan to erect in Washington an immense, towering monument to the Mas who wear aprons; to the millions and millions of Mas who served their own, their country and the world with an unselfishness beyond compare; whose names are unknown beyond their immediate neighborhood in most instances. It is the memories of these unknown heroines in the world's work that the monument would perpetuate for all time. I sincerely hope that it will be built on the plan suggested.

But I have long had it in mind to urge not only that Ma's burden be lightened, but that she contribute to her own emancipation by refusing to longer allow herself to be made the pack horse for the family; and that she contribute to changing the system by training her children, to consider what is due Ma. Ma's place in the scheme is being improved, but she will never get what is her due until she takes her own. It takes a long time to change custom. We accept things as they are when we know they are wrong simply because they have always been that way. Talking with an old-time Southern gentleman a few years ago, one who shined as the master of the "big house," with blooded stock, dogs and plenty of negro servants to do his bidding, we discussed horses because we both loved horses and preferred them to an automobile. But I spoke up for that machine so common in the countryside because of what it has done for the women. It gives many Mas and Grandmas an outing that they could not have had under old conditions; and when I see the old ladies from the remote rural parts sailing along in the machine—going to town, to meeting, to school closing or the picnic, I take off my hat to the Detroit man who has received so much free advertising. And my age companion answered with a sigh, "Yes, it was a crime, the way the women have been treated; but it was custom and we didn't realize the

wrong." It is a custom I would break; and I want to impress the fact that they who would be free themselves must strike the blow.

I could hardly express in polite language my opinion of the Mas who neglect the duties of home, leave the children to the care of incompetent servants or to their own devices, who have no conception of the making of a real home for their partners, but who give their whole time to social or civic or other outside duties; either living frivolous lives or giving their time to re-making the community or the country while their own domestic affairs are neglected. Neither could I compliment those who accept wifehood but refuse motherhood and who prefer a boarding house because it frees them from the duties of housekeeping, of home-making. But we must admit, beloved, that this is but a reaction from the slavery of wives and mothers of which I have been talking. Observing what mother has endured, many a daughter has solemnly re-resolved that she will be free, and in escaping the mother's lot she has gone to the other extreme. It is the system that has been at fault. Ma hasn't had a square deal; and she hasn't had a square deal because she has accepted the heritage of the ages. But when the revolt comes, as is always the case, it is overdone. The last state is really worse than the first. But it is the striving of the woman for a square deal. In that striving she is often unjust to the man, unjust to herself and most unjust to her offspring if she has any.

I would have the mothers begin in the training their little son as to their duty to women; not in words but in actual service and courtesy due mother and sister. A boy so trained in the home will make a good husband. Then the idea of equal partnership in the relation of husband and wife must be stressed—an equal share in labor and sacrifice in home-building and an equal divide of the proceeds. The woman who demands that her husband support her in idleness, who keeps his nose to the grindstone by her extravagance—spending without regard to his income—is of course unfit for the partnership. But she is the reaction from that type who slaved in unrequitted toil, who got nothing because she didn't have the spirit to demand it and who was always left at home when Pa went on the outing.

Modern standards of living—living beyond one's means and constantly under the stress of debt—tend to wreck domestic peace. If the youngsters who decide to form a partnership would be entirely candid with each other before the contract is being made binding, there would be fewer wrecks. The fool male will pretend to the lady, or at least leave her under the impression, that he can maintain her in style when his sense, if he has any, tells him that he can't; while the silly maiden may look upon marriage as an escape from work, as having a good time without any responsibility.

We must get away from these notions, which do not yet predominate in our part of the country, praise he, but which are entirely too common for the general good. We must get away from the false standards if the home, the real foundation of all civilization, is to be maintained. And the work is with Ma,

where all real worth while work has always started. Ma must free herself from voluntary servitude without going to that excess which will make her freedom a mockery; and Ma must train her sons and daughters in the true relationship of matrimonial partnerships and the equal profit sharing in real home-building, which is building civilization, by example as well as by precept.

LOOK AT YOUR DOLLAR.

Reader, have you a Greenback in your pocket?

Oh, yes there are Greenbacks—much as the "expert would have you think otherwise, there are still Greenbacks!—Take one out of your pocket —a dollar bill—and mark well the language which it bears.

It is money—except! Look at the fine print on the bill and find the word "except." Although it is American money, it is not good for everything, as the following inscription attests:

"This note is a legal tender at its face value for all debts, public and private. EXCEPT duties an imports and interests on the public debt."

So, good citzen, you perhaps handle every day this transcript of the famous Exception clause of the Legal Tender Act—a clause which has inspired millions of words in denunciation and defense. This way only one of a score or more amendments which the Senate added to the original House Bill, all conceived in the interests of the money brokers.

Thaddeus Stevens fought all these amendments to the last ditch. —Exchange.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Pressly Mills

Master James Allen has been placed in the carpenter shop.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The carpenter shop boys are making new tables for the different places of business.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The boys discarded their blankets a few days ago. No more hot nights for them now.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The oats, that were reaped by Mr. Horton a few days ago, are being stowed in the barn.

Master Robert Rising, who was paroled last January, paid a visit to the instittuion last Sabbath afternoon.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Miss Dora Barnhardt, the matron of the 9th Cottage, left the institution, last Saturday, for a few weeks vacation.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

On Tuesday and Friday nights the band boys practice. Each night they learn from one to two new pieces of music.

Master Erwin Cole and Master Henry Brewer were taken to the Concord Hospital, where they underwent operations for appendicitis last week.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Last week Master Walter Mills' foot was badly cut by a mowing machine. He was taken to Concord, where his foot was dressed by a doctor.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Fresh vegetables, such as cabbage, cucumbers, potatoes and beans, are being obtained from the farm. Soon other vegetables will also be obtained.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Mr. Jason Fisher came out to the institution again last Tuesday and Friday nights. The boys are getting good practice during the few hours they have these nights.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Mr. T. L. Grier has returned to the institution from a much enjoyed vacation. Mr. Grier, accompanied by Mr. George Lawerence, made a tour of several of the Northern States.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Three more months have passed and the boys have received new quarterlies again. They are proud of their quarterlies and we hope that they will get as much good out of these as they did out of the last ones.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The weather is becoming so hot that the boys of Mr. W. M. Crooks school-room have bought an electric fan. Now the boys can study easily as the fan drives out the hot air and keeps a circulation of cool air all of the time.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Last Monday morning the boys started harvesting the Irish potatoes. It will take some time for them to finish this task for about twelve hundred and fifty bushels are expected to be tallied when all have been harvested.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The following boys received visitors at the institution last Wednesday: Grover Cook, Alphonso Wiles, Herman Cook, Harry Shirley, Erma Leach, Obed McLain, Avery Roberts, Nomie Lee, Mack Wentz, Roy Johnson, Oscar Johnson, Claude Frisch, Judge Brooks and Sylvester Honeycutt.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The Rev. Mr. Rowan, of Concord, conducted the religious services in the Auditorium on the Sabbath afternoon of June 17. Rev. Rowan preached so earnestly, that his sermon was carried home to the hearts of all in his presence. Rev. Rowan is a good preacher and we hope to have him with us again soon.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

This year the base ball club is falling behind compared with the record made last year. Last year a good record was made. The boys won 10 and lost 2. Good team work enabled them to make this record. The Pct. of the club last year was .833. This year the present Pct. is .556.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

At the dairy barn eighteen cows are being milked. From these cows fifty five gallons of milk are being obtained daily. About three

gallons of milk is obtained from each cow. Mr. Hobby is feeding the cows Spartan dariy feed and he sees a decided change in the milk production.

Also another Holstein cow was purchased last week.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The boys received one of the most agreeable surprises they have ever had last Saturday afternoon about one oclock, when the Cottage lines assembled at the tree. When Mr. Boger told the boys they were going to the "ole swimmim' hole", they showed their appreciation by giving a loud cheer for Mr. Boger. After the long walk to the creek the boys sat down for a brief rest. Then they took to the water sixty at a time. Each squad remained in the water about twenty minutes and they had more fun in these few minutes than they could have had anywhere else during the whole day.

THE BUSY MAN.

If you want to get a favor done
  By some obliging friend,
And want a promise, safe and sure,
  On which you may depend,
Don't go to him who always has
  Much leisure time to plan,
But, if you want your favor done,
  Just ask the busy man.

The man with leisure never has
  A moment he can spare;
He's busy "putting off" until
  His friends are in despair.
But he whose every waking hour
  Is crowded full if work,
Forgets the art of wasting time-
  He cannot stop to shirk.

So when you want a favor done,
  And want it right away,
Go to the man who constantly
  Works twenty hours a day.
He'll find a moment, sure, somewhere,
  That has no other use,
And fix you while the idle man
  Is framing an excuse.

—Selected.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

Passenger Train Schedules

Arrival and Departure of Passenger Trains, Concord, N. C.

LV.	NO.	BETWEEN	NO.	AR.
1:40A	30	New York-Birmingham	30	1:40A
2:37A	29	Birmingham-New York	29	2:37A
5:12A	44	Washington-Atlanta	44	5:12A
6:32A	31	Atlanta-New York	31	6:32A
8:41A	137	Atlanta-New York	137	8:41A
9:25A	11	Charlotte-Norfolk-Richmond	11	9:25A
10:55A	36	New York Birmingham-New Orleans	36	10:55A
3:20P	45	Washington-Charlotte	45	3:20P
3:45P	46	Charlotte-Danville	46	3:45P
7:10P	12	Norfolk-Richmond-Atlanta	12	7:10P
8:18P	32	New York-Augusta	32	8:18P
10:20P	35	Birmingham-New Orleans-New York	35	10:20P
9:45P	138	New York-Atlanta	138	9:45P
9:31P	135	Washington-Atlanta	135	9:31P

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Schedules published as information and are not guaranteed.

R. H. GRAHAM. D. P. A.,
Charlotte, N. C.

M. E. WOODY, Ticket Agent,
Concord, N. C.

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XI CONCORD, N. C. JULY 7, 1923 No. 34

AN IDEAL.

When the new Parliment buildings of the Dominion of Canada were being reared, a visitor stopped to speak to a number of workmen who were cutting stone. The visitor asked one man what he was doing, and he replied that he was earning two dollars and a half a day. He asked a second man the same question, and pointing to a chart spread before him the man said he was trying to make the stone on which he was working correspond with the chart. A third man was asked what he was doing. All three men were, to outward appearances, engaged in precisely the same work. But the third man let his mallet rest a moment, and straightening himself up, pointed proudly to the great building, the graceful lines of which were beginning to show in the massive pile above them. He thought of the glory of the completed building, and what it meant, and he replied eagerly. "I am helping to make that." This man had a vision; he was doing something worth while. The task of earning money may not be worth while; the task of blindly following a pattern may not be worth while; but to have a part in making something good—whether it be a cathedral or a character—that is worth while.—Eugene Thwing.

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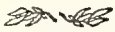

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JAMES P. COOK, *Editor,* J. C. FISHER, *Director Printing Department*

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OUR COUNTRY.

O! make us Thou through centuries long,
In peace secure, in justice strong;
Around our gift of freedom draw
The safeguards of Thy righteous law.
—John G. Whittier.

GONE TO THE MOUNTAINS.

Governor Morrison has moved his executive office to Asheville for two months. He is now in the mountains, and the people of North Carolina do not begrudge him the privileges and the blessings North Carolina's most wonderful scenery and perfect climate afford with a lavish freedom.

If the glorious climate surrounding us did not require blankets each night, we, too, would hie way to the mountains. But you can't use blankets in Raleigh but three months in the year, and thereby is a just reason for moving.

* * * * * * *

"I TOLD YOU SO."

History has sustained the reputation of Mr. R. R. Clark as a forecaster of what would take place in the course of time. Some time ago he fortold that a mid-week holiday for buisness men would come and that, after all, just as effective results would be obtained as if the whole time were put in

at the shops and stores. Col. Wade Harris, figuratively, turned up his nose at the suggestion and the "blockade preacher" all but got rowdy over the suggestion.

In his letter this week on Holidays and Sabbath observance Mr. Clark tells how the thing has come about, and how his suggestion was received by these old fathers of newspaperdom. He's got them to where they must explain or show the white feather. The chief objection arose because these moneyed newspaper men did not want the banks close on them, when they desired to deposit chunks of gold, or to draw the like from their fat accounts. The average bank can take in all the money in the neighborhood without working over hours, and there seems no loss to the public or to business or industry when the banks observe the holidays made and provided. After all these occasional closings for a holiday seem the only way of preserving and keeping alive historical events.

* * * * * * *

LOUIS H. ROTHROCK.

A brave, conscientious and consecrated man, soldier and educator, and model citizen passed in the death last week of Prof. Louis H. Rothrock, of Rowan county. His life was one of great service to his fellow man, and he lived to the ripe age of 85 and more.

He was of the old school, that taught in the manner and used the system that really educates. He knew nothing about the so-called, high sounding units, but he knew that little fundamental, basis thing had to be learned and the sooner the better. When he finished with a boy or girl, that individual had acquired the fundamental truths that made education effective and of service. Being honest and of unblemished character, knowing that a godly example taught as well as books and theories, and that sound instruction in the vital things fitted the boy for the real duties of life, he devoted himself to a life of practice of those things which he held up to his pupils. And it worked fine.

* * * * * * *

ON HER JOB.

Mrs Edith Vanderbilt's activity is certain proof that we are to have another state fair this fall. This admirable North Carolinan has her heart set on making the state fair truly representative of the great state which she has voluntarily adopted as her own.

No one can help where birth first introduces him; some never try to

bring about a remedy; while others embrace the very first opportunity to correct a blunder in the place of their birth by coming just as soon as possible to North Carolina. This Mrs. Vanderbilt has done. Let's all of us fall into line and aid her in making the greatest fair the State ever dreamed of.

* * * * * * *

REACHED THE TALKING STAGE.

The Concord Tribune makes announcement for the Cabarrus County Board of Education a piece of news that is most glorious, if true and not a bluff. This is the news:

> "The county board of education met yesterday in regular session, and among other things beside the regular routine work, the board spent some time developing plans that they have under way for a system of standard high schools to serve the entire county."

An enthusiastic friend of rural education upon reading the foregoing announcement exclaimed, "Good, but when do you think they will finish their "developing plans?" It took them six years to establish sanitary closets at the school houses, and the law made it mandatory; how long will a big, worth while proposition like this, get by this very deliberative body of educators?"

* * * * * * *

ANOTHER ANNIVERSARY.

This past Wednesday was the 147th anniversary of the declaration of American Independence. In the hearts of all true Americans there ring today the patriotic feelings that controlled the mighty men, who, assembled in Philadelphia July 4th 1776 and reading aright the spirit of their clientele, announced to the world that from this day the American colonies are free and independent. The old bell that rung out upon the then village the glad news is still in tact, and the impatience of the bellman for the word to ring, ring, and ring, has been preserved in poetry, which makes fine declamations for school boys.

Since that eventful day America has become the melting pot for the world. Elsewhere in this number is a story, "I am an American," which tells the tale of the great assimilation that has been going on for all these years. The Russian serf, catching a vision of what America meant to men, tells the inspiration that came to him—and in a larger or smaller degree the same rule applies to all.

Today there are coming into this country thousands of the oppressed of other lands, and other thousands are knocking at our doors. What a pity there is not some well-organized machinery that would turn these hosts to

the rural sections, especially the South, where they could be more easily and readily assimilated into our institutions, influencing them to adopt agricultural persuits to replenish the vacancies that are now appaling because of removal to the towns. Mr. Hugh McRae, of Wilmington, on an appreciable scale has demonstrated the wisdom of such efforts.

The neglect of the social and educational side of rural life by the chosen officials of the people has driven hundreds of free and resentful ruralites to the towns and cities where their families could enjoy privileges commensurate with their tastes and deserts. It has been a hard blow to the country, and until our officials awake to their sacred duties, the robbing of the rural sections will go on. These thousands that are coming to our shores should be directed to a favorable climate, and led to become interested in agricultural life.

Great is America, but America as the haven for the restless and the oppressed has just begun her great mission.

* * * * * * *

GEORGE POU HAS IT WORKED OUT.

Mr. George R. Pou, superintendent of the State Prison, has worked out a new system for the dealing with and treatment of the state prisoners. It is a conservative and very reasonable set of rules he has prepared; and his directors and the governor are understood to give them their endorsement. It looks as if the excited public may be entirely appeased.

It was the purpose of THE UPLIFT to reproduce Mr. Pou's promouncement, and will probably do so in a later issue, but some one gobbed up the interesting little pamphlet making its reproduction in this issue impossible. Incidentally Mr. Pou gives reply to some criticism that were aimed at his management, but by his showing they were unjustified.

After all the state has suffered somewhat in its reputation among outsiders by overzealous, hysterical and folks drunk with their importance making the exceptions in the state as to humane treatment of prisoners the prevailing condition. There is just as much humanity in North Carolina to the square inch as can be found anywhere on the face of the earth.

HOLIDAYS–AND SUNDAYS.

By R. R. CIARK

Some years agone when I was in command of The Landmark as a full-fledged editor, I recall that my good friends, Col. Harris of the Charlotte Observer, and Dr. Archibald Johnson of Charity and Children, made frequent complaint of the numerous holidays observed by the banks. These old-timers could see no earthly good in the banks closing down every few weeks for a holiday that was marked on the calendar in commemoration of some event; and there were too many holidays, anyhow, they both insisted. It was never exactly clear to me why the observance of holidays by the banks should fret these good editors. It could not be that a bank holiday caused the notice of a note falling due or of a draft demanding payment or an overdrawn account to be made good, to reach one a day earlier than otherwise would have been the case and thus disturb his equanimity. Rather I preferred to believe that these editors, having plenty of money and being free spenders, were rather annoyed at times to find the bank closed when they desired to make a small dent in a large and growing deposit.

The frequent complaints about over bank holidays from these sources moved me to suggest that holidays were mighty useful institutions to those who could afford to suspend business and enjoy them. In fact I was in favor of more holidays; and as a concrete proposition I made bold to advocate two Sundays a week, or rather a full holiday each week in addition to the day of rest on Sunday. My proposition was that all and sundry drop work say on Wednesday, that being the middle of the week, and follow their own devices on that day; making one week day a general holiday by custom or by passing a law if need be. I insist that if folks got down to their knitting good and proper they could do all the work necessary in five days out of seven; that they could if they would be right spry about it, do as much in five days as they ordinarily do in six, and that the spiritual and physical and mental health would be the better preserved by the rst periods. Moreover (and I expect this to catch the blockade preacher,) if the people were given one secular day for a holiday they would be more inclined to properly observe the Lord's Day, commonly called Sunday, and those who would have that day strictly observed could with more reason demand its strict observance, seeing that there was another day of cessation from labor on which the people could devote themselves to the many pleasures that not a few of them are inclined to pursue on the Lord's Day, to the great annoyance and distress of the strict observers.

I can't recall that Col. Harris took any notice of my suggestion. But Dr. Johnson's remarks were so marked that they have stayed with me through the years. Instead of backing me up, he declared in his usual plain, and sometimes rather blunt, manner of writing, that it was about the biggest fool proposition that he

been put forward within his recollection; and he intimated rather emphatically that anybody who didn't have any more sense than to make a suggestion like that should be examined as to his mental condition or committed without examination to the institution the State has kindly provided for those who are weak in the upper story. He was so very outspoken that I didn't have the courage to pursue the matter and it was dropped.

But lo and behold! We are today coming by degrees to that very proposition, and if the Blockade Preacher abides for a time (God! give him many years) he will see the thing come to pass which I suggested and which he so heartily condemned. In many of our towns and cities business houses are closing for a half day each week during two months of summer. The retailers take a half day off in mid-week and some of the wholesalers are closing down Saturday afternoons. In some of the big cities of the North and West the Saturday half-holiday has been an established institution for many years. Good sense, too. In mid-summer, when business is dull, it isn't necessary to keep on for six full days; and all connected with the business are benefited by the respite if it is sanely spent. Moreover, folks are coming to understand that health is preserved and life is lengthened if the human machine is given occasional surcease from the grind. The old idea of working on and on and never stopping until some part of the machine gave way is going into the discard—and going because reflection, common sense an experience have demonstrated that the machine will last longer, do better service and more work within a given time for an occasional rest spell. They may not come for a season to a universal observance of one special day as a holiday in addition to Sunday observance. There are times of stress when it is necessary to run full time. But the taking of more rest periods is becoming a general custom and it is addmitted that a proper use of the rest periods is all for the better.

Of course I am not talking about the people who are all the time demanding shorter hours; who would work, or rather make a gesture at working, four or five hours a day and demand pay on a full day basis. Neither am I interested in the people who so spend their rest periods that they are unfitted for labor when they return to duty—worse off than if they had kept on. But I am contending that if one does his best he can do much more in fewer hours, certainly as a continous performance, and will as a general proposition keep fit much longer. It would seem that the Church people should heartily favor time off for frolicing on week days, so that there would be less excuse for Sabbath profanation; and they could the more consistently demand a strict observance of the Sabbath.

I used to think, and do yet, that the old-timers were a little extreme about Sabbath observance. They meant well, but to many young folks it was a day of gloom. Attendance on church and Sunday school wasn't so bad on occasion, for that was an outing and going to church was about all the outing that one had in the times under discussion. But the rest of the day, when small children wanted to play, even in a

subdued way; or at least wanted to stroll in the woods and fields, to be compelled to stay close and look at books that didn't interest you at all —that suggested to many a small boy the idea of running away, going West to grow up with the country. The reaction from these strict ways was inevitable. It has gone to the other extreme in many instances. Preachers and prominent laymen—Church officials—now do things on the Sabbath Day, such as riding about in automobiles, etc., that would have resulted in "sessioning" the humblest member guilty of such practices in the old days. Get me. I am not setting a standard of Sunday observance for anybody. Just how far one may go without violating the commandment I confess I have been unable to determine after some study of the subject; and I think most folks, preachers and lay alike, have varying views on the subject, governed largely by training and environment. There be those who damn the automobile because the machine is used for Sabbath desecration, as they see it, and has been utilized for immoral purposes. That's nonsense, of course. It isn't the fault of the automobile if it is put to bad use. The horse could be, and was before the advent of the automobile, utilized for just such purposes.

But I have wondered afiled. I only intended to say to my good friends, the colonel and the doctor, especially the latter, that things are breaking my way; anl I feel that the break is all to the good.

MATHEMATICAL EXPERT.

"If it were possible for a man to fly such distance, he could leave Gaston County with a ball of yarn representing the total yarn production of Gaston County for 12 months and before the ball was exhausted he could do the following: Wrap a strand around. Venus and Mercury, switch back past the Earth and do the same to Mars, Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune, circle the moon 16 times, wrap one strand around the sun. Returning to earth he could lay a double track of eighty-ply cotton yarn from New York to San Francisco. Starting at the Golden Gate on a world tour, he could present a pair of hose, made from this Gaston county yarn, to every girl and woman in Japan, China, India, France, Greece, Germany, the Balkins, Poland and England. Returning to New York he would still have enough of the cotton yarn to provide a gingham dress for the wife of every Governor, Congressman and Senator in the United States...And then there would be enough remaining, if manufactured into mercerized goods imitation silk, to weave a gossamer shawl and a rainbow garland for every angel that stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops of America."—Editor Atkins telling of Gaston county, at the Press Association. If this ball pilot were to connect with Kannapolis in Cabarrus he'd have towels enough to supply the natives of all the inhabitants of the worlds he visited.

THE STORY OF LAFAYETTE.

By Alma Holman Burton.

The chateau of Chavaniac was in the province of Auvergne, in the south part of France. It was a lofty castle, with towers and narrow windows from which cannon once frowned down upon besieging foes. There was a deep moat around it, with a bridge which was drawn up in time of war, so that no man, on horseback or on foot, could pass in at the gate without permission of the guard.

Low hills, crowned with vineyards, stood near the castle, and beyond the hills stretched mountains whose peaks seemed to pierce the sky. In all France there was not a more charming spot than Chavaniac; and among all the nobles of the court there was no braver man than its master, the Marquis de Lafayette.

One day the drawbridge was let down over the moat, and the gallant marquis rode away to the war in Germany. After taking part in several engagements, he was shot through the heart in a skirmish at Minden. His comrades buried him on the field. The drums were muffled, the band played a funeral dirge, and three rounds of musketry announced that the hero's body had been lowered into the grave.

In the midst of the mourning for the dead marquis, on September 6, 1757, his only son was born.

The little orphan, according to the custom in France, recieved a long name at his christening, but his loving mother said that his everyday name should be Gilbert de Lafayette.

When Gilbert was old enough, his mother walked with him instead of leaving him to the care of servants. Sometimes they climbed a high hill to see the sun set over the towers of the chateau. Then she told him how the De Lafayettes, long before Columbus discovered America, had helped to banish the English kings from France, and how his own father had died for the glory of his country.

Sometimes as they walked through the halls of the castle, she showed Gilbert the coats of mail which his ancestors had worn; and she told him about the swords and banners and othe trophies which the De Lafayettes had won in battle.

"I would not have you less brave than they, my son," she would say.

The boy longed for the time to come when he might show his mother how very brave he was. He grew tall and strong, and carried himself like a prince. He wanted to be worthy of his great ancestors.

The year he was eight, there was much excitement about a wolf which prowled in the forest, killing the sheep in the pastures and frightening the peasants nearly out of their wits. Gilbert made this wolf the objects of all his walks. He would persuade his mother to sit in some shady spot, while he should go a little way into the forest.

"I will return in an instant, dear mother," he always said; and, lest he might alarm her, he walked quite slowly until a turn in the road hid him from view. Then he marched quickly into the dark woods.

He did this for many days, seeing

only frisking squirrels and harmless rabbits. Bnt one morning, as he sped along a narrow path, his eyes wide open and his ears alert to catch every sound, he heard a cracking in the underbrush.

The wolf was coming! He was sure of it. His mind was made up in an instant. He would spring forward quicker than lighting and blind it with his coat, while with his arms he would choke it to death.

"It will struggle hard," he though. "Its feet will scratch me, but I shall not mind; and when all is over, I shall drag it to the feet of my mother. Then she will know, and the peasants will know, that I can rid the country of these pests."

He stood listening. His breath came fast. Again he heard the breaking of the bushes. "I ought first to suprise the beast by coming upon it quickly," he whispered.

He tore offl his coat and held it firmly as he hurried on. Soon he saw the shaggy hide, and the great eyes shining through. the thicket He leaped forward with outstretched coat, and—what do you think?—he clasped in his arms a calf that had strayed from the barnyard!

It was a rude disappointment for the boy. He returned to his mother, who was already alarmed at his absence, and confessed that he tried to kill the wolf, but had found only a calf.

"Ah, you were brave, my son," she cried; "I am quite sure that you would have ended the days of that terrible wolf, had he but given you the chance."

II. LAFAYETTE AND AMERICA

The young Marquis de Lafayette was a born soldier. He loved to hear the boom of cannon and the rattle of muskets on the drill ground. When he was just nineteen years old, he became a captain of an artlilery company.

But he said to himself, "Kings make war for conquest. I wish that I might enlist and serve for a more worthy object."

That same year an English nobleman, the royal Duke of Gloucester, chanced to visit France. He had displeased his brother, King George III, and for that reason had been banished from England.

Lafayette attended a dinner party given in honor of the royal guest. While they sat about the table, eating and drinking, a guard announced that a messenger was at the door with dispatches for his royal Highness.

"Ah, news from England!" exclaimed the duke.

"Show the man in," ordered the officer in command.

A courier, with dust on his garments, entered the room, and, bowing low, delivered a bundle of letters.

"I beg your Highness to read without ceremony." said the commander.

The duke glanced over the papers for some time in silence. He looked grave. At last he said, "My courier has brought dispatches about our colonies in America."

"Ah," said one, "are the colonies acting badly?"

"Yes, they demand to vote their own taxes."

"How absurd! Why, the people in France do not vote their own taxes."

"You must know," said the duke,

"that many years ago one of the kings of England gave a charter to our people, which granted them the right to impose their own taxes. They now elect representatives to a paraliament, where they decide how much money should be used by the government"

"What do these Americans complain of, then?" asked Lafayette.

"Taxation without representation," answered the duke. "They insist that, as loyal subjects, they should be allowed either to send representatives to our parliament, or have a parliament of their own. Neither privilege has been granted. Our parliament imposes taxes on them, and when they refuse to pay the taxes, the king sends soldiers to force them to do so. These dispatches inform me that the rebels have driven our troops out of a town called Boston, and that delegate from the thirteen colonies have met at another town called Philadelphia and adopted a declaration of independence." After a pause, the duke added, "I am not so sure, gentlemen, but the American are in the right. They are fighting as freeborn Englishmen."

"The Americans are in the right," said Lafayette to himself; and, while the other officers were making merry, he was silent. As soon as he could do so, he excused himself from the table. He hastened to his room and locked the door.

"This is, indeed, the hour I have sought," he murmured.

He sat down to think. Presently he arose and paced the floor until it was almost morning. When, at last, he threw himself on the bed to sleep, he had resolved to leave the pleasure of rank and fortune, that he might use his sword in the defense of liberty.

About this time the American Congress sent Silas Deane to France to seek aid; and Lafayette asked Baron de Kalb to go with him to visit the envoy.

De Kalb, who could speak both English and French, told Silas Deane that the Marquis de Lafayette wished to join the American army.

"We have no money to pay our officers," said Deane.

"I will serve without money," repeated De Kalb after Lafayette.

"We have no ship to carry you or your men," said Deane.

"I will buy a ship," was the answer.

Still the Americans hesitated to accept the services of such a boyish-looking officer.

But in the end Silas Deane gave Lafayette a contract to sign, in which Lafayette promised to serve in the army of the United States whenever he was wanted

When the venerable Benjamin Franklin came to Paris, Lafayette was the first to greet him. He was enchanted with the famous philosopher, whose simple manners and plain dress befitted well the herald of a republic.

"Now, indeed, is our time of need," said Franklin. Lafayette waited to hear no more. He bought a ship and ordered it to be equipped.

The voyage across the ocean was stormy and long. Lafayette spent most of the time trying to learn to speak English.

His good ship Victory cast anchor

near Charleston, South Carolina, and the party landed about midnight.

They found shelter at a farmhouse, and, on the following day, proceeded to Charleston. There Lafayette purchased carriages and horses to ride nine hundred miles to Philadelphia, where the Continental Congress was in session. When the carriages broke down because of the bad roads, the officers mounted the horses and continued their journey.

"I am more determined than ever," he said to De Kalb, "to help these people preserve the liberties they have enjoyed."

He reached Philadelphia on July 27, 1777.

III. LAFAYETTE AND WASHINGTON

When Lafayette first met Washington, he knew him at once by his noble face. Washington invited the young Frenchman to cross the Delaware to see his army. When Lafayette arrived at the camp in New Jersey, the troops were on the drill ground. Many of them were ragged and barefooted. Even the officers lacked suitable uniforms, and the guns were of all shapes and sizes.

"We should be embarrassed at thus showing ourselves to a French officer," said Washington.

"Ah!" replied Lafayette, with tears in his eyes; "men who fight for liberty against such odds will be sure to win."

Washington was so pleased with the modest zeal of the young marquis that he made him one of his aides.

General Howe sailed to Chesapeake Bay, and landing, marched to attack Philadelphia. Washington, with his army, went to meet him, and there was a terrible battle near Brandywine Creek.

Lafayette was in the thickest of the fight until he was forced to fall back, on account of having recieved a musket ball in the calf of his leg.

"Take care of the marquis as though he were my own son." said Washington to the surgeon.

The wound confined Lafayette to his bed for six weeks. When he was again able to mount a horse, he led an expedition against a post of the Hessians with such skill that he was given command of the Virginia militia.

After some battles around Philadelphia, Washington made his winter quarters at Valley Forge, about twenty miles away.

This was in the winter of 1777 The weather was very severe. Some of the soldiers were without shoes, and their feet bled as they walked over the frozen ground; yet, all through the stormy days, the little army drilled and worked at the fortifications, while at night, those without blankets sat around the camp fires to keep from freezing to death. Lafayette, who had been used to luxuries all his life, willingly shared these hardships, and went limping about from tent to tent with a pleasant word for everybody.

Now, all this time, Benjamin Franklin was at Paris, working for the colonists. But he almost despaired of securing aid from France. One day, as he sat alone wondering what plan he must next pursue, an American courier arrived from Bos-

ton. Franklin met him at the door.

"Sir," he asked, without waiting for the man to speak, "is Philadelphia captured?"

"It is, sir," answered the courier. Franklin turned sadly away. All seemed lost.

"But, sir, I have better news!" exclaimed the courier, and he showed dispatches from Congress which told of the battle of Saratoga and of Burgoyne's surrender.

Franklin was overjoyed, and hastened to court with the news.

"Really," said the king to himself, "this is the time to give John Bull a fine dose of bitters; these rebels may yet become a great nation." And so he acknowledged the independence of the United States.

Time passed, and at length all Europe was awaiting events on two rivers in America. The Hudson, in the north, lay between Clinton and Washington; in the south, the James held on its banks the opposing armies of Cornwallis and Lafayette.

Cornwallies threw up fortifications at Yorktown and moved his camp there.

Soon the French fleet moved up Chesapeake Bay and anchored before Yorktown. Lafayette marched nearer and nearer, until Cornwallis was surrounded by land and sea.

Lafayette was urged to make attack at once. It was a temptation for the young major-general. But when he tought of the patient commander in the north, who had borne the burdens of the long war, he said: "No; I shall await the arrival of Washington. To him alone should belong the honor of giving Cornwallis this final blow."

Meanwhile, Washington left the Hudson, and when the united armies, under his command, stood in front of Yorktown, Layfette's divison was the first to storm the redoubts.

Cornwallis surrendered October 19, 1781. This ended the war, and America was free.

Lafayette returned to France. Honors were showered upon the hero, but he modestly declared that the credit of the victory belonged to Washington.

Before the Virginia Bar Association this morning Sherman L. Whipple, noted Boston lawyer who made an unsuccessful effort to secure the Democratic nomination for Senator last year, will discuss the question, "Is Our Profession Becoming Unduly Commercialized?" It is the trouble with many men in all professions, calling the occupations that they are unduly commercialized. Men think of pecuniary profit more than of spiritual profit. Maybe the lawyers are a little worse in this respect than some other folks. They do at times set an unconscionably high estimate on the value of theiir services. But all professions are more or less tarred with the same stick.—News & Observer.

I AM AN AMERICAN.

By Elias Liberman.

I am an American.
My father belongs to the Sons of the Revolution;
My mother, to the Colonial Dames.
One of my ancestors pitched tea overboard in Boston Harbor
Another stood his ground with Warren;
Another hungered with Washington at Valley Forge.
My forefathers were America in the making;
They spoke in her council halls;
They died on her battlefields;
They commanded her ships;
They cleared her forests.
Dawns reddened and paled.
Stanch hearts of mine beat fast at each new star
In the nation's flag.
Keen eyes of mine foresaw her greater glory;
The sweep of her seas,
The plenty of her plains,
The man-hives in her billion-wired cities.
Every drop of blood in me holds a heritage of patriotism.
I am proud of my past.
I am an American.

I am an American.
My father was an atom of dust,
My mother a straw in the wind,
To his serene majesty.
One of my ancestors died in the mines of Siberia;
Another was crippled for life by twenty blows of the knout;
Another was killed defending his home during the massacres.
The history of my ancestors is a trial of blood
To the place of the Great White Czar.
But then the dream came—
The dream of America.
In the light of the Liberty torch
The atom of duct became a man
And the straw in the wind became a woman
For the first time.
"See," said my father, pointing to the flag that fluttered near,
"That flag of stars and stripes is yours;
It is the emblem of the promised land,
It means, my son, the hope of humanity.
"Live for it—die for it!"
Under the open sky of my new country I swore to do so;

And every drop of blood in me will keep that vow.
I am proud of my future.
I am an American.

WILD RIDE DOWN MOUNTAIN.

Josh Horne is a popular newspaper man of Rocky Mount. He was attending the Press Association at Blowing Rock. He is so good natured and big that everybody tries at times to fall across his bosom and twit him. Another genial newspaper fellow is John A. Livingston, connected with the Raleigh News & Observer. He tells this story on Horne:

Paul Revere's ride may have been more historic but it certainly wasn't half as thrilling as one Josh Horne, Rocky Mount publisher, took the past week.

Coasting down a mountain in an automobile is thrilling enough to the novice from the lowlands without having a driver who delights in taking sharp turns on high geaf.

When Horne left Blowing Rock after attending the press convention he had just two hours in which to cover the forty-three miles to Hickory to catch a train for the east.

No Longer In Hurry

Horne was afraid the driver would not realize the necessity of getting to Hickory on time but he soon lost sight of that fear. He had increasing fears that he might soon make connection for another country far away from this mundane sphere.

As the car swung around a sharp curve Horne was particularly impressed with a three thousand feet precipice that stretched down into a mountain stream.

"Say, Mister, I don't have to make that train; tomorrow will do just as well," Horne remarked dubiously.

Stepping on the Gas

The driver without batting an eye bore down on the gas and the automobile shot around another one of those curves. Two thousand feet of thin atmosphere was all that Horne saw on the down side of the mountain.

"Say, Mister, did you know that last year 3,787 people were killed by gas, and that 17 of them were asphyxated, 21 died in gas explosions, and that 3,749 were killed by stepping on the gas?" Horne queried the driver.

No response from the driver. He was too busy negotiating another curve. The back wheels skidded six inches; if they had skidded a foot the car would have rolled down a thousand feet before hitting anything solid.

Talking Does No Good

"Haven't you got any parachutes?" Horne asked as another one of the zig-zag curves was reached, and he looked down the dizzy depths below.

It wasn't time for the driver to talk. He was bound to make the curve on high or he would be disgraced.

Horne saw it was no use. He was wasting breath. He became resigned to any fate. On and on the car coasted down deep inclines, around

sharp curves, zig-zagging its way. Toward the bottom there was one of theos dirt shelves on the mountain side. It was built straight out to a point and almost at right angles to it was the road leading below. All the driver had to do run into nothingness was to keep straight ahead.

As the driver started to take the turn, he pointed over the side of the road.

"Man run off there last week," the driver remarked.

"I am not interested in what happened last week," Horne replied, "I happen this week."

am more interested in what may

Within an hour the drop from the top of the mountain was over and Hickory was made without further difficulty.

OPTIMIST AND PESSIMIST.

(Monroe Journal)

"Twixt optimist and pessimist
The differences are droll;
The optimist sees the doughnut,
The pessimist the hole."

You will observe that the doughnut is always there. The optimist sees it and goes for it. The pessimist sees the hole and goes for it. They both get about what they hope for and try for, because hope is but desire and expectation combined.

Faith, say the scriptures, is the substance of things hoped for. The things hoped for are what you desire and expect.

Faith, therefore, is the confidence that you have that things you hope for will be achieved. Expecting the worst, the pessimist is able to achieve only the worst.

Journal readers will recall with pleasure the writings of the late Hosea Meiggs, who wrote for the paper from Wingate so long under the pen name of O. P. Timist. After he had become old and unable to work much, Mr. Meiggs was persuaded by The Journal to write for its readers, largely as a matter of amusement for himself at first. The result was that after he became unable to leave his home, and was expecting death most any time, he experienced some of the happiest days of his life. He adopted hope and optimism as his whole view of life. He inspired others with the same thought. His writings began to spread good cheer and sunshine far and wide. This made his neighbors and friends in turn think more and more of him and they began to admire his fortitude and bravery as never before and showered appreciation upon him. He was happy, in his old age as nothing else could have made him happy. He expected happiness, he desired friendship and good will, and he achieved them because he had faith in the philosophy of cheerfulness. Had he not believed in them and set out to realize them—in short, if he had not been a real optimist, he never would have achieved them. And long after he has gone many remember and appreciate what he thought, felt and said.

The late Col. Hotchkiss, of Buford township used to say that if you asked for "nawthin" you got "nawthin." It is the same rule of life. You get out of life what you put in it.

GREAT SOUTHERN INDUSTRY.

"I am profoundly grateful for the opportunity to be present at this meeting and I am warmly appreciative of the many courtesies that have been extended to me here today.

"As a native of Gaston county I always feel very much at home with any man or any group of men engaged in the textile business. Down at Gastonia we claim the distinction of living in 'the combed yarn center of the south,' and most of our people are connected in a very intimate way with the cotton manufacturing industry. We are proud to claim your past president, Arthur Dixon, as one of our most popular and substantial citizens, and Marshall Dilling who is prominent in this association is even more prominent as one of the leading textile men of Gaston county. One of the ablest and most conspicuous figures in your association is also a Gastonia man. I refer to that fine gentleman, Mr. A. B. Carter, your present secretary.

Knows Mill Workers.

"Since my boyhood I have known the cotton mill superintendents and foremen of my native county of Gaston and during the 16 years in which I have practiced law there we have been bound together in bonds of warm friendship and love. In private life I have been very close to them and they have been my most loyal friends; as a public servant I have done all in my power to co-operate with them; and they have been unfailing in their support. And so my friends, for this reason alone, it is peculiarly a delight for me to be present with you here and talk to you at this time.

"I cannot discuss with you your technical questions but I do know something of the great human problems of your industry and the important part you play in the solution of these problems. I do not know so much about the spindles and looms in your mills but I do know something about the humanity in these mills and I know that hundreds and thousands of men and women and children look to you men who are here today for help and advice.

"When I think of your patient, unassuming good fellows of the cotton mills and your achievements I pause in awe and in admiration. I think of the heavy responsibilities resting upon your shoulders and I marvel at the scope of your influence. You who have a first-handed touch with the people of your mills have the responsibility of meeting the great human problems of the cotton mill industry. The opportunity is yours to serve yourselves, your company, your people and your country. The prosperity of the southland largely depends on your energy and industry for when the people invest their hundreds of millions in cotton mills they depend upon you with your ability to make the investment a good one.

Natural Advantages.

"The south with its natural advantages is inevitably the future home of the textile businss because here is an abundance of available labor, proximity to an abundance of raw cotton and an inexhaus-

tible supply of electric power. Yours is the greatest business in the south today, the business of turning broom sage fields into thriving manufacturing communities. By your tireless research you are multiplying the economic wealth of your country and in this way have been sanction and heartiest approbation, but let me express the sincere hope that you will not neglect the opportunity of raising the level of citizenship and public wholesomeness in the communities where your influence counts for so much. I am indeed proud to say that in no section of the United States do better conditions exist among textile workers than in my native county of Gaston where labor troubles are unknown and where the music of whirring spindles is wafted to the ears of a happy and contented people by every breeze that blows.

"There was a time in the history of this country when the manufacturer did not look beyond the money he paid his employes; he neither knew nor cared how thy lived and as for playgrounds and community houses, they never crossed his mind. The times have changed, the textile working population has increased and the manufacturer has realized that places of recreation must be provided for the employes of his mills if the best results are to be obtained. He has learned that production increase with the betterment of working conditions.

Confidence of Community.

"I know many mill superintendents in my county who command the love and respect of the people whose labors they direct and whose confidence they have gained. They are using their influence to exert a steadfast power for good among their people. You superintendents and foremen, what a glorious opportunity for service is yours. You stand as the connecting link between the manufacture and the operative whose toil and industry make possible the production of one of the great necessities of life. Your powerful influence can make thousands of workers better and more home-loving and more lawabiding citizens for your country. Yours is the duty and the God-given privilege to help protect the purity and the sancity of thousands of homes. Of you, my friends, wise judgement is demanded.

"Sympathy, co-operation and discretion are needed, because to your care many young women and men are committed. You can by your own example, teach a respect for the law that will be far reaching in its effect on this country, for in your official capacity you are often the reconcilers of differences and the guarantors of individual right. You can often guide those that are tempted and recall to the true path those that are led astray. You must realize that you are more than textile experts, that whatever contribution this great southern industry is to make to the prosperity, welfare and happiness of the people of the south will largely come from your valiant and conscientious efforts. One of the laudable objects of this association is to "bring the men in charge of the operation of the mills into a closer relationship with each other and with their employers and employes." This closer relationship and mutual understand-

ing must be encouraged and promoted if the cotton mill industry is to bring material blessings to our people, and you superintendents and overseers are the diplomats charged with the responsibility.

"Such, my friends, is the conception I have of your great work and your important duties and obligations. You are serving the south and through her humanity. May you take no backward step, but press onward and upward until every burden of whatever kind is forever lifted from every home, and that 'golden sunbeams' are scattered everywhere by your kind works."—Speech of Solicitor John G. Carpenter of Gastonia, before the Textile Manufacturers.

HOW CALCIUM-MOLASSES WORKS.

Eugene Aschraft in the Monroe Enquirer delivers himself as follows:

"Mr. C. H. Richardson, of Monroe, is convinced that calcium-molasses actually is boll weevil poison. On his farm about one mile south of town he recently observed the action of weevil after his tenants had given a cotton field a going over with the mixture.

Mrs. Boll Weevil gaily tackled a drop of dope. She smacked her lips and took another drink of the sweetened mixture. Mr. Richardson did not exactly say so, but it is to be presumed the little pest acted like a glutton. Then she put her front paws to her stomach, rolled her eyes around as much as to say, "Well, what do you know about that?"

Not being satified another sip of them molasses was had. Then it was that Mrs. Weevil fairly stood on her hind legs and danced a jig exclaiming, "Doctor, doctor, come here quick; Coker's mixture done made me sick."

The life work of puncturing squares and laying of eggs were forgotten—the old lady was plum sick—down and out, so to speak.

Mr. Richardson could not stay longer as it was getting about dinner time, but he placed a paper under the cotton stalk which had been the happy home of the prospective progenitress of prolific progeny. Next day the lanlord returned, and there lay the little brown-black bug on her back cold, stark and stiff and no mourners to be found, for all her kindred had likewise been bumped off for a season at least."

DO WOMEN FAIL AS CITIZENS.

By Ellis Meredith

Already there are not wanting those who tell us in mournful numbers that women have "failed as citizens." The world, these complainers complain, goes on in much the same way as before their enfranchisement, and so far they have done little beyond rooting for remedical legislation, such as the Maternity and Infancy bill and the Independent Citizenship bill for women.

Constance Drexel, in an article recently appearing in Collier's, finds that the Joint Congressional Commit-

tee is "afraid of tackling our big problems and is fretting away its influence on a lot of bills which are trivialties in comparison with the difficulties facing the nation and the world today."

Well, well, I say, isn't that to bad! Who would have thought women would be so different from men! Everyone must have noticed how nobly our legislative statesmen, whether in Congress or the several state legislatures, brush aside all the small personal-pie-and-graft bills to devote themselves to the great fundamental problems which involve our national and international relations. Everyone must have commented on the single-hearted eargerness of the masculine half of the nation to get right down to brass tacks and come to grips with real things.

Suppose the women have "soft pedaled" on public issues and have refrained from even the appearance of trying to dictate. Had they done otherwise, they would not have. They must work together and they have known just about how far they could push the legislation in which they are especially interested.

While the Republican Party works overwhelmingly in control doubtless many Republican women expected it to enact all the legislation they demanded, but experience should have taught them that their party is much more amendable to suggestion when it is not having everything its own way. When the next session of Congress convenes there is every promise that things on Capitol Hill will prove interesting.

As far as her advice to women is concerned, however, the author is right in saying that "women might as well go into their own parties."

Certainly if they hope to have any voice in determining policies and deciding which of the "big problems" they want their parties to tackle, there is nowhere else for them to go.

Nothing is more fallacious than the idea that the way to be influential is to be "exclusive" and "independent." It doesn't get a fellow anywhere. If you want to have any influence with your party, don't get a hold of bricks and throw them at the party as it passes by. Bring them right inside and use them for building purposes.

If the men and women who find fault with politicians would devote just a little more time to straightening up the corner where they are, there would be no chances for crooked politics in this country.

There are great things for women to do and I believe the Democratic Party offers them the one real opportunity to come in on the ground floor and have a hand and a voice in deciding the policies on which the party is to go forward.

"People seldom improve when they have no model but themselves to copy."—Goldsmith.

ALL ABOUT ANTS.

By Alice Lloyd Gregory

When you come to think of it, there is no insect more wonderful than the tiny ant that is to be found in every dooryard of the land. The habits of these little creatures have attracted the attention of even the greatest of naturalists and are deserving of much more thought than it is our custom to give them. Since the days of Solomon they have been considered an emblem of industry and foresight

Like the bees and the wasps the ants are social insects, living in colonies and having highly specialized workers. The divison of labor that is found in their communities is truly remarkable, and perhaps equalled by none. The homes of most common species consist of underground galleries with enlarged store rooms for their food, and nurseries for the absolutely helpless young. The inhabitants of an ant-hill are the winged males and females, and the wingless workers. Of the latter there are usually two classess. They are the workers major and the workers minor.

The chief duties in an ant community are the building and care of the home, the gathering of food, and the care of the larvae or grubs. Yet many specialized workers are employed for the performing of these humble tasks. The nurses feed the young and take them out for sun and air. The doorkeeper stands at the entrance and allows no one to come in without his consent. Other workers bring in the supplies; others act as officers when the line is on the march. It not infrequently happens that one tribe captures another and makes slaves of them, assigning all the labor of the household to them.

As there are so many interesting species of ants, it is perhaps best to describe each one in turn. Among the dooryard varieties is found the very curious habit of keeping cows. These are the aphids or plant lice, that secrete a honeydew of which the ants are especially fond. The tiny dairymen frequently provide elaborate stables for their herds, supplying them with both food and shelter. In return the aphide stimulated by a stroking movement of the antane of the ant, give up the honeydew to their protector. This is given off in such abundance that it is estimated that if an aphid were the size of a real cow it would give two thousand quarts a day.

When we consider this custom among our nearest neighbors, it is less surprising to learn of the agriculture ants, who cultivate their grain fields and harvest their crops after the fashion of human farmers. These no doubt are the ones of which the Wise King wrote in the Book of Proverbs. They are found not only in Mediterranean countries, but in our own southern states. The favorite food of these ants is a species of grass known as ant rice. Since a circle of it is always found about the entrance to their homes, it was formerly thought that they planted the crop as well as tended it.

Scientists have concluded, however, that this garden is but the result of discarding the sprouted grains at the doorway. For this the ants are

known to do. Having kept the weeds from the rice field and gathered the ripened grains, their labors do not cease. They must watch their stores most carefully, and carry the entire harvest out to sun in rainy weather. It is then that they discard the spoiled and sprouted seeds, that become the nucleus of their next season's garden. These farmers maintain a system of smooth, straight roads around their homes, no doubt for the use of the harvesters.

We have in our country a carpenter ant that is quite as remarkable as the one described above. The customary site for its home is in a tree stump, a beam, or even in a tree. Its sharp jaws serve as wood-working tools just as the farmer ant's served as hoes and weeders. It is able to construct palatial apartments in solid wood. To find a neater and more orderly carpenter would be difficult indeed. Every speck of sawdust is carried from sight and disposed of by certain workers assigned to the task. The story is told of two who carried their dust to the curbing of a city sidewalk and threw it into the gutter. Others who were located within a building were observed cleaning the sawdust from the stairs until they found that is was swept regularly, when all labors ceased.

Leaving our own country we find even more wonderful members of the ant family in foreign lands. In South America lives the parasol ant, so-called from its habit of carrying leaves into its home. For a long time scientists were puzzled as to what use was made of these leaves that the tiny creatures were constantly carrying. At last it was discovered that they were made into beds of mould for the growing of mushrooms, the underground homes being especially adapted for their culture. Of course, the mushrooms of the ants are a kind of fungus, producing the tiniest of white buttons. The larger workers made the beds and the minor ones gather the crop and feed the larvae upon it.

In the Amazon region is found another agricultural ant which seems to have no common name. This remarkable little creature constructs its home in the trees in the form of a hanging garden. It carries particles of earth and forms rounded masses on the branches. Within these it fashions galleries and passages strengthening them with a lining of paper-like material. When the home is completed the surface is sown with seeds of special plants brought from an older garden. Fourteen different kinds of plants have been found in these curious gardens. The ants tend them with care and are rewarded with shelter and with diminutive juicy fruits for their larder.

In the tropical countries the so-called foraging ants abound. They sally forth from their homes in vast columns for the purpose of gathering food. They are such fierce little soldiers that no one dares cross their line of march. However, they prove themselves the friend of man by their habit of entering houses and capturing all the insect inhabitants. They search every corner and crevice, capturing many noxious insects that are twice their own size. There are some species that go abroad in narrow columns with officers stationed on the sides, there are others that march in the form of a phalanx. The discipline in these ant armies is

truly wonderful, each member knowing its own place and its own work.

In Asia is found a species of ant that must be classed among the spining insect. It constructs a nest on the upper side of leaves or between two leaves, thus rendering it most inconspicuous. The interior of the home is lined with silk of the ants' own spinning, which closely resembles the texture of the spider's web. It has a neighbor that is not gifted with the faculty of spinning except in the larvae stage. So when the adult ants wish to construct a shelter among the leaves, a group of them hold together the edges of the leaves and another group brings the ant larva from the home nest to do the spinning for them. Just how the desires of the grown-up ants are conveyed to the tiny helpless grubs is not known.

However, it has been discovered of late that these insects have a voice, intelligible to other members of their tribe. This is produced not by a voice-box, but by parallel ridges on the sides of the thorax and the hind body. By working the body up and down these ridges are scraped together, so that they give forth a musical note, preceptible only to their own kind and to a few close observers. The principal of these curious noise-producing organs is not unlike that of playing upon a comb as many children do.

VALUABLE WORK DONE BY ELEPHANTS.

By Julia W. Wolfe

The writer not long since met a person who has traveled extensively in Burma and he describes the work done by elephants in that country. Not long ago there was talk of importing elephants to work in the fir and cedar forests of British Columbia, but because of the cold winter it was decided that the elephant could not live there.

An elephant can do more work in a day than an engine, when working in woods. A trained crew of seventy elephants can move fifteen or twenty carloads a day the same distance in the same time and at less cost than an engine. There is no forest obstacle than an average yarding engine can overcome that cannot be beaten by one elephant handling a log. Because of the possibilities of fires it seems improbable that the loggers of Burma will ever use such machinery as donkey engines. The forests of Burma are almost impenetrable jungles and water in many cases is several miles distant. As the government there insists that two trees shall be planted for every full grown one taken, a fire would be an enormous loss financially.

Burma, Siam and the northern province of India, together with the Dutch East Indies, contain practically all the teak wood in the world. Teak, you know, is one of the highest quality timbers in the world, ranking next to mahogany, ebony, etc. It is almost as pliable as cane, almost as hard as metal and is im-

pervious to corrosion and animal life by reason of its natural vegetable oils and low grade acids.

Teak is found in enormous forests, many miles in extent, on the higher lands of Burma. The Irrawaddy river runs through the center of this country and with its tributaries forms an ideal mode of transporting the logs from the forests to the mills and shipping centers.

The administration of the forest of Burma is under the supervision of the forestry department of the government whose offices are distributed to insure that the timber is felled and taken out with due regard to the permanency of the forests. Immature and thin timber is not allowed to be cut. The rule of replanting is strictly enforced, and means in the long run that the valuable teak wood supply is always at a constant level.

When it is decided to log in a certain part of the country, the company puts in a crew of natives, who proceed to the logging. First of all, the standing timber is carefully cruised, and the trees suitable for felling are selected and blazed When this is done these trees are incized at about three feet from the ground with a V-shaped notch from six to eight inches deep, and a piece of wire cable is then passed around the bottom of the notch and drawn extremely tight by means of a left and right-hand threaded turn-buckle, so as to prevent further sap running up. This girdle, as it is called, remains for two or three years. At the end of that time the tree is ready to be filled. This method is necessary, as teak containing sap will not float, and is not workable on account of its exceeding toughness when green.

The native fellers work with a peculiar type of cutting tool, shaped something after the style of a Ghurka's fighting knife. They chop with those axes at a very high rate of speed, and although each blow does not count for much, the rapidity with which they work fells a tree of equal growth and tougher wood in about the same time an American woodsman would do it. The cutting up process is much the same as that used in North American forests, with the exception that the saws used are of native type, being sprung between two frames.

Once the logs are felled the elephants and drivers come on the scene and lines are put upon the logs, when the elephants haul them to the shipping point on the logging railway where such exists; but more often to a dry creek bed or one very shallow. Here the logs are laid in the bed of the stream to await freshets which take them to the mouth of the main river.

In Burma from the time the log enters the water upon one of the tributaries of the Irrawady river, it generally takes about two years for it to reach the mill at tidewater. The first rains which bring down the floods pick up the logs in a jam and carry them down to the main river, which usually just about disposed of the available water of the season. The following season they go down the main stream properly boomed; but as the stream is very rapid the logs require no towing. On the back of the boom, the native log runners or boom tenders erect bamboo houses and take up their

residences.

The native labor in Burma, with the exception of a few capable natives (foremen) who get good pay, is composed of men recruited from the Madras presidency of India, the Malay States, and from Siam and Burma, who, though skilled workmen, recieve only about $2 a week pay. It costs about five cents a day for them to live.

A great many of the native workmen still have a deep-rooted objection to machinery. When one company introduced logging machinery a little while ago, the foremen were waited upon by the enormous timber crews who begged them to keep machinery out of the forests, promising they would in some way or another get out as many logs as the machine had been guaranteed to do. And, although some donkey engines have been introduced, the elephants and native help still largely hold the field, and no doubt always will.

One of the most picturesque sights in the world, says this traveler, is the elephants at work at the mouth of the Irrawaddy river, where the logs arrive. At the inlet the logs float in an undisturbed way, but here they are released from their enclosing boom chain. The elephants take the logs out of the water and pile in the mill-yards such logs as are not required for immediate sawing, and which may be stored for a year or more. A hundred elephants, all loyal, efficient workers, are occupied under the leadership of Joe. Joe is the senior elephant, and while he does no actual work, he is foreman of the herd, and sees to his job in an absolutely human manner, making the elephants do their work properly and keep good time. When the whistle blows at 5 a. m. Joe slips along the line of elephants, to superintend the setting out for the morning's work, and in less than three minutes the hundred or more elephants are on their way to the inlet, where they work in two lines. One line walks to the inlet, the other forms keeping up a continuous movement. Each elephant picks up in his trunk a selected log and goes along to the pile his driver guides him to; deposits his log on the pile, and then walks to the end of the pile, and sights along to see if his log be on straight. If it is not, he solemnly walks back and nudges it straight with his trunk, and then goes back to satisfy himself the log is straight. These elephants methodically pile the logs with due regard to size in the neatest manner, without human assistance, except that of the driver, who keep the elephants a corect distance apart. When the whistle blows for dinner the elephants instantly leave whatever they are doing, no matter where they are, and walk off to the feeding point. If an animal is in the creek with a log in his trunk, he drops it. If an animal is on his way to the pile with a log he drops it. If he is at the pile straightening logs, he stops immediately, whether the log is straight or not, and goes back, when the whistle blows again, and takes up the task where he left off. Most of these animals have been in service a score of years, many longer. Joe has been at the yard for sixty-one years. Recruits are all trained by Joe, and he does his work well.

Whether in forest or mill-yard, the elephants work methodically, and in such a manner that they show they understand throughly what is

required of them. And it is probably for many years to come these majestic monsters will continue to serve man in those far-away timber countries, where timber is conserved in a manner from which we of America might learn many lessons.

FORT TICONDEROGA.

By Charles A. Ingraham

The eminent English divine, Dean Stanly, who visited Ticonderoga in 1878, said that next to Niagara it was the most interesting place in this country. When the history of this old Fortress is thoughtfully considered, it will be acknowledged that the remark was in a way justified. Commanding as it did the upper Champlain-Hudson valley and the "Grand Carry" to Lake George, it was a strategic point of incalculable value—a focal and even buring point—in the history of America. The French first discovered and employed its military advantages and began erecting here in 1755 a fortification composed wholly of logs, naming it Fort Carillon, the word standing for "chime of bells," and it was thus called from the musical sound of adjacent waterfalls. For the stream forming the outlet of Lake George, which is four miles in length and now known as "Ti Creek," enters Lake Champlain just south of the Fort and its rushing rapids and falls can be heard there.

Lake Champlain is here quite narrow and the fort stands on a spur projecting into the water from the west side, while the pointed portion is a high, rocky cliff. The English, however, called the stronghold Fort Ticonderoga, an Indian name signifying "between two lakes," and after its capture by them in 1759, under General Amherst, they rebuilt it of stone.

It will be possible here to but very briefly sketch the leading events in the history of this famed fortress. In the year 1757 the French General Montcalm left its walls where he had collected an army of 9,000 men, and proceeding up Lake George took Fort William Henry, located at its southern end, and which was commanded by the English Colonel Monro. Great interest attaches to this siege and surrender owing to the refusal of General Webb at Fort Edward, fourteen miles away, to send reinforcements to the beleaguered garrison, the massacre of many of the English prisoners by Montcalm's Indians, and the employment of the events by Cooper in his novel, "The Last of the Mohicans."

The English colonial government was now thoroughly awake to the importance of Fort Ticonderoga as being the key-point for the control of the Hudson valley and the lakes, and in the following summer General Abercrombie with 16,000 men was intrusted with the expedition designed for the capture of the fortress. Embarking his army at Fort William Henry he proceeded down Lake George, making a grand display as his fleet of more than a thousand batteaux, with their flags and

glittering weapons, moved over the peaceful waters. But on the 8th of July, after a bloody and fruitless attack on the out-works west of the fort, the English were repulsed with a loss of 2,000 men. The brilliant General Montcalm commanded the French, displaying with a much smaller force, far more ability than his antagonist, who neglected to occupy Sugar Loaf Hill, from which, with his artillery he might have advantageously assailed the enemy's works. Many interesting episodes are associated with this ill-starred campaign, prominent among which is the tragic story of an English officer, Major Duncan Campbell, and the fall of the popular British General Lord Howe. But in the year following, 1759, General Amherst with 11,000 men, took Fort Ticonderga without resistance on the part of the French, who evacuated the works upon the approach of the English.

Very early in the Revolution it was deemed prudent to secure possession of the fort before the British could heavily garrison it, and hence it was easily taken by Ethen Allen and a small party of the Green Mountain Boys on the night of May 10, 1775. So sudden and unexpected was the appearance of Allen and his men that the Commandant, aroused in the night from sleep and paralyzed with fear, surrendered the fort without the firing of a gun. This adventure, alone, so famous has it become, with the sublime words with which Colonel Allen demanded the giving over of the fortress—"In the name of the great Jehovah and the Continental Congress"—would make make Ticondoroga forever memorable. Concerning this popular historic character, Washington Irving, in his Life of Washington, says:

"He had a kind of rough eloquence that was very effective with his followers. 'His style,' says one who new him personally, 'was a singular compound of local barbarisms, scriptural phrases, and oriental wildness; and though unclassic, and sometimes ungrammatical, was highly animated and forcible.' Washington in one of his letters, says there was 'an original something in him which commanded admiration.'"

General Burgoyne who in his march of invasion two years later, which was intended to strike a death-blow to the colonists by separating the northern and southern portions of the country, appeared before Fort Ticonderoga on June 30, 1777. He was at the head of an army of about 8,500 men, while General Arthur St. Clair could muster for the defense of the fort but 3,500 troops, and these poorly equipped. He was, however, prepared to offer a stubborn resistance, till the British, having observed the strategic advantage of Sugar Loaf Hill, hauled artillery to its summit under cover of darkness and made ready to bombard the American works with plunging shot. That St. Clair had not occupied this eminence was perhaps due to his not having trroops to spare with which to man the outpost; but Abercrombie, in the previous war, had both the guns and the men, yet he did not avail himself of the height, much to the relief of Montcalm.

Evacuation was now considered by St. Clair and his officers the only alternative, and spiking the guns the

garrison left the Fort on the night of July 5. Sugar Loaf Hill, called by the British Mount Defiance, is located 1,400 yards south of the fort and has an elevation of 750 feet. The American general was much censured for abandoning the fort, while the news of its fall caused great rejoicing in England; but in the light of subsequent events it was better thus for the cause of the colonists; for proceeding labriously over obstructed roads and throug a naked country into the wilderness, Burgoyne's decimated army, far from Canada, was surrounded and compelled to surrender.

The British left a garrison at Ticonderoga and the American General, in order to make a diversion in Burgoyne's rear, sent Colonel John Brown with 500 men to attempt the recovery of the stronghold. In this he failed, but he released 100 American prisoners, took 290 British into custody and captured 200 bateaux, besides other vessels. With the surrender of Burgoyne, the garrison dismantled the fort and fled toward Canada.

Still once more the old fortress was for a time the scene of military life, when in 1780 a detachment of British soldiers occupied it and made some inconsequential demonstrations to the south, but with their departure the famed citadel of the north was left to dream of its tragic history its walls tottered to ruin.

No Revolutionary fortification, however, have been so much restored as those of Ticonderoga, Fort Putnam and the batteries at West Point, excepted. This property came into the ownership of the Pell family of New York in 1806, only twenty-three years after the close of the war, and since that time the fort and surrounding lands have been uninterruptedly in their possession. Not only has a large portion of the walls been rebuilt and many guns procured and mounted, the West Barrack 1:40A
ed, but the redoubts and ot 2:37A
outside have been carefully 5:12A
ed. Many French English :32A
American military relics have bee
unearthed and are still being discovered and these, together with boooks, manuscripts, paintings and other associated memorials may be viewed by visitors in the museum of the West Barracks.

Just north of the fort and on the lakeshore is the fine old Pell mansion, built in 1826, and here may be seen the old garden planned and cultivated by the French during their occupancy. Extensive meadow lands north of the fort add t the beauty of the place.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Pressly Mills

The new granary is nearly finished. Fifteen or twenty workmen are working daily and the structnre is rapidly being built. It will probably be finished in about three weeks.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The carpenter shop boys are being kept busy making boxes, in which the potatoes that were har-

vested last week, are being put. About eight hundred boxes have already been made.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Master Solomon Thompson is spending a short visit with his relatives, who live in Durham.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Master David York has been installed on the car job. He drives the school car and succeeds Master Kelma Smith.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Master Cecil Trull has gone to his home for a short visit. His is the [illegible] is sick and this accounts officer, M[illegible]acation.
the fall
eral [illegible]

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Master Elvin Green and Master Purl Graham have been placed in the bakery. They are learning fast and they will soon be good bakers.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Master Henry Brewer and Master Ervin Cole have returned to the institution from Concord, where they had undergone operations for appendicitis.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The following boys received visits from their relatives and friends last Wednesday: Earl Houser, Lee Yow, William Buchanan, Howard Riggs, Paul Camp and Odell Ritchie.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Cloer are spending their vacation away from the institution. Mr. Paul Cloer, of Salisbury, has charge of the Mecklenburg Cottage until the return of Mr. Cloer, which will be on the third of August.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Rev. Mr. Myers, of Concord, delivered an interesting sermon in the Auditorium last Sabbath afternoon. His text was taken from Psalms 8-4; "what is man that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man that thou visitest him?"

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Last Saturday morning, when the cottage lines assembled at the tree, the boys were surprised to see Dr. Buchanan, of Concord, waiting to vaccinate them for typhoid fever. About two hundred boys were vaccinated that morning. They will be vaccinated each Saturday for two weeks.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Last Saturday afternoon the officers of the institution played and defeated the boys in a nine inning game of base ball. The boys knocked Mr. Kennett from the box in the fourth inning. Many errors were made by both teams.

Score by Inniugs

	R	H	E
Officers—001 107 332	17	12	11
Boys——512 410 111	16	10	14

Batteries—Kennett, Russell and Alexander; Everhart and Cook.

Two-base hits—Cook, Everhart, Hobby, Godown and Grier. Three base hits—Scott, Groover, and Everhart. Stolen base—Hobby, Wilson, Godown and Shipp. Struck out—by Kennett, 2; by Russell, 7; by Everhart' 5. Base on balls—off Everhart, 3. Umpires—Grier, Kennett and Talbirt.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

Passenger Train Schedules

Arrival and Departure of Passenger Trains, Concord, N. C.

LV.	NO.	BETWEEN	NO.	AR.
1:40A	30	New York-Birmingham	30	1:40A
2:37A	29	Birmingham-New York	29	2:37A
5:12A	44	Washington-Atlanta	44	5:12A
6:32A	31	Atlanta-New York	31	6:32A
8:41A	137	Atlanta-New York	137	8:41A
9:25A	11	Charlotte-Norfolk-Richmond	11	9:25A
10:55A	36	New York Birmingham-New Orleans	36	10:55A
3:20P	45	Washington-Charlotte	45	3:20P
3:45P	46	Charlotte-Danville	46	3:45P
7:10P	12	Norfolk-Richmond-Atlanta	12	7:10P
8:18P	32	New York-Augusta	32	8:18P
10:20P	35	Birmingham-New Orleans-New York	35	10:20P
9:45P	138	New York-Atlanta	138	9:45P
9:31P	135	Washington-Atlanta	135	9:31P

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Schedules published as information and are not guaranteed.

R. H. GRAHAM. D. P. A.,
Charlotte, N. C.

M. E. WOODY, Ticket Agent,
Concord, N. C.

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XI CONCORD, N. C. JULY 14, 1923 No. 35

TAKING A STAND.

"Boldness grows out of convictions and not out of circumstances. A person may be wrong, but if he thinks he is right he has all the conditions of unflinching courage. Why are we so timid? Why are we afraid to stand up like men and declare to others where we stand? Doubtless because we do not know ourselves where we stand. We are not quite sure what we believe. We are not impelled by a masterful conviction. We say "I think," instead of saying "I know."

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THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

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The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-setting by the Boys Printing Class. Subscription Two Dollars the year in Advance.

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GOT A HEART FOR THE RURALISTS.

North Carolina is a rural state. In order to retain this distinction the rural sections must keep pace. In this day men and women are not going to be satisfied on the land unless the land offers them some things worth while. Schools, churches, community interest, social possibilities, all things that go to make people satisfied and contented must be had and and these things are worth every cent they cost. The big modern school is more than a school house; it is a community center for old and young. A big modern school will be worth much to the fathers and mothers. The little weazley school is worth little to the children and practically nothing to the adults. Make the community school a community center, an asset for the community, a pleasure and delight to all.—Salisbury Post

A STURDY CITIZEN PASSES.

Saturday morning last, after a year of suffering with an affection of the heart, which baffled medical treatment only to prolong life, Mr. John A. Barnhardt, of Concord, peacefully passed away, at the age of 68. For a short time he had been a resident of Concord, moving here from Pioneer Mills, this county, where he wrought as a good and substantial citizen, enjoying the unlimited confidence of the poor as well as the well-to-do.

John Barnhardt was a model man, modest, sincere, faithful to every trust

and of oustanding integrity. There was nothing spectacular in his life, in his business endeavors, in his appearance before the public and in his devotion to his God—he went along attending to every duty as it presented itself in a natural and quiet manner. He had been a juror, a magistrate, a school committeeman, a county commissioner, a state senator, in all of which positions he rendered faithful and efficient service that reflected his great moral worth and his native ability.

He was the father of thirteen children, eleven of whom together with the widow survive. In this rearing of a big family of choice, most worthy and capable children, his sterling example and force of character shine. There is not in all the state a finer lot of offspring to testify, in their great moral worth, substantiability and high purposes, to the precepts in word and deed and example of godly, upright parents, meeting in full the obligations of parenthood.

Among the children are Mrs. Rev. Plyler, of the Greensboro Christian Advocate; Mr. John J. Barnhardt, of the Cannon Mills interests; Mrs. Chas. E. Boger, wife of Supt. Boger of the Jackson Training School; Mrs. W. H. Davidson, of Charlotte, and others, who have in their short lives reflected the glory of having a model father. These be jewels that count day after day, into eternity. Mr. Barnhardt's great financial success, large as it was, fades into insignificance when compared to his contribution of worthy and sturdy sons and daughters, educated and well-poised, to carry on in this world.

* * * * * * *

STATE GOVERNMENT.

News came out from one of the summer schools being conducted for the public school teachers that quite a number of the teachers could not tell in which congressional district they resided. Probably these people ignorant of their district assignment are like one of the high school officials who boasted that he did not read North Carolina papers or their editorials. That poor misguided fellow has been lying low ever since.

In all seriousness, since the purpose of the state in maintaining public schools is primarily to prepare the young for the duties of citizenship and fit them to meet the responsibilities and obligations of an enlightened citizen, more stress should be put upon the function of government, how conducted, the machinery for filling offices and the making of political divisions by which elections are held, etc. So little intrest is taken in reading current news, and, when done, it is so carelessly done that but few are impressed.

Now and then we hear of a school that occasionly adopts a newspaper as a

reading method. Safe to say that the principals of such schools read more than Mutt and Jeff in the paper and can tell in what congressional district they live. But how in the world could it be ascertained by the certification plan whether a teacher could name the state officers, the different congressmen or possesses a knowledge of many outstanding matters that go to make up the government of our great state?

* * * * * * *

THRIVES WITH THEM.

There is perhaps no institution in the state that enjoys such expressive and substantial friendships as does the Jackson Training School. The other day the field agent set about to find somebody to erect a large grandstand on our athletic field. Messrs. William H. Gibson, J. A. Cannon and George S. Kluttz stepped right up to the bat and donated all all the lumber for a building 35 X 100 feet. This made the project possible.

Now comes Mr. E. B. Grady, of Concord, who has made a number of substantial donations to the institution in the past, including two steel flag poles, one carrying old glory and the other the state flags at the entrance to the memorial bridge to the state's soldiers in the World War, and asks the privilege of fitting up one room under the grandstand with shower baths, lavatory and necessary toilets. He had no trouble in winning our consent. This valuable citizen of the community, modest and upright, remarked that "I got so much pleasure in donating the flag poles, and I want to make another investment that will give me continued satisfaction and joy."

Friends! Why, every man, woman and child that comes into an intelligent knowledge of the great work being done at the Jackson Training School, becomes a genuine friend and begins at once to find out something to do to advance its material equipment. There are lots of good folks in this old world. But—the carpenters are to be paid for erecting this grandstand. They'll get paid alright in due time, but a connection with an unknown friend has not yet been effected; but that connection is sure and certain in due time.

• • • • • • •

ANOTHER BENEFACTION.

A large auditorium, on the style of a theater, is coming our way as a gift from the state organization of moving picture operators in the state. It is an ambitious undertaking that pleases the officials of the institution no little. Such a building is a necessity, and we gratefully acknowledge our appreciа-

tion of the fine, helpful spirit shown us by the gentleman who composes this substantial and active organization.

It is definitely decided, and a building committee has been appointed and instructed to push the project to a successful conclusion, to erect a one hundred thousand dollar building with artistic touches and modern equipment to seat one thousand people. These gentlemen have undertaken this building proposition with no strings attached, leaving its use and its direction entirely with the authorities of the institution.

We have long needed a building adapted where there can be thrown on the screen pictures that teach lessens of usefulness, of educational, scientific and moral characteristics. And often without cost there are available the presence and contribution by some noted lecturers, singers and entertainers, but a suitable place has been wanting. This generous gift of the Moving Picture Men of North Carolina fills a large gap in the plant of the Jackson Training School. We are rejoicing over our good fortune. Further details about this wonderful donation will be given in a later number.

It is the purpose of the donors to so construct the building that the basement may be used for a gymnasium, and later it is their purpose to add to it a modern swimming pool. On next Monday the building committee, accompained by their architect, will locate the site and put the architect to work on the plans, so that work may soon begin.

* * * * * * *

HON. JOHN W. DAWSON.

The state Democratic Executive Committee met in Raleigh on the 11th to act on the resignation of Mr. J. D. Norwood. The meeting was presided over by Miss Mary Henderson, the vice-chairman of the committee, and she managed the boys in a truly parliamentary manner. Early in the meeting a member wanted to present a matter, but chairman Henderson just as gracefully and cutely announced we must proceed with the organization and ascertain whether a quorum is present before any business may be entertained,

Amid enthusiasm and unanimously the committee, after expressing its thanks to Mr. Norwood for his able direction of the party during his incumbency, elected Hon. John G. Dawson, of Kinston, to succeed Mr. Norwood. He accepted the post iin a graceful and frank speech. Mr. Dawson is a very popular gentleman throughout the state, is a man of the highest integrity, of unusual ability and possesses the qualities of a true leader. He was Speaker of the lower house of the State Assembly of 1923. His selection, while nominally made by the committee, is just the expression and ratification of the desires

of the state at large.

Col. A. D. Watts tendered his resignation and Mr. J. A Hartness was unanimously elected to the vacancy; Secretary of State Everett resigned asking that Hon. W. L. Parsons, of Rockingham be selected to fill the vacancy, which was done.

Quite a number of the lady members attended in person, and showed a lively interest in the business. When the committee adjourned, it did so with an ovation to Miss Henderson, who enjoys the distinction of being the first woman to preside over the deliberations of a North Carolina political organization. Her performance couldn't be beat—enough said.

* * * * * * *

THE GRIST "INVARIABLY" GIVES OUT AT THIS POINT.

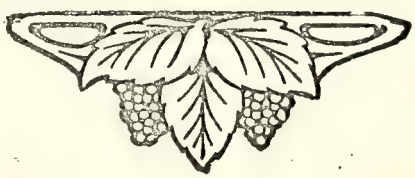
Eugene Asheraft in his inimitable "Catch-All" column in the Monroe Enquirer wants to know:

> The Pathfinder, a weekly publication of nation-wide circulation, rarely prints an edition that it does not ask Henry Ford why he does not put a front door on his popular automobile.
>
> Now, I would ask Brother Jim Cook, editor of that most readable little magazine of his, THE UPLIFT, why the out-side back cover page is invariably left blank?

* * * * * * *

"SPUNK."

The story elsewhere in this number under the title of "Spunk" is the work of Mrs. Copenhaver, of Marion, Va., who regarded one of the most intellectual women of that commonwealth. It is entirely true. There is nothing fictitious about it—it all happened in real flesh and blood.



SOME OBSERVATIONS.

By R. R. CLARK

I believe it is in the "Tale of Two Cities," which I regard as one of the best productions of the master writer, Charles Dickens, that one of the characters was conspicuous for "shouldering himself" to the front. If he saw something he wanted he had no scruples about "shouldering" other folks out of his way in his efforts to get it. Having the courage to go ahead and overcome obstacles, even if it be necessary to step ahead of the diffident and slow-moving, may be commended provided one has due regard for the rights of others in the forward march. The Dickens character as I recall him was not an admirable character because he gave little consideration to the rights of others. The folks who show no regard for the rights of others, who seem to think that the rules and regulations made for the government of human conduct and to protect the rights of the less self-assertive, do not apply to them, are quite numerous. We meet them almost every day. And I am confessing at the outset to a positive hatred for the type. They are about the most hateful breed on the footstool.

When the line is waiting at the ticket window, or at any other place where folks are served in turn, one of the breed will march to the head of the column and shove himself in front. Frequently he is allowed to get away with it because none of the bystanders care to take on the disagreeable job of showing him where he gets off. The same breed are most conspicuous as operatives of automobiles. They take all the road because others prefer to give it to them rather than risk a collision (the hog knows that and pats himself on the back for his self-assertiveness;) they take the right of way at the crossings because they know that their reckless rushing ahead will make the more prudent get out of their way; they disregard parking lines on the streets and occupy space for two or three cars, leaving others to get parking space, usually at a premium, where they can; and when streets are blocked off for repair work they knock down the obstructions and drive through simply to show that they are not to be restricted. The world is their oyster, they seem to think, and they propose to do as they please, regardless of others. Their mouthings are frequently heard in all public places in objection to the rules made for the government of the place. They propose to have things as they want them; the fact that they are being treated as other people is irritable to them. They don't want to be treated as others. They are an exception. They demand special privileges, and they get them more than often by simply bluffing their way through if they encounter people they can bluff, even to the extent of overriding the law. These people should not be treated as others. What is needed is a strong arm squad handy where they most do congregate, to knock them down and drag them out. If in addition to the manifold organizations now in existence they will

add another to deal with this type exclusively, I'll join and contribute liberally to the cost of operation. Only strong-arm methods will have any effect on this type. Usually they are cowards and bullies. It would be a waste of time to appeal to their better nature. They haven't any; nor could they appreciate a lecture on manners and good breeding. They would be incapable of taking it in.

Talking about automobiles, a publicity man for a certain brand of machine hands the public this: "Any number of young men starting in business and professional life are buying automobiles because of the prestige it gives them. It is becoming more and more a fact that a business man often wonders what's the matter with an ambitious young man who doesn't own a car. In many occupations the car helps the owner to such an extent that a man is losing money by not having one." Bunk, and then some. Of doubtful value even for the purpose for which intended. That sort of thing might go with some youngsters, and some of the "oldsters" who should know better but don't, but it will have the reverse effect on the level-headed and sensible, who make up the majority. If owning a car will be of actual service in one's business he should strain a point to get it. If he can afford a car it is all right to own it, even though it be a pure luxury. But to teach, as the publicity man evidently intends to teach, that one should own a car simply for "the big of the thing," whether he can afford it or not, is pernicious That's one of the things that's wrong, and bad wrong, with the populace now. The idea that one must live in a certain style to be up-to-date and respected, whether he can afford to pay for the style or not, is much too prevalent and it is leading to untold evils.

A Statesville man who is a close observer contends that it costs at least $500.00 a year to own a car, no matter how little it is used. And I am prepared to underwrite the statement. From actual experience, with the modest use of a car, for little drives about town and an occasional trip, it may be confidently asserted that one is fortunate if he gets out on $500 per annum if he counts depreciation and even sidesteps interest on investment. Now I am neither trying to prevent the sale or the purchase of cars. I would be glad to see one in every family if the family can afford it—can make it earn its keep in connection with business or can afford the minumum of $500.00 or more for the luxury. The only criticism I would make of the car business is that so many folks are buying them who are not able to own them. That will have to take care of itself; it's not my business to act as guardian for the public. But I am moved to these remarks by the foolish gab of the publicity man to which I have referred. That sort of talk isn't good business, even to sell cars. For a salesman who has the good of the business at heart should not try to persuade one to buy something he knows he can't afford. The result is always harmful—harmful to the very business it is sought to boost. As for it's being an advantage to a young man to own a car and a "business man" wondering what's the matter with an am-

bitious young man who doesn't own one, it is to be said that a "business man" worthy the name who finds an employee buying a car who he knows can't afford the expenditure, will at once begin to have an eye on that employee, and not a very friendly eye either. The prudent business man is always suspicious of employees who live beyond their means. He knows what a load of debt means and the temptations to which it leads and he will have fears of the honesty of the employee who is taking on more obligations than he can discharge. Living beyond one's means, being constantly hampered by debt and harassed by creditors, is an open road to ruin. No man in that condition is capable of his best efforts; and in his constant endeavor to stand off creditors and take care of rapidly maturing obligations, the temptation to short cuts, to dishonest practices, and to down-right stealing, is frequently too great to be overcome. Many a man who has started out straight and upright has been made a crook and thief by living beyond his means. The constant pressure of debt saps integrity and will make one a scoundrel if he doesn't watch out. A man who had lost a bunch of money he had invested with a friend, bemoaning his loss, was heard to remark that he could not believe that his friend purposely led him wrong in the investment. Let us hope not. But a little observation will disclose that many a time highly respected citizens, and men who had so conducted themselves as to deserve respect, become involved financially and break under the strain. Turning here and there seeking relief, they finally become desperate and take from whomever they can, regardless of friendship or anything.

ECHOES FROM THE COUNTRY.

White thunderheads that look like glistening iceburgs in the sky.
The tremendous bass of the thunder.
Choruses of robins and wood thrushes at dawn.
The hearty barking of hounds after a fox.
The music of katydids in autumn nights.
Vast mountain ridges that rise in one blue swell after another as far as the eye can see.
The indefinable something which fills one's heart with peace as one wanders through unbroken woodlands.
The sense of harmony that comes to one when singing with people who catch the spirit of songs.
Greetings that make one feel at home in a neighbor's house.
The trust and confidence with which a little child takes one's hand.
The sound of rain pattering steadily on the roof as one goes to sleep.
The gleam of lights shining out from the windows of home as one returns from a journey in the night.

Ray N. Moses.

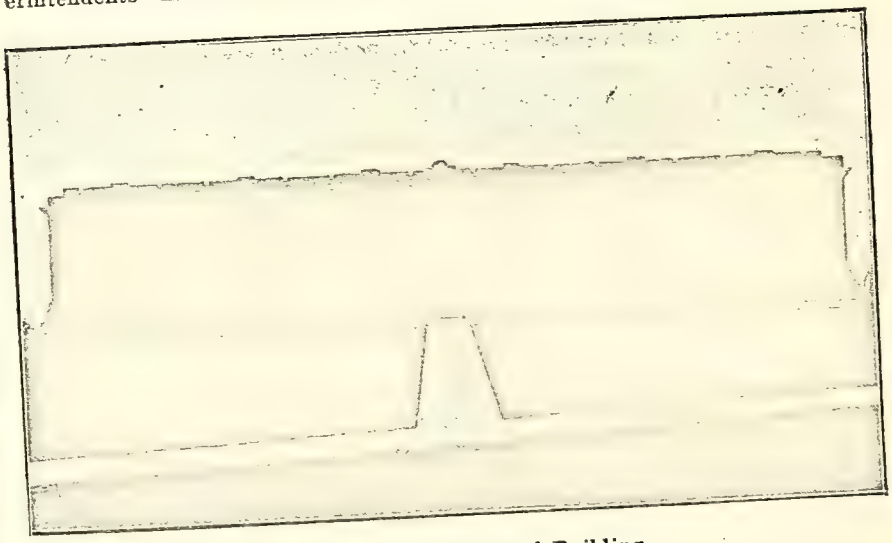
Ellijay, N. C.

A TYPICAL MODERN SCHOOL BUILDING.

By John J. Blair, Director of Schoolhouse Planning.

Unusually fine progress has been made in carrying into effect a State-wide building program. Heretofore schoolhouse building in the State has been more or less spasmodic and sporadic.

Recently both county and city superintendents have been making a scoring, which is now in vogue throughout the whole United States. It will be helpful to those who are unfamiliar with it in the way of calling attention of school boards and superintendents to the infirnite number of vital points to be considered in order to realize the best results.



Forest City Public School Building.

special study of schoolhouse planning and building, with the result that now a certain standard with reference to design, arrangement of rooms, heating and lighting are almost universally recognized and adopted.

A Standard For Scoring

It will not be out of place to introduce here an example of a recognized standard of schoolhouse

The Director will take a building which he has in mind, the new Forest City building, which was finished and occupied at the beginning of the current year. This building may be taken as a type of a large class, possibly one of fifty, built in a small town of 2,300 people, but intended to serve the entire township. The old building which has been in service for more than a quarter of a cen-

tury is of brick construction and lacking in almost every feature which is conducive to comfort and convenience and santitation, in all of which features the new building notably excels. As evidence of faulty construction, the walls of the old building showed open cracks and seams, suggesting evidence of a possible collapse. The stairs were so constructed and installed as to mean almost a certain fatality in case of a panic caused by fire, storm, lightning, or any other unusual occurance. The grading or scoring of this building would show it to be from forty to fifty per cent defective and deficient for school use. If detailed statistics relative to this building were given, the contrast with the new would be most startling and impressive. It will be noted that there appears upon the score card eighty-six different items, or features, which enter into the construction of a house planned and designed for practical use, permanency, economy of cost and pleasing appearance. The score card in full appears on the next page.

A Typical School Building.

It will be seen from the high scoring accorded this building that it is well designed, and, although of practically three stories in height, of excellent proportion as to its length and elevation. The orientation is such that every room receives a certain amount of sun-light at sometime during the day. The grouping of windows and the light area assures class rooms, corridors, and offices of the proper amount of light equally distributed. The proportion of the light area being greater in the class rooms than one-fifth the floor area, which meets the recognized requirement. The stair arrangement meets the State Insurance Department law in every particular, so as to afford a rapid and easy means of entrance and exit as well as serving as a fire escape. The interior finish of woodwork is of weathered oak stain, which gives the appearance of that of a refined home, instead of a mill or warehouse. The authorities have realized that a good floor means much to the interior finish, appearance and sanitary condition of the building, and so have provided a floor of maple, which has been beautifully polished, and found to be comparatively inexpensive. There are twenty-two standard-size class rooms in this building and an auditorium of splendid proportions, which will serve as a community center and a gathering place for chautauquas, theatricals, motion pictures, and other forms of instruction and entertainment.

It will be found that a school of this size will be an economical proposition on account of janitor service, fuel and other expense of operation.

A Typical School Site.

In addition to the completeness and permanence of the building itself it could not fill the place which it does in the life of the community with a different location and environment. These qualifications, according as they are possessed in different degress, so impress the human mind that the effect is either depressing or inspiring. In this instance there is obtained a wonderful distant view of landscape, filling almost a half-circle of the horizon and changing

with the varying aspect of sky and clouds. A fringe of pines and hardwood trees furnishes a background for the setting of the building, and at the same time gives the children's playground protection in winter from the north wind.

In the selection of a school site, distance does not now enter into the question as it once did, for with modern means of transportation, such as the automobile and popular use by children of the bicycle as a means of locomotion, together with improved roads and sidewalks, it is not at all unusual to find a new building located entirely outside the village, town or city limits. The patrons realize that it is better to provide ample grounds for recreation and other forms of school activities than to have it near their front doors, but in a restricted area, with streets and highways for playgrounds and drug-stores and shops as places of rendezvous. A building situated as this one above described within sight of one of the State's great highways cannot fail to make a favorable impression upon the stranger who chances to pass that way. Thus, it becomes a valuable asset, not only to the town and county, but to the State as well.

It is such undertakings as this, carried to a successful conclusion, that will give our State the pleasant sort of publicity for progress in school building that she already has for road building, agriculture and manufacturing.

The Director could name numerous sites which have been secured and chosen by boards of education admirably situated and of ample area for all school activities. Not infrequently there has been acquired as much as twelve or fifteen acres and seldom less than five or six acres. As a rule, the landowners are glad to co-operate with boards of education in disposing of their land at a reasonable price, and in a number of instances the entire tract is donated free of cost. It has seldom been necessary for boards of education to resort to condemnation proceedings.

It means much to any community to have reclaimed, beautified and set apart a large area of land to be maintained and preserved as a park and revreation ground for future generations. Too much praise cannot be given to Woman's Clubs and Parent-Teacher's Associations for the interest which they have taken in this work and also in the interior decoration and equipment of these modern buildings.

WITH CHANGING YEARS

Tastes change and friends change with them. Those whom we loved and who we thought loved us, and who did love us, form new connections of their own, and if we are not forgotten we at least experience that chilling of tenderness which is almost worse to bear than its failure. Then it is that the family tie makes its gentle strength felt. Just because it is so elastic we find that it can be stretched indefinitely without breaking and still and always draw us back.—Exchange.

LIKENED UNTO A CAMEO.

By Old Hurrygraph

Morganton, the capital of Burke county, and namesake of General Morgan of Revolutionary War fame, with a population of 5,000 of the "best people on earth," is one of North Carolina's popular, thrifty towns. Situated as a beautiful cameo, on an emerald elevation, rimmed in by not far distant mountains; rich in soil; picturesque topography; watered from nature's mountain springs; pulsating with all modern conveniences, and throbbing with energy and enterprise; Morganton sends a message of pluck, achievements, hope and life, and encouragement to the great outside world. What Morganton needed for growth and industrial advantage, she has gone out with a vision and courage, and is reaping her reward.

What Is Going On.

Here the State is building monuments to the highest conception of human aid to the unfortunate. Here the Angel of Mercy is revealed in human form in the School for the Deaf, and the State Hospital for the insane. Wonderful institutions in which wonderful things are done for broken and defective humanity. Heaven seems to have favored the beauty spots selected for these institutions, and nature has woven around them her loveliest scenery. The architecture of the buildings, at these great State plants, makes a beautiful and harmonious part of the whole, in each instance. There is a clear and buoyant atmosphere in which the inmates live, and the guardians serve and achieve. The highest talent has an endeavor worthy of it and a reward greater than money.

School For The Deaf.

This is one of the greatest works the State of North Carolina is doing. The plant, present valuation, $1,000,000,—five brick buildings and nine cottages for help—has 237 acres in immediate site, besides 500 acres in water shed from which an abundant supply of water is forced by gravity to the school. A large herd of Goverment accredited Holstein cows which furnish milk for the school. The enrollment of pupils is 300. Free education is furnished to the deaf children of the State. Since the school opened its doors, in 1894, one thousand and seventy-nine deaf children have entered its portals, touching more than one thousand homes in the State. The "Oral Method" is used in teaching; pupils receive their instruction by means of reading the lips of their teachers. About 85 per cent are taught by this method. Every building, and every equipment at this institution is modern, and up-to-date. In addition to the literary education the school gives training in printing, wood-work, tailoring, domestic science, dressmaking, comptometry, and typewriting, shoe-repairing, and farming, thus enabling the deaf boys and girls, who are trained here to become independent , self supporting citizens. E. McK. Goodwin is the superintendent. The right man in the right place. The State is about to begin the erection, at a probable cost of

$30,000, a suitable gymnasium and recreation hall, including a swiming pool. All wonderful—and great.

The State Hospital.

This institution, located in a beautiful spot, is one of the State's crowning glories in the care for the unfortunately insane. Accompanied by Miss Beatrice Cobb, the energetic editor of the News-Herald, as chaperone, Dr. Watkins, the assistant superintendent, graciouely showed me through the buildings of this great humane institution; the large improvements and enlargements now going on, and very kindly allowed me to leave the premises without assigning me to a ward, for which I thank him. The main building of this institution, with its domitories, is kept like a parlor. There was the air of kindliness and helpfulness to the unfortunate about the entire place and numerous buildings. There are two thousand souls in the institution. It is full. The State is now active is building new domitories, and making additions to other buildings, to accomodate more patients, who are unable to enter now. The new kitchen, just completed, is the last word, and the last improvement in that department to an institution of this kind. It is a paragon of neatness and convenience. To see what North Carolina is doing for her insane sends a thrill of joy and thankfulness to every heart who beholds the work. It is more satisfying than the jingle of gold and silver.

The location of this State Hospital here; the school for the Deaf; and a well-known private sanatorium here are strong evidences in favor of Morganton as a health resort.

Morganton Industrially.

The town has all the appurtenanaces and conveniences of a live young citty, and is truthfully styled the "Queen of the Highlands." It is the home of the Burke Tannery, the largest industry of this kind in the South. It uses 700 hides a day in its operation. Building of all kind is active. The First National Bank has just moved into its new and elegant home, which is a beauty, and a shining example of progress and prosperity, and home pride.

I have just touched on the high spots in Morganton's attractions—a bird's eye view, as it were. The civic and social life of the town has kept step in the march of confidence and progress. It has a heart; a great pulsating organism that is into everything every other progressive American community has and, perhaps, a little mre. A visit to Morganton, and a vision of what the State is doing, and what the town is doing for itself, is like stirring martial music, inspiring and quickening the step of the rank and file, and filling the heart with great State pride.

Morganton's Newspaper.

One outstanding feature of Morganton's standing, growth and progress, is the News-Herald, owned and edited by Miss Beatrice Cobb, assisted by her sister, Miss Lucile Cobb. The Cobb girls are bundles of energy and enterprise. The News-Herald is housed in its own home—a model office with the latest mechanical appliances; kept in a model manner. The paper itself is thirty-eight years old; older by many years than its wonderfully

talented, energetic and successful editor and owner. It is one of the neatest printed, and newsiest papers in Western North Carolina, and is doing splendid work for its home town.

Miss Beatrice Cobb is the efficient secretary and treasurer of the North Carolina Press Association, and she puts into the life of the Association the same energy and enthusiasm she uses on her splendid paper.

WHAT DO YOU TALK ABOUT?

By Thos. F. Opie

What do you talk about? What do any two or three persons or any group of people discuss in conversation? It is perhaps not an exaggeration to say that two-thirds of all our conversation is about people.

Some one gives us this excellent advice as to what topics to discuss: "Talk first of ideas, second of things —and last of people." Now, nearly nine-tenths of us reverse this system and discuss first, people; second, things—and last ideas! How shallow we are and how wanting in ideas!

Little if any good comes of discussing people It is more than likely we are talking of our neighbors and acquaintances when we are discussing people. Also, it is more than likely that we shall end in censorious criticism before we have gone far in our discussion. Then there is friction and prejudice and animus—and our group is at once divided into two factions. Then we have debates and arguments and linguistic heat!

There is an old Latin proverb which says, De mortius nil nisi bonum ("Of the dead (say) nothing if not good.") A finer rule is, "Of the dead and of the living say nothing but what is good."

Much good may come of discussing things. There is a wealth of conversation in things regarding your home, its premises, its appearance, its improvement. The condition of your town, your town government, town spirit, etc.—these are suitable topics always . In the world of science, art, and invention there is no end of material for conversation.

Start up a discussion in astronomy, for example! Talk about the great star, Betelgeuse. How many of your friends know in what constellation it is found? Its enormous size, etc.? How many know of the new group of red stars which science has lately discovered? How many are aware of the fact that the moon, long considered a negative, lifeless and dark mass, is now said to abound in frost, rain, etc.? How many realize that it is reputed to boast of a live volcano?

Now we are in the realm of ideas. How the mind brightens! How the intellect is quickened! But some one must introduce the idea to the crowd! Friends, let me introduce Mr. I. Dea. He is an aristocratic of aristocrats.

You have caught the idea. Stop slandering your neighbors and discuss something worth while. "A man's power is equal to his idea (and his ability properly to present it!) multiplied by his personality."

SPUNK–STORY OF A MONTAIN BOY.

By Laura Scherer Copenhaver

Frank was riding down the mountain side on a mule. As he rode, he spat tobacco juice out in the laurel side of the bushes on the road. He was thinking of his mink and fox traps.

"A skunk wouldn't be bad," he reflected. "Pap said the roots and yarbs man was offerin' two dollars apiece fur good skunk furs."
fur good skunk furs."

Suddenly the mule stopped; a horse was coming up the rough mountain road. Frank stared at the rider with the critical, impassive gaze of the mountaineer.

"Howdy," he said, in answer to the stranger's salution.

The stranger wanted to do more than "pass the time o' day" with Frank; he wanted to be informed as to the exact whereabouts of certain ridges and coves, and he offered Frank a dollar to be his guide.

"I aint goin' to charge nawthin," answered Frank, although the coincidence of the offer with the amount he needed for a new trap seemed providential.

They stopped at every cabin. The stranger's business was "square;" he wanted boys to go to school off in another county. He told Frank that schooling would fit a boy to play a man's part in the world. He talked to many fathers and mothers and boys of the advantages of education, but the only boy who went with him from the cove was Frank. The rest felt they were doing very well as they were, with hunting and trapping and occasional hoeing of corn and cutting sorghum. "Book larnin" might be all right, but it didn't help in shooting a squirrel or trapping a fox.

Frank's father "'lowed" that if Frank wanted to act the fool he might go; with six other boys coming on, he felt that Frank would not be missed. Frank sold his traps and his gun and two fox skins for twenty dollars—just enough for the first payment at the school. He was going to work the rest out every month.

At school he found many boys who were like himself and did not know how to read or write. He found that the business of "book larnin'" was even harder than hoeing, and that it was going to "take spunk afore a feller could git the hang of it." But "spunk" was the one thing Frank possessed. His mother said he took after his grandfather who had been a missionary Baptist preacher and had known how to read the "Good Book" for himself.

Frank outdistanced his classmates at studying as he had excelled his friends at marksmanship. He made the first, second and third grades in one year and took two grades every year after that, until he graduated. Then a Northern visitor who had seen him and had learned that he wanted to go back home and preach as his grandfather had done, decided to invest a little money in him. She sent him to college and there he did well. He never learned to dance, and he did not even make the football team, although his friends urged him to try, but he passed all his subjects every year, in spite of the fact that his preparation for entrance had been deficient. He stuck

to his plan of being a preacher and went on to a theological seminary in a city.

In his senior year at the seminary, he was asked to preach in a city church. He was somewhat frightened at the idea, but he had formed a habit of liking to do hard things and he was never quite so happy as when he was buckling down to an "impossibility" and making it come true. He studied and prayed over the sermon he was to preach. He believed that God speaks through men, and he tried to think of things to say that his congregation had not heard before.

When he stood up to preach he found it easy to tell what he had learned of God and of God's ways with men. The next week he received a call to become a pastor of the city church at a salary which almost took his breath away—it was more than enough to buy the whole cove in which he had been born! His friends congratulated him and his teacher at the mountain school wrote, rejoicing in the greatness which had come to him.

Frank felt that no earthly friend, however wise or learned, could decide his future work for him and he took the call to God in prayer. What he said to the city church council was:

"I have decided to go back to my own people. They cannot find anybody else who will be their pastor and you can find many preachers to answer your call."

What he said to his own people was:

"You have always thought yourselves too poor to have a church and preacher, but there is no reason why you cannot have both. There is no reason why men cannot live as close to God in the mountains as in the valleys. I will preach for you for six hundred dollars a year which the Board will pay until you are able to pay it yourselves."

After two years the people in the cove raised the whole salary and another cove and still another has been added to Frank's field of work. This last year he sent three boys to the little mountain school in which he began his own education.

WISE AND GENEROUS.

Henderson is indeed fortunate in the offer of thirty thousand dollars and a lot for a city library. This generous proposal is made by Col. and Mrs. Henry Perry, parents, and Mrs. H. L. Perry, widow of the late H. L. Perry, a most promising attorney, who died a short time ago. The donors do creidt to themselves and honor to the noble young man whose death is mourned by many, in making it possible for Henderson to have good library. They have been wise as well as generous. Good books are a source of uplift in every community where they are to be found.—News & Observer.

THE BIRTHRIGHT OF ALL.

The following from The Oxford Friend is respectfully referred to the board of education of Cabarrus county, which recently publicly confessed its impotency in providing adequate school advantages for the children of the county Takes more than sanitary closets in six years to prove you have "a vision and ability."

It is natural for vegetation to turn to the light. A plant or tree cannot reach its fullest growth when unfavorably placed and fails to receive its quota of nourishment and sunlight. It withers and dies or lives a poor, uncertain life.

A man is like that. Something in him keeps him instinctively seeking the light. He may not realize that he has this urge; those about him, misled by his acts and expressions, may not see through the trifling, ugly part of him down into the real man covered with the debris of time.

False doctorines, superstitions, selfishness created in the struggle of life, and a host of wrong ideals are doing for many men what improper nourishment and other. things. are doing to stunt plant life. The plant has to stay where put; it has little power to help itself. But man is different; he has powers of locomotion and of reasoning. When food and chance become difficult of attainment he tries to make good the deficiency in some way. He does something, but when he does this blindly and with emotion he does it wrong. This is at the bottom of all things evil; the attempt of man to get nourishment and sunlight through blind effort.

The cave man period has passed long ago, but cave man methods yet obtain. The age of co-operation is here and yet the spirit of co-operation is weak. People still pin faith in might, in wresting from another man what one wants.

Factories modern to the last detail belch the smoke of progress in a thousand places, science travels in seven-league boots, people dress finer and more expensively, more of the unwashed buy bath-tubs. Material prosperity was never so great nor industry so universal in spite of what the papers say of sabotage and graft. The lure of accumulation, creature comfort and fame is at record height.

This is proof positive that mankind is busy seeking something; and is further proof that the urge is not to be denied.

The great demand of the age is for education, an education that makes for each man an opportunity to develop his talents and get for him those cherished things that he is going to have one way or another. Ignorance prompts him to seek them by violence and craft; through injustice to weaker people. Ignorance makes him a parasite, a bird of prey, or waster of his best self. Education makes him a producer, a lover of his kind; it teaches him that God is good and that all men are brothers.

Man instinctively turns to light. It is the burden of this age to help him in the struggle. Education and

that alone will give him the maximum of help.

Education is the most important industry in the world; it is worth more than the steel industry, the automobile industry and all the others combined.

Education is the birthright of every child. Let's see that no child is cheated out of it.

AT NIGHT—A HAPPY FATHER

My pa comes whistlin' home at night
  And swingin' his tin pail
That mother puts his lunches in,
  And jumps the creakin' rail
On our back fence, and shouts "Hallo!
  You sure look good to me!"
And "Where's your mother, little son?"
  And smiles all twinklingly.

Then after tea he says: "Come on
  And have our heart-to-heart!"
I tell him all about the day
  Right from the very start!
And he's pleased as he can be,
  As if I wuz a man
His own size, talkin' serusly
  About some 'portant plan.
And mother lissens with her eyes,

  And dries the dishes, too,
And paw he says: "I'm feelin' rich
  Because I've got you two!"
And then we play most everything,
  And have the greatest fun,
Till paw takes out his watch and says:
  "My, how this evening's gone."

And then we get the Bible down,
  And have our evening prayers;
Then paw he lights my little lamp
  And comes with me upstairs;
And then he kisses me goodnight,
  The longest, slowest way,
And tells me kind of deep and low:
  "I've lived for this all day!"

—Amy E. Campbell

"OLD TIMES IN THE SOUTH."

(Progressive Farmer)

A Fight with a Wildcat

My grandfather had a fight with a wildcat. He was dipping up water at the spring when a wildcat jumped on him. He dropped his buckets and fought for his life. He would have to catch the cat by its neck and throw it as far as he could and then turn and run until it caught him again. When he got near the house, grandmother ran to him with the butcher knife, and killed the cat with that. It had split his arm open from his shoulder to his elbow, and he carried the scar with him ta his grave.

MRS. C. G. BYRD.

Lumberton, Miss.

The Tragedy of a Wartime Bride

One of the shocking tragedies that occurred toward the close of the War Between The States was the death of the daughter of Governor Pickens, immediately after her marriage to Lieutenant La Rochelle.

On the afternoon of the evening preceding the marriage, the Northern army began shelling Columbia, but preparations for the wedding continued. Finally the guests were all assembled, and the clergyman was conducting the solemn ceremony.

He had just joined the right hands of the happy pair when suddenly there was an awful crash and a ball from the enemy's cannon penetrated the mansion, and burst into the marriage chamber, scattering its death-dealing missiles in every direction; the house shook; women fainted; and for a moment everything was in confusion!

When the confusion had subsided a little, it was found that in all the crowd, only one person was injured and that was the bride herself. She lay, partly on the floor, and partly in her lover's arms, bleeding and crushed, her white gown drenched with warm blood, and a great cut in her breast. Laying her on a lounge, the frantic bridegroom besought her by every term of tenderness and endearment to allow the ceremony to proceed; to which she weakly gave consent.

Lying like a crushed flower, her breath coming in short gasps, and her blood flowing from a great, angry wound, she murmured "Yes" to the clergyman, and received her husband's first kiss.

A moment more, and all was over. She was laid to rest under the magnolias, and the heart-broken bridegroom, reckless with despair, returned to his regiment.

MRS. D. C. B.

How a Slave Fooled the Bidders

A very old Negro died in this community a few years ago. At the time slavery was abolished he belonged to a Mr. Eaves, and was afterwards called "Uncle Dick Eaves."

At one time before the war the owner sold Dick to some person dealing in Negro slaves. Dick was carried from this county to Memphis, and then transported to New Orleans to be sold at public auction, just as we sell mules, horses, cattle, etc. One of our neighbor merchants, Mr. Meriwether, at this time was going

down to New Orleans to purchase a stock of goods, and met Dick on the steamboat en route. The poor Negro was sitting with his head drooped down in his hands, looking very melancholy when Mr. Meriwether saw him and exclaimed "Dick! what's the matter with you?"

Dick looked up and replied "Massa Bill, I'se bein' carried to New Awleans to be sold. I'll never see Betsy and the chillun no mo!"

Mr. Meriwether said, "Dick! if you will do as I say, I will buy you and take you back home." Whereupon Dick replied, "Massa Bill, I'll sho do anything you ax me." Then Mr. Meriwether told him to pretend to be all crippled up with the rheumatism.

So when the time came to climb upon the auction stand, it was with repeated efforts that Dick with his walking stick, succeeded in reaching the top. The bidders thought that Dick was feeble, and the bidding was slow. So Mr. Meriwether bought him for $500. Then "Massa Bill" took his new possession and treated him to a pair of new red-top boots.

"Uncle Dick" used to tell us that was his happiest day.

B. F. CASH.

Newark, Ark.

INCONSISTENT PRONUNCIATION.

When the English tongue we speak
Why is "break" not rimed with "freak"?
Will you tell me why it's true
We say "sew" but likewise "few;"
And the fashioner of verse
Cannot cap his "horse" with "worse"?
"Beard" sounds not the same as "heard:"
"Cord" is different from "word;"
"Cow" is cow, but "low" is low,
"Shoe" is never rimed with "foe."
Think of "hose," and "does," and "lose;"
And of "goose," and also "choose."
Think of "comb," and "tomb," and "bomb;"
"Doll," and "roll," and "home," and "some;"
And since "pay" is rimed with "say,"
Why not "paid" with "said," I pray?
We have "blood," and "food," and "good."
"Mould" is not pronounced like "could."
Wherefore "done," but "gone," and "lone"?
Is there any reason know?

—The Arrow.

THE BREEDING OF HUMANS.

Asheville Citizen

The scientific breeding of brutes in this country is a highly specialized and important industry. The annual revenue from it amounts to many millions of dollars. The amount of money spent in improving the breed of horses, hogs, chickens and cattle amounts into millions more. Has anybody ever heard of even a few hundreds of dollars being spent to improve the breed of humans? Yet it would seem that the improving of the manship of men is, at least, equally as important as improving the swineship of hogs Better men and women, physically, mentally and morally, ought to be as valuable an asset to a nation as better brutes, whether the brutes ambulate on two or four legs.

An illustration of the scentific care employed in improving one breed of brutes will serve as an illustration of the scientific care used in improving all breeds. Take the througbred race horse. Not a thing is left to chance in the breeding of that glorious animal. To blood lines, disposition, conformation and the family record for speed and stamina are given the most critical and careful study before a single mating occurs. The result is that the throughbred racehorse of the United States and the world has improved decade after decade. We need go no further back in this country than the dynasty of the great Domino, black son of Himyar and Mannie Gray, progenitor of the great line of race-horses produced at the Castleton farm in Kentucky of the late James R. Keene.

Domino was a great race-horse and for many years held the record as a winner of stakes and purses on the American turf. But Domino had no liking for a distance farther than a mile and a quarter and he preferred to maintain his whirlwind speed not farther than a mile. Yet Domino, under the masterful direction of the late Major Foxhall Daingerfield, produced a line of througbreds that could run and win at almost any distance and carry whatever weight the handicapper saw fit to impose. In the last century the improvement in the breed of all kinds of domestic animals which have a market value has improved quite as strikingly as the breed of horses.

But in the breeding of humans, nothing is left to the skill of science and everything is left to the haphazard of chance. We have not the slightest intention of advocating the wisdom of establishing human stockfarms. But in lieu of them there is a duty for every father and mother in the land to perform which every father and mother in the land outrageously neglects. Propinquity is largely responsible for the world's love-making and love-making is responsible for most of the world's marriages. A young woman meets a young man, rather likes the cut of his jib and allows him to call. The young man finds it convenient and agreeable to accept the opportunity. Then there is more calling and incipient spooning and more calling, and finally the young couple become engaged and maternal and parternal parents are as pleased as punch or as disgusted

as possible, but the fat then is in the fire. Early parental ire subsides, the music of Lohengrin and Mendelssohn and the rice shower follow and another bride and bridegroom are started on their way.

Not a move was made by either parent during the courtship to find out whether the physical, mental and moral make-up of the young man and the young woman and the lines from which they sprang would result in a union which would improve the human race and raise the type of citizenship. The age-old notion that a girl should be married and "be quick about it" has outlived its age and its usefulness. No one would wish to eliminate the voluntary choice of a man for a maid, but the quicker that choice is advised and directed by fathers and mothers with the high purpose of reproducing human species to produce a stronger and a better and a nobler human race, the better it will be for the home, the nation and the world. Mothers and fathers, think it over.

A literary critic is a person who can find a meaning in literature that the author didn't know was there—Cleveland Times.

DOGS IN LITERATURE.

By Edwin Tarrisse.

In literature, to say nothing of art, dogs have held a noteworthy place, from old, flea-bitten Argus, who first recognized his returning master in the Odyssey down to Byron's Boatswain, who, doubtless was in the thought of the poet when he wrote:

"'Tis sweet to hear the watch-dog's honest bark
Bay deep-mouthed welcome as you draw near home."

One recalls Walter's Maida, Matthew Arnold's Geist and Kaiser, Mrs. Browning's Flash, and many others associated with men and women of letters. There is scarcely a British poet, from Chaucer to Burns, Moore and Tennyson, who does not more or less frequently impress us with the conviction that he was a true lover of dogs. The dog has long been the faithful friend of statesmen, a notable instance being that of Prince Bismarck and his big dog, which was his bodyguard.

It was Dame Juliana Berners who, about the middle of the fifteenth century, wrote about dogs and gave to the world the first printed work in the English language on the breeds then in existence, scientifically classified. She was the prioress of St. Albans, and flourished nearly a century before Doctor John Keys, or Caius, who, in 1570, in the reign of Elizabeth, wrote a treatise on the English dog. Perhaps it is this Doctor Caius who, with a French jargon figures in Shakespeare's "Merry Wives of Windsor," and finds poor Simple in his closet. The courage of "the broad-mouthed dogs of Britain" was recognized and highly prized by the Romans, who employed them for combats in the amphitheater.

Prose literature is full of dogs.

One will find Captain Marryatt's "Snarleyow," Doctor John Brown's delightful "Rab and His Friends," Ouida's admirable story of "A Dog of Flanders," Anstey's "Black Poodle," Hicken's "Black Spaniel," Maeterlinck's tribute to his dead Pelleas in "My Dog." Nor must the pathetic description of the death of the dog in Reade's "Never Too Late to Mend" be overlooked, nor the dogs so strikingly portrayed by Dickens—Boxer, Bull's Eye, Diogenes, Top, and Merrylegs.

Then there is the inimitable "Bob, Son of Battle," Eleanor Atkinson's fascinating "Greyfrairs Bobby," and Jack London's dog in "The Call of the Wild," and "White Fang."

Doctor Samuel Johnson was a lover of dogs and well knew the points of a bulldog. Boswell, 1777, says:

"Johnson, after examining the animal attentively, said: 'No, sir, he is not well shaped, for there is not the quick transition from the thickness of the forepart to the tenuity, the thin part behind, which the bulldog should have."

The pages of many famous novels have presented us with members of the canine race as carefully drawn and as lovingly delineated as any of the human characters introduced. Not infrequently the role of hero or heroine is doubled with or wholly supported by a dog, and in numberless instances it is the intervention, conscious or unconscious, of a dog upon which the whole plot turns. As might be expected, it is among the works of such novelists as are specially noted as dog lovers that the finest and most frequent descriptions of their fourfooted friends are to be found, and naturally Sir Walter Scott, well known for his extreme attachment to dogs, heads the list.

Big dogs are Scott's special favorites, and his noblest example is Sir Kenneth's hound Roswal, who bears an important part in the plot of "The Talisman." Roswal is described as a large stag hound of splendid proportions and great sagacity, who shares his master's watch on St. George's Mount, beside the banner of England, above the camp of the Crusaders. Tempted by a woman's guile, the knight forsakes his post for a short space, leaving Roswal to guard the flag. A base attack is made in his absence, and Kenneth returns to find the flag gone and its faithful defender wounded apparently to death in its defence. Kenneth's remorse for the violation of the English banner is scarcely more keen than his grief over the dog, who wags his tail and licks his master's hand, even in the agonies of death. It is a most touching scene, drawn by a master hand, and the reader's satisfaction is not less than the knight's is represented to be when the Arabian physician, Saladin, disguised, appears opportunely, and by his timely ministrations, saves the hound who lives to identify his till then unknown assailiant by dragging him bodily from his horse.

In "Ivanhoe" Gurth, the swineherd, possesses a noteworthy dog, Fangs by name, "a rugged, wolfish-looking dog, a sort of lurcher, half-mastiff, half-greyhound," who assits his master in the care of his refractory charges, is wounded by Cedric, the Saxon., and whose ad-

ventures are carried on throughout the book.

In "Woodstock," again, Scott draws with loving touch the portrait of Sir Henry Lee's famous mastiff, Bevis, who in the first scene accompanies the knight to the church, where, "bating an occasional temptation to warble along with the accord, he behaved himself as decorously as any of the congregation and returned as much edified, perhaps, as some of them," who had, moreover, saved his master's life, defended his daughter Alice from assault, and fastened his teeth in the sacred person of King Charles II, when the distinguished monarch was seeking refuge in Woodstock Lodge. Among Scott's dogs mention must also be made of the famous breed of pepper-and-mustard terries described in "Guy Mannering," and which have ever since borne the name of their immortal owner, Dandie Dinmont. "I have six litters at hame, forbye other dogs," said that worthy. "There's Auld Pepper and Auld Mustard, and Little Pepper and Little Mustard. I ha them a' regularly entered, first wi' the tods and brocks, and now they fear nothing that ever cam' wi' hairy skin on't."

Dickens was a dog lover and possessed several dear canine friends. It is recorded in his biographies how greatly moved he was on one occasion by the sympathetic concern evinced by two of his favorites, Turk and Linda, when during a walk he was suddenly struck with lameness. Boisterous companions as they always were, the sudden change in him caused them boundless distress, and for the rest of the journey they crept by the side of their master as slowly as he did, never turning from him. The finest dog character in Dickens's novels is undoubtedly Diogenes, the favorite of little Paul Dombey and subsequently presented by Mr. Toots to his sister Florence. "As ridiculous a dog as one would meet with on a summer's day; a blundering, ill-favored, clumsy, bullet-headed dog, continually acting on a wrong idea that there was an enemy in the neighborhood whom it was meritorious to bark at." Nevertheless, despite this peculiarities his "habit of carrying his tongue out as if he had come express to a dispensary to be examined for his health," his falling upon the manservant, "morally convinced that he was the enemy whom he had barked at around the corner all his life and had never seen yet," Diogenes is a most estimable animal and holds our affections till the end of the book.

Not so with Dora's little dog Jip in "David Copperfield," drawn to the very life, whose most meritorious action is his pathetic death at the moment when his foolish, fascinating mistress, Copperfield's "child wife," breathes her last. Then there is Sikes's dog in "Oliver Twist," white and shaggy, with red eyes, and his face scratched and torn in twenty different places, continuously kicked and beaten and half killed by his ruffian master, but who clings to him with dumb fidelity through all, and in the last scene, when the fugitive murderer hangs himself from the roof of the house, perishes in a wild attempt to reach his body. Reference is also owing to the performing dogs in "Old Curiosity Shop," one happy member of

which troupe of artists, being unlucky enough to lose a halfpenny during the day, is denied his supper and obliged instead to grind mournful music out of a barrel organ, "sometimes in quick time, sometimes in slow, but never leaving off for an instant," while watching with despairing eyes his companions at their meal. Lovers of "Pickwick" also will recall Mr. Jingle's celebrated Ponto, described by his master in characteristic fashion: "Pointer—surprising instinct—shooting one day—entered inclosure—whistled—dog stopped—whistled again—Ponto! Ponto!—no go—stock still—would not move—staring at a broad—'Gamekeeper has orders to hoot all dogs found in this inclosure'—would not pass it—valuable dog that—very!"

Thackeray makes little use or mention of dogs. George Eliot also lays no great stress upon them, though Adam Bede has a faithful friend in Gyp, a gray sheep dog, and Bartle Massay, a brown tan bitch, Vixen, whom he refers to contemptuously as a woman. "Where's the use of talking to a woman with babies. She's got no conscience—it's all run to milk."

Lytton makes great capital of the performing poodle, Sir Isaac, alias Mops, in "What Will He Do With It?" and Bran, the huge British mastiff, is an all-important character in Kingsley's "Hypatia," where he plays no small part in the redemption of the young Jew, Raphael Aben-Ezra. There is a dog incident in "Yeast," and a dog in the "Water Babies," who was a real dog on a ship till he fell overboard into the sea, where he "kicked and sneezed so hard that he sneezed himself clean out of his skin and turned into a water dog, and followed Tom the whole day to the Other-end-of-Nowhere." Such a keen sportsman as Whyte Melville was sure to introduce a dog in his novels, and there is no more touching or beautiful story in all fictional dog annals than is found in "The Interpreter."

One of Captain Marryatt's best tales, "The Dog Fiend," is, as its title reveals, entirely about a dog, an ill-omened cur rejoicing in the appropriate name of Snareleyow; and Bronte lovers will not need reminding of the dog in "Shirley," or of Rochester's dog in "Jane Eyre."

Coming to living authors, we may instance Sir Conan Doyle's "Hound of the Baskervilles," Anstey's "Black Poodle," and Oliphant's "Owd Bob," as playing title roles in their own annals.

Kipling has several dogs in his stories, notably Tietjens in "The Return of Imray," and Binkle in The Light that Failed."

Special mention is surely mereited by Montmorency, whose presence added so greatly to the remarkable adventures of "Three Men in a Boat."

The four most important letters in American are the last four—"I CAN."

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Pressly Mills

Master Herbert Tollie has been given a job at the dairy barn. He likes his work very much.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The boys who are in Mrs. Duckett's school room recently bought an electric fan.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Several of the officers and matrons are spending their vacations this month.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Master Edward Hyler has been placed in the bakery. He is learning rapidly.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Master James Autry is spending a visit at his home in Fayetteville. He will return in a few weeks.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Mr. Hobby states that the twenty two milch cows at the dairy barn are giving a total of seventy gallons of milk daily.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The Administration building is being rapidly rebuilt. It will probably be ready for use by the first of next month.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Master Frank Brockwell paid a visit to the institution last week. He was recently paroled by Superintendent Boger.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Four hundred and fifty five bushels of Irish potatoes were harvested last week. These are all that will be harvested at the present.

The farm boys have been busy sowing peas and laying by corn during the last week. Also several acres of late corn were planted during the latter part of last week.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The garden products this year are are not coming in so fast, but, so far we are getting plenty of tomatoes, potatoes, cucumbers, cabbage, beans, and squash.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The carpenter shop boys have been repairing broken window panes. George Scott and James Allen are the boys who did this work.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Master Solomon Thompson has returned to the institution from Durham. He has been spending a visit with his parents, who live at Durham.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

It happened that Dr. Buchanan was a little late last Saturday morning and the boys began to think that they would not have to be vaccinated, but they were disappointed becanse he came at last and began to work at once.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

A fine Sunday school lesson was enjoyed by the boys last Sunday The golden text of the lesson was—Thou shalt call his name Jesus, for he shall save his people from their sins. In this lesson the boys learned much of the life of Jesus and they always appreciate such a lesson as this.

Microfilmed

The Mowry construction company is constructing a road that leads from the R. R. siding to the institution. The road that was formerly used for this purpose will be covered by the new road, which will be built over the same course.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The new playground equipment, consisting of toboggan slides, parallel bars, flying rings, swings, etc., has arrived and will soon be placed in position on the athletic field. The boys gladly welcome this means of enjoyment and muscular development.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The following boys received visits from their relatives and friends last Wednesday: Edward Finch, Ervin H. Cole, John Boyd, Elwood Johnson, Preston Windows, Leon Allen, Wirron Terry, Irvin Moore, Charles Mayo, Herbert Orr, William Miller, Lester Stanley and Robert H. Lee.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Rev. Mr. Umberger, of Concord, delivered an interesting sermon in the Auditorium last Sabbath afternoon. Rev. Umberger's sermon was based on his text—But whom say ye I am?—taken from Matthew 16-15. Rev. Umberger showed his interest in the boys by distributing among them several hundred little pamphlets, in which choice verses of the Bible were jotted down. We wish to thank Rev. Umberger for for these booklets because we are sure they will help us in our everyday lives. Mrs. Umberger sang a beautiful solo after the sermon.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The boys enjoyed a delightful half-holiday the fourth of July. Before the ball game each boy secured a cup and drank his fill of nice cool lemonade. Then came the game with all of its thrills. Then a few hours before supper during which the boys played various games. After supper the boys drank more lemonade. In several of the Cottages ice cream was purchased and eaten by the boys. All went to bed that night feeling extremely thankful for all the day had brought them.

The Game

By "Bill" Gregory

J. T. S. played an interesting game with the Flowe Store Nine Wednesday July 4th. Although we were beaten, we are glad to say that J. T. S. made only two errors.

We had Allie Williams back with us last Wednesday and he played a fine game at third. He secured two hits, one of which brought in a tally.

The game opened with Flowe Store at bat. Bigger was thrown out at first, Hobby to Grier, White singled into right, but tried to steal second and was thrown out Cook to Hobby, Boger was out at first Everhart to Grier.

Scott the first up for J. T. S. flied to Bigger, Hobby was thrown out at first, Cook flied to Boger.

The next three up for Flowe Store were thrown out at first by Hobby's good assists.

Russel hit into right for a double, he stole third, Everhart hit the ball and it was sure out but the visitor's first sacker let the ball go throngh his hands, Russel scoring and Everhart going to socond, the next

three batters made outs leaving Everhart on base.

J. T. S. brought the visitor in from their half of the third frame scoreless.

J. T. S. managed to cross the plate for another tally in their half of the third frame.

In the visitor's half of the fourth frame, Bigger singled into left, Whlte singled, Boger flied to Roper, Whlte R. singled scoring Bigger, Dorton was throw out at first, White F. going to third and White R. going to second, Bost flied to Russel.

J. T. S. did not score in her half of the fourth frame.

Neither side scored again until the visitor's half of the eight when a bunch of hits tied the score for them, one man tried to break the tie by stealing home, when Watson made a fine throw and put him out. The next batter flied to Scott, the next batter was out Hobby to Grier.

Hobby struck out. Cook hit into deep left for two bases, Russel struck out, Cook stole third, anp broke the tie when Boger made a wild throw, Everhart was thrown out at first.

The ninth was the fatal inning. Whith struck out, Dorton hit for two bases. Bost singled. McAnolty singled scoreing Dorton and Bost. Brown flied out. Bost grounded out.

Williams was called out on strikes. Grier flied to Bigger. Watson struck out. The final score was 3 to 5 in the visitor's favor.

Score by Innings

	R	H	E
J. T.S.—011 000 010	3	4	2
F. Store--000 200 012	5	12	3

Batteries—Russell and Cook; Boger, Bost aud Dorton.

Two-base hits—Cook, Russell, Bost and White(2). Stolen base—Willaims, Dorton, Hobby and White. Struck out— by Boger 1; by Bost 5; by Russell 2. Base on balls—off Boger 1. Winning pitcher, Bost. Losing pitcher, Russell. Umpires; Wilson and Boger.

One of the advantages an American statesman enjoys in making a tour in Europe is that so many of the people do not understand English and are not likely to insist on a speech.—Washington Star.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

Passenger Train Schedules

Arrival and Departure of Passenger Trains, Concord, N. C.

LV.	NO.	BETWEEN	NO.	AR.
1:40A	30	New York-Birmingham	30	1:40A
2:37A	29	Birmingham-New York	29	2:37A
5:12A	44	Washington-Atlanta	44	5:12A
6:32A	31	Atlanta-New York	31	6:32A
8:41A	137	Atlanta-New York	137	8:41A
9:25A	11	Charlotte-Norfolk-Richmond	11	9:25A
10:55A	36	New York Birmingham-New Orleans	36	10:55A
3:20P	45	Washington-Charlotte	45	3:20P
3:45P	46	Charlotte-Danville	46	3:45P
7:10P	12	Norfolk-Richmond-Atlanta	12	7:10P
8:18P	32	New York-Augusta	32	8:18P
10:20P	35	Birmingham-New Orleans-New York	35	10:20P
9:45P	138	New York-Atlanta	138	9:45P
9:31P	135	Washington-Atlanta	135	9:31P

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THE UPLIFT

VOL. XI CONCORD, N. C. JULY 21, 1923 No. 36

TEACH 'EM TO READ.

"I have an idea one of these days of organizing a company to combine all filling stations and libraries, with a reading room for drivers of automobiles to read while their machines are gassed, oiled and repaired. Why not a book with each five gallons of oil? If every man who drove a machine would read a book every time he had his flivver filled, we would soon have a reading as well as marathon-ing people.—Josephus Daniels.

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THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

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JAMES P. COOK, *Editor,* J. C. FISHER, *Director Printing Department*

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"MOST FUNDAMENTAL."

"The elementary school is the most fundamental, yet most neglected, part of the public school system. The most pressing need is better trained teachers." —State Supt. of Public Instruction.

LOCATED THE AUDITORIUM.

The committee, representing the Moving Picture Association of the state, spent Monday afternoon at the school. The business before it was the location of the 1000-seating capacity auditorium, which this organization proposes erecting for the benefit of the Jackson Training School.

In the party were: Mr. R. D. Craver, president of the association, Mr. J. E. Estridge, secretary, Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Dardine, and Messers. J. U. McCormick, J. Cunningham, J. B. Craver, W. E. Stuart, bringing with them Mr. L. L. Hunter, a prominent architect of Charlotte.

The site selected for the building is on the East side of the National Highway, and on the edge of the Athletic field, at a spot which nature has contributed the possibilities of a fine effect. The committee contemplates erecting not only the final word that governs such a building, but it is their purpose to make it most attractive on the exterior, adopting a stone front with large stone columns. Revising their former plans, they purpose fitting up

the basement with a swimming pool of the very latest design and equipment. It is expected that work on the building will begin as soon as the architect finishes the plans and they can be passed upon.

Locating the auditorium on the athletic field serves a double purpose. It is accessible to the boys when we offer for their pleasure and benefit pictures of educational and informative value; and when any of the many fraternal organizations of the state desire a little outing, pienic, accompanied by baseball and other recreational games they may have a fine spot to assemble, with the conveniences of ample ground, a grandstand, ball ground and an auditorium for speech making and other entertainment.

It's a very happy day in the life of the Jackson Trainiing School when the heart of the state throbs with a spirit to contribute to its material growth, its welfare and its pleasure.

* * * * * * *

SPLENDIDLY RECEIVED.

There has come to THE UPLIFT more than a hundred letters of appreciation of the write-up of the great educational programme that is being carried forward in Stanly county. Most of these letters have come from counties other than Stanly, bearing the glad news that the story has proved an inspiration to them and that it was being used as propaganda in pushing along educational development.

Quite a few expressions have come from Cabarrus people, who are hoping that the exhibit, in which our county appears so poorly by comparison, may start something in our county.

There is one letter from Chapel Hill, which we take the liberty of reproducing. It is from Prof. D. P. Whitley, a teacher of Stanly county. It is on a letter head that reads thus:

"Stanly County Schools, Aquadale Consolidated School, D. P. Whitley, Principal;" and on either side is printed the names of the teachers of said school: Misses Ethel McEwin, Lois McMurray, Bess Huckabee, Lottie Austin, Genna Crump (music) and Mr. W. A. Greene. What a power for good way out in the very hills of old Stanly! Some of these days (the Lord only knows when) there will be something of this kind serving the children out in the hills of old Cabarrus. The letter reads:

"I have read your article on the development of Stanly County Schools, published in THE UPLIFT, June 23. It is a masterpiece.

If you have some extra copies of this number I would appreciate you

sending me several, addressing same to me at Chapel Hill, N. C.

A course that I am taking here requires research work in educational problems, and I am using the schools of Stanly county as the basis for the work. Your article has been of great value to me in this work."

* * * * * * *

TOW SACKS AND KEROSENE.

Union subcriber of the Monroe Enquirer furnishes that paper with some dope on the fighting of the boll weevil. The Unionist is a farmer and has a brother living in Texas, who is a big farmer and a successful one. This Union county farmer wrote his Texas brother, making inquiry as to how he fought the boll weevil. This is the reply: "As soon as squares appear, I tie a tow sack saturated with kerosene either to the cultivator beam or whiffle-tree. The boll weevil does not like the smell of kerosene and dazes them. The oily sack touches the cotton limbs, shakes the pest off, and the cultivator catches them, covering them. Some of them perish; but others that do not fall victim, have to spend days and days to get themselves out of the ground again. The cultivation is frequent, weekly if possible, and by the time the boll weevil gets out I put him through the punishment again." The Texas farmer raises much cotton by this method.

Many farmers of Union county, seeing this, have adopted it in their fight against the boll weevil in Union county.

In a later number of the Enquirer, the announcement is made that the Texas remedy for fighting the boll weevil is being quite largely tried out in Union, and this is what our Monroe exchange has to say:

"Many farmers throughout Union county are using the kerosene saturated tow bag on their cultivators as they plow their cotton. This method is belittled by many, but on the other hand in those States where farmers have for years battled against the boll weevil, having used every known plan, have discarded almost everything else for this simple method of control.

It certainly can do no harm to use the kerosene-saturated tow bag as cultivation proceeds. Some farmers are even adding turpentine to the kerosene, first making an emulsion of soap, water, kerosene and turpentine.

However, almost continuous cultivation is said to be one of the very best ways to win in the war against weevils. And it is well that the cotton plants before the plow are well shaken in order to dislodge as many of the parasites as possible. Fine results have been reported when farmers used pine brush attached to plow beams for that purpose, the plow covering up and destroying many of the insects shaken from the cotton

plants."

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THE STATE'S INCOME.

Whatever the final report of the auditors may turn out to be as to the finances of the state, everybody already knows that the state is O. K. A people that show the spirit of North Carolininans, the faith in themselves, in their industries, their agriculture, their climate and the wealth of their lands and what is under it, and with faith in God, has its eyes set toward the future with an abidiing hope.

But we are a people that must have some excitement, and such as baseball,, golf and such like will not suffice at times.

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SOME EXCITEMENT.

During the past week there was some excitement among the officials at Raleigh over a discovery of a shortage in a certain legislative provision. The Office of State Welfare, backed by the committee of one hundred, had secured the passage of a bill providing for the payment into the state treasury of all receipts and income of the State Prison, and its expenses should be paid upon warrant on the said treasurer.

It turned out that the matter of making an appropriation for the maintenance of the penitentiary was not included in the appropriation bill, and Supt. George Ross Pou found himself, at the beginning of a new fiscal year (July 1st) with no funds to buy clothing, food &c, for the law required him to turn over to the state treasurer all funds coming in. Treasurer Lacy is right much of a Missourian—you have to show him the color of legal authority before he turns loose any funds.

The Council of State took the matter under advisement, calling upon the office of the attorney general to know what he thought about the new legislation holding good, in that it failed to substitute a workable means by which the State Prison could be maintained. That office ruled that the new law was inoperative; so the necessity of some delicate financing or calling the legislatue into extra session is avoided by said ruling

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SHOWING A PROGRESSIVE SPIRIT.

The antiquated, odd-looking old court house, with its brick and cement floors, with which Lincoln county has long contented itself, is no more. In its stead there has been erected a building that is in the class of the better

and finer county houses in the state.

On the 16th, it was opened for the first court. Judge Jas. L. Webb, the resident judge of that judicial district, presided. The folks turned out enmasse. The Lincoln County News took on a commendably celebrating spree in the form of a specially fine edition, giving the story of the achievement, and printing the pictures of the several county officers and those, who played a part in the initial steps looking toward this fine development. Among them is clerk of the court A. Nixon, who has been sheriff and county clerk for on toward forty years or more, and the picture of the late Edgar Love, one of the county's most prominent and popular citizens, who introduced and had passed in the General Assembly the legislative authorization for this modern building.

This issue of the Lincoln county paper is a worthy one to preserve, and probably a hundred years hence some one will bring out a copy of it, showing a newer generation just what the Lincoln folks got reasonably excited over in 1923.

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BE A MAN MY LAD.

Try to be a man my lad,
If you really have been bad
There's a chance to be a man,
You can do it, yes, you can.

Yes, my lad, you are worth while,
Your life just really means a pile,
You can save it if you would,
Make good, my lad, make good.

You are just a boy you say,
But you will be a man some day,
What that man will really be,
It's up to you to make us see.

Now brace up, my sturdy lad,
If some one has said you're bad,
You have a chance to be a man,
You just show them that you can.

—J. C. G.

PROF. ARCH TURNER ALLEN
State Superintendent of Public Instruction

ARCH TURNER ALLEN.

There has come into the official life of North Carolina a man, who, yet young, has to his credit a series of promotions that are the outgrowth of neither an extraordinary brilliancy, nor favortism, nor scheming, but a result of genuine merit, marked capacity, fine application and good, old-fashioned common sense. I refer to Prof. Arch Turner Allen, the State Superintendent of Public Instruction of North Carolina.

There is a magnetism about this man, that easily draws folks to him, at once commands the respect of those who meet him, and yet there never was in the public life of the state a prominent and conspicuous character who talked less—he's the finest listener I ever knew.

He is a native of Alexander county, having been born at Hiddenite, January 10th, 1875. His parents were G. T. and Mary Elizabeth Allen, typically good and substantial North Carolinians. He has five brothers and one sister. As a youngster he attended the public schools of Alexander county, then the school at Rocky Spring and later the High School at Vashti. Industrial and agricultural persuits had his respect, but his trend of mind and tastes ran to a literary atmosphere, and, in September 1893, he entered the University of North Carolina, graduating there in May, 1897, with distinction.

Following his graduation, he chose teaching as a profession, starting his work at Statesville, with Prof. D. Matt Thompson, where he acceptably filled the position of principal from 1897 to 1904, when he accepted a similar position at Washington, N. C., where he remained until 1905. That old war-horse, Dr. Alex Graham, hearing of young Allen's capacity and ability and his accomplishments as a school man, persuaded him to take the principalship of Dilworth Public schools in Charlotte, where he remained until 1907 when he was elected superintendent of the Graham Public Schools. The next position that called him, always climbing regardless of his intense modesty, was the superintendency of Salisbury Public Schools, where his administration resulted in an educational revival. He filled this position from 1910 to 1917, when he was called to a position in the State Department of Education.

Though modest, bordering on what a stranger would take for timidity, but in reality just a fine specimen of reservedness, he has in his make-up a high order of determination to reach a goal. The first time I came into an intimate knowledge of this delightful character was in June 1909 at Morehead. He together with R. J. Cochrane and others, went fishing in a sail boat. A calm came on. It was a terrible time, full of anxiety for young Allen, especially. He confided to his friends that he was to be one of the chiefs in an important and far-reaching performance on tomorrow's night. "If I don't get back to the Atlantic hotel in time to catch that afternoon's train," said he, "I'll miss the biggest event in my life."

Just as he struck the board walk at the hotel, the train pulled out for Morehead station. "Stop that train,

boys, or I am ruined," and grabbing his old valise Allen made the greatest and swifest run of his life. One of his companions (need not tell which one,) long since receiving forgiveness for a fabrication, telephoned the Morehead station agent to "hold the train, the vice-president of the road must board it—he's on his way running like a scared rabbit." The train was held, and Allen boarded it, reaching Charlotte on the morning of June 19, 1909 when he took in marriage Miss Claribel McDowell, and by this union there are two interesting, bright children: A. T. Allen, Jr., and little Miss Elizabeth Allen. I told a friend of this exciting race that Allen had to connect with a Norfolk & Southern railroad train, when in Raleigh last week, and he smiled and said: "that was running, but just watch how he beats that Morehead record in a race that he'll put up about November, 1924."

There are but few positions in the educational field of the state wherein our subject has not figured and given valuable service. He has filled most acceptably the positions of member of the Board of Examiners; Secretary of the Board of Examiners; director of Teacher Training; and once a member of the State Text-Book Commission. He has been conspicuous in the life of the N. C. Teacher's Assembly organization: 1915, president of Association of City Superintendents; 1917, president of Teacher's Assembly; and 19-19-22, Secretary of the North Carolina Teacher's Assembly.

In May of this year, Prof. Allen was elected to the presidency of Cullowhee Normal School, one of the two training schools the state is maintaining in the mountain sections. He was to follow Prof. R. L. Madison, who resigned the presidency after a service of nearly thirty years, and who was largely responsible for the high attainments of the institution and who really put it on the educational map of the state. The election of Prof. Allen was received with delight and great satisfaction throughout the state and especially in the western counties, the to-be scene of his work. That was a great team; Allen at Cullowhee and Dougherty at Boone, fighting a great battle for well prepared forces to make North Carolina greater and better.

In response to a request for a statement upon his election to the presidency of the Cullowhee Normal, he said: "The elementary school is the most fundamental, yet the most neglected, part of the public school system. The most pressing need is better trained teachers. What little I can do, I wish to be directed toward supplying this need." A high purpose of faithful laborer in the the educational cause.

In June, however, things shifted in the life of this popular and able educator. Dr. Brooks was made president of the A. & E. College, at Raleigh; and thereupon Governor Morrison tendered the appointment of the state superintendency to Prof. Allen. He accepted the honor, and at once entered upon the duties of the office, the conduct of which is anything but a stranger to him, after his long service in the department. The governor was congratulated upon his wise selection; and there is throughout the state, among educators, school officials and even

the politicans a complete satisfaction with the marriage between the state superintendency of Public Instruction and Prof. Arch Turner Allen.

It is far cry from a bare-foot boy at the foot-hills of the mountains to the highest educational position in the state. It is a short period from January 1875 to June 1923, yet in that short time a typical North Carolina youth, with a purpose and an application to the duties as they presented themselves, breathing the air of opportunity and enjoying the possibilities of a democracy, modest and reserved, has achieved a great honor and assumed a position that touches the future of more people than any other position in the state.

Prof. Arch Turner Allen has the qualities of mind and heart to make a great and successful state superintendent—and he will.

THE MAKING OF LAWS.

By R. R. CLARK

If the Wise Man who remarked on the making of many books and that much study is a weariness to the flesh, had lived in this day he would doubtless have added that of the making of laws there is no end but their enforcement is another matter, or words to that effect. The "Stop, Look and Listen" law, designed to prevent operatives of motor cars running recklessly onto railroad tracks, enacted at the last sitting of the General Assembly, is productive of much criticism, friendly and unfriendly; mostly the latter. One writer who denounces the statute as "foolish and futile" suggests the digging of a ditch or placing some obstruction in the road on each side the railroad tracks—something that the car would be forced to crawl over or be wrecked—as a substitute. He may think the present law is foolish and futile, but his substitute would call for stronger terms.

The Attorney General has ruled that the law does not apply to spur tracks or "side-tracks" not regularly used, except when in use. Neither does the law apply to crossings where flagmen are stationed or where trainmen flag the passing trains by the crossing. Then a lot of folks are demanding to be shown whether it applies to crossings of private roads where the railroad people have not erected warning signs. Others think it silly they should be compelled to stop when they have a view of the track, or are otherwise assured, in their own minds, that there is no danger. (All the folks killed at crossings, it is reasonable to assume, thought the way clear.) And there are various other objections, too numerous to mention. One trouble with the measure, possibly, is that it was not given due consideration—a common trouble with State legislative enactments. A legislator witnessed one of the numerous grade crossing accidents while en route to the capital from his home, and he then and there decided to pass a law. The

railroad influence (and this is said in no spirit of criticism) joined heartily in the proposition, for the new law will be helpful to the railroads in actions for damages as a result of the crossing collisions. There was no good reason for opposing a law designed to safeguard life and the numerous and fatal grade crossing accidents were sufficient to speed the measure on its way. And so we have the law.

Is the criticism of the law well founded? Well, it is the opinion here that it is not so well founded as the critics would have it appear. The spirit of the measure cannot be questioned. The purpose is to prevent automobile drivers entering on railroad tracks without making an effort to ascertain if a train has the right of way at that time. And if every driver made an honest effort to comply with the purpose of the law, the grade crossing would cease to be the death trap it now is. And why not take the trouble? Why risk death rather than take a little time to stop, look and listen? The answer is, Oh, it's too much trouble, an unreasonable annoyance to require one to stop at all crossings. If the auto-driver is content to take the risk it's nobody's business but his. If no life was endangered except that of the reckless chauffeur probably there would not be so much concern. But more than often innocent and helpless people are the victims—people who would have had the car stopped if they had been in control.

The legislators who pass hastily prepared and half-baked laws without taking time to seriously study their weak as well as their strong points and their full effect under all possible conditions, are to blame in part for popular resistance to law. And the popular notion that all ills can be remedied by passing a law without considering whether it can be effectively enforced—all sorts of statutes to regulate human conduct have a large share of blame for that disrespect and disregard for law which is very common. It is trite to say that fewer laws, well considered before they are enacted, and ample provision for full and drastic enforcement, would create a greater respect for law. But the great trouble is the indisposition to obey any regulation that interferes with what we want to do. If the law is one that does not interfere with our business or pleasure, or one that is a special protection to us in our pursuit of liberty and happiness—one we need in our business—we are strong for it. But if it prohibits something we want to do, why, it's a fool law, should not have been passed and we do not feel called on to obey it. Rather we feel it a sort of privilege to show contemnt for a regulation we disapprove. We are not big enough and broad enough to see the other side—to see where that position leads, or we at least refuse to look. We positively refuse to consider the obvious fact that the very law which we most heartily approve and which we are most concerned in enforcing may be one that does not appeal to our neighbors; and that he, as honest as we, may feel that he has the right to disregard the laws he disapproves, just as we assume the right to disregard the laws we deem unnecessary. The result is near-anarchy. Why is it that

ordinarily sensible people cannot see the fatal weaknss, the inherent danger of such practice? They could see it, but they are so consumed with the selfish desire to do as pleases them that they refuse to consider the matter at all.

The greatest weakness in the "Stop, Look and Listen" law from this viewpoint is that it will be so poorly enforced that it will tend to further increase disrespect for law. It will be impossible to keep officers stationed at all grade crossings and the average motorist will go over without a halt, as he has been accustomed to do. The few—few in comparison to the number of offenders—called to answer will in most instances feel aggrieved because all are not treated alike. They will know that many others have violated the law and escaped; and while that will be no excuse for them and they will deserve no consideration, the feeling that a law operates unfairly is to increase disrespect for all law. Why is it that intelligent people, who should set the example in obeying the law; do not seem to realize the tremendous influence of their example in setting at naught any law, no matter how frivolous they may think it is? The less intelligent, the people who feel that the law bears hardest on folks in the humbler walks of life, who hold that there is "one law for the rich and another for the poor," which is too often true—take due note of the failure of the more wealthy and influential to respect the law. They are not only embittered by the idea that if they commit a similar offence they will be punished, but they are encouragd by th example to defy the law. Peqple of influence and standing have a fearful responsibility in such matters. Their thoughtless selfishness may some day, long after they have passed, bear fruit in a reign of terror.

Why is it that sitting behind the steering wheel of an automobile transforms so many otherwise sensible and good peolpe into friends? That is passed up. I have tried to find the answer more than once and have failed. A writer in one of our current publications contends that in all ages the "middle class" (the Bourgeoise) have been the strongest force for upholding the law because they feel the need of it for protection. The "higher-ups," like the royalists of olden times, feel that they are superior to the regulations made for the common herd, so they ignore the law if it does not appeal to them. The lowly and broken fear and hate the law because to them it is a tyrant of oppression. The class last mentioned are not especially concerned with automobile regulations. They make up the bulk of the pedestrians. And the "middle-classes" are shorn of their locks as observers of the law, as they are driving automobiles and joining with those who hold themselves above the law. May be that is the trouble. Anyway the automobile laws are so little enforced that almost nobody feels under obligation to obey them. They are regarded as practically a "dead letter" and when one is hauled up for violating them he usually feels that the officers have "picked" on him; that it is a case of downright discrimination because the great majority fracture all automobile regulations at one time and another and get by with it.

THE GOLDEN RULE MAKES MEN AND WOMEN.

By Rev. Thos. F. Opie.

"If a Christian Society is ever to be born, we must stop using men and women to make money—and go to using money to make men and women." This is the epigrammatic truism that Arthur Nash gives out in connection with his system of carrying out the Golden Rule in his Cincinnati clothing plant.

There are several businesses in the United States which are no longer existing on the primary basis of making money—but which are making the interesting and unique experiment of putting brotherhood, justice, service, cooperation, fair-play, ahead even of profits! "We are not living the Golden Rule when we make a slave of a man—even for an agreed price," says Mr. Nash. Men and women of character can be and have been made by a through practice of the Golden Rule—but they are not made by practise of the Rule of Gold.

The employees of the Nash Company sent the following resolution to the mother and children of a young widow who died while in the employ of the concern:—"The co-workers of your daughter and mother extend to you their sincerest sympathy in your bereavement, and assure you that we share with you in your great loss—for we cannot tell you how much we miss our companion and co-worker. She was one of the beautiful characters of our organization, and we all loved her. As a small expression of the great love held for her we are presenting her children with $120 and assure you that we will unanimously vote for her to receive her full share of the workers' dividend to be declared by our company early in July." You can build life, character—men and women out of love, sympathy, helpful, devoted brotherhood—but not altogether out of gold. Why is it that letters and expressions such as these are a novelty in the industrial world? Why is it not quite as much in keeping with mills, factories and corporations, as it would be with Sunday School classes, church organizations, ministers and friends—to show love and concern and sympathy for those in distress? The Golden Rule knows no class distinction and no unbrotherly relationship.

With regard to the life of the women of the plant, Mr. Nash tells the following:—"As we continued to live the Golden Rule, as new light came to us, it dawned upon us that if the women workers in our plant, who are greatly in the majority, were to have the kind of an opportunity in life that we wanted our sisters and daughters to have, they could not get that opportunity, working six days every week in a factory;—that the developing of our womanhood and the performing of the special duties which are the lot of our sisters and our daughters, required that they have at least one day every week in their homes;—hence we decided that if we wished to live the Golden Rule with our

sisters in the industry, we must have a five-day week. As there were a great many mothers in our place, living the Golden Rule toward their children demanded that we should allow them to be with their children on Saturday when they were away from the restraint of school." The hours were reduced accordingly, and a raise in wages was also declared at the same time. Men will do this for their Brothers—but they must be recognized as Brothers and not considered mere Machines.

"If we will Christianize industry," says Mr. Nash, "we need not worry about Americanizing labor." Again, "When industrial economists tell us that the fundamental thing is to regulate hours, wages and production on a basis that will enable us to meet competition, they are building on a foundation of sand!" Yet that is what such so-called experts have told us from the beginning of industrial life! It is about time to awake to a new appreciation of the value of human life and the practise of real brotherhood—even in the interest of our own progress and prosperity!

The Golden Rule puts Manhood and Womanhood to work—not mere men and women.

GOING RIGHT ON WITH THE WORK.

From the Albemarle Press we learn that the wide-awake officials of the Stanly county public schools are pushing forward their work:

"The County board of education held a very interesting session Monday, when the aggressive work being done by the board was given renewed impetus.

The board decided upon the location for the new consolidated school building for Harris and North Albemarle townships. This building will be erected and complete in time for the fall term of school if plans go right, and its location is to be near Mr. J. Lee Green's place, one mile west of Palestine.

This makes the ninth consolidated school where buildings have been erected, and is but an indication that our people are wide-awake in the matter of schools."

In Stanly county as in all counties where there are progressive officials, after a survey was made, consolidations are going on, reducing the number of districts in keeping with modern ideas. They eschew all patch work, such as adding unsightly additional rooms and putting up step-ladders on the outside, such as disgrace White Hall School. In every progressive county of the state, where men endowed with vision enough to follow where leaders lead the great aim is to reduce the number of districts, while in Cabarrus county the officials pride themselves on an increase, not even reporting what they call "annex schools," of which they maintain two in a single township.

"OLD TIMES IN THE SOUTH."

(The Progressive Farmer)

I—In The Nick Of Time To Save His Bride!

In my grandmother's time all the spinning and weaving of cloth was done right in the home. My mother, as a girl, used to weave "coverlets" of wool in many beautiful designs. The cloth was dyed in many bright colors, made from flowers, indigo, or copperas.

During the Civil War, my father made a draft for weaving coverlets and sent it to my mother, to whom he was engaged. My father, whose nickname was "Toby," had enlisted to defend his home and country, with the promise that mother would remain true to him and await his return. It was a sad separation, but love made it easy for her to keep her promise. They wrote often, but did not see each other until the four years of battle were over.

When the other boys began to return home, the question my mother repeatedly asked was, "Has Toby come?" Weeks lapsed into months and still Toby failed to show up.

At last all hope that Toby was alive was given up. Mother was to be married to a young man who had enlisted with Toby and had served faithfully during the war. The Negroes were working and singing in great glee in preparation for the coming event:

"When Massa goes a-huntin' by the
big roun' moon—
Down come de 'possum and de big,
fat coon.
Hurrah, de wah is over, Hurrah,
Hurrah!"

Suddenly, Aunt Dinah shrieked out, "Bress de Lord if dere ain't Marse Toby!" There was a hustle and bustle among the darkies, but finally old Uncle Jube got them seated and quiet.

"Marse Toby" was rushed in and given a warm welcome, wine, and a good square meal The poor boy was nearly famished!

He told his story in a few words. He had been captured by the Yankees and had been half-starved in a Northern prison until he was as weak as a cat.

Back home with his sweetheart once more, he soon gained in health and strength; and in a short time, needless to say, the entire program was changed for the wedding.

Many a time I have been tucked to sleep in one of those old coverlets my mother made from my father's pattern, years before I was born, and I always love to think of the beautiful romance that those hand-woven coverlets of the Civil War days bring to my mind.

Mrs. Maggie Farr Burks.
Carriere, Miss.

II—Thought It Was Gabriel's Horn!

My memories of the late forties are somewhat misty, but I remember when my father and his neighbors took long trains of wagons to Columbia, S. C., loaded with cotton, and brought back New Orleans molasses, of which I was very fond. There was no such thing as a railroad then. These trips usually took a week and the men had a very jolly time coming and going.

Soon the countryside became excited about the new railraod they

were building from Columbia to Charlotte. The farmers of means made contracts to build certain parts of it at laying-by time. They worked on the railroad and talked about the railroad until it was finally finished, but it was a long time before the first train came through to Rock Hill.

I had not heard that the train was expected, but someone had predicted the end of the world about that time. I retired alone upstairs that night and was very nearly asleep when the first engine whistle I ever heard blew at Rock Hill. At first I thought it was a huntsman's horn, but soon I knew it was going too long, and I ran to the stairs crying, "Gabriel's horn! Gabriels horn!" Father reassured me by saying that it was only the first train reaching Rock Hill.

S. J. Hutchison.

Rock Hill, S. C.

III.—What Old Time Church Services Were Like

My first memories of church go back to 70 years ago. The building was frame, weatherboarded. There were three doors and the windows closed with shutters like a door. Outside was a scaffold for a torch light. Inside they used tallow candles. There was a place at the back for the Negro slaves, and two amen corners, one for the brethren and one for the "sistren." The men sat on one side of the church, the women and children on the other.

When the preacher said, "Let us pray," everybody got down on his knees. You could hear low sobs all over the church. Some of the brethren would say "Amen!" several times during the prayer and they all said the last "Amen" together. When the minister got up to preach he would say, "Now, brethren and sistren, you all pray while I try to preach from God's Holy Book."

On Sunday morning old Buck would be hitched to the cart for the overseer and his family, who carried our water girl. She would have a piggin to hold water and a gourd to drink out of. In those days every mother who had small children carried a work-pocket full of gingercakes. When the preacher began to preach, the children began to eat gingercakes. You could hear them all over the church. When they wanted water, the water girls were sitting with their piggins full of water on the door-steps at the ladies' door, and at the first call they would go on the outside and hand up water through the windows "to quiet dem white chillun."

There was much rejoicing in those days, and people got happy and shouted "Glory hallelujah!"

Mrs. Scott Hagerson.

Plains, Ga.

The Germans are accusing the French of coounterfeiting the mark. War and reconstruction have failed to dull their sense of humor.—Jacksonville Florida Times-Union.

NEGLECTING THE RURAL CHILD.

In perfect sympathy with the wide-spread disappointment over the progress being made in the conduct of the rural schools of Cabarrus county, and realizing that the public is entirely on its rights in demanding of the officials a more earnest and wise constructive policy, in keeping with the spirit prevailing throughout other parts of North Carolina, THE UPLIFT has been for weeks and weeks speaking out quite plainly in the hope of goading the officials of the county into action.

I know and every other intelligent man in the county, conversant with what is going on, that the rural schools have not kept pace with the increase and power of the school fund; I know, in comparison with other counties of like revenue, Cabarrus is not properly functioning; and I know that, measured by the plans of the great campaign now engaging the people of the state, the officials of Cabarrus are persuing an indefensible policy, if not a do-nothing policy. For these reasons, speaking for the near unto ten thousand school children of the rural districts, I have pointed out, by comparison with other counties and what is going on, the painful fact that the schools of Cabarrus county are no more efficient than they were ten years ago. This condition ought not to be; and being so, there is a cause, which should be remedied, if not removed entirely from the equation.

There is nothing personal in it, directly or indirectly—it's a duty, which is far more binding than preserving (which I hope is possible and probable) the delightful friendships with two members of the board, in every respect high-minded and most worthy gentlemen; and with a third member on account of certain relations, for which neither of us is responsible, which prompts a toleration for what appears the grossest selfishness and blindness to a public duty. It has been with the hope that they might see the error of their way and come out from an antiquated, narrow, mistaken influence. There was some hope, until that board undertook to aplogizing for the re-election of Prof. Robertson to another term as county superintendent of the rural schools of Cabarrus, citing the only excuse occurring to it then that "he stood high among the educators of the state and knew the county and the people."

For a long time they assumed an indifferent attitude towards the exhibit being made, until the wide-spread demand for some real constructive work bore down on them and brought from them certain public statements. A lengthy statement, prepared by some one, bearing the names of the board of education made them appear ridiculous. It was a kind of profuse discharge of words, which practically meant a confession of impotency. Realizing this, it became necessary for their executive officer, to try his hand writing a piece, attempting to cover, in a juggle of words and figures, the administration of the school affairs of Cabarrus county for the past six years with a halo of glory. He is pleased to baptize it as "Facts about Cabarrus Schools." That it

may not deceive the people into a satisfaction which consumes him and his board, it might be well to analyze the said "Facts."

Like a discordant note that grates on the sensibilities of all leaders, the officials are going backward, if moving at all. It is humilatiing to the people that love their county and are jealous of its standing among the counties of the state. Since the officials, by their acts and their statements, clearly manifest little capacity for handling the proposition, we make bold to suggest that they employ a competent authority from the Department of Education to make a survey of the county, ascertain the number of reductions in districts that can be made, select suitable sites of large dimensions and begin a constructive programme that will yield results such as will take them out of the class of babies in the school buisness and put the county in a class with progressive communities. Begin! Taking the necessary years to complete the programme, but stop the patch-work they are doing.

Practically of the same size as Wilson county (where the school system under a wise and courageous leadership has been reduced to just twelve school centers, with elegant and modernly equipped buildlings—making the children feel and know that organized government has respect for them and recognizes their wants and needs) Cabarrus could with all ease and economy be divided into 20 or less districts, giving on the average six teachers to each school, supplied with modern buildings well equipped like the modern schools in Wilson, Stanly, Davidson, Montgomery, Union and other counties. Five of these would be so arranged that a first-class high school department could be maintained, and making them accessible to every student in the county.

This would eliminate the unsightly buildings, all of them in wretched condition and none of them meeting modern and the best thought in educational circles. By this means Cabarrus could then have a school system that a man would not advertise himself as foolish when he points to them wiith pride and satisfaction. He would have the joy of feeling that he met his obligations to the country child in giving him a square deal. This would be justice, and justice will not be satisfied with less.

This is possible in Cabarrus county if "vision and ability" take possession of the hearts and minds of the school officials. There will be no necessity of "driving" the folks as the board intimates—that idea only occurs to the minds of bigots, snobs and military folks. A leadership attuned with faithfulness and intelligence would have no trouble in establishing the benefits to be derived from the consolidation of districts and the modernizing of the schools. It worked in other counties, and who there be that would intimate that Cabarrus county's rural people are not made of just as good stuff as those of other counties? But that is just what the laggards indirectly charge against our people.

No one-teacher, nor a two-teacher, nor even a three-teacher school can meet the ideal of a fine school. The teaching world has long since found this out. Yet not satisfied with in-

creasing the number of districts in the county, the board even permits what their superintendent designates in his report to the state authorities as "annex schools." That's a laughing joke down Raleigh-way. The officials have two of these annex affairs even in one township.

Nowhere in all the pieces the school officials have written is any suggestion about a purpose to survey the county with the view of consolidation of districts. Some months ago the superintendent replied to a question, "I have not made up my mind about the idea." The distressing and meager chance of ever getting any modern policy adopted by the present board in the face of their pride in the miserably impotent record for the past six years, seems an impossible hope. The task is a big one when the officials have not the wisdom or the courage to stand up, meet their responibilities and go out to lead the people towards better things.

Prof. Robertson in his recent talk gets himself entirely outside of a sympathy for the position and ideals of the leaders of the educational program. Let us analyze his alleged "facts about the Cabarrus school:"

He Is Happy On Wrong Road.

"Six years ago we had in the county 51 *school houses for white children and* 24 *for colored, total of* 75. *We now have about the same,* 52 *for white and* 25 *for colored, total* 77."

In his sublime ignorance of the motive and foundation of all this aggressive and progressive movement that characterizes educational effort at improvement of the rural schools —consolidation of the districts and the erection of modern buildings with the best equipment—the superintendent without shame advertises before an intelligent body of men (the Rotarians) and then through a widely read newspaper (The Concord Tribune) that he is on the wrong road and doesn't know it. If the childhood of the county were not involved in this folly, it would be a most amusing joke. Instead of decreasing the districts, he boasts of an increase.

Fooling With Figures.

"But while we had only 104 *schoolrooms for white children in* 1917, *and* 24 *for colored, a total of* 128, *we now have* 140 *for white children and* 27 *for colored, a total of* 140 *for white children and* 27 *for colored, a total of* 167 *school rooms in the system, a gain of thirty-nine classrooms for six years."*

A perfect waste of money. Instead of doing substantial, constructive work in building up a model system, they have made such a hope all but impossible by this foolish piecemeal work, besides destroying what architectural effect the buildings, inherited from a former administration, then possessed. Just drive out and view some of this boasted increase in rooms—it makes an orderly heart sick at such lack of wisdom and at such utter blindness.

It Was Another Genius.

"A total of 56 *new class rooms that have built in the past six years, fifty-six of the* 167 *total, or a little more than one-third of all the classrooms."*

In this is probably included the greatly enlarged building at Kannapolis, a conception of a master builder, who had to struggle with might

and main to get a reactionary board to move forward; but this is not rural. It is a proposition, the honor of which belongs to a master mind, the circumstances connected with same being well known to the public from the considerable discussion at the time.

Figures Convict Them Of Extravagance.

"This and other school improvements (for instance the sanitary closets that the health department forced them to erect in obedience to law) have made possible an increase in the value of the school property in our rural schools of from $56,600 *in* 1917 *to* $286,825 *in* 1923, *a gain of more than four hundred per cent.'*

There is not a particle of accuracy in this statement; but it was grabbed up as a fine talking point and calculated to deceive. Were it true in the least bit, it convicts the school authorities of almost criminal extravagance. They claim 56 additional school rooms; they claim the property is worth $286,825, an increase of $230,225 over that of 1917. Suppose the sanitary closets, the outstanding feature of this administration, cost in the neighborhood of $2,000, his own statement makes the sum of $228,225 as the cost of 56 new classrooms, or $4,075 for each new classroom. Now, Mr. superintendent, in your zeal to make a bad cause and an inefficient service stand up, you have accused your board of an inexcusable extravagance. Eliminating the public school building at Kannapolis, which was in a large measure contributed, do you suppose that every rural school building in Cabarrus county, which your board inherited and to which you have added an expenditure of $228,225 (?) if put up for sale at public auction would bring more than $56,600, the value conservatively placed on the property when you ascended the throne. Come clean—do you think for a moment that you can fool the people with such jugglerly of figures as the quotation above? Did this foolishly absurd claim of adding $228,225 to the value of the public school property in six years have a single item of truth to stand on, it would mean that his board spent annually during the six years more than thirty-eight thousand dollars for additional class rooms. Bosh!

Hilarious Over Negro House.

"I am glad to state to you, gentleman, we supplanted the last log school house in the county."

This was a negro school-house, and its obliteration was entirely due to the generosity of a Chicago gentleman, who has developed a large concern for the colored people of the South. Left alone, with no Mr. Rosenwald in the equation, it is safe to say that that log school-house would yet be in existence; but Sears, Roebuck and Co. and Cabarrus County school officials have done an historical stunt, and a "me and Betsy" act.

The Most Misleading Contention.

The statistics relative to the efficiency of the schools are just as misleading as the foregoing cited. It is of common knowledge in every community by observant and intelligent people that the efficiency of the school is far below that of ten

years ago, when the board was having trouble with another executive officer, whom it dismissed, committing, as a prominent educator of the county recently remarked, "an act of jumping out of the frying pan into the fire." The morale of the educational cause in the rural sections of Cabarrus county was never lower than today.

On account of the unpleasing attitude of the superintendent, the majority of the successful, native teachers have either quit the cause altogether or have accepted work elsewhere. The great majority of the teachers in the schools of last year was imported, as was the superintendent.

Comparison Of Statistics.

We have before us several items of statistics for the year 1913, just before the time the board was having its trouble with a former superintendent. In 1913, the enrollment in the rural schools of Cabarrus was 4,789 white, average daily attendance 3,122. In 1922-23 (from records filed with the state department) the enrollment was 6,727, average daily attendance 4,597. In 1913 the per centage of daily attendance was over 65 per cent. In 1922-23 the average daily attendance was 68 per cent; and yet in former days every parent and child were masters of their own conduct and movements—this year the arm of the law demanded a regular attendance, but with all this legal power to aid the school administration there was absent from daily attendance of 22 per cent of the children from the public schools. These figures indicate, in this enlightened day with all the aggressive forces at work, that the morale of the rural educational cause in Cabarrus is at a distressingly low stage. Again, the school population in 1913 was 6,371; in 1922-23 it was 9,857. The percentage of enrollment in 1913 was over 75 per cent in 1922-23 it was 68 per cent, 7 per cent less than in 1913.

So all this heraldry of boasted accomplishments fades into insignificance, and is a terrible proof of something wrong with the rural public schools under the present school officials, which the public generally recognizes and is now demanding that some constructive wisdom be invoked.

Injustice To Teachers

The average state salary paid elementary teachers is $82.33; in Cabarrus county it is just $78.24. Why this injustice to the teachers, even though the great majority are brought into the county from other sections, and our teachers are forced to quit or go elsewhere?

Hasn't Even Held Its Own.

Along with this low morale that the incompetent administratiion of the rural schools has come an actual deterioration. Under the lame and lifeless direction the people of one special tax district, growing dissatisfied with the quality of the work and the practical results from the maintenance of the school, voted out the special tax; and this occurred under the fateful six years, which laborious effort has been made to defend and explain.

Comparative Revenue.

In 1913, the total school fund for the rural schools of Cabarrus coun-

ty amounted to $28,582.46; in 1922 it amounted for salaries to the princely sum of $83,256. The Building fund was drawn on for the following items and amounts: New buildiings and sites $14,820 (wasted in patchwork;) $1,325 for repairs (such as the beautiful old-field timber, unpainted outside steps to be seen at White Hall;) furniture $1,875; libraries $70 (another evidence of the low morale that prevails;) state loan fund $216. Under the head of "Incidental expenses" these items are noted: Per diem of board $150 (a very modest sum but in the light of the accomplishments probably commensurate;) expenses county superintendendent $300.00; stationery, fuel and expenses of office of Co. Supt. $1,700; interest $900.00 (this would indicate that the board with all the enormous money at its hand is enjoying the luxury of paying interest for borrowed money.) The salary of the superintendent for the year 1922-23 is fixed at $3,300 with an office assistant who draws $900. In 1913 the county enjoyed the services of a very capable superintendent, who in reality "stood high among educators of the state and knew the county and the people" (home product,) and he received the salary of less than half, without assistance and havinig none of the enormous office expenses. Instead of wishing for his dismissal, the teachers deplored his departure and to this day speak of his upstanding and frank and helpful relations to them.

In ten years the rural school fund of the county jumped from $28,582 to $83,256, an increase of over fifty-four thousands of dollars, yet there is not an intelligent man, woman or child in the county, outside of the county school officials, but that knows that the efficiency of the schools have not increased fifty-four thousand dollars worth. During the boasted six years, which the officials have lamely undertaken to defend and to make appear as fruitful years, they have paid to their executive officer, together with his expenses, an amount more than the entire school fund of ten years ago. Paying the superintendent thirty-three hundred dollars for salary, three hundred dollars for expenses, an assistant nine hundred dollars and eight hundred for other office expenses, the board is expending over 6 1-3 per cent of the school fund, in overhead charges; and it occurs to the public, therefore, that a finer service and a better leadership should radiate from the office of the county superintendent.

Some More Stumbling.

"We graduated in 1917 *from the elementary schools* 53*; we graduated in* 1923 *from the elementary schools* 169, *a gain of almost two hundred per cent."*

The number increased just 96 in six years, or 16 to 1 per year. A miserably poor showing for a school enrollment of 6,784. The painful aspect of this exhibit lies in the fact that the superintendent pretends to believe, or actually believes, it to be a commendable record, when it only advertises a weakeness that is appalling. The average superintendent would be ashamed to emphasize such a point in his administration of school affairs.

"But What Of The Future," He Asks.

Without shame or sorrow or signs

of repentance the superintendent remarks: "From the achievements accomplished in the past, from gratifying facts and figures, that face us at present, that tell us no sad nor mean story, we gather strong hope for the future."

Then he outlines a contemplated programme that, compared with the successful campaigns waged in other counties and their programmes, has the cart in front of the horse. There is no danger or hope of the present school officials putting across the alleged programme, or any progressive programme, if a recent exhibit of their enthusiasm and character of courage (see page 27 how these officials stood up (?) and what a brilliant record they made) are to obtain throughout their outlined programme. You can fool the people for six years and get by with it; but you can't fool all of them all the time.

The public has taken the measure of the capacity and spirit of the present officials—that very same public hopes but little from it in the future; it has been asleep too long to make an appreciable rally. And, more's the pity!

WITHOUT SUSPENDERS.

Those who wear no suspenders always have more or less trouble in keeping their blouse and pants in a state of proper adjustment. The other day, at the annual meeting of the Press Association, in Mayview Manor, the delightful hotel at Blowing Rock, a brilliant member, who seldom wears a vest and never suspenders, who makes learned speeches and even writes better, was about to address the association. I whispered to a companion: "Just watch our friend, when he arises, how deliberately he goes about adjusting his pants and his shirt before he begins his remarks." And then, during his speech, he gives the same garments frequent re-adjustments. Years and years have made this a habit, and his admiring friends always enjoy the certainty of the prophecy that he will do the very same thing forever and ever, even though he decides hereafter to wear suspenders, for habit becomes second nature.

CONSARIN' OF HOLIDAYS.

(Charlotte Observer)

Judge R. R. Clark, taking advantage of one of the numerous holidays allowed by Uncle Sam to his patriotic postmasters, sits himself down and indites a piece for delectation of Editor Cook, of THE UPLIFT. Judge Clark is maintaining a long-anticipated vindication of his contention for more holidays and less work, and of a mid-week Sunday to relieve the strain crowded into the Sabbath permitted once a week. He sees in the Wednesday half-holiday closing movement now becoming popular, confusion upon his ancient critics, Blockader Johnson, of Charity and Children, and the editor of The Observer. Cook thinks the judge has made out

such a good case that he has these two old-timers "where they must explain or show the white feather."

But the old "pint" raised by Judge Clark's critics remains fast. It does not matter so much about the banks closing for almost any pretext, but there is no reason why the postoffices should be tied to the banks in these projects. The Observer was after the institutions that serve the plebian public, not the financial temples of the rich. The banks might take six holidays in the week and perhaps neither the blockade preacher nor the daily toiler at the press would know the difference, but when Archibald Johnson, caught in the country and finding important emergency for dealings with a postoffice, hot-foots it five miles to the nearest office only to find it "closed on account of holiday," then that is occasion for "bristle-raising." We must dissociate half-holiday movement from that of the closing of banks and postoffices. The Observer is in agreement with the judge that the clerks and the employers, themselves, are all the better for the rest and recuperation they secure in the half-holiday from store or office. We have been a booster of that movement, though the judge may have overlooked that commendable impulse on our part. We are warning, him, however, that if a petition ever comes around for elimination of some of the holidays celebrated at the postoffice, we want to lead it with a name written in caps and even with red ink.

SNOBBERY'S ALLY.

Quietly ruminating the other evening, sitting in my den, a covey of bright young girls, happy and without guile, assembled in an adjoining room. Accompanying them was a collection of fine complements in the persons of young men. They were trying to locate the class into which a certain individual of their acquaintance properly belongs. They felt that he was not a snob, and had no earthly reason of being possessed with such a spirit; they couldn't in justice put him down as a knocker; and they refused to class him as "a smart Alex." All at once, one of the prettiest and most brilliant among the young, pleasing things that were discussing this all-but-serious problem of classification, offered a solution that met with a unanimous acceptation. She declared that there are knockers; there are snobs; and the balance of the undesirable should be classified as "Snooty." Fine discovery! The snooty folks are all about us, and are an unhappy lot. Let us all avoid being SNOOTS.

A PARALLEL

This Is In Greene County, N. C.

Hookertown is the name of a thickly settled neighborhood in Greene county, twelve miles out from Snow Hill, the county seat. Encouraged by a progressive county superintendent and a wide-awake board of education, who understand the purpose and business of their offices, these people moved and secured the association of three other rural districts in the forming of a consolidated district and began the erection of a modern school building, with all the equipment to meet every requirement of school purposes.

The immediate spot where this school is located numbers all-told just 294 souls. The grounds, beautifully laid out, cover eight acres. The building has 16 classrooms, and 4 in the basement; has an auditorium that seats 750; is heated with low pressure steam, and is equipped with all modern toilet conveninces. School will open in this building in September for a nine months' session. The faculty employed does not contain a single bobbed hair teacher, and is composed of capable and experienced men and women. The people are proud of the modern facilities afforded their children.

How proud Cabarrus county would feel to have such a school building within its border! She could have, if her school officials had the "vision and ability" that honors the officials of Greene county.

EXHIBIT.

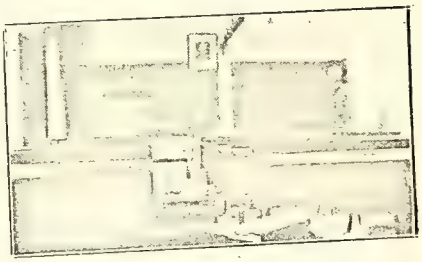
This Is In Cabarrus County, N. C.

This is the public school house provided for the children of Mt. Pleasant, a school town for many

years, with a present population of about 800. The reader may wonder why such conditions exist. It is of common knowledge, and here's the explanation of an unfortunate situation. In the first place, this goodly town has such school facilities very largely because of the "vision and ability" of the county school officials.

Something like a year ago, the community voted on the proposition of issuing bonds to erect a new building and to provide for the maintenance, by taxation, of a school commensurate with the needs and character of the town. The county board approved the movement, the county commissioners ordered the election. The leading educator of the community, who has a private school of his own, and a member of the county board of education, opposed the proposition; and when the election came on, the proposition failed, having registered a tie vote.

Last April, of this year, the same county board approved of another election on the same proposition, and the county commissioners ordered the election. The campaign was on; the proponents of the proposition called for help in presenting the matter intelligently to the voters. They invited Mr. W. R. Odell, chairman of the county board of education, to come down and address the people. He is reported as asking to be excused because of "not feeling well enough to make a speech;" The committee could not get in touch with another member, Mr. W. F. Smith,



A Class Room in This Building.

with its invitation; the county superintendent, and a trustee of the private school at Mt. Pleasant, was urged to attend a rally and speak for the cause of improving public school facilities for Mt. Pleasant. He is reported to have declined the invitation on the ground that he "was very busy getting ready for his county commencement;" the other member of the county board of education, Col. George F. McAllister, who lives at Mt. Pleasant, born and reared there, maintains a private school and is the beneficiary of all the profits accruing from the con-

duct of the said private institution, is reported to have openly fought the proposition and conspired to defeat the question of improving the public school facilities of his home, on the pretext of a serious objection to a certain feature. Having voted against the first proposition by staying away from the polls, he marched up at the second election and cast a vote of a member of the county board of education against the proposition of giving his peolpe and his neighbors adequate school facilities.

Prof. McAllister has been a great disappointment to his former admiers and friends in his inconsistent course; they now believe that he is an obstacle in the development of the school system of the county. They feel that as a private individual he could have opposed the proposition and adopt the surprising course he did without censure; but as a member of the county board, having approved of the election, they claim that he lacked a delicacy of feeling and a sense of the proprieties when he threw his influence and vote against the proposition so strongly as to cause its defeat.

This is why Mt. Pleasant has the miserable school equipment it now has and must be content with. The public may draw its own conclusion as to whether a set of school officials, approving a school proposition, then turning and running away from it, possesses the kind of "vision and ability" that would lead any progressive movement to successful conconclusion.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Pressly Mills

Master Homer Barnes was given charge of the pumps last week.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Master Charles Roper is taking lessons on the new linotype machine.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Mr. V. C. Crowell has resigned his position as an officer of the institution.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Recently the boys in Mrs. Duckett's school room purchased five gallons of ice cream.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Mr. Samuel Kennett has returned to the institution. He has been away spending his vacation.

Master James Watts paid a visit to the institution last week. He was paroled by Mr Boger. last January.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Master Ervin Cole has been given a position in the laundry. He likes this kind of work very much.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The work on our new granery will soon be completed. This building will fill a long-felt need. We expect to begin storing the oat crop next week.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Master James A. Shipp was honorably paroled by Superintendent Boger last Thursday. He goes to Lakeland, Florida.

Master Norman Lee was called home last week. Some one of his relatives was seriously ill. He will return in a short time.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Miss Eva Oglesby has accepted a position as a school teacher at the institution. She is to teach the first and second grades.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The boys, who are taught by Miss Evangeline Greenlee, are enjoying a vacation because Miss Greenlee is away spending her vacation.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Mr. John Goodman, of Concord, is doing electrical work at the institution. He is, at the present, putting the lighting fixtures in the new granary.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Master Walter Mills' foot is rapidly growing well. We are glad to know that he will soon be able to be back with us and that he will be relieved of his suffering.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The following boys received visits from their relatives and friends last Wednesday, Jack Stewart, Howard Riggs, Harry Shirley, Breeman Brittain, Nathaniel Johnson, Baxter Shepherd, and Lester Campbell.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

There will probably be no more baseball games at the institution this year. The grounds are being repaired. The new play ground equipment is being put into place and work on the big grand stand is to soon be started.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Rev. Mr. Jamison, of Kannapolis, delivered an interesting sermon in the Auditorium last Sunday afternoon. His sermon was based on the text; "Wilt thou be made whole?" He will hereafter preach to the boys the third Sunday in every month.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

New boys are arriving daily. The nearness of August accounts for this. Mr. Boger is allowing the Welfare Officers to bring on their wild, untamed boys, but, however, after a few days here that wildness disappears aud they become quite tame.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Last Thursday morning the bell boy pulled the rope a little too hard and the bell tumbled off the rock. When asked by a chum; "what made the bell fall off the rock?" a small boy replied: "Aw the poor thing got tired and struck." It was put back in its' place Saturday afternoon by Mr. Fisher and several of the largest boys.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The boys of the afternoon school section organized and defeated a team that was likewise organized by the boys of the morning school section last Saturday afternoon. The score was 12-11.

Score by Innings

	R	H	E
M. Section—120 302 003	11	8	3
A. Section—213 121 11x	12	12	2

Batteries—Everhart and Cook; Edmondson and Mills.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The tractor boys have lately been kept very busy overhauling the tractors. A rear axle on the new tractor was broken last week. This

was repaired by the tractor boys and Mr. Talbirt last Monday. The tractor boys are: Dewey Griffin, Manfred Mooney, Baxter Shepherd and "Willie" Cook. All of these boys are somewhat experienced in this kind of business and they can keep the tractors in a fairly good condition.

HONOR ROLL.

HONOR ROLL

"A"

Rufus Wrenn, Pressley Mills, Garland Banks, Jas. Gentry, Jno. Moose, Chas. Roper, Robt. Watson, David Underwood, Ralph Cutchin, Loxley Saunders, Max Thompson, Paul Groves, Wm. Gregory, Jno. Wright, Carroll Guice, Chas. Mayo, James Alexander, Brevard Bradshaw, Ed. Finch, Anderson Hart, Walter Morris, Carl Osbon, Odell Ritchie, Jess Wall, Vestal Yarbrough, Archie Brady, Irvin Combo, Earl Crow, Harry Dalton, Everett Goodrich, Chas. Hutchins, Oscar Johnson, Jo. Kennon, Paul Leitner, Glenn Monday, Chas. Maynard, Harry Shirley, Clifton Rodgers, Joe Pope, Avery Rothrock, Leon Allen, Robert Ward, Baynes Poterfield, Breaman Brittian, Hoke Ensley, Barnie McRary, Clyde Pearce, Sammie Carron, Whitlock Pridgen, Erma Leach, Norman Lee, Thos. A. Oglesby, Charles Padgett, Sanford Hedrick, Graham York, Grover Lyerly, Judge Brooks, Obed McClain, Henry Nunnery, Harry Stevens, Herbert Orr, Coleman Smith, Lee Rodgers, Sylvester Hunnicutt, Dallas Hensley, Jack Stewart, Sanford Wilson, Rhodes Lewis, Sam Poplin, James Ford, Ernest Allen, Jerome Williams, Jesse Foster, Ernest Cobb, Wirron Terry, Paul Camp, Earle Houser, Alton Etheridge Earle Wade, Aughtery Wilkerson, Travis Browning, Turner Anderson, Roy Johnson, Carlton Hager, Arthur Hyler, Vernon Tarlton, Percy Briley, John Cain, George Everhart, Paul Greene, Cleburn Hale, Vernon Lauder, Sammie Osborne, Raymond Scott, Hugh Tyson, Walter Mills, James Allen, Chas. Beach, Sam Deal, Arthur Duke, Roy Fuqua, Claiborne Jolly, Pul Kimray, Thomas Moore, Walter Taylor, Irvine Turner, Thural Wilkerson, Mack Duncan.

"B"

John Dalton, Ernest Jordan, Washington Pickett, Harry Sims, J. J. Jones Jr., Aubrey Weaver, Jno. Sinclair, Ralph Freeland, Harry Ward, Joe Moore, Lee Yow, Hazen Ward, Clyde Trollinger, Solomon Thompson, Joe Wilkes, Charles Almond, James Phillips, Samuel McPherson, Dan Taylor, Edwin Crenshaw, Hurley Way, James Long, Herman Cook, Carlyle Hardy, Clyde Hollingsworth, John Wofford, George Scott, Earl Litter, Preston Winders, Henry Brewer, Joe Stevens, Elvis Carlton, Amaziah Corbett, Creasman William, David Driver, Charlie Jackson, Pleas Johnson, Valton Lee, George McCone, Preston McNiel, Smiley Morrow, Walter Page, Lonie Pate, Dwight Queen, Lee Smtih, Lester Staley, Frank Stone, Herbert Apple, Charles Crossman Purl Graham, Emmett Lassiter, Ervin Moore,

Manford Mooney, Watson O'quinn, Claude Evans, Richard Hoyle, Carl Charlie Parton, Donald Pate, Roy Henry, Lee McBride, Jno. H. Vann, Rector, Avery Roberts, Chester Shep- Jno. D. Windham, Archie Waddel, herd, Newton Watkins, Fred Wiles, "Tar" Blackman, Bob Carswell, Edgar Warren, James Autry, Uldric Wesley Cook, Claiborne Gilbert, Mil- Bracken, Walter Cummings, Groverton Hunt, Geo. Howard, Henry Cook, Irvin Cole, Julian Commander, Reece, Floyd Linville.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

Passenger Train Schedules

Arrival and Departure of Passenger Trains, Concord, N. C.

LV.	NO.	BETWEEN	NO.	AR.
1:40A	30	New York-Birmingham	30	1:40A
2:37A	29	Birmingham-New York	29	2:37A
5:12A	44	Washington-Atlanta	44	5:12A
6:32A	31	Atlanta-New York	31	6:32A
8:41A	137	Atlanta-New York	137	8:41A
9:25A	11	Charlotte-Norfolk-Richmond	11	9:25A
10:55A	36	New York Birmingham-New Orleans	36	10:55A
3:20P	45	Washington-Charlotte	45	3:20P
3:45P	46	Charlotte-Danville	46	3:45P
7:10P	12	Norfolk-Richmond-Atlanta	12	7:10P
8:18P	32	New York-Augusta	32	8:18P
10:20P	35	Birmingham-New Orleans-New York	35	10:20P
9:45P	138	New York-Atlanta	138	9:45P
9:31P	135	Washington-Atlanta	135	9:31P

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Charlotte, N. C.

M. E. WOODY, Ticket Agent,
Concord, N. C.

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XI CONCORD, N. C. JULY 28, 1923 No. 37

WAS IT YOU?

Some one started the whole day wrong—
Was it you?
Some one robbed the day of its song—
Was it you?
Early this morning some one frowned;
Some one sulked until others scowled;
And soon harsh words were passed around—
Was it you?
Some one started the day aright—
Was it you?
Some one made it happy and bright—
Was it you?
Early one morning, we are told,
Some one smiled and all through the day
Was it you?
This smile encouraged young and old—
Was it you?
—Stewart I. Long, in New York Sun.

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

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The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-setting by the Boys Printing Class. Subscription Two Dollars the year in Advance.

JAMES P. COOK, *Editor*, J. C. FISHER, *Director Printing Department*

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WHAT HE SHOT.

I shot an arrow into the air, it fell in the distance, I knew not where, till a neighbor said that it killed his calf, and I had to pay him six and a half ($6.50.) I bought some poison to slay some rats, and a neighbor swore that it killed his cats; and, rather than argue across the fence I paid him four dollars and fifty cents ($4.50.) One night I sat sailing a toy balloon, and hoped it would soar till it reached the moon; but the candle fell out on a farmer's straw, and he said I must settle or go to law. And that is the way with the random shot; it never hits in the proper spot; and the joke you spring, that you think so smart may leave a wound in some fellow's heart.—Emporia Gazette.

HOW DID IT GET THERE?

When the legislature passed the original bond bill for the construction of dependable roads from county seat to county seat, there accompained the bill a map showing the roads that were adopted and taken over by the state. The Albermarle-Charlotte road, via Locust and across southern Cabarrus, was not one of them. It is, however, now shown on the map. How did it get there and who put it there and by what authority? This is a question that concerns lots of people that feel that no created power can become bigger and mightier than the law that governs it or the power that made the law. It is

likely that Mr. Commissioner W. C. Wilkinson, of this district, could tell how the thing was manipulated and what the real motive was behind this performance? And while he is at it, he might tell why he manifests no special enthusiasm in making the original, legal county seat to county seat, road between Albemarle and Concord a dependable road in keeping with the original purposes of the law that made him a director of this district.

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THANK YOU, BRETHERN.

The Press of the state has been uniformly kind and complimentary to the efforts of the youngsters, who are putting out this weekly publication. We have not taken up our space in reproducing many of these expressions of endorsement and compliments, but they are powerfully pleasing at this end of the line.

Daily some fellow, preacher, doctor, lawyer, business man and even a horny-handed son of toil, salute us with words of high praise for the character of the contents of THE UPLIFT and the position it takes on the most vital question that today confronts the people, the proper education of the young —the rural young.

We cannot in these hot days, even, resist reproducing the friendly reference to THE UPLIFT by brother Archibald Johnson, who edits the most widely read semi-religious paper in North Carolina, and the comments by brother Mebane, of the Newton News-Enterprise, and who in reality and truth, started the great educational movement that is now making North Carolina stand out among all progressive states. We are entirely willing to let these brethern manage the size of our circulation. THE UPLIFT now goes to every one of the one hundred counties of the state, and has subscribers in nearly every state of the union, and yet we have never asked a single person to become a subscriber. We haven't ten thousand subscribers, but we do have ten thousand readers, and some of these days we shall put a bright, intelligent woman in the field to canvass and to tell human interest stories about the places and people whom she visits and—then just watch THE UPLIFT enroll the ten thousand.

It is a mistaken notion to believe that a paper cannot live and prosper in North Carolina that shuts its door on the exploiting of crime and the rottenness of some social circles. But here's the statement of the brethern:

"The Uplift, edited by Mr. J. P. Cook, ought to have ten thousand subscribers. In the first place it is well edited and is worth more than the subscription price, which is two dollars a year, as a purely literary in-

vestment, and then it represents one of the best and most useful institutions in the state—the Stonewall Jackson Training School for boys."—Charity & Children.

"We rise to amend the above suggestion to strike out the word "ten" in line one and insert in lieu thereof the word "twenty"—and also request Charity and Children to give its approval and have the bill passed as amended"—Catawba News Enterprise

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JOHN CLARENCE LESLIE.

"Have you heard of the death of John Leslie?" was passed up and down the streets, last Monday. Those that were representatives of the citizenship of Concord thirty years ago were saddened with the intensest grief.

Mr. Leslie died suddenly at his home in New York, at the age of 58 years, where he had gone to take charge of an immense business established by the late James William Cannon, the master builder and the master discoverer of promising men. It is pleasing to all, who value character, rectitude and a loyalty to former friends and the graces of life, as John Leslie did himself, that he had wrung from early childhood, strewn with much uncertainty and a sparcity of opportunities, a business success that is measured by seven figures. That is a fine accomplishment. It is finer still that John Leslie, in all his progress and advancement in prominence in a business world that touched the entire country, remained the same quiet, gentlemanly gentleman, modest and unspectacular. And finer still then all these, John Leslie in the white day of his succees did not forget his kin and his associates and his friends of other days, back home.

It seems only yesterday when as office men in the Cannon & Fetzer store John Leslie and Irwin Woodhouse attracted to themselves the confidence and esteem of the entire county. They were marked men early in life, and no disappointment can be traced to their door or to their doings.

The high purpose, clean character and clean living, and the splendid record of John Leslie are examples for emulation. Finite minds ccannot understand why the great Infinite carried him away so early.

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AN INTERESTED WATCHER.

The good friend of the school, of humanity in general and progressive causes, Hon. A. H. Boyden, of Salisbury, taking note of the gift by the Moving Picture Association of the state of a 1000-seating capacity auditorium for

the benefit of this institution writes: "You are a wonder; the next thing I expect to see in the papers is that you have a circus connected with the Jackson Training School equal to John Robinson's, the joy of my young life. Good luck to you." That sounds just like the genial spirit that sent the message.

When the public found out what was being done at the Jackson Training School, there began to bob up here and there a man or a woman that wanted to do something to aid materially. At first it required some diplomacy and ingenuity to properly make a business connection, but it is no longer a hard proposition.

Speaking of a circus, Col. Boyden speaks the language of every child, when he classes it as "a joy of my young life." In a small and limited measure, we already have a circus and it functions pretty well, but we do not aspire to equal John Robinson's because there was in all history but one John Lowlow. Come down, colonel, your pass into the inner circles is good forever more

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MEETING OF THE BOARD.

Answering a request of the governor, the Board of Trustees of this institution met on the 27th to transact certain business that was necessary before the enlarged programme of building could be inaugrated. There was a goodly attendance of the trustees. The story never grows old with them; and when time permits they make a survey of the entire grounds and activities.

A LAY SERMON.

By R. R. CIARK

Let every soul be subject unto the higher powers. For there is no power but of God: the powers that be are ordained of God.

Whosoever therefore resisteth the power, resisteth the ordinance of God: and they that resist shall receive to themselves damnation. For rulers are not a terror to good works, but to the evil.—Romans, 13: 1-2-3.

Put them in mind to be subject to principalities and powers, to obey magistrates, to be ready to every good work—Titus, 3: 1.

Let it be said at the outset that there is no purpose here to usurp the prerogative of any preacher, blockade or otherwise. Neither is there a purpose to attempt to interpret Scripture. The idea is to set down a few things that have occurred to me for the consideration of any who may be interested.

Not long ago, some newspaper readers will recall, the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church (North,) at the instance of Hon. W. J. Bryan, a member of that Assembly, adopted a resolution requesting all members of that Church to sign a pledge to abstain from the use of strong drink. So far as the news reports of the proceedings disclosed, the pledge was not compulsory. The Assembly had no right to make it compulsory. It was simply suggested as the duty of professing Christians to abstain from the use of liquor.

Soon after the adjournment of the Assembly Dr. Henry Van Dyke, noted author, diplomat and Presbyterian preacher, declared in a sermon in New York: "To say that the use of wine is per se sinful, and for a Christian Church to impose a pledge which would have excluded Jesus Christ from its ministry and membership, is manifestly so absurd as to border on the blasphemous." That assertion of Dr. Van Dyke's gave me pause. I am not disputing with that eminent man, nor am I appearing for Mr. Bryan, with whom I am probably more often in disagreement than agreement, and who is abundantly able to take care of himself. I am simply mentioning what occurs to me in this connection. In the first place the Bryan resolution did not declare the use of strong drink a sin per se, as I understand it, although Dr. Van Dyke can contend that that was the effect. Nor was the pledge imposed. It was left optional. In the former times, when the manufacture and sale of strong drink was authorized by law, and the use of spirituous liquors was common, very few would take the position that the use of liquor was of itself sinful. Of course it could be made so. If the use of ardent spirits resulted in the physical or mental impairment of the individual, then it would seem to be contrary to the Scriptural injunction against that which defiles the body. Or if the example was hurtful to others it would seem to be wrong under Paul's declaration that he would refrain from meat for all time if eating meat caused a brother to offend.

But as it seems to the ordinary

layman, Dr. Van Dyke missed the vital point at issue; or at least the report of his sermon did not contain any mention of the duty of the citizen, and especially of the professing Christian, to be subject to the powers that be; to obey the law, whether one thinks the law wise or unwise. And the point I am emphasizing for consideration here. Is it morally wrong, is it a sin, to disobey the law duly enacted by the civil power? If it is then the use of liquor as a beverage is a sin per se under present condition. Under former conditions, when it was not unlawful to manufacture and sell strong drink, it was the extreme view to contend that its use in moderation was of itself a sin. But is not the situation entirely changed when the manufacture and sale for beverage purposes are strictly prohibited by the constitution and the laws of the land? Liquor for beverage purposes cannot be procured lawfully. Therefore the purchaser of strong drink aids and abets in the violation of the law in the mere act of purchase. That seems to be plain enough, considered either from the standpoint of the Scripture quoted or from the viewpoint of ordinary common sense. If it be so, then if professing Christians —Church members—are unwilling to pledge themselves to abstain from that which violates the law, it need not be expected that the ungodly will do so. Rather the latter are encouraged to ignore the law by the example of those who are charged to be subject to the higher powers.

The prohibition law is just one point of the consideration. It is given attention here because it is not only a live but a timely topic at all times, but because it was the matter under consideration by Mr. Bryan and Dr. Van Dyke. If the violation of the prohibition law—either by the manufacture, the purchase and sale or the use of liquor is a sin, it must follow that the violation of all other laws is a sin. The automobile laws are violated daily by those who would resent being classed with the lawless or with the ungodly. The laws prohibiting usury are constantly violated, by individuals and corporations, the violators frequently being those classed as leading and model citizens, leaders in the Church. And many there be who apparently account it no sin to evade the tax laws by hook or crook, by lying directly or indirectly. The fact that the Nazarene, when the Jews asked Him if it was lawful to pay tribute to Caesar, they desiring to evade the tribute, answered, "Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's," has no consideration with those who seem to feel it a duty and a privilege to keep back a part of the tribute they owe the civil government. And so the list could be multiplied. There are numerous prohibitions in the statutes that are ignored, the citizen salving his conscience with the excuse that the law is wrong. It is unnecessary to point to where that leads. If each individual may determine these matters for himself, the government fails.

I am not unaware that men have been proclaimed martyrs, heroes and patriots for resistance to law which they deemed tyranny; and I am not here to say where the sin ends and the righteousness begins in resistance to law. The anarchists, communists, bolshevists and all others by what-

ever name called who would overthrow the government by violence, profess to justify their course as resistance to tyranny. The answer of the conservative and law-abiding, an answer that cannot be resisted nor successfully denied, is that in a democracy, such as this country is, the people can change rulers and laws whenever they are amind by the peaceful exercise of their power. Admit that answer and no violator of law can successfully excuse himself on the ground that the law is wrong.

Is violation of law a sin? Write your own answer in the light of conscience.

The moving picture men have decided to erect a great playhouse at the Jackson Training School. This is very generous on the part of the movie men, and will contribute no little to the happiness of the boys. —Charity & Children.

LENIOR–A FRONT YARD AND DOOR.

By Old Hurrygraph

Lovely, lustrous Lenior—named in honor of General William Lenoir, one of the heroes of the battle of King's Mountain, and founded in 1841—bears a glorious heritage in valor and the laurel wreath of victory, and is a lusty namesake of an illustrious victor.

Lenior is the front yard and the front door of the beautiful Blowing Rock scenic country—a gift of divine craftsmanship; a gift of nature; a gift so superb in its grandeur, that those who come here for the first time marvel and wonder in amazement. The Blowing Rock country is destined to be the resting place, and play ground, for hundreds of thousands of happy people. Its gift of rugged mountain scenery—the quaint and famous old Rock itself—palisades of towering peaks, forest canyons, grand oak and chestnut trees, babbling brooks, wild flowers, sunshine, shades and sunset, moon paths and silvery lakes, with soothing breezes, all conspire to thrill and delight.

From Garden To Garden.

Human thought thinks of itself as starting in a beautiful garden and going to another beautiful garden. The first it called Eden; the second it called Paradise. Its ideal habitation is a beautiful garden. Lenior is the gateway to one of nature's masterpieces, the garden of the gods and the goddesses. It is part of this mountain scenic Eldorado. It is an accepted and fitting realization to mark the end of a man's journey around the globe; it fulfills his hopes and desires; confirms his ideals of beauty in nature, and a place for the last and highest enjoyment of rest and recreation. Its climate is cool and refreshing the year 'round. Nothing like it anywhere else.

Lenior Throbs With Interest.

Lenior is a rhythmical name, typical of its beauty, location and mountain environment. Lenior is young

in spirit, in looks, in fact. She lives naturally and happily, with a population of 6,000 as energetic Americans as ever gloried in progress and achievement. Through Lenior's gateway you look up and out upon the top side of easternAmerica. When you gaze upon the illimatable sea of mountains, it enlarges one's vision; increases one's capacity for taking in the greatness of a great State; breaks one's limitations on surroundings; shows the greatness of God, and compels one to use superlatives in a feeble attempt at description.

Lenior Has Visions.

Lenior has great enthusiasm, and a great vision for the future. She has accomplished great achievements. Already the echo of the hum of her furniture, chair and mirror factories; the spindles of her cotton and woolen mills, and the bustle of her numerous other industries are heard around the globe. People all over this land, and others, sit in Lenior chairs; sleep in Lenior beds; eat from Lenior tables; and sit in Leinor furnished rooms and look at their beautiful selves in Lenior Mirrors. Not only that but they wear Lenior made clothes; shoes made from Lenior leather. Did you know that Lenior was the second largest furniture manufacturing city in North Carolina, and the third largest in the world? Fact. The leading manufacturers employ over 1,434 operatives. The annual payroll is over $2,067,000. Lenior is an inspiration. It is not only "The Gateway to the Scenic Blowing Rock Country," as it is entitled, but it is the temple of manufacturing industry. Today Lenior faces the future, not by standing still, but by the inspiring spectacle of looking up and marching on, confident of the power and strength of her own endeavors and the great ship of prosperity.

Some Of The Things Lenior Is Doing.

Beautiful town with beautiful streets, and attractive grass-plot lined pavements. Lenior has already spent, several years ago, $130,000 in paving her two main thoroughfares. She is now spending, in addition, $125,000 in paving all side and cross streets, and for extensions. This is under construction at the present time.

Lenior is enlarging her water supply sufficient to accommodate a town of 50,000 inhabitants. She is spending now some $75,000 for this purpose, and the work is being pushed to an early completion. The new supply is from the mountain watershed, some eight miles distant, with a natural gravity of fine force to the town reservoir.

Evidences Of Thrift.

There are all kinds of evidences of thrift and progress here in civic, religious and industrial circles. The Baptists are to build a handsome new church on the old graded school property; and Zion Reform church has purchased the First Baptist building, and they have moved up a notch. The new graded school building is a fine, modern structure; the pride of the town. The social life of Lenior is keeping pace—and if anything, leading—in this bustling burg, and is adding a zest to life among the foothills, in such a beautiful environment. Lenior is the home of Davenport College, one of the bea-

con lights of education for young women among the Methodists, it is the habitat of a splendid semi-weekly newspaper, The News-Topic; the largest garage in this part of the State, 100 X 200 feet; a flying machine, and a totem pole. Lenior is all right; and happy on the way to greater things.

Carlye was showing an old Scotch friend his sound proof room built on top of his house in Chelsea. The old fellow examined the room, whence nothing from outside could either be seen or heard, and then he said with a chuckle:

"Man, it's grand! Here ye may study and write all the rest of your life, and nobody be one bit wiser.—Washington Star.

CONFRONTED BY A CONDITION.

The Charlotte News has taken the trouble to assemble some startling statistics that afforded an occasion for some very serious thoughts. The horrible knowledge of the rural sections being drawned upon for some of the very best element, along with the less desirable as citizens, is making thoughtful people very anxious.

In the past twelve months three or four of the very best citizens and landowners of St. John's section, Cabarrus county, have moved to town. Being asked why they did so, leaving splendid properties, the unanimous answer came promptly: "The school facilities, and the character of the schools, are such that we are unwilling to deprive our children of such superior advantages to be had in town." Yet the officials of the school board of Cabarrus are trying to persuade the public, to hide the wretchedness of their conduct of the public schools, to believe that the rural children are receiving all that they need or deserve.

The News' article touches upon other vital questions. And it is worth our while to consider them:

"It takes 63 1-2 dozen or 762 eggs, to pay a plasterer for one day's work of eight hours.

"It takes 17 1-2 bushels of corn, or a year's receipt from half an acre, to pay a bricklayer one day.

"It takes twenty-three chickens, three pounds each, to pay a painter for one day's work in New York.

"It takes forty-two pounds of butter, or the output from fourteen cows, fed and milked for twenty-four hours, to pay a plumber $14 a day.

"It takes a hog weighing 175 pounds, representing eight month's feeding and care, to pay a carpenter for one day's work.

"This was sent in to us by a friend and an economist of this community who was very much alarmed over the figures quoted above.

"They originally appeared in a telegram sent to Herbert Hoover,

secretary of the commerce in the President's cabinet, by President Wannamaker of the American Cotton Association.

"It is the recollection of this newspaper that the figures were printed in these columns at the time, but even so they are worth reproducing and worth further comment and attention from the public.

"They symptomize a very glaring defect in our present-day economic system. They foreshadow a very great revolution which is bound to come to pass in America unless the conditions they represent are quickly changed.

"We are not sure but that we are today iin the first stages of that revolution which is going to take the people from agriculture and put them,—misplace them is a better term,—in the industrial populations, bringing about a lop-sided and inorganic form of civilization.

"No country can last long with everybody depleting the productive fields an the raw product centers in order to join the mad scramble for the gains of distribution and utilization. That is what we have before us today in America as a more or less certain event unless the farmer is given some conditions which he is being denied today.

"What is going to happen, economically, socally and otherwise when the wheat fields are deserted for the plasterer's pursuit, when the cotton plantations of the South are surrounded to idleness while the farmers rush into the congested centers to go to painting, when the livestock producers of the Middle West quit raising the meat, that we in the South, unfortunately, have to eat instead of raising ourselves, and join the groups of industrials who are engaged in the plumbing lines,—what, in a word, will the civilization of America be reduced to when the raw rough wealth sources are stopped up and all of us get to competing for the whipped cream?

"We had better be thinking about that, those especially of the cities. The congested, populous centers are growing. Look at this census table and see how the great cities are becoming greater, and how the sparsely-settled countrysides are being less densely populated. The answer to this condition is found in the above-quoted figures which show how unbearably onerous the burdens being placed upon the farmers to make a living while such high wages are awaiting those of the other pursuits."

Teacher—"Wait a moment, Johnny. What do you understand by that word 'deficit'?"

Johnny—"It's what you've got when you haven't got as much as if you just hadn't nothing."

GONE TO ANOTHER COUNTY.

A teacher, Mr. H. T. Baker, highly educated and formerly one of the successful teachers of Cabarrus county, is in attendance upon the Stanly county Summer school for teachers, and he writes interestingly to the Albemarle News-Herald, as follows:

Comparisons are odious, so we will try to give a short sketch of The Summer Training School that has now been in session in Albemarle for four weeks, without saying anything at all about what other counties are doing.

Those of us who read editor J.P. Cook, in a recent issue of The Uplift, need not be reminded of the fate that certain neighboring counties are so far behind the progressive county of Stanly on educational lines, that there could really be no comparison. This is more regretable because we have to make the humiliating confession that we have been a citizen of this laggard county for, low, these many years. But for the time being let us forget that we are in such close proximity with an atmosphere of lassitude and turn our thoughts toward a community that is so distinctively blessed with a people who have set up for themselves an educational goal, and who have been inspired with the spirit of conquest.

While the leader of the educational forces of Stanly county,Prof. C. A. Reap, and his associates have not reached the full fruition of their hope to make Stanly county the banner section of the state for good schools, they have left several mile posts behind the.m

"Self praise is half scandal" as the saying goes, but it is the spirit of emulation that we are indebted for much of the progress that has been made in all lines of endeavor, so we think other folks should know what is being done over here in Stanly. Of course, it goes without saying, that the very best teaching talent was secured in advance to take care of the needs of Stanly County's teachers. Mr. Beam, the new Superintendent of Albemarle's City School, and conductor of our Summer Training School, teaches four periods each bay. Mrs. Laudaman and Miss Moyle have charge of the other units of work.

If there is one thing that needs to be emphasized a little more than the rest, it is the willingness on the part of our instructors to listen at the teacher-students talk some, and not monopolize the whole occasion for self exploitation. In fact, we are required to talk right much sometimes, especially if it's something that we don't know much about. That is the way they have, I reckon, of helping us where we most need it.

To make a long story short, we think this six weeks of training that we teachers are getting is going to be worth much to us and indirectly to the children whom we teach. Mr. Harris, one of my classmates, said to me, "Mr. Baker, I have taught in the public schools forty-eight years, have attended teachers meetings, institutes, and summer schools, but this

just beats all." Of course we second the motion.

Two more weeks—then we tell some more.

"De truth ain't allus easy to git at," said Uncle Eben. "A man kin sometimes say sumpin' in half a minute dat he can't explain in five years."—Washington Star.

THE GOLDEN RULE AND PERSONALITY.

By Rev. Thos. F. Opie.

There are persons who will think that this whole matter of the great success of the Golden Rule system, in connection with the Nash Company, hinges on the personality of Mr. Nash himself—and who will hold back from putting the system into effect in their own plants because of personal misgiving as to being able to carry it to successful conclusion. Let Mr. Nash speak for himself on this subject:—"I am often asked how much my personality had to do with the success of our company. I want to answer definitely and positively that I had no personality until I accepted a principle and that it is out of the principle that the personality developed. When I was carrying the hod at the Soldiers' Home at Marion, Ind., I had the personality of a hod-carrier. When I was working in the bridge gang on the Vanadalia Railroad running into St. Joseph, Mich., I had the personality of a bridge gang worker, and perhaps plenty of it, because when the boss came out one morning after a night of drunken revelry, and arrived at the job about ten o'clock, and said to me, looking through his blurry eyes, 'What in the h— have you been doing all morning?' my answer was 'Why in the h— didn't you get up and see?' I lost that job and went on the tramp, immediately.

This is related in order to show that the Golden Rule system can transform a man as well as his business—and that no great amount of genius, personality or unusual endowment is essentail to its introduction into one's business. According to the wife of the man who has made the Golden Rule famous in Cincinnati and a dozen other ulaces where his business operates, the greatest effect have been produced on Mr. Nash himself. She once said to him, "I have heard today a great deal about the development in the factory, but the most wonderful of all has been overlooked. I wonder whether you recognize the wonderful development that has been made in you?—Yours has been the most wonderful of all." A close friend told Mr. Nash recently that it was difficult for him to believe that Mr. Nash was the same man he had known only a few years before—"I wondered today, as I looked at you as you sat on the platform with the president of that great institution of learning, how many, if they came into the audience as strangers, would

pick you for the farmer from Indiana and him for the president."

We have already referred to the disappearance of profanity, among the very men who an oath was as common as breathing, and to changes in the character and personal lives of the men and women connected with the Nash establishment. We have referred to the real love and sympathy and the sense of brotherhood that pervades the place—and to what Mr. Nash calls a miracle in the transformation of some of his employees. The firm took on a woman who had killed a man—and to whom every door was apparently closed—after her acquittal. It paid $199 of debts for a mother of seven little children, so that she might spend Christmas with her little ones.

This from the Cincinnati Post, "The Golden Rule is all right, says everybody. But how are you going to use it on the man who 'does you dirt?' No, it can't be done, says nearly everybody. But this is the story of a man whose firm is supporting the family of the bandit who robbed it of an $8,000 payroll. He has put the bandit's wife on the payroll at a wage of $20 a week—and requires no work of her." But he does require that the children shall be kept together and sent to church and school, "to the end that they may grow up to be worthy men and women who by honorable living will make recompense to society for the sins of their father."

Thus the Golden Rule works to the development of personality in the most unlooked-for places and works miracles on all sides. But it must work through the hearts and lives of men and women. It cannot put itself into effect! Therefore, all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them. We can remake the world by so doing.

DEVELOPMENT IN THE COAL FIELDS.

The recent geological survey of the Deep River coal basin in this State is bearing fruit, as indicated in the coming development of the third coal mine. Virginia capitalists, whose representative experts know a good coal prospect when they see one, are negotiating for a tract of coal land embracing 2,500 acres, and will begin active mining operations in due time. The survey disclosed existence of coal of a high grade in the region where coal mining has been long in operation and it is the finer quality the Virginians are after. There is a good prospect that Virginians will be shortly supplying North Carolinians with a high grade of North Carolina Pocarontas. The development outlook in the coal regions is made the more promising by reason of the fact that in connection with coal mining will come extension of the waterpower possibilitiies of that section.—Charlotte Observer.

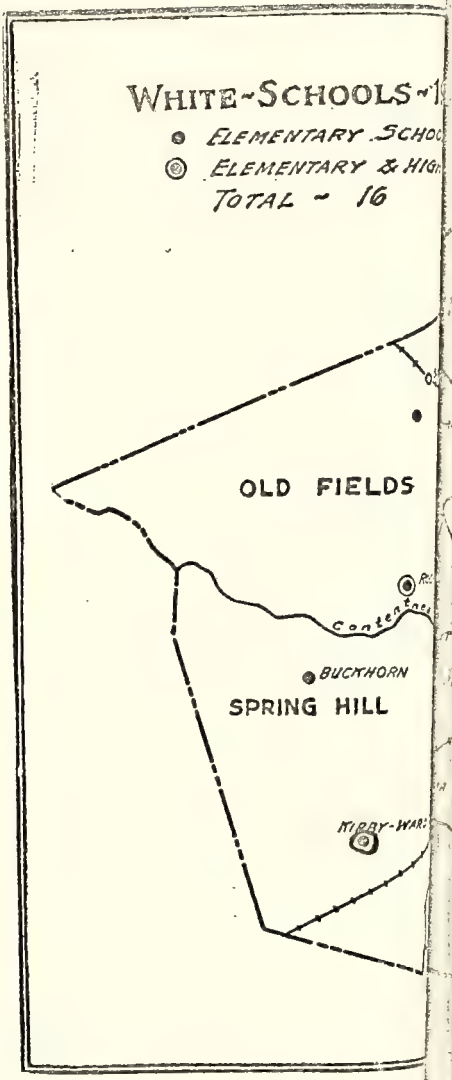
LESSON IN THE PRIMER

For the school officials of Cabarrus county. The friends of the education of the rural child in Cabarrus county respectfully invite Chairman Odell, together with Col. G. F. McAllister and Mr. W. F. Smith, the county board, and their executive officer, Prof. Robertson, to sit down and make a careful study of this picture in wise and conservative school legislation. This picture is reproduced at the request of a prominent minister of the county, who feels that our officials should have the privilege of an object lesson, simple and clear.

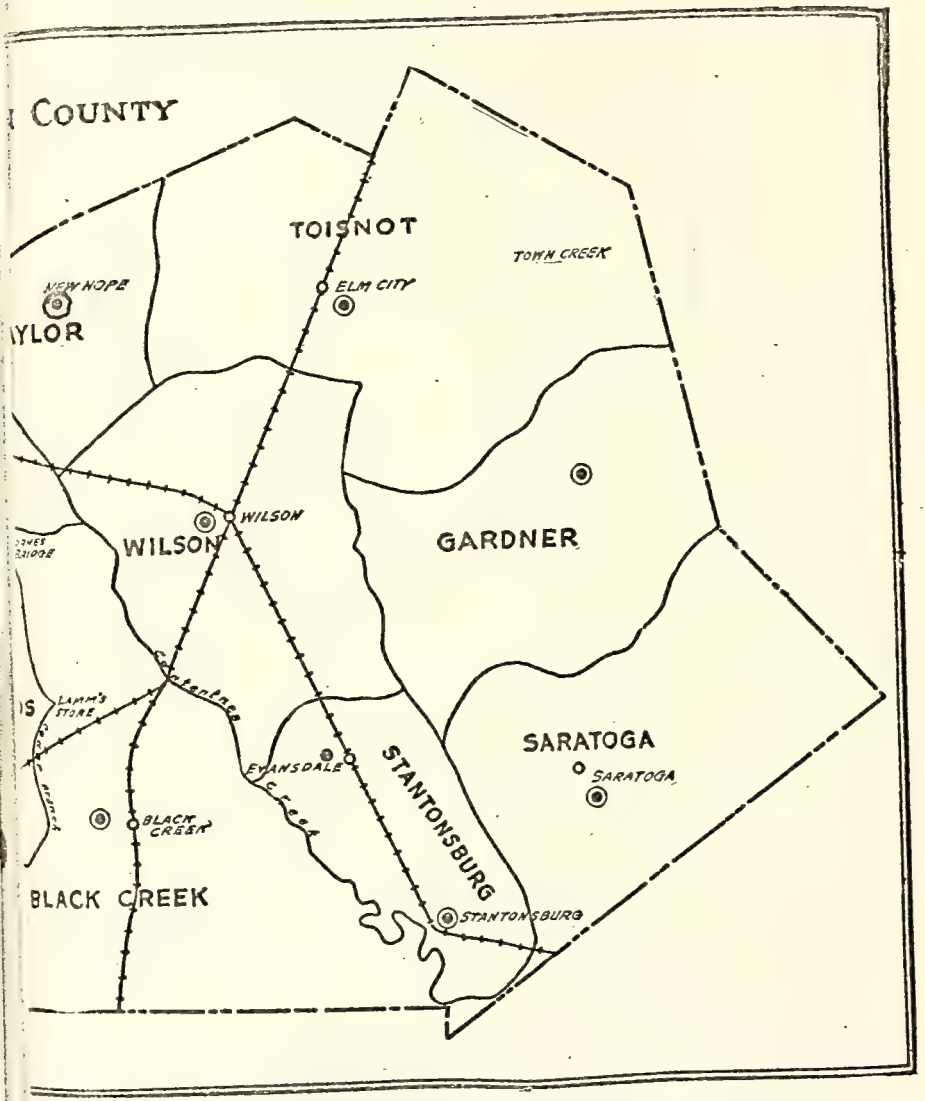
Wilson county is practically the size of Cabarrus. In 1917 she had 52 seperate school districts for the white children—the same number prevails in Cabarrus, the present board having increased one during the past six years, and inaugrated 2 "annex schools" in one township, as Supt. Robertson designates them. In 1921 Wilson county converted its territory into 16 districts, erecting modern and well-equipped buildings, and sees that her children have similar advantages to those enjoyed by town children. Do not Cabarrus county officials regard this as simple justice?

The Cabarrus students in the A. B. C. conduct of a modern, progressive administration of a rural educational programme, if they can't understand this simple picture, should send for Prof. Chas. Lee Coon, the superintendent of Wilson schools, to instruct them how the thing can be done in Cabarrus.

Wilson county is the educational leader in the state—wouldn't Cabarrus people be proud to escape the honor of the tail in the procession?



SCHOOL



MAP OF WILSON COUNTY.

GRANDFATHER MARSH'S STORIES.

"Bears?" said Grandfather Marsh, in reply to my question,—I had just come to board at the comfortable old Marsh homestead and teach the rural school nearby. "'Round here? Bless you, no! Nor hasn't been for years and years. But there used to be, when we first lived here, and a pesky nuisance they was too, often carrying off little pigs and lambs, breaking down the corn rows to eat the young corn, and wallowing down the grain and stripping the heads from it. At that time all this part of Wisconsin was pretty much a wilderness; there was settlements here 'n' there, in place of the many towns there is now,—miles and miles apart, mostly,—and instead of fine up-to-date farm buildings and smooth fields stretching away, thick, just 's far as your eyes can reach, it was log buildings set in the middle of a stumpy clearing, with the heavy woods round it all. The roads was'nt what they are these days, I tell ye! Mostly jest rough trails cut through the woods, and paths where you could lose your way as easy as keep it,—easier too, sometimes,—and instead of railroads and interurban lines going through the country in all directions, with cars running at all hours of the day and night, there was a government train, as it was called, a dozen or fifteen wagons together, that came through about every three months with supplies for the settlements. The mail was carried once a week on the back of an Indian or French-Canadian runner. There was any amount of wild things,—partriges and squirrels, deer, foxes, coons, wildcats and so on, and wolves sometimes, though these last wasn't very plenty, at least not in my time, whatever they may have been before. Once it was told around that a whopping big panther had been seen and heard out at 'the ledge,'—that's five or six miles east of here,—but I guess it must 've been one of these here 'they-say' stories, leastwise, we never run across anybody that 'd out and out seen him, or had seen anybody else that could take their oath 't they had either, though some claimed to have heard some hair-raising screechings and squallings off there.

"But bears,—yes, I've seen them many a time, but I never got into any trouble with 'em. They're generally peaceable enough if they're let alone, but they're mighty ugly customers to deal with if they're cornered or hurt, and an old one with cubs is apt to be touchy and ready to fight. Still, I don't know as they'll go out of their way to attack anyone. I remember once when we were cleaning up the place we felled a big oak tree late one afternoon. It was in the fall, and the acorns—the tree was loaded with 'em, —were ripe. Next morning the two boys and I went to work to trim off the limbs and get the trunk of it ready to be sawed and split into cord-wood. Just as we came up to the foot of it Dick says, 'Why, there's Maje Davis,'—Maje was a big Newfoundland dog the Davis family had brought with 'em from the east,—'Here, Maje, Maje, come here!' But Maje didn't come. He stood there at the other end of

the tree, looking at us and sniffing sort of inquiring like, and it struck all three of us at once that it wasn't the Davis dog.

"'That ain't Maje!' said Henry. 'Why, look there—there's another just like him coming out of the tree-top!' Sure enough, there was an awful swishing and smashing in the thick branches of the fallen tree, and out came another, and right after him came a third one, a good deal bigger than the two first ones. 'They're bears!' we all cried out at once, and sure enough they were, an old mother and her two cubs. They'd been in among the top of the tree feasting on the acorns. They stood staring at us for a minute, then started off, slow and easy like, into the woods. We didn't urge 'em to stay and visit with us! Generally, we took the gun—a single shot, muzzle-loading rifle, out with us, but for some reason we hadn't taken it that morning,—I can't say I was sorry either. The boys was for racing off to the house after it and following up the bears to try and get a shot at 'em, but I strongly advised 'em to let well enough alone. I represented to them that 'twas a chance in a hundred if they killed the old one at one shot, and if not, or if they shot one of the cubs she'd be down on us like a thousand of bricks! They'd been willing to let us alone and I thought it was only fair we should do the same by them, so the boys finally gave up the crazy idea of chasing after 'em. That was our first sight of a bear outside of a travelling show,—it was the same season I got this farm and commenced clearing it up.

"The next season a settler living a mile or two from us had quite a patch of oats. It was a fine crop,—or would 'a' been, but the bears found it out and they used to come nights and feast on the young milky grain, and wallow it down till he commenced to think he wouldn't even get the straw. He had two boys, seventeen and twenty years old, or about there, and they determined to watch and try to get some of the bears, or at least keep 'em out of the oat field. The youngest was an awful quiet chap, never had much to say about anything, but the other said enough for both. He was always and everlastingly bragging, and land! when they set out to defend the oat patch you'd 'a' thought he was going to kill all the bears in Wisconsin at one swoop, and think nothing of it, except that it was a mighty small job and hardly worth while wasting time doing! They had an old musket and a pitchfork to face 'em with. When the evening come the oldest thought they didn't ought to go to the field, because a bear might come prowling round the house or try to break into the cow-barn or pig-pen. He said, 'twas all foolishness to watch that night; it'd be too dark to see a bear if one did come (it was clear as crystal and there was a full moon,) they'd ought to wait till the next, he'd be lots more likely to come then, and so forth and so on, then he thought it'd be best for his brother to go to the field and him to stay and watch the cow-barn and pig-pen. He hung round quite a spell, but finally he did get started, and they went out and hid in some hazel-brush near the path the bears made getting into the field. Bill—the

oldest boy—was bound to carry the gun. He said his brother'd get so nervous and excited he couldn't do anything anyhow, and it needed to be somebody that was cool and steady-headed. They'd been watching a couple of hours, perhaps, when they heard something coming, and by the light of the moon just up above the tree-tops, they saw the head and shoulders of a bear coming up over the brush fence round the field. Then Bill showed how cool and steady-headed he was. He leaped up, fired the old musket into the air, then flung it down and run for the house like a streak, yelling "Bears! Bears! Help! Help!" at every jump, leaving his brother to face it out alone. He burst open the door and tumbled in, knocking his father flat too; slammed and barred the door and rushed up into the loft. He said afterward that he'd forgot the powder and shot,—there they was in his belt all the time!—but landsakes, everybody knew that he was scared half to death. The old man and a neighbor ran to the field, expecting to find the other boy pretty near eaten up, and I declare if he hadn't tackled the bear with the pitchfork and killed him too, by gum! 'Twasn't a very big one, though, but anyhow Bill didn't brag quite so much after that. When he'd get to talking pretty big somebody 'd be pretty sure to call 'Help!' or ask if the bears was bothering 'em much now, and he'd take the hint and shut up mighty quick.

"Among the settlers was a little Frenchman, who was terrible afraid of bears. Him and another fellow had land joining, and when they first got it they lived together in a little brush and pole shanty they'd built in a gully, tight up against a ledge of rock that cropped out toward the foot of the slope. They cleared the land, and put in a few potatoes and such, during the summer and worked in a lumber-camp through the winter. One night they'd gone to bed and was both sound asleep, when all at once, smash, bang, thump, came something on and through the flimsy roof, down into the shanty. It was a big bear, and I s'pose there was a pretty lively scrimmage there for a few minutes. How he ever came to tumble or jumb down there I don't know, but anyhow he had, and I guess he was full as surprised and as anxious to get out as the men were. The little Frenchman gave one yell and one jump, Patterson said, and went up through the hole in the roof onto the top of the rock like a skyrocket. He didn't wait to dress, either, Patterson didn't have much time to waste watching him go,—him and the bear was tearing round among the tin dishes and grub and things, trying to keep out of each other's way. Just as the bear got his snout through a small hole in the brush wall of the santy and came lurching out, bringing down pretty near the whole thing around and behind him, Patterson got the rough board door open and dove out, tripped over something and rolled down the slope. landing in the little creek at the bottom,—the water in them rock-spring streams is ice-cold, too,—while the bear went lumbering off through the bright moonlight into the woods, fast as he could run. Patterson picked himself up and looked around for his partner.

Back from the gully, at the top of the hill was an old dead pine, the trunk bare and smooth as glass, a'most, and nothing left of the branches except a few stubs here and there, and about forty feet up that the Frenchman was hunched up like a frog, hanging on for dear life and yelling and praying by turns and swearing between times in rapid-fire French and broken English. The bear could have climbed the tree dead easy, if he'd been so minded, but I s'pose that never occurred to Mr. Parley-voo. How under the canopy he managed it I can't tell; he couldn't if he hadn't a' been so plaguey scared. It was a good while before he'd come down, and he didn't find it a very easy matter to get down, either.

"But I guess about the funniest yarn I've heard about hunting bears was one old man Ames told on himself. One real bright moonlight night, along in the fall of the year, they heard something moving round outside near the house. He got up and looked out—it was about midnight,—and there was a big bear nosing about. Bear meat is pretty good eating, especially along toward winter when they're fat, let alone the comfort of a good bear-skin to bundle up in, and Ames made up his mind that he was going to have the old fellow. He got his rifle and without stopping to put on even his shoes he opened the door soft as he could and stepped out, quiet, to get a shot at him. But the must 've heard him moving round, or suspected something, for he'd started off, slow and easy like, across the clearing. Ames followed him, he thought every minute he'd get a chance for a shot. The bear struck into the road and slouched along, keeping jest about so far ahead, and Ames kept on after him, thinking sure he'd get a good chance presently. It was too shadowy in there, but there was little open patches here and there along the road where it'd be lighter and he might get a shot, or if not there was a large clearing farther along, and if the old fellow kept on and went out into that, in the broad moonlight, he'd have a splendid chance to get him. Having only two loads of powder and buckshot on hand he didn't want to waste any by shooting at him haphazard. He was so interested in the chase, and so bound to get him, that he didn't pay any attention to anything else; he never thought how he was getting further 'n' further away from the house every minute or that jest a shirt, a powder-flask and a bullet pouch—excuse my plain speaking, teacher,—ain't a very warm or complete costume for a chilly fall night, or in case of meeting anyone,—though to be sure, there wasn't so much chance of meeting folks in them days! All he thought of jest then was that bear and how good bear-steak would taste for dinner next day, so he kept following along, thinking every minute he'd get a chance for a shot, till he was full a mile 'n' a quarter from home! The bear must of known he was following, too, for though he didn't appear to notice him, or hurry himself any, still he kept jest about so far ahead, for all Ames tried to edge up closer, and finally, jest before they got to the clearing the old fellow turned off short to one side and in a second was lost out of sight in the thick

darkness of the woods. Ames stopped and stared after him. 'Humph!' says he.

"He's got away! Land sakes, why didn't ye shoot?' says a voice close behind him. He whirled round in a hurry you'd better believe, and there stood his wife, old Mis' Ames, jest as she got out of bed, in her nightgown and bare feet, and with the fire-tongs in one hand and a tollow candle in the other!

"'Great jumpin' tom-cats!' says he. 'How'd you get here?'

"Why, I came to help ye get the bear, says she, disgusted-like, 'But I guess our death o' colds is all we'll get tonight!' They stood 'n' stared at each other a minute, and then the funny side of it struck 'em and they laugher 'n' laughe. It was a good while before they ever told of it, but they did finally, for it was too good to keep, and I've heard 'em laugh about it many a time. But land alive, teacher, if I keep on talking you'll be dreaming of bears tonight, and expecting 'em to jump out at you from behind every tree and bush on your way to school tomorrow!" and Grandfather Marsh chuckled as he left the room.—By Mrs. G. E. Coy.

"What a pleasant spot this world would be if all good intentions were done today and not put off until tomorrow."

A PROUD AND POPULAR RECORD.

On January 21st, 1897, the Cabarrus Savings Bank, one of the most prominent and successful banking institutions in the state, located at Concord as the parent office, began business. The first president was the late David Franklin Cannon, who filled that position up to his death January, 1905. The first cashier was the late James C. Gibson, long the clerk of court for Cabarrus county, who filled that position up to his death in December 1900.

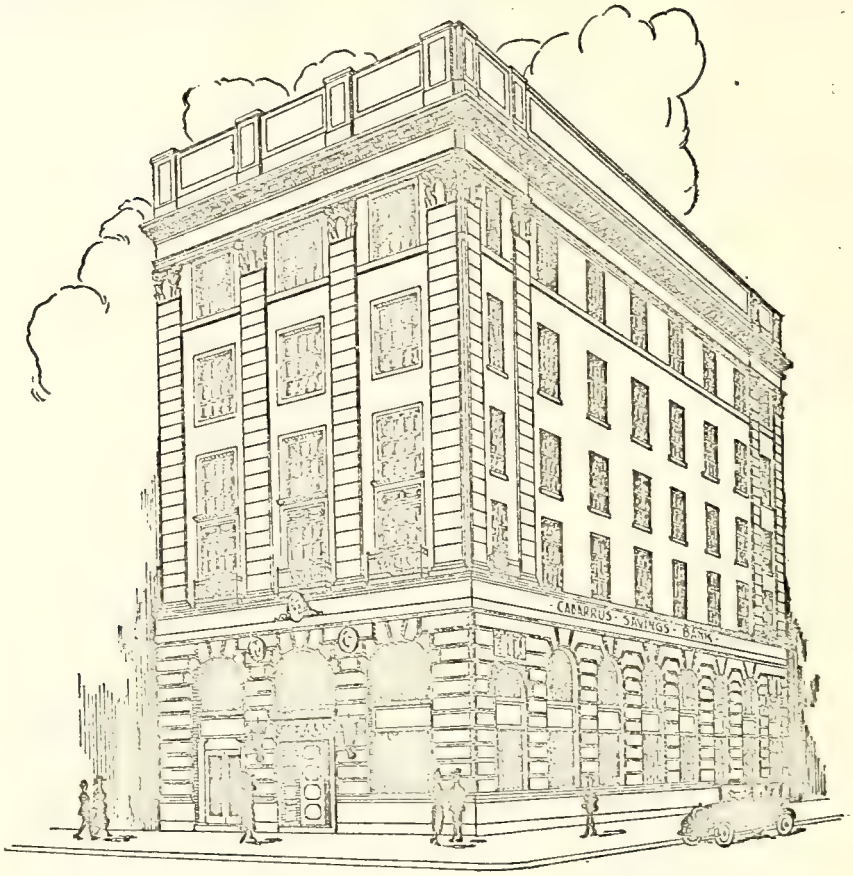
Since the opening of this popular financial institution, Mr. H. Irwin Woodhouse has had an intimate and responsible connection. He began as Teller, and smilingly this quiet man remarked, "and I acted as janitor, mail boy etc." Responding to this modest confession, I replied that in all of the various positions he held he had honored the job, and the job didn't affect him a particle. Upon the death of Mr. Gibson, Mr. Woodhouse became cashier; and Mr. C. W. Swink, a long time popular and successful business man of the county, became Teller. Upon the death of Mr. Cannon, Mr. Woodhouse was elected to the presidency, and Mr. Swink to the position of cashier. These positions they have filled most acceptably to the stockholders, the patrons and the general public since January 1905.

Outgrowing their present quarters and keeping step with commercial and financial growth, the officials of this bank purchased a conspicuous corner across from the county court house, and there they are having erected a steel and concrete building of six stories. The outside finish will be of stone and brick. The first floor will be entirely utilized by the

bank, and the other four floors above will be fitted up into business and professional offices. There will be a modern elevator.

The erection of this modest skyscraper—modest in height only—

development of the building. It is a downright treat to stand for hours and see the trained workman handle the huge pieces of steel as a child would a splinter. The thing itself is an object lesson to what extent brains



A PERSPECTIVE VIEW OF THE BUILDING.

is an outstanding event in the history of the old town. It shows faith, growth of business, and is the very finest exercise for the unemployed in watching the systematic and the skillful handling of machinery and appliances will overcome otherwise impossible tasks.

In this connection we are enabled to give a perspective view of the

handsome new building. The estimated cost of it complete is in the neighborhood of $225,000.00.

The original capitol of this bank was $50,000.00; and the resources now reach the princely sum of $3,078,-256.84. For years after the Cabarrus Savings Bank began busines its vice-president was the late Martin Boger, a quiet, orderly citizen of the county, who had, prior to the organization of this bank, operated a strong box that came to the relief of many individuals and many enterprises. I doubt whether, in his intense modesty and matter-of-factness, Mr. Boger even considered himself especialy honored by being a director and vice-president of even a strong banking institution.

The personnel that directs and controls this successful and friendly institution that has played a large part in the development of the town and county is composed of the following: Mr. H. I. Woodhouse, president; Mr. M. L. Cannon, Vice-president: Mr. C. W. Swink, cashier; Mr. W. G. Caswell, assistant cashier. The directors are: Messrs. M. L. Cannon, J. A. Cannon, W. H. Gibson, J. S. Efird, C. A. Cannon, A. R. Howard, Jos. F. Goodman, C. W. Swink, J. M. Morrow, J. J. Barnhardt, R. L. Smith, F. J. Haywood, W. W. Flowe, H. I. Woodhouse, H. E. Foil, J. F. Cannon, M. J. Corl, and E. C. Barnhardt, Jr.

The Cabarrus Savings Bank has branch institutions at Albemarle, Mt. Pleasant and Kannapolis, all of which play important parts in the commercial and business life of the several towns.

A TOUCHING SCENE.

We believe in both home and foreign missions, but we fear that not enough emphasis is laid upon the mission work nearer home. We are prone to overlook the opportunities for doing good which hover round about us, and pay more attention to those farther away. We think of the heathern across the waters and give but little thought to those in our midst. A touching scene was enacted in Dunn recently when a foreigner, one who hailed from a heathern nation, realized that death was near. This foreigner was seen to kneel before an idol and utter a prayer for help. While we send missionaries to his homeland to teach his people of true God, it is doubtful if ever an effort was made to point this unfortunate to the God who answers prayer.—Dunn Dispatch.

A TRIP THROUGH A ROOFING MILL.

By Jane Littell

A mill which makes asphalt-coated roofing paper is a dirty place. It cannot well be otherwise, for into the making of tar paper, as it is ordinarily called, goes a mixture of old papers, old carpets, cuttings from carpet factories, and every sort of waste. The only sort of waste fabric that cannot be used is that containing rubber, matting, cement sacks and buckram, which are not soluble.

If we begin our trip through the roofing mill at the siding where materials are unloaded, we will see freight cars and motor trucks being emptied, and their load of waste paper and rags being weighed before being carried into the mill.

These various materials are taken directly to the cutter room, where the rags are fed through a cutter which cuts them into pieces approximately two inches square. Contrary to the process in paper mills, the rags are not cooked, but are taken directly to the beaters. These are huge tubs with a knife arrangement that draws out the fibers of the rags, rather than shearing them off. Into the beaters go the various dirty materials, the cuttings from carpet factories being a favorite material with the workmen because they are clean and bulky, and a beater can be filled with very little labor. Not much silk can go into a beater for it takes longer to disintegrate silk than any other material, and roofing paper, by the way, is the only product of the paper machine in which silk can be used.

Aside from limiting the amount of silk that can be used, there is no formula for filling the beaters, although the superintendent of a roofing mill told me that the men on the cutters automatically sort the rags as they feed them to the cutters, so that the cut rags which go down a chute from the cutters to the beaters contain a fairly even amount of cotton, wool, carpet, and a small proportion of silk.

The old papers go from the unloading directly to the beater room, where the bundles are broken open. The old paper is thrown directly into the beaters with the cut rags, and constantly-changing water.

From the beaters, where the rags and paper have been beaten for two and a half hours, the pulp—which is called "stuff" in mill parlance—is pumped over a screen which eliminates any large particles, buckles, buttons and the like, and then into a huge chest where its is stirred constantly until it is needed by the paper machine.

The machine on which the roofing paper is made is as long as a city block. The stuff goes into a vat at what is called the wet end of the machine as the first step in the actual manufacturing process, and comes out at the dry end of the machine a block away, an endless sheet of roofing paper dry and ready for its asphalt coating.

In the vat at the wet end of the machine is a wire-covered cylinder which revolves in the vat of stuff. A belt of felt, sometimes called a

blanket, moving in the same direction and at the same speed as the cylinder, picks up the fibers which cling to the cylinders, and it is on this blanket that the sheet of roofing paper is actually formed. The blanket carries the roofing paper between suction rolls, where part of the water is drawn out. Then the wet paper is carried between and around a great number of dryer rolls. There were forty-seven such rolls on the machine I saw the other day. These dryer rolls are huge, hollow steel cylinders, heated with steam, which remove the moisture from the paper.

Water is an important factor in the making of any kind of paper. The rags are beaten in water, the fibers are carried in a solution of varying thickness in different processes, from the time the materials go into the beaters, through the many pumps, and vats and cisterns, until the solution goes over the last screen of the actual paper-making machine.

At the dry end of the machine, the roofing paper is wound into rolls and the rolls are carried to the saturating plant, where the paper is treated to a bath of asphalt and then a coating of asphalt and stone.

In the saturating plant which is as long as the paper machine, the paper goes first through another set of dryers, for if there is more than five per cent of moisture in the paper, it starts the asphalt in the saturating tank to boiling over, and messes up things generally—hence the care to insure a dry paper.

Splicing the ends of the rolls of paper together is a process peculiar to roofing mills. Instead of passing the end of each new roll through the machine, as is done with lighter paper, the ends of the roll leaving the dryers and the new roll being put on are spliced together with strips of muslin glued into place, and the glue is dried by the heat from an ordinary electric household iron.

As the paper leaves this second set of dryers, it is carried high in the air, and formed into about ten festoons, reaching from just below the high roof almost to the floor. This is part of an arrangement whereby any part of the saturating plant may be stopped for a few moments without the necessity of shutting down the whole machine. Shutting down such a huge machine, with its boiling asphalt, is a tedious and costly process. During the splicing operation, eight festoons, of the ten which constitute the reserve paper ahead of the saturating operation, are used before the new roll is ready to start through the dryers.

From the festoons, the paper goes to the saturating tank, filled with asphalt which becomes liquid when heated to the temperature of more than 375 degrees Fahrenheit. The paper goes three times through the asphalt bath by means of rolls submerged under the surface of the asphalt, which send it back and forth in somewhat the shape of a flattened letter S. From the saturating tank, the paper goes between and around three rolls, that squeeze out the surplus asphalt.

Next the top side of the roofing paper receives a coating of heavier asphalt, which is pumped from stills onto the top of the paper, there being no immersion necessary for the coating process. This coating of as-

phalt is applied at a temperature of about 400 degrees Fahrenheit.

The roofing that is to be cut up into shingles next receives a coating of red or green stone, which is really ground up slate. This is fed evenly onto the hot asphalt coating from a hopper. The coated roofing is now ready to be cooled and cut into lengths for small rolls. The cooling process is done by an apparatus that looks much like the driers on the paper machine, but the large hollow steel rolls are kept cold in this case by ever changing ice water, so that by the time the coated roofing has gone through the cooling apparatus, it has lost enough of its heat so that it can be touched without burning the fingers.

At the end of the cooling apparatus, the coated roofing is elevated again to form another set of festoons. This is done partly to complete the cooling and partly to keep a supply of roofing ahead of the cutters. As the roofing is carried aloft to form the first festoon, talc is heaped against the bottom side from a hopper. This is to prevent the roofing from sticking as it is rolled.

From the second set of festoons, the finished roofing is cut into rolls which contain 108 square feet. The cutters work so fast that there is time for the men operating them to insert a core for the roll, start the machinery which measures and rolls the 108 feet, cut it off, take out the roll and put in another one, in the time it takes the next 108 feet to come from the cooling rolls and form festoons. The machinery is timed to a second.

Next the small rolls are taken to other cutters, where shingles of various sizes and shapes are cut. Each roll makes four bundles of shingles —and the four bundles will cover 108 square feet of roof. This square is the measurement for roofing as it is sold.

Our trip through the roofing mill would not be complete if we failed to visit the stills where the asphalt is prepared for the saturating and coating operations. But we must go back to the railroad siding and see the great tank cars of esphalt come in.

It is the asphalt for saturating that arrives at the mill in tank cars. These tank cars contain steam coils, and when the cars arrive at the roofing mill, the coils are hooked up with the mill's steam line, and the steam is turned on, which melts or softens up the asphalt. When the asphalt in the car reaches a temperature of 250 degrees Fahrenheit, it is pumped to a large storage tank, also containing steam coils. When the asphalt is needed for the saturating plant, it is pumped out of the storage tank to the stills which are used for mixing and for heating the asphalt to the high temperature necessary for saturating. In the stills a temperature of 525 degrees Fahrenheit is reached, and then the asphalt is ready to be pumped to the saturating tank. During the pumping process, some of the heat is lost. There are steam coils in the saturating tank to conserve the heat as much as possible, but these will not heat the asphalt hot enough to use, so the plant has, in addition, pumps for circulating the asphalt and taking it back to the stills when it becomes too cool to use.

The asphalt in the saturating tank

must always be above 375 degrees Fahrenheit. When the thermometer in the tank says it has cooled to that point the circulating pump is started, and the asphalt replaced with hot.

Strange to say, the difference in the hardness of the paper as it comes from the paper machine makes a difference in the temperature necessary for saturation. A soft paper can be saturated with asphalt at a temperature of 350 degrees. If the paper—or felt as it is called in this stage—is hard, which depends upon the quality of rags going into the manufacture, the asphalt must not be cooler than 375 degrees.

The lighter weight of asphalt, used for saturating, will heat to the proper temperature in about ten hours, while it takes 24 hours to cook the coating asphalt down thin enough to run on the machine. This heavy asphalt comes to the mill in drums weighing from 400 to 425 pounds. Some experiments are being made at present in shipping the heavier grades of asphalt without containers —just great drum-shaped pieces, tagged for delivery.

It seems queer to us until we understand the reason for it, that in the process of making roofing and composition shingles, the product of the roofing mill has a new name during each of the stages of manufacture. The product of the paper machine as it is discharged in rolls is called paper. When the rolls of paper have been carried to the saturating plant and work is begun on it, it is called felt, and sometimes tar paper, when it is used as lining paper for the walls of houses. When it leaves the saturating plant for the final cutting, it is called roofing, and when it leaves the cutting room, the commercial name for the product is composition shingles.

The name is changed at each stage of the manufacture in order that the records and charts used in little confusion as possible, and in order that no unnecessary words need be shouted across the din of the machinery. Efficient work is very necessary.

Jones—"I would like to do something big and clean before I die."
Smith—"Wash an Elephant."

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Pressly Mills

The farm boys began threshing wheat last week.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

A few ripe cantaloupes were obtained last week.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Master Stanley Armstrong is visiting friends ,who live in Rockingham.

The smaller boys set out about three thousand tomato plants last week.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The boys are getting plenty of corn, tomatoes, potatoes, beans, squash and cucumbers from the garden now. The small boys do their

bit by distributing these vegetables among the cottages.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Master Norman Lee has returned to the institution. He had been at home on a visit.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Last Saturday the Matron of each Cottage received a patented ccan opener.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Mrs. Roland Harris has accepted a position at the institution. She will fulfill the duties of a matron.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Part of the equipment for the new ice plant arrived last week. It was unloaded at the cold storage plant.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Mr. Guy Alexander has charge of the dairy barn during the absence of Mr. Hobby who is away spending his vacation.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Instead of having a base ball game last Saturday afternoon the boys enjoyed a nice cool rest upon the campus.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

A few Sundays ago Dr. Johnson, who is doiug dental work at the institution, took several pictures of the boys in uniform.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The brushes on the small job press recently burned out. New brushes were obtained last week and it is in good running shape.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Mr. Jack Wilson is teaching the boys who were formerly taught by Mr. Crowell. The boys are well pleased with their new teacher.

Mr. Grdover began repairing shoes again last week. With so many of the boys going barefooted there is not much for the shoe shop boys to do.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Master Walter Mills has returned to the institution from Concord where he had been suffering with an injured foot. He was placed in the printing office when he returned.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The following boys were visited by their friends and relatives last Wednesday: Odell Richie, Obed Molain, George Everhart and Paul Funderburk.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The new road that is being constructed by the Mowry Construction Company is being rapidly built. It will take about four months to finish it, however.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The carpenter shop boys have been repairing porches, windows and screendoors for the last week Mr. Paul Cloer has charge of this department.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

During their stay in Statesville last Thursday the band boys met Mr. R. B. Cloer, who presented to them a large bag of apples. They enjoyed these very much.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The boys are working very hard on the new base ball diamond. The infield of the new diamond has been made as level as it could possibly could be made and has been packed. The boys worked on the outfield last week. We are expecting to have the best athletic field in the

state. The basket ball and tennis courts are to be placed near the grand stand so that a good view can be obtained of these games. We expect to have a base ball game Saturday.

‡‡‡‡

Master Wesley (Red) Cook was honorably paroled by Superintendent Boger last Monday. It seems that Mr. Boger is paroling the boys before time, but he had promised him that he would soon go home and he was only fulfilling his promise. He goes to Hainestown.

‡‡‡‡

Rev. Mr. Lyerly, the pastor of the Reformed Church, of Concord, deliverd an interesting sermon in the Auditorium last Sunday afternoon. Rev. Lyerly took for his text the word "Shipwrecked." He pointed out the "Icebergs." in our lives and warned us against them.

‡‡‡‡

The band boys spent a delightful day at the State Farm picnic last Thursday. They left the institution about eight o'clock and went by way of Mooresville and arrived at the Farm about ten thirty. They played several pieces before dinner. The boys declared that they had never had a nicer time before in their lives. The kind-hearted people took up a collection for the boys which amounted to about $20. They returned to the institution about eight o'clock that night.

Not until liberty is based on eternal principles, will it be full, equal, lofty and universal.—Henry Giles.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

Passenger Train Schedules

Arrival and Departure of Passenger Trains, Concord, N. C.

LV.	NO.	BETWEEN	NO.	AR.
1:40A	30	New York-Birmingham	30	1:40A
2:37A	29	Birmingham-New York	29	2:37A
5:12A	44	Washington-Atlanta	44	5:12A
6:32A	31	Atlanta-New York	31	6:32A
8:41A	137	Atlanta-New York	137	8:41A
9:25A	11	Charlotte-Norfolk-Richmond	11	9:25A
10:55A	36	New York Birmingham-New Orleans	36	10:55A
3:20P	45	Washington-Charlotte	45	3:20P
3:45P	46	Charlotte-Danville	46	3:45P
7:10P	12	Norfolk-Richmond-Atlanta	12	7:10P
8:18P	32	New York-Augusta	32	8:18P
10:20P	35	Birmingham-New Orleans-New York	35	10:20P
9:45P	138	New York-Atlanta	138	9:45P
9:31P	135	Washington-Atlanta	135	9:31P

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R. H. GRAHAM. D. P. A.,
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M. E. WOODY, Ticket Agent,
Concord, N. C.

THE UPLIFT

L. XI CONCORD, N. C. AUGUST 4, 1923 No. 38

HOW TWO CONTINENTS ROCKED.

A little while ago there was a man in Chicago helping in a shoe store selling shoes and boots; a man who was never able to read much more than a Bible and never could write a letter with any ordinary schoolboy of sixteen. When the Lord took the trouble to save him, the church he offered himself to saw so little in him that they made him stand aside for a year before they would accept him. His name was D. L. Moody, and Moody put one hand on America and the other on Great Britain, and two continents rocked toward God. A while ago a young man in the city of Glouster, England, was helping his brother to sell wine and beer and spirits, and God looked at him and saved him, and his name was George Whitefield, the mighty preacher. It takes God to see an angel in the marble before the mallet and the chisel have touched it; it takes God to see the best that is in the world, and He does—He does.—The Expositor.

PUBLISHED BY

HE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-setting by the Boys Printing Class. Subscription Two Dollars the year in Advance.

JAMES P. COOK, *Editor,* J. C. FISHER, *Director Printing Department*

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SCATTERING SUNSHINE.

How easy it is for one benevolent being to diffuse pleasure all around him; and how truly is a kind heart a fountain of gladness, making everything in its vicinity to freshen into smiles.—Washington Irving.

IT IS THE PUBLIC'S CAUSE.

It is gratifying that the public mind of Cabarrus county is aroused to the gravity of its greatest duty—the improvement of her school facilities for the rural child, and for enlarging his opportunities. Now that the public has come into an unmistakable knowledge, by proof and comparisons, that the rural child has suffered because of the do-nothing policy, religiously and boastfully maintained by the school authorities of Cabarrus county, is a sign of great hope for the future, and in addition, to find that the leading spirits of the several sections of the county are resolving that something must be done.

It has been far from pleasant to have been forced, in squarely meeting a serious duty, to call the attention of the public to the painful fact that their officials have been sound asleep to the opportunities and necessities of the

times; but the desire and hope of bringing to the trustful child of the rural sections (the child is the greatest institution among us) such opportunities, as modern thinking required, constituted a call irresistible. There was no other course open. If, as a result of this agitation and presentation of the "bare bone facts" covering the true condition, the rural public schools at some future day reaches a class comparable with those of other and progressively directed counties, there will be a glory sufficient for all. Let's welcome that day.

Aware that in other counties (and the school law contemplates it) local school officials and friends of education have been called into a meeting to discuss the improvement of the schools and the enlargement of educational facilities, the public has construed the absence of any concert of action, or the absence of even an invitation by them so to do, as a state of perfect satisfaction with themselves, their wisdom and their administration having ungulfed the school officials of the county. But the people have not been so impressed, and having become aroused we may expect them to assert their rights of request and petition, even though ignored up to this good day. If the public wants its children to have better school facilities, equal to the best or the average in the other ninety-nine counties, then they must rise up and demand of the officials some constructive effort, which heretofore has been a stranger in its administration of the school affairs, or make way for those who feel capable and wise enough to lead in the great campaign.

THE UPLIFT feels that is has rendered a service, and assurances that it has come from every section of the county. Though severe cathartic was employed, the disease justified the wisdom of administering effective doses. In all this treatment of the malady, there was always absent the slightest of any personal feeling, or any hope of gain or profit, other than the comforting consolation of being able to speak for the neglected child, who has a right to expect protection and assistance from the older ones and those in authority. In this contention for a righteous cause chips may have fallen upon sore toes arising from blundering about in weakness and inabilities and inefficiency, and the same being exposed to the great light of public vision; but there can be no honor or courage in ignoring the child, the neglected child, to shield the feelings of inefficient servants.

The public of Cabarrus is now thoroughly convinced that the rural child has not received a square deal and under present rural opportunities it is hard to hold the population, for which a strenuous campaign has been conducted by propagandists in the state. That very same public that has arrived at a

definite conclusion, if a relief of present intolerable conditions is to be had, must make a vigorous fight for its rights, because it is evident that Ephraim is wedded to his idol and seems affectionately proud of that idol. It has become the people's fight and THE UPLIFT, desiring to aid them in leading the school officials into a lively realization of the laggardness of their administration of the school affairs of the county, shall publish from time to time pictorial comparisons of accomplishments in progressive counties with an exhibit from Cabarrus.

For example, here is a forthcoming exhibit which tells a story: Newell, Mecklenburg county, has a population of 105; Harrisburg, Cabarrus county, has exactly the the same population (105). Side by side in a coming issue will be a picture of the school equipment of the two villages—this is an exhibit that all can fully understand, and carries with it proof and conviction.

* * * * * * *

THE SANDHILLS.

Up to this year it had been the privilege of seeing the wonderful development of the peach interests in the sandhills only from the railroad. The other day we had a close-up view of the hundreds and thousands of acres set to peaches in what thirty years ago was regarded entirely worthless lands. The only way to come into adequate understanding of the enormity of the proposition is to crank up your flivver and ride for miles and miles and see the real thing.

THE UPLIFT made a fatal mistake in taking in the recent exhibit. It saw the real thing before it reached the exhibit hall—no hall in the world could properly display just what they have in the sandhills in Montgomery, Moore, Richmond and other counties in that section of North Carolina. It was a show, however, that exhibit pulled off by the Chamber of Commerce in Hamlet. The goodly town had put on its glad rags, everybody smiled and a general hail-fellow attitude was in evidence on all sides. The hotels were filled to the brim the day before, and private homes had to be requisitioned to accommodate the throngs of people, who had gone to the scene of this wonderful show.

It is worth one's while to make an annual visit to this glorious section, if he wants a passable knowledge of the greatness of North Carolina. We simply don't know what the great state contains—the possibilities and the probabilities for the near future, in taking advantage of all that God has so freely bestowed upon this state of ours, reach the stage of a fascinating dream.

The contribution that Tuft has made to that section has become a benediction—it led the people to see what they had, it set an example, and being of a high class of typical North Carolinians those sandhill fellows have made the very finest use of the example and the opportunities.

The first remark that greeted us on arrival at Hamlet was by Police Judge J. C. Leigh (not every body is honored by the police judge meeting him at the city limits and handing him the keys to his town) who joyfully informed us that "Col. Wade Harris will be down tomorrow."

• • • • • • • •

REFUSES TO BE MOVED—THEY GO TO IT.

A very successful and largely attended meeting of the weekly publishers of western North Carolina was held at Statesville last week. When they adjourned they adjourned to meet in another town that for the past fifteen years has acted like Aycock's gay horse—"tail over the dash-board, head over the moon and a-hitting of the ground only at high places." That's Albemarle.

The editors of the weekly papers of western North Carolina will have, most of them, their first opportunity of seeing "Morrow Mountain," the natural wonder that editor Honeycutt has made so famous. Many of the editors have permitted themselves to believe what the Stanly editor has been telling them these years is almost a phantom; but sober-minded people not in the newspaper business have declared Morrow Mountain in Stanly county a natural wonder—worth a trip of thousands of miles to see. And we congratulate ourselves that the opportunity is about to arrive when the quill-drivers will be escorted up the winding roads to the top of this mountain, from whence seven or eight counties may be seen, by the genial vice-president of the North Carolina Press Association, and there made to set up the essentials of a regulation barbecue, &c.

• • • • • •

ARCHIE B. JOYNER.

The reading public, and especially the newspaper fraternity, was rudely shocked on the morning of the 30th to hear of the death, at his home in Greensboro, of Archie B. Joyner, the advertising manager and treasurer of the Greensboro News. He had been sick for some days, but the public was not aware of the seriousness of his illness.

Mr. Joyner was just thirty-five years of age, a very capable and earnest worker in his chosen field, and his was a pleasing personality that drew all men towards him, to like him, to trust him and to fellowship with him.

Greensboro is distinctively a loser in the death of this most excellent, high-class and pleasing gentleman. There goes out to his father, Mr. Andrew Joyner, of Raleigh, long time connected with the press of the state, the public's sincerest sympathy in this trying and sad ordeal which has visited his family. It is hard to believe that Archie Joyner, of the finest physique and the picture of health, is not now with us, but he is gone.

* * * * * * *

That's an enlightening exhibit elsewhere in this number which gives the average per capita taxes paid by the citizens of the several counties. This is information worked out by Mr. Hobbs for the Chapel Hill News Letter. The equalization of taxation in North Carolina is far from a happy realization. The method started in the General Assembly of 1913 and put into vogue in Bickett's administration was headed in the right direction; but it is now so mutilated that is shows no kindship to the original.

* * * * * * *

From every summer school in the state and from numerous other sources have come requests for copies of THE UPLIFT of the 21st, which contained the story of school conditions in Cabarrus county. The issue is exhausted by sending out the last available number to the school officials of Forsyth county and to the summer school at Trinity College.

* * * * * * *

C. W. Hunt in this number gives a bird's-eye view of the game of golf. This old timer, who goes about with his eyes open, could furnish a very entertaining story in describing the real difference between shinny, which he used to play, and the game of Golf, which he beholds from his front porch up among the clouds at Blowing Rock.

* * * * * * *

If men and some women are so bold to contend for the righteousness of their views and position on certain public matters, why should they feel aggrieved when a pen picture is made of their attitude? Truth hurts more keenly than falshood.

* * * * * * *

Louis Graves, the professor of journalism at the University, writes most cleverly and entertainingly, but why does a smart man like he is persistently designate the War Between the State as the "Civil War?"

GOLF G-O-L-F GOLF.

By C. W. Hunt

Every morning paper tells who did good playing at golf. The great mass of humanity knows nothing of g-o-l-f. I did not realize what it means to so large a class until this summer, when my dwelling place is surrounded by the velvetty green of g-o-l-f "links." And by this location I have gathered the fact that it is no longer a game for the exclusives, such as presidents and the higher-ups; but a game for the more common folks; and the golf stick bag is as common as the suit case in the touring car or on the commuter's train for the week end resort. It has also been learned that the women as well as the men are golf crazy; and the summer resort without the golf course can cater only to those who lead the passive quiet life and are seeking health first. Men leave a busy week's work Saturday, load the good wife and some of the children on the family car and drive 100 to 150 miles, away, pay $5 to $10 per day each for keep, $1.50 to $2.50 for golfing privileges, 50 to 75 cents per nine holes for a caddy, play like clearing a new ground all day Sunday, drive home that night or early Monday morning bragging about what a fine outing and rest(?) they have had.

If it was once a rich man's game it is so no longer; and another "queer kink" about golf is the way women take to it; and the average man wants the good wife to learn it too; and they do: many playing a fine and scientific game. And I see where it can be even more benificial to them than to the man; for they get a real diversion in the stroke, and the wearing of an imitation garb of the male species; but a reasonably short skirt is not in the way(many wear such) and the velvetty tread of the short cut, green grass under low heeled cushioned bottom shoes, must be a real rest from the plank floor on spikes for heels. I have said it was an expensive game, naturally so; for to make a golf course it takes acres and acres of nice cultivatable land, which must be made as smooth as is possible and seed to thick growing lawn grass, which must be cut as short as power cutters can do it, day after day. In fact in wet weather, when grass is growing the mowers are busy all day long, with no end of care. No wonder it costs money to play golf, for the upkeep of the "links" is perpetual. That is one side of expense: on the other side the first outlay of a player must be from $75 to $100 for bag and sticks, which may be six or a dozen, according to the fastidiousness of the player. What is the fun? Just seeing who can make a given goal in the fewest strokes of the ball, and put it in a hole about the size of a tomato can. Like base ball and foot ball, golf has come to stay, and properly speaking is the worker's game, for men play golf who were never known to play with the children at home.

Give money if thou canst; if not, give a kind word.—Anon.

SHOULD HE BE PARDONED?

The Raleigh News & Observer furnishes this story about Dan Brinkley, who, after thirty-two years since his escape from the state prison authorities, returns to complete his sentence. The Monroe Journal declares that were it governor it would pardon Dan. The spirit seems to read a message from the graves of Judge McRae and Frank Osborne, the judge and solicitor, respectively, that tried little Dan, back in Catawba, that they too recommend his pardon. And THE UPLIFT has no doubt that, when the matter is presented to his excellency, Governor Morrison will see that justice has been satisfied.

"No, I have never married nor anything nor stayed very long in one place—I have always dreaded being caught. Every year in my travels I have encountered more and more people from North Carolina and I knew that some day I would find some one who knew me. So I just came home to serve out my sentence."

That is about all that Dan Brinkley had to say of the 32 years that elapsed between his escape from the old State Prison farm on Walnut creek in 1891 after serving three years of a 10 year sentence for larceny. He was 18 years old when he came to prison from Catawba County and was just 21 when he escaped. He was brought back here yesterday morning.

A full days search among the records of the prison was required to find any trace of Brinkley's ever having been committed there, and no record of his escape has yet been found. So far as the prison authorities knew he may have served out his sentence. They are just taking his word for it that he escaped until a more complete investigation can be made.

His Records Lost

The fire of 1920 destroyed many of the records. All of them were removed hastily when the administration was threatened, and the older files were given less attention than those for later periods. The clerical staff looked through 600 individuals records of commitment before they found any mention of Brinkley. Doubt is held that anything will be disclosed upon which to hold him.

People up in his home community recognized him and remembered that he escaped from the prison 32 years ago and he readily admitted it. But so far as the prison authorities here have yet discovered, there is no record of his escape. The commitment paper does not show that he was discharged, died, escaped, or that anything happened to him except that he came down here and began to serve a sentence. That was July 16, 1888.

Convicted for Larceny

Along with Joseph Lawrence he was accused of burglary and larceny. Judge McRae was on the bench at the time and the late Frank Osborne was prosecuting attorney. The jury acquited the boys of burglary but convicted them of larceny. The sentence was ten years. The judge, solicitor and jury are long since dead

and Lawrence had disappeared.

Lawyers retained by Brinkley have told him not to talk and he did his best to be obedient to them yesterday afternoon. But he has been to long in the hotel business from Jacksonville, Fla., to somewhere "north of Spokane" to be unfriendly about anything. He is a typical hotel man of the older school, friendly, cheerful, gossipy and willing always to please.

In Hotel Business

In thirty-two years he has devoted himself almost entirely to the hotel business, and several times has been the owner of hostelries. Where he would not say, and under what name he held property. But it was about the worst business he could have gotten into for his own peace of mind. Tar Heels were forever turning up at unexpected times and places, and unconsciously they brought with them thoughts of home.

Westward he moved to be quit of the presence of these people who reminded him of home, of the prison and an unserved sentence, a family from whom he heard but seldom. And always they came near him, to his hotel and he talked with them across the desk, gave them the best rooms in the house, and strove against a desire to claim fellowship with them. Eventually the strain became too great.

Fourteen years ago he came back to Catawba county for a brief stay when his father died. If there were other trips home he never mentioned them. He answered in an affirmative monosyllable at the suggestion of his mother's demise. He did not say whether he had come home then. She died many years before his father. Six months ago he gave up the hopeless quest of peace and returned to stay.

Thirty-five years ago when he came to the prison he was a mere stripling, and the older attaches of the prison remember him as "Little Dan." Now, at 53, he weighs over 200 pounds. He is florid of face, bald of head, short of statue. Casting about for his counterpart among the well knowns of the State the mind turns to Judge Frank Winston. Brinkley was not so cheerful yesterday, and his prison clothes look nothing like the Judge's Prince Albert.

Thirty-two years of furtive half living, desirous of a place that he might call his own, a wife and children, a home, the instinctively honest fugitive refrained from any alliance or from taking root anywhere in the world. Some property he has accumulated through the years, but compared to his nostalgia, it was nothing. Always he sacrificed it and moved on with his dreary quest until at last his aging feet turned homeward.

Comes Back Home

There at the father's homestead he settled down with his two sisters, stripped of pretense and waited. It was six months before his presence in the community stirred the officers to action. He just came home and waited for the thing that had pursued him like a shadow through his far wanderings. And now he is back in prison, with an easy conscience for the first time in 32 years.

"I am glad to be back here," he said. He meant all of it. The prison looks as it looked 35 years ago when

he entered it for the first time. He told the officials that he would not now make any point of the fact that they had nothing on him, that there was no reward for his return. He just gives his word that he is Dan Brinkley, with seven years yet remaining of a 10-year sentence.

But he would like to go back to the hills of Catawba and spend the remaining years of his life with his two sisters who live in the house built by their father. He has wandered far,, and in all his wanderings he has never for a moment been free of the fear of the prison. In reality his sentence of ten years has been stretched into thirty-five.

Spoke the man: "I have recently been all over the state; I have been in groups and groups of men and women, engaged in general conversation; and I have attended speech-making, but I have yet to hear a single soul declare for anybody for governor. This governor making seems to be confined to the Raleigh correspondents—there is no appreciable uprising among the people." The people seem not in any great hurry to make the call.

AMERICA'S GREATEST NEED.

Roger W. Babson was today asked why it is that he is not so optimistic on the general business situation when so many of the barometers of business indicate great prosperity. The optimistic forecasts of prominent bankers, manufacturers, and the financial advisors were called to Mr. Babson's attention and he was frankly asked why a warning was needed under present conditions. His reply was as follows:

"It is true that a number of the barometers of business are distinctly favorable at the present time. In order to be absolutely fair to everyone I even took pains to enumerate these in a published statement only a month ago. The merchants are not over stocked; manufacturers have not been speculating in raw materials; banks have good resources; check transactions are normal; railroad earnings are exceptionally good; and our great industries are apparently on a sound basis. My critics are correct in their statement that surface indications point to a wonderful business this fall, and perhaps two or three years of rising prices. I realize these rising figures as well as anyone and it is very hard for me to sound a warning while so many are so optimistic and so contented.

"My reason for sounding a warning is two-fold. First, the Babson-chart of business conditions shows clearly that the period of readjustment is only about 60 per cent completed, and that further readjustment is inevitable. Second, that the attitude of the younger generation is distinctly harmful to the present situation. That is to say, my warning is based both on statistics and on a study of the spiritual forces underlying business. Of course, in reality, the spiritual or moral forces

are by far the more important as they really determine what statistics and the chart will later show. The attitude of the people bears the same relation to the Babsonchart and to statistics that the temperature bears to the thermometer, or as car-loadings bear to the railroad earnings.

"I have offices in 26 large cities and correspondents in 200 other cities. In every locality I find that the average man today is interested only in spending. People not only want to get rich quick but without working. People are buying recklessly ; without any thought about where the money is coming from with which to pay. Our young people seem to have the idea that dollar bills grow on trees and all they have to do is to pick them off. Almost no one wants to work. Very few want to produce. Earnest and industrious manual laborers, such as we had 25 years ago, are almost an unknown quantity. Everyone wants to ride in the cart and no one wants to pull. Our percentage of producers is steadily decreasing and the percentage of middlemen is steadily increasing.

"Such conditions cannot continue forever. A dog may live on his tail for a while, but it cannot continue this process indefinitely. People may for a while get a living doing one another's washing, but after the clothes are worn out there will be no washing to do. A certain number of people can exist as middlemen. Middlemen are a necessity and serve a valuable economic function, but America's great need is producers, especially men and women filled with the desire to produce and with the joy of production. America's great need is a revival of the joy of work. America's great need is a revival of the desire to serve. America's great need is a revival of the habit of saving.

"I am not fearful for America in the long run; but rather I am a great optimist on this country and the people of this country. My love of America causes me to issue the warning that the attitude of the average young person today is not right toward his or her work. A doctor is not friendly to his patient if he blindly shuts his eyes to his patient's disease. One cannot be a true friend of the United States by blindly shutting his eyes to the wrong attitude of the new generation toward industry, service and thrift. It is this wrong attitude which has already caused business—to decline. The chart today stands at three per cent below normal compared with one per cent below normal at the beginning of the year."

"All the natural advantages, all the fertile soil, all the water power in the world will not enable us to be economically free, if we are too ignorant to use them," Dr. J. Y. Joyner, former state superintendent of public instruction.

HOW TO INFLUENCE BOYS.

By Geo. M. Jones, Esq.

Accept the literal meaning of the word "influence," before you try to influence boys. It means a flowing in of energy." It is like the meeting of streams, the larger dominates and incorporates with the smaller and the combined energy of both increases and harmonizes one of the forces of nature.

Boys need lovers for love's sake, not for the sake of reform efficiency, manners, morals or law-abiding citizenship. These five qualities are merely by-products of love. Their absence follows the absence of Christian love. Do not make love to boys; that is the commonest fault of sentimental teachers and parents. Give them the love that St. Paul coupled with joy, peace, long-suffering gentleness, faith meekness and temperance. We provoke and repel our boys by vainglorious comparison of their crude, immature, awkward, and seemingly vicious qualities of heroic models and of those whom they admired in childhood.

The energy of a boy grows faster than his judgment. Self-preservation and physical prowess often outrun his conscience, because he is bewildered by the revelations that grip his visions as it sweeps over the world of nature and humanity. To influence him you must wait until your eyes can see his soul struggling to keep abreast of his energetic body and his beckoning environment. When you can see immortality shining in the young life you will love the boy. Jesus Christ sees it in you now. Your mother saw it in you when you were a boy. With the help of the Holy Spirit, we can see it in each other and in our boys. They are not problems. We are the problems, until the love of Christ constrains us to love and serve our boys.

If you feel no joyous love that draws you to the boy, stay away, and let God reach him by another servant that rejoices in the touch of youth. You will know your yearning. Your conscience points them out. Your taste tells you what to eat. Your spirit tells you what to love. When your spirit goes out to the boys, you will flow into their lives and into their environment like a large stream meeting small ones, giving color and character to the whole.

We have enlarged upon the love of the boys, because without love all social, literary, athletic, scientific or gastronomic scheme to save and serve boys are as dead as dollars to a starving man. But with love on the throne these five schemes become five tireless servants waiting your bidding and leadership to help your boys to reach Chrisian manhood.

To the lover of boys little need be said about the means and materials that God and man have provided to help you. God has given His Word, the open road and the great out-o'-doors. Man has given tools, games and books. When you reach the happy state of feeling that you want the soul of a boy to fill your own soul, fill the kit of your capacity with God's Word, the open road, the

great out-o'-doors, tools, games and books and go out on the highway with a smile—a real, natural smile, that gives satisfaction to your face. You will soon be found by the boys. They are looking for such men. They are good judges of your motives and merits. The anxious servants of the devil can catch our boys so easily with hooked bait, because the boys meet so few men in whose eye and hand they see love and energy, anxious to mingle with the boys.

The boy will meet you more than half way. He will bring the other boys to your feet. He despises a boss, but he will strain all his energies to follow a faithful leader. Give him credit for strength and courage and honest yearning to be manly, show him the source of his sin and mistakes, rather than the gallows and the penitentiary, to which ends so many well-meaning but unloving folks point the groping steps of stumbling youth. No boy was ever saved by being told he was headed for a yawning jail door. Too many boys have accepted the information as the fatal truth and have lived up to it. Boys are saved in very much the same way as their mothers, fathers and sisters are saved, by the grace of God through the ministrations of loving servants of Jesus Christ. The energy of their lives will then flow into the lives of the boys, giving them the loving service of all that God and man have made to influence them.

THAT'S MOTHER.

I have known many women who have brought the picture of the Christ into my thought as I noted their daily work. Smiling over the humblest service. That's mother. Cheerfully doing the things of which the rest of us have said, "You catch me!" That's mother. After the long, long day's work—five or six or seven hours over union time—girding herself, or kneeling to wash the feet of guests that were unworthy to cross the threshold of her sweet home. That's mother. Sinking into a chair, weary and faint, only to rise from it with the unfailing smile on her dear, itred face, to wait on some man who has worked eight hours that day; or to mend a jacket or catcher's mitt for a boy who has played all day; or to sew on a bit of lace, or adjust a ribbon, or change something about a gown for a girl who has had such a good time all day that she can't stop but must go out for a better time in the evening,. That's mother...Staying at home that the others may go out and enjoy themselves. That's mother. Sacrificing this hope, that comfort, and that rest, for the people who forget to say "thank you." That's mother. Laying off her wraps and staying home from prayer meeting or church because some one else danced herself or played himself into a headache. That's mother. Getting accustomed to hear the rest of the family say, as they get ready for the evening's entertainment: "Oh, no, mother doesn't care to go. Church and prayer meeting are mother's only dissipations." Well, those are about all some families allow her. They don't cost anything, and the rest of the family don't want to go.—John J. Burdette.

HICKORY–A HUMMER.

By Old Hurrygraph

"Hear Hickory Hum!" is the alliterative slogan of this illustrous city. You can hear it hum. You can see it hum. As a town; as a community; as an educational and industrial center; as to all that makes life worth living; Hickory is a hummer. The slogan is appropriate.

Hickory—synonym of strength, sturdy growth, usefulness, and dependability. Such is Hickory, N. C., the front gate, to the front yard and front door of the unexcelled, beautiful Blowing Rock country, only forty miles to the northwest, offering scenic beauty and recreation unsurpassed on the American continent. Hickory is a residential city of large commercial interests and big industrial activities; in an agricultural county—Catawba—of the most wonderful opportunities, in soil, in production, in climate, and in scenery.

A Wonderful Town

Hickory is one of the bright jewels in North Carolina's crown of active, growing, thrifty municipalities. It is a wonderful western North Carolina town, and its light is shining with undimmed luster. It has built its streets and boulevards beautifully and well. It has 42 miles of laid out streets; 15 miles of which are paved, and 27 miles of concrete sidewalks. Beautiful homes in beautiful groves, and beautiful lawns. Life in Hickory is young, fresh and wholesome. It is lovely, inspiring and helpful. It is active, alert and keen. There is nothing dead, dull nor stagnant in Hickory. The town upholds progress instead of tradition, and credits accomplishments rather than formalities. The finest of climates, inspiring outlooks, beautiful surroundings—every convenience for living, for recreation and comfort at hand; the mountains in sight, and their resorts only 40 miles distant, Hickory is as near an ideal home setting as this world affords. And it is a city of home owners.

A Community of Industry

Years agone, when this old world was some seventy or more years younger than it is now, Hickory was a very small nut; but it grew, and grew, and it is too big to crack. It was originally called Hickory Inn, and was a stopping, and change of horses to stage coaches, place between Salisbury and the mountains. Some six decades ago they dropped the work Inn. The "Pennsylvania Dutch" were the original settlers. They knew an ideal place to settle, and their thrift and their works do follow them to this day.

The town is in an area of 3 1-4 square miles. The population is over 6,000 and the business center of for more than 15,000, with as fine a type of citizenry as to be found in America. Hickory might very aptly be called the core in what is termed the Piedmont section. The abundant supply of hydro-electric power is turning great attention to Hickory.

What You Perhaps May Not Know.

Hickory has 50 manufacturing establishments, with an invested capital of over $7,255,000; an annual output valued at $10,125,000; 2,500

employees in the plants; with an annual payroll of $1,500,000. Has 112 retail establishments, and 10 wholesale houses. One national bank and two State banks. Two building and loan associations. Eighteen churches, of most all denominations. Ten schools, with over 2,520 pupils. A grade "A" college with more than 300 students. A contract has just been given to build a new teacherage to cost when completed $30,313.45, and is to be ready in 90 days. It has one of the largest creameries in the South. Is the largest sweet potato market in the State. It is the largest sash cord manufacturing center in the world. To say nothing of the other smaller industries and activities that go to make up a stirring, wide-awake, thrifty town.

The Municipal Building

The citizenry of Hickory have already revealed some of the visions they have for their town in a beautiful and magnificent municipal building, at a cost of $150,000. Every arrangement is convenience itself. All of the city activities are in this building. The offices are models of neatness. The auditorium will seat 1,200. The splendid fire department, under a portion of the same roof, is one of the best housed departments in the State. The whole building, and its appointments, is an inspiration that excites the civic pride of every citizen.

The Sateen Of The South

In Hickory is located the Ivey Mills, established in 1903, so closely allied to the Shuford Milling interest, that the products is known to the trade as the Shuford Milling Sateen. It is an imposing structure, and one of the ideal milling communities in the South. The only mill in the South making sateen, which is used largely for linings in men's coats and other garments. The mill village, near the Ivey factory, is one of the most attractive sections in the city.

The Shuford milling interests is not only large in Hickory, but has two groups of mills at Granite Falls and one group at Gastonia, making five groups of large, successful mills, as busy as bees as around as many hives in an apiary.
Each one is a model mill community.

Hickory's Daily Paper

Volumes could be written on Hickory's thrift, development, and progress, with its many cotton mills, cordage mills, spinning mllls, knitting and hosiery mllls, furniture factories, chair factories, desk factories, wagon factories, overall factories, nursery, and other lines of industry; too many to enlarge upon in one newspaper article, but one outstanding feature, and motive power in Hickory's dynamic energy and progressiveness, is the Hickory Daily Record. Established in 1915, and with editor Samuel F. Farabee's guiding hand on the steering wheel, for eight years he has not allowed it to skid, or tumble down difficulty's mountain, but has kept straight ahead on the right side of the road, and labored in season, out of season, and between seasons, daily, for the advancement and upbuilding of his community; and his labors doth shine forth as the stars. It is an afternoon paper of strength an in-

fluence. It serves its clientele in the most capable manner. As its name indicates, it is making a Record for itself and its prosperous young city.

Privacy, states a New York daily, is now the one cheapest thing; all you have to do is to shut yourself into a telephone booth and put a nickel in the slot, and right away you are "cut off" from the world.

ACADIA AND THE ACADIANS.

By A. M. Barnes

Acadia, now Nova Scotia, originally formed a portion of the French possessions in America known as New France. At that time it embraced the sections of country that today lie within the boundaries of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and also a portion of the State of Maine. It was an ideal land, with gleaming expanses of blue waters, boldly flowing streams, grassy meadows, and stretches of splendid forests.

Its first white settlers were Frenchmen engaged in the whale and cod fisheries and also in the fur trade. When they came they found a large portion of the beautiful country dotted with the villages of the Micmac Indians. These early French explorers showed themselves to be men of wisdom as well as of humane impulses. They made friends of the Indians, treated them fairly, and thus reaped the reward in prosperous business relations. It was these first French settlers and traders who gave the country the name "L'Cadie," or "L'Acadie," from the Micmac word "cadie," meaning "the land."

The first permanent settlement of Acadia was at Port Royal now Annapolis in 1605. There followed many stormy years through which English adventurers and French adventurers, each in turn, strove to possess Acadia. In 1621, Acadia, having passed into the hands of the English, James I bestowed all that portion of the country now known as Nova Scotia upon one of his favorites, Sir William Alexander, Earl of Sterling. It was then that it received the name it has retained, Nova Scotia (New Scotland). The English rule, however, at this period was short-lived. In 1632, by the Treaty of St. Germain en Laye, Nova Scotia became a French posession. In 1667, all of Acadia was restored to France. By 1670 Acadia became a regular province of France, and was governed by the French king direct. During the next twenty years the population was more than trebled. It seemed then that the country would surely prosper and peace reign. But the bright outlook was not realized. France and England again went to war and kept up the strife with increasing bitterness through the next twenty-four years. In 1710 Acadia was again captured by the English. It then passed out of the hands of the French for the last time, and has been English territory ever since.

The saddest chapter in the history

of Acadia is that which tells of the driving out of the peaceful Acadians from their homes in the beautiful Gaspereau Valley, a stretch of country that their industry and thrift had made the most fruitful in all Acadia.

The first French settlers in that portion of Acadia over which the glamor of poetry and romance has been thrown by Longfellow's "Evangeline," came in 1671. They settled in the Gaspereau Valley, along the shores of Minas Basin, and their settlement was the beginning of the present Grand Pre (Grand Prairie) village. This is the village made memorable by the tragic scenes of the Acadian deportion.

These settlers of Grand Pre were of a hardy race. They were principally artisans and farmers. They had come from Rochelle, Poitou and other places on the west coast of France, known as "the country of the marshes." They had been accustomed to waging battle with "the wrath of the waters." Thus the forty to fifty-foot tides of Fundy did not dismay them. They literally wrested the land, that afterwards became known as the most fruitful section in all Acadia, from the grasp of the sea. By persistent labor, and at times risking life itself, the giant waves were driven back, dykes were built; and the land, rich with alluvial deposits, became gardens of bloom and fields and orchards rich with fruitage, while in pastures lush with grass roamed sleek cattle and flocks of sheep and goats. By 1715 there were fully a thousand souls in the French settlements along Minas Basin.

In 1710, when Acadia became an English possession, two years were given to the French iinhabitants of the country to decide whether to move away or to remain and pledge allegiance to England. Certain of the Acadians who desired to remain, but did notwish to do so on an uncertainity, sent a deputation to confer with the English Governor at Port Royal, so as to make sure of the conditions on which they would be allowed to retain their homes and other possessions. The Governor gave them no satisfaction. Instead, he sent representatives accompained by a body of troops, to levy an indemnity. He made no secret of the fact that this tax was for the purpose of "provisioning the Governor's table."

So far only Novia Scotia had become an English possession, but by the Treaty of Utrecht, in 1713, all of Acadia, with the exception of Louisburg, was made English territory. A new Governor was at the head of affairs in Port Royal and more liberal terms were given the Acadians. They were allowed a year in which to dispose of their property and to remove themselves and "all portable effects" wherever desired. If, however, they wish to remain, they could do so as subjects of Great Britain. They were also to be allowed freedom of worship, "provided their services partook of nothing antagonistic to the British authoriities." The Acadians were Roman Catholics, and very ardent ones, while England was then, as now, Protestant.

It is freely exppressed belief of several historians, who have given careful study to the causes that led up to the deportation of the unfor-

tunate Acadians, that in their refusal to promptly accept these somewhat fair terms lay their first grievious mistake.

It is very clear that the Acadians were home loving people. The lands they had wrested from the sea and made "to blossom as the rose" were almost as dear to them as life itself. Here many of them had been born, and here they had expected to die and be buried, in the smiling, peaceful valley every foot of which was so dear. The other alternative they could not bring themselves to accept because of the fear connected with it. If they became subjects of Great Britain, would they not be forced to take up arms against such of their own people as remained antagonistic to the English authoritity? So they lingered loth to leave their smiling land.

One hope continuously cherished by the Acadians was that they would be provided with transportation back to France in English vessels. When they realized that this hope was vain and attempted to build vessels of their own, they were frustrated in every attempt to obtain timber and rigging.

It is evident that through all these trying years the Acadians were buoyed up by the hope that "Acadiia, the Beautiful," would again belong to France. The French still had Canada, and often the eyes of the long-suffering Acadians were turned with hopeful expectancy in that direction.

At length in December, of 1729, under one of the English Gevernors, named Philips who proved himself to be both just and humane the Acadians took the oath of allegiance to Great Britain, with the restrictive clause that they were never to be required to take up arms against their French brothers in the New World. By 1749 there were six thousand Acadians living in the Minas Basin, including the lovely Gaspereau Valley. In that year Halifax, Nova, Scotia, was founded, and Edward Cornwallis appointed its first Governor. Once more the struggle to force the Acadians to take the oath of allegiance without restriction was renewed, and with vigor. In vain the unfortunate people plead to be allowed to leave the country with their portable property and the funds from the sale of their homes. This was refused.

We come now to the pathetic events of the fateful year of the deportion, 1775. At that time Charles Lawrence, whom history agrees in terming "the most unscrupulous of all the governors of Nova Scotia," was in command. He made up his mind that the Acadians must be driven out of Acadia. Colonel John Winslow and the English regiment reached Grand Pre in the afternoon of August 15, 1755. The Colonel at once took possession of the priest's house as headquarters, while the tents of the soldiers were pitched on the plain surrounding it.

It was a smiling and a fruitful scene on which the English commander looked that peaceful August afternoon. The priest's house and the church with the burial ground just back of it stood in the midst of a rolling plain surrounded by sloping hills beautifully green, crowned by orchards of pears and apples, with red roofs of farm houses adding a glow of color. To the north rose the

peaceful summit of Cape Blomidon, across the glistening waters of Minas Basin. All along this gleaming stretch of water, at the foot of the orchard-crowned hills, lay the fruitful meadows, enclosed by the red dykes which had been wrested with giant-like labor from the mighty tides of Fundy.

For eighty-five years the Acadians had made their homes in these peaceful valleys and along the slopes of the hills, within sight, and many of them within sound, of the leaping red tides of Minas. But now they were to be driven out by the cruel decree of military authority, never again to see the sunrise tints reddening the skies along the Gaspereau Valley, or shining with mellowed glory upon the stately brow of old Blomidon.

At the time of the deportation there were fully ten thousand Acadians settled in the many populous villages that stretched from Cape Blomidon on the north to the Gaspereau on the south, all along the very fertile Minas Basin.

It seemed well-nigh incredible that the English Governor, Lawrence, should have deliberately waited until the people had gathered and housed their crops ere sending the soldiers to drive them from their homes. Yet he did so, his object being to get the products of field and orchard so massed, where they could be more easily destroyed. He was no doubt swayed by the realization that the love of these people for their home was such, it would draw them back again, though hundreds of miles lay between them and the vales of the Gaspertau. Thus the torch was ruthlessly applied, the work of destruction continued, till not a barn nor a home, not a stack of grain was left standing through the length and breadth of Minas Basin.

Today the Horton Light House stands upon the spot where occurred the final scenes in the deportation of the Acadians. From this point the ships set sail. Husband and wives, fathers, mothers and children were ruthlessly separated and driven aboard different transports. Scores of them never saw each other again, or knew aught aught of the fate that befell their loved ones. The majority of the vessels landed their human cargo at ports widely apart. Two never reached any port at all, but went down at sea.

Historians agree in placing the stigma of this crime against a helpless people upon Governor Lawrence, who, according to documents still in existence, acted solely upon his own authority. It is claimed that the English King had not even an intimation of what was premeditated.

Of the original Grand Pre, the home of the Acadians, and the scene of Longfellow's Evangeline, "naught remains but tradition," as the poet himself wrote. Of all those thrifty Acadians, homes not a pillar, not a brick, not a stone remains. It is only now and then that a depression of the earth, overgrown by weeds and in the midst of a tangle of shubbery, suggests a cellar; or a gnarled apple tree, standing alone, hoary with age, speaks of a once fruitful orchard.

It is said that Longfellow received from Hawthorne the idea ou of which the poem, Evangeline, was developed. Hawthorne related to him

a story that had been told him by Rev. Father Conolly, a priest of South Boston, who, in turn, had received it from a member of his congregation. It was with reference to a young girl separated from her lover, on what was to have been their wedding day, at the time of the deportation of the Acadians. For years they sought each other in vain from place to place. The girl finally became a nun. One day, when she was an old woman, she found in a patient, whom she was called to nurse, the long-lost lover of her youth.

"Vainly he strove to whisper her name, for the accents uttered
Died on his lips, and their motion revealed what his tongue would have spoken.
Vainly he strove to rise; and Evangeline, kneeling beside him,
Kissed his dying lips, and laid his head on her bosom.
Sweet was the light of his eyes; but it suddenly sank into darkness,
As when a lamp is blown out by a gust of wind at a casement."

"Has the baby had the measles yet, Mr. Smith?"

"Sh-sh! Don't speak so loud. Whenever he hears anything mentioned that he hasn't got, he cries for it."—Tit-Bits.

THE GOLDEN RULE IN BUSINESS.

By Rev. Thos. F. Opie.

"If I tried the Golden Rule my workers would take our factory away from us in a week," so said a gentleman of business to Mr. Arthur Nash, who has revolutionized his clothing business by reason of five years' trial of the Golden Rule in his plants. Doubtless many a corporation man feels the same way about it. "It may work in your business, but it would not in mine. I dare not try it: I would go under." These and similar statements show how men fear the principle of expecting from others only what they themselves would do—or the principle of doing towards others what they would have them do. That fear has been the one thing that has underminded confidence, honesty and self-respect—and that has kept fires of factionalism and classism burning.

Mr. Nash contends that the "mass-mind" of the workers under the Golden Rule has never yet allowed anything unjust. It has not made the men overbearing, nor unreasonable, unjust; nor has it cut down production, nor done any of the dire things that some men fear. "The laborer knows more about his job than any man in the office," says Mr. Nash. "When he starts to think by the Golden Rule he will get more production out of his job than any efficiency expert ever dreamed."

In 1920, when the cry of business generally in America was for liquidation, deflation and retrenchment, the workers in the cutting-room of The Nash Company volunteered the theory that they could "give twice

the production'' in their department, if their cutting-tables were enlarged, and the company's orders assorted—that they were willing to accept a one-third reduction in their piece-work rate, if the changes were affected. The changes were made, and the result was a happy one all the way around.

Not only has the Golden Rule proved successful in the matter of production, wages, profits, dividends, etc.. —but it has worked wonders in the whole relationship of men to men, of men to owners, and of owners to men, in the Nash business. There is a real sense of brotherhood and a feeling that success for the concern, means success for all concerned. Not only so. During 1920, when families by the hundreds were out of employment in Cincinnatti and there was acute suffering among workingmen, a committee of workers from A. Nash Company framed a resolution calling on the company to use every effort to procure business enough ''To employ all clothing workers in Cincinatti who are in danger of suffering because of non-employment.'' They recommended that this be done, even if it required a reduction of wages for themselves—and that ''the first reduction affect only those making over five dollars a day.''

And that was not all. These workers agreed to ''take a vacation'' of four weeks, in January and February, in order to give employment in the Nash plant to those thrown out of work in other plants! Said a newspaper man in Cincinnati. ''So far as any of the old newspaper people here know, this is the first time in the world's history in which a crowd of people having jobs were willing to give them up for others having no work.'' But, you see, they recognized these men as Brothers! What would you not do for a suffering Brother?

We have been Preaching and Proclaiming the Brotherhood of Man for two thousand years. It is now high time to Practise It and give it Reality!

FROM A CAB DRIVER TO THE HIGH OFFICE OF BISHOP.

It was suggested in a late issue of THE UPLIFT that the filling stations and garages and libraries be combined. This brings an interesting bit of history from Mrs. J. C. Gibson, of Concord, which reads as follows: ''My dear Uplift, the admonition on your front page of the last issue recalls to me a fact which I offer as an endorsement. Many years ago there was a cab driver in the city of New York, who made it a rule to carry with him some books which he read carefully during his periods of waiting. In time that cab driver became a learned, wise and faithful Bishop of the Episcopal Church.''

I have often wondered why the taxi-drivers, whose number is now becoming legion, did not take to patronizing the public libraries, and while away their waits for customers in the luxury and joy of a good book. There is in the making of most of them great agencies for a special good, if not a Bishop.

TAX BURDEN PER INHABITANT

IN NORTH CAROLINA IN 1921

Based on the 1921 Report of the State Commissioner of Revenue covering all taxes collected by the county and state, including state income tax, divided by the population of each county. Does not include federal taxes.

In Wilson county the state and county tax burden was $16.10 per inhabitant, while in Allegany it was only $3.58. State average $8.60 per inhabitant.

E. B. Smith, Buncombe County
Department of Rural Social Economics, University of North Carolina

Rank	County	Total Tax per inhab.
1	Wilson	$16.10
2	Durham	14.19
3	Halifax	11.94
4	New Hanover	11.68
5	McDowell	11.63
6	Nash	11.60
7	Craven	11.57
8	Greene	10.81
9	Vance	10.80
10	Guilford	10.71
11	Buncombe	10.15
12	Wake	10.01
13	Transylvania	9.97
14	Cherokee	9.95
15	Franklin	9.93
16	Swain	9.89
17	Hyde	9.86
18	Lenoir	9.83
19	Wayne	9.76
20	Mecklenburg	9.69
21	Beaufort	9.66
22	Washington	9.62
23	Hertford	9.55
24	Cumberland	9.49
25	Edgecombe	9.44
26	Pitt	9.34
27	Scotland	9.10
28	Rockingham	9.05
29	Gaston	9.01
30	Northampton	8.95
31	Montgomery	8.88
32	Onslow	8.80
33	Pasquotank	8.80
34	Harnett	8.66
35	Stokes	8.65
36	Graham	8.53
37	Martin	8.46
38	Jackson	8.41
39	Granville	8.39
40	Duplin	8.35
41	Clay	8.34
42	Pamlico	8.25
43	Moore	8.19
44	Tyrrell	8.15
45	Hoke	8.13
46	Henderson	8.11
47	Warren	7.95
48	Davie	7.92
49	Surry	7.92
50	Alexander	7.83
51	Madison	$7.83
52	Richmond	7.70
53	Rowan	7.70
54	Pender	7.68
55	Currituck	7.68
56	Orange	7.55
57	Carteret	7.52
58	Columbus	7.48
59	Forsyth	7.45
60	Union	7.40
61	Bladen	7.40
62	Robeson	7.38
63	Lincoln	7.30
64	Cleveland	7.19
65	Cabarrus	7.12
66	Gates	6.83

67	Jones	6.80	84	Haywood	5.95
68	Alamance	6.76	85	Person	5.95
69	Anson	6.58	86	Randolph	5.95
70	Yadkin	6.56	87	Wilkes	5.83
71	Chatham	6.37	88	Brunswick	5.80
72	Stanly	6.32	89	Caldwell	5.73
73	Davidson	6.25	90	Sampson	5.45
74	Watauga	6.24½	91	Avery	5.40
75	Iredeell	6.25	92	Mitchell	5.39
76	Catawba	6.24	93	Rutherford	5.36
77	Perquimans	6.24	94	Johnson	5.29
78	Polk	6.23	95	Dare	5.21
79	Lee	6.21	96	Ashe	5.08
80	Bertie	6.08	97	Chowan	4.82
81	Burke	6.07	98	Yancey	4.33
82	Caswell	6.06	99	Macon	4.32
83	Camden	5.96	100	Alleghany	3.58

TAX BURDENS.

In 1921 the average tax paid per inhabitant for all state and county purposes was $8.60, or about forty dollars per family. This was the total total tax levied to support the county and all county activities, roads, schools, county government, and the state and all its manifold activities. In Wilson county the total tax paid per inhabitant was $16.10. In addition to a network of good roads Wilson has the most pregressive school system in the state. The county is now divided into twelve big rural school districts, each school a big consolidated school based on motor transportation of children. She operates about ten per cent of all the school trucks employed in the state. Yes, it costs a little more but it is worth it. The average tax paid per person in Alleghany was only $3.58. Alleghany lists her property at a low value and in addition had the lowest tax rate in the state, forty-one cents. The other counties of the state range between these two extremes. See the table carried in this issue.

The state has made remarkable progress along lines of taxation and tax equalization. We have the best state tax system in the South. Also a large number of counties in the state are to be commended for their honesty in trying to find a way out of this maze of unequal taxation. But the county tax problem is still an unsolved one. No county in the state attempts to put its property on the books at true valuation. Some seek a 75 per cent valuation, others a 50 or a 60 per cent valuation. No two have the same policy or the same tax rate.

Durham county is on a 75 per cent true valuation basis, for instance, while Orange, next door, is on a 60 per cent basis. Taxes levied in Durham help support schools in Orange. And so it is for the entire state. As a rule property in the

richer agricultural counties and in the industrial counties is listed at more nearly its true value than in the Mountain or Tidewater country. However, there are some exceptions to this general policy. Everyone will confess that Cherokee is a poor county, yet she ranks 14th in taxes paid per inhabitant. We know that Alleghany is much richer on a per inhabitant basis, yet she ranks 100th in all taxes paid per inhabitant. She ranks high in wealth but low in willingness to assess her wealth. Johnson is one of the richest counties in the state, yet she ranked 94th, just above Dare county, in taxes paid per inhabitant.

School Equalization

The state has a school equalization fund that is distributed each year. A maximum school tax law has been passed. If with the rate the county has it does not secure enough funds, an appropriation is given out of the state fund. How does it work? Often a poor county with scrupulous county comissioners will raise practically enough from local taxes to support the schools. Next door will be a richer county with a low rate of assessment values. It will fall far short of the necessary funds so the state makes up the shortage. The honest county pays for its honesty.

For instance, Davie, a poor county, pays a large tax per inhabitant and in 1923 she gets only $4,993 from the state equalization fund. Wilkes pays a much smaller tax per inhabitant and her allotment is $75,641. Some very rich counties come in for large allotments, while some very poor counties receive small sums. The philosophy of the richer counties aiding the poorer counties is partially defeated because there is no uniform percentage of true value sought in listing property and each county has its own tax rate. The per cent of true valuation and the tax rate should be more uniform in the state. At present each county has its own assessment policy and its own rate. Many of them have a strong liking for the equalization fund.—S. H. H., Jr.

No man has the right to do as he pleases, except when he pleases to do right.—Simmions.

ABOUT LIGHTHOUSES.

By William Wallace Fairbanks

The first form of lighthouse that our country ever knew was just a danger signal in the form of a common lantern suspended from a pole or other support placed on a rocky cliff, reef or point of danger.

Often a light was placed in a certain window of a dwelling overlooking the sea, where it could be seen and recognized by passing vessels. During the earliest history of our country but little provision was made to safeguard the vessels that sailed along the coast. For a long time there was no systematized method of providing such service.

People who dwelt in the vicinity of places dangerous to shipping, often took it upon themselves to provide some kind of a signal and later when government provision was made, it was crude and irregular. Someone would add the duties of lighthouse-keeper to his other work performed during the day and the lantern, after being lighted in the early evening, was often left to care for itself during the night. It might burn brightly till morning or it might go out. Our great country was undeveloped. No such ships sailed the seas then as now. Ocean liners were unknown. A large part of our coast line was scarcely explored. Great changes, however, have taken place. We have a coast line of nearly five thousand miles and into the hundreds of harbors scattered along this coast, sail the ships of the world.

Strange ships coming from distant lands are unfamiliar with our coast. Everywhere are scattered dangerous rocks and reefs. Bold headlands extend far out into the sea and at nearly every dangerous point our Government has planted a lighthouse which gives warning both day and night of the dangerous nature of the locality.

The Lighthouse Department of the United States has reached vast proportions. It now has more than fifteen hundred lighthouses. To this number others are being added constantly. Millions have been expended in building the massive towers that contain the lights. Millions more are expended annually in their up-keep. A modern lighthouse may easily represent a cost of three hundred thousand dollars. The lantern itself, placed in the extreme top of the tower, may cost twenty-five thousand. It is the result of years of scientific investigation and research. Foreign countries usually supply the glass that forms this lantern and the greatest skill is employed in its construction.

Should you travel by steamer along the coast or in any of the bays or on the great lakes, and see the flash-flash of some powerful light on the shore, it might be interesting to know that this light is under constant control of one of the most important branches of our Government. Government inspectors visit the light at frequent intervals. Its condition is fully noted. Carelessness and negligence are never excused. Everything must be in perfect order. It is under the care of paid keepers who are appointed for this service only after a careful examination for their fitness. Every evening before darkness settles down, the condition of the light is examined with the greatest care, for from sunset till sunrise every night throughout the year this light, without a moment's interruption, must flash out its warning signal over the water. A keeper must be on watch constantly all through the night. Before each one goes off duty he must write in a book kept for the purpose, a full account of all that may have transpired during his watch. Before a keeper may go off duty, another must take his place.

Many lighthouses have four keepers who take regular turns on duty of three hours each. Comfortable and modern homes are provided for these and their families. Supplies are also furnished and every effort

is made for their welfare and comfort.

Different light-houses along the coast or in the harbor have a different form of light. Some are stationary or fixed. Some send out flashes at intervals of so many seconds between. Some send a double flash and then darkness for a short period. Then, there is a variation in color. Some may be the ordinary white light. Others may be red, while again there may be flashed first a white, then a red. Captains of vessels passing these are furnished a book containing a description of every light. They are thus able to tell their exact location from the character of the light.

Some lighthouses are on the main land. Many are placed far out on rock points or headlands. Others are on islands far removed from the mainland. Keepers at these isolated places are changed to other and less lonely spots at frequent intervals so that their lives may not be filled with too much of the dreary monotony that must always fall to the lot of a keeper of a Government light station.

"Have you a lawyer looking after your interest?" "Nominally; but I rather think he has his eyes on my principal."—Boston Transcript.

WORD STUDIES.

By Harriette Wilbur

The word "wolf" was already a great traveler when it reached the English language via the Anglo-Saxon wulf. For it originated in the oldest known Aryan language, the Sanskrit, or at least the purest form of the parent Aryan. In Sanskrit, "wolf" appears as vrka, and the animal has not changed its nature during the centuries that have passed since our common ancestors called him vrka, since the Latin language got from this same root-word vellere to pluck, to tear, and lupus wolf.

The Romans had two reasons for honoring the wolf. One would be found in the legend of Romulus and Remus, twin brothers who when infants were thrown into the Tiber River, but were rescued and cared for by a she-wolf. Romulus was made the legendary founder and first king of Rome—though doubtless the legend was invented after the city was named, and not before.

On the other hand, Lupercus, or Pan, so-called because he kept the wolves in subjection, was the god of fertility, and his festival day, the Lupercalia, was celebrated annually on the fifteenth of February. Mark Antony, it will be remembered, on the day he offered Caesar the crown, was officiating as a priest of Lupercus, an honor allowed only to the noblest patricians youth of Rome.

Lupus adds at least two words to our dictionary; lupine the adjective, meaning wolfish, ravenous; and lupine the noun, the name of a number of plants belonging to the bean family, so-called in reference to the voracity of the plants in devouring

the fertility of the soil. There are about eighty species of lupine, over half of which are native to North America. A few occur in the Mediterranean region; the seed of the white lupine being used as food from the earliest times, by the Egyptians and Arabs, as a pulse. The country between the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific is so rich in these plants it is known by botanists as the "lupine region." They are frequently poisonous to stock; but the San Francisco park commission found use for them. Much of the land directly upon the coast consists of shifting sands; deep cuttings disclosed the fact that the roots of some species of lupine penetrate to the depth of twenty feet, and suggested the idea that these plants might be made useful in binding the loose sands; in a single year the lupines covered the sands with a dense vegetation two to three feet high, sufficient to prevent them from shifting during the severest storms, and to allow of the growth of various maritime pines, willows, and other trees, as well as such grasses as will flourish in such localities.

The Greek form of vrka became lycos, the parent in turn of many useful words, the most noted of which is Lyceum. Yes, the same Lyceum that means a society for the purposes of debate and of discussion of literary and current subjects, the organization "that has played such a prominent part in the educational and intellectual development of the United States, especially the less settled districts, about the middle of the nineteenth century," according to Webster's International.

How can the Greek lycos, wolf, be the origin of Lyceum? Because in Athens stood the temple of Apollo Lyceus—Apollo the Wolf-Slayer—where Aristotle and his disciples taught while walking up and down its covered porches. In France the word is lycee, and is applied to a secondary school that prepares students for university courses. One would hardly expect to find the wolf a patron of literature and art, yet he is, by association.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Pressly Mills

Prof. W. M. Crooks spent a few days in Baltimore last week.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Three acres of Irish potatoes were planted by the farm boys last week.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The motor that runs the big pump burned out last Wednesday morning. The damage was later repaired.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Mr. G. F. Simpson has accepted a posititon at the institution. He will for the time being teach school.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Miss Daisy Mast passed the week end with her sister, Miss May Mast, at the institution last week.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Master Earle Crow is visiting his mother who lives in Waxhaw. He will return to the institution in a short time.

lessons on the linotype. He can allessons on the linotype. He ca already operate fairly fast and sets a clean proof.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Master Moody Parker has been given a position at the dairy barn. He likes his work very much and is doing well for a beginner.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Master Earnest Jordan was hurriedly called home to the bedside of his sick mother last Monday. His mother was seriously ill.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Master Henry Brewer spent a short time with his sister, in Concord, last Sunday. He returned to the institution the same day.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Recently the boys in the Rockingham Cottage made a base ball diamond in the rear of their cottage. They are now having some real fun.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The showers that fell last week have greatly helped the farm products grow. Many things will now grow that would have perished if it had not rained.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Several carloads of brick arrived at the institution last week. These brick will be used in the building of the grandstand that is to be erected on the athletic field.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Master Kelma Smith has been given a position on the tractor force. The tractor boys are kept very bnsy plowing up the soil that is being removed from the athletic field.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Mr. Leon Godown is now teaching school. Mr. Wilson, who has been teaching schoo. since the resignation of Mr. Crowell, has resumed his position in the office, where his services are more needed.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The farm boys hoed several acres of corn for Mr. Joyner, a neighboring farmer last week. When they had finished Mr. Joyner gave them several large watermelons. They enjoyed these melons very much.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The following boys were visited by their friends and relatives last Wednesday: Richard Hoyle, Roby Mullies, Judge Brooks, Hurley Way, Mack Wentz, Ben Hurley, Howard Riggs, Howard Sylman, Grover Lyerly and Homer Barnes.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Continuous showers fell last Saturday afternoon preventing the boys from either having a base ball game or a rest upon the campus. However, they enjoyed the good reading material that is found in all of the cottages.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Eight happy boys went to Concord and bought their clothes last Monday. They were: Lewis Norris, Ralph Freeland, Walter Brockwell, Elbert Perdue, Washington Pickett, Herbert Pressly, Max Thompson and Harold Guthrie. They had an honorable parole.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The boys finished threshing wheat last week. Somewhat over five hundred bushles were the result. The wheat and the straw obtained were stowed in the new granary during the latter part of last week. The granary is fulfilling a long felt need.

The ammonia pipes and ninety ice cans, all of which are to be used in the new ice plant, have arrived at institution. In each of the cans one hundred pounds of ice can be made at a freezing. These are a small part part of the equipment that is yet to come.

‡‡‡‡

The band boys gave a concert in the pavilion last Sunday afternoon. They did well and the music was greatly enjoyed by the people who heard it. They did not practice last Tuesday evening owing to the absence of Mr. Fisher, the bandmaster, who was in Wilmington.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Recently Master James Gentry was allowed to visit his mother at his home in Asheville. A few days after he had been at home he was seriously scalded in an accident. He was taken to the hospital where he is receiving good treatment. We are all hoping for his quick recovery.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Cloer have returned to the instituton from Statesville. where they have been spending their vacatlon. Mr. Cloer will resume his position as Cottage officer of the Mecklendurg Cottage and Mrs. Cloer as Matron of that Cottage. The boys are glad to have them back.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Many mothers and other relatives are to be made extremely happy this month, when their son or relative arives at home a strong upright young man. Many boys are to be paroled this month and all of the boys are eagerly looking foward for the time to come when they shall be included in this number.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Master Archie Brady was honorably paroled last Thursday morning. When he came to the institution about three years ago he scarcely knew his A, B, C's. He studied hard, however, and was promoted until he reached the sixth grade. This is an example of the good tutorship that the boys are receiving here. He goes to Lawrenburg

‡‡‡‡

Mr. H. M. Brown accompanied by Mrs. Brown, Miss Mildred Brown and Mr. H. M. Brown, Jr., visited the institution last Sunday. They were shown around the institution by Master William Gregory. who pointed out the various buildings and explained what they were used for. The visitors expressed their delight at the progress being made at the institution. Mr. Brown is connected with the Salisbury Post, that is published in Salisbury.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The golden text of the Sunday School lesson last Sunday was, "I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance." A strong impression of the great character of Matthew the Publican, who gave up his all and followed Jesus, was firmly fixed in the minds of the boys and many declared, that, if Matthew could give up all without a murmur, they could at least give up a small bit and strive to live a more upright life. Next Sunday we shall study about the great woman, Mary Magdalene.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

Passenger Train Schedules

Arrival and Departure of Passenger Trains, Concord, N. C.

LV.	NO.	BETWEEN	NO.	AR.
1:40A	30	New York-Birmingham	30	1:40A
2:37A	29	Birmingham-New York	29	2:37A
5:12A	44	Washington-Atlanta	44	5:12A
6:32A	31	Atlanta-New York	31	6:32A
8:41A	137	Atlanta-New York	137	8:41A
9:25A	11	Charlotte-Norfolk-Richmond	11	9:25A
10:55A	36	New York Birmingham-New Orleans	36	10:55A
3:20P	45	Washington-Charlotte	45	3:20P
3:45P	46	Charlotte-Danville	46	3:45P
7:10P	12	Norfolk-Richmond-Atlanta	12	7:10P
8:18P	32	New York-Augusta	32	8:18P
10:20P	35	Birmingham-New Orleans-New York	35	10:20P
9:45P	138	New York-Atlanta	138	9:45P
9:31P	135	Washington-Atlanta	135	9:31P

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Concord, N. C.

THE UPLIFT

VOL XI CONCORD, N. C. AUGUST 11, 1923 No. 39

LIFE'S MOST PRACTICAL THING.

Religion is not a cold and calculating exercise of the intellect; it is a sentiment. Religion is intensely practical—the most practical thing in life, since, as Tolstoy says, morality is but its outward manifestation, but religion is a thing that is felt in the heart, not worked out by laborious mental processes.

Love is a sentiment—the chief of sentiments—and love influences life long before the reason is mature. According to the law, 21 is fixed as the age when a young man's reason is presumed to be sufficiently mature to allow him to decide important questions for himself, but love matures much earlier.

Love of parents develops in babyhood, love of brothers and sisters in childhood, love of friends in youth, and love of God and Christ long before the reason can be trusted. A large percentage of all the men who are members of the church became members before they were old enough to vote. The family is built on sentiment; patriotism is built on sentiment, and likewise the church.—W. J. Bryan.

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

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LIVE IN THE UPPER STORY.

Live in the upper story of mind, thought, feeling and purpose. There is nothing worth while in the lowlands. The glory and splendor of life is found on the heights. Keep your feet upon the earth, but keep your head in the clouds. Revel in visions and dreams of the most extrordinary nature, and turn them all to practical use by living in constant contact with the deeds and needs of every day. Live in the upper story of life and thought, and your faculties will gain possession, more and more, of the greater powers of those superior realms. Nothing but ordinary mentalities can be developed in the lower story. But no mind can live habitually in the upper story without growing in power, ability and worth.—Hills Magazine.

PRESIDENT HARDING.

Irrespective of creed or politics, the nation bows with sorrow at the sudden and untimely death of President Harding. Just returning from a pleasing, if not triumphant tour, of some of the nation's possessions, he fell victim to disease, which he could not overcome, and suddenly when least expected his life went out.

President Harding came into the high position of president when the world was war-torn, when people were at sea, when affairs, public and private, were on edge, and his was a great task. Whether any other man, of his own household of thinkers or those of another, could have led better or functioned

more efficiently, is not a question at this time. The white face of the dead is a flag of truce.

It is a matter of great pride and joy to the best among us that while not a brilliant statesman, as brilliancy in politics is estimated, Mr. Harding was a good man, a Christain man, a sincere man, who loved his country and strove sincerely for her benefit and her peace. It is no small thing in the life of any nation when it can confidently feel that its great governing head is a clean man and one who recognizes the fatherhood of God. President Harding was an example of all these.

* * * * * * *

OUR COUNTRY.

Between suns—the going down of one and the rising of another—the United States changed presidents, and before one percent of its population knew of the sudden and sad death or had any reason to expect such a change.

President Harding died (by eastern time,) a little after ten o'clock in the evening way out on our western coast, and Calvin Coolidge, the vice-president took the oath of office before his aged father in a little settlement on the other side of the continent, up in the little state of Vermont.

Though the people bowed in great sorrow at the death of their chief citizen, a laudable respect for the greatest office within the gift of any people, there was not one disturbing ripple in the affairs of the country. Business remained normal; society experienced no let-up; and all things jogged along as if nothing out of the usual had happened. The government, that expression of the greatest people on earth, went right along—no jar, no confusion, no disturbance.

It's a great country that passes through such an experience, the death of one president and the making of another between suns, without suffering its machinery being put out of commission for a short while if for no longer.

There is no other such country nor such other people on the face of the earth as is the United States and her citizens.

* * * * * * *

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE.

By the fate of politics and the uncertainty of life, Calvin Coolidge is now president of the United States. There is never any great concern for ability or capacity when the problem of selecting a vice-presidential candidate comes before a convention for solution. Availability, popularity and geography are usually the governing factors.

This happened in the case of Coolidge as it prevailed in the selection of all

his predecessors. This position is regarded merely as a figure, and remains so unless accident, death or misfortune creates a vacancy. Consideration of the exigencies are rarely, if ever, taken into account. It so happens, however, and the people are to be congratulated on the fact, that Calvin Coolidge is no ordinary man. He has had considerable experience in governmental matters, and will carry to the discharge of the duties of that great office more than mediocre ability. He is a product, as most successful men of this country, of the school-house of hard knocks and rural birth. He is young and in good robust health; has a sensible wife, who magnifies home-making rather than flitting, like a butterfly, from one bloom to another of short life.

They are trying to spoil him by manufacturing little stories about his conduct and that of his folks on the approach to the solemnity and greatness of a towering responsibility. They had him in the darkness of the night, after his father administered the oath of office of president in a little house, where quickly was installed a telephone, visiting the grave of his mother in a nearby cemetery—nobody will believe that, but it does make interesting reading. They had Calvin Coolidge, Jr., the boy, busy monkeying with the business of destroying worms in a tobacco field and refusing to forego the excitement of making three dollars and seventy cents per day for the joy of the movies in Washington and the distinction of being pointed out as the president's son. This is one of the penalties of sudden notoriety and fame, and the only reason this feature writing did not announce that the wife of the King of England did not rush up and kiss the youngster upon the elevation of his father is the intervention of the Atlantic ocean.

Mr. Coolidge announces a disposition to carry out the policies of his late chief; and already they have picked the man who will engineer Coolidge's nomination for a re-election. And all this before the dead president has been returned to his native soil out in Ohio. As was to be expected they have established a kinship between him and a Cooledge (note the difference in spelling, but this is accounted for by a blunder of a job printer in printing some letter heads, years ago) in Atlanta, who conducts a paint store just across the viaduct on Forsyth street, in Atlanta. They have hanging up in Atlanta in a conspicuous place the Coolidge family tree, but the new president is not to blame for this—it is another penalty for sudden elevation.

Of far reaching importance and assurance, looking at it from a business angle, the absence of any disturbance or radical breaks in the affairs of the business of the country, the elevation of Calvin Coolidge, formerly governor of Massachusetts, to the presidency, seems to be accepted as with satisfaction and comfort. Some of these days we will learn to know him by his picture, for

up to this time no two have been alike. He has thus far appeared as resembling Julius Fisher and again Lawyer Maness, of Concord; and in another picture he is the very image of Ed Crowell, of Oakboro, Stanly county; and still in another he is made to favor Rev. Dr. Deaton, of Hickory, N. C.

It is the first time in our history that the little state of Vermont has furnished the president of this country.

* * * * * * *

A SEASON OF TRAGEDIES.

Those of us who daily follow the morning papers must have been impressed with the great number of tragedies that have occured during the immediate past season. The front page of the morning dailies, as well as those of evening issue, were stories of death, accident, murder and kindred misfortunes.

Starting in with the death of President Harding, which shocked the entire world, and followed by the motor accidents in which hundreds of lives were sacrificed as the toll of carelessness, daring, viciousness and accident, leads one to believe that there is too little sobering in the presence of death and injury.

Human life, while everything else seems to either soar or hold its own, has come to be so cheap that conservative folks have to confess to a feeling of alarm. However careful one may be in driving his own car, he stands likely to meet up with a catastrophe, because of the foolishness, carelessness and viciousnesss of irresponsible drivers. One of the greatest problems that confronts coming legislatures is how to meet and an aggravated situation. The increase of cars, the ignoring of the law of the road and the forgetting of what one gentleman owes another in the matter of personal and road rights, make riding in motor cars or even in private vehicles as most hazardous.

The question of parking in the average town adds to the danger. They mark off dead lines, governing the placing of cars; yet in nearly every town you see the hind-end of a large truck sticking far over the dead-line—and these things occur in full view of the police. It is not the lawless, who practice this obstructing of the streets, but men who stand high in the community. It is, however, a serious indifference to the safety and rights of others. An object lesson in blindness to the public rights my be seen daily on east Corbin street and most any street of other towns.

• • • • • • •

Of course, it wasn't so; but the inventive artist gave us a few days ago an example of real democracy that governs the course of men. He had Calvin

Coolidge forking hay onto a wagon, where his old daddy received it, and the next day the same Calvin Coolidge, becoming president of the United States in the twinkling of an eye, was being escorted through the city of New York attended by a score of secret service men and mounted police.

* * * * * * *

The war having interrupted the making of the Biographical History of North Carolina, the ambitious and admirable undertaking of Mr. Chas. L. Van Noppin, it is now his purpose to complete the entire set. Eight volumes are already off the press, and others are to soon follow.

* * * * * * *

The first public official act of President Coolidge was to proclaim Friday, 10th, a day of mourning, being the day when the late president's body was interred at his old home at Marion, Ohio.

* * * * * * *

They have figured out the value of President Harding's estate as being between $700,000 and $800,000. Not satisfied with that they have located where Mrs. Harding will reside in the future.

* * * * * * *

AUGUST.

Full to the brim is summer's cup
With sunshine joy filled up,
The sun beats down on sandy shores
The waters lap idly o'er and o'er
The earth is warm and dry and sweet
All is bathed in a solar heat;
'Neath great wide stretch of sunny sky
The vast broad sweep of waters lie.
Now are summer's hopes complete
Now the rest of contentment sweet.

Mrs. John Archibald Morrison

PRESIDENT HARDING DIES SUDDENLY.

Presidential Headquarters, Palace Hotel, San Francisco, Aug. 2.—(By the Associated Press.")—Warren G. Harding, President of the United States, died instantaneously and without warning tonight at 7:30 o'clock a victim of a stroke of apoplexy which struck him down in his weakened condition after an illness of exactly a week.

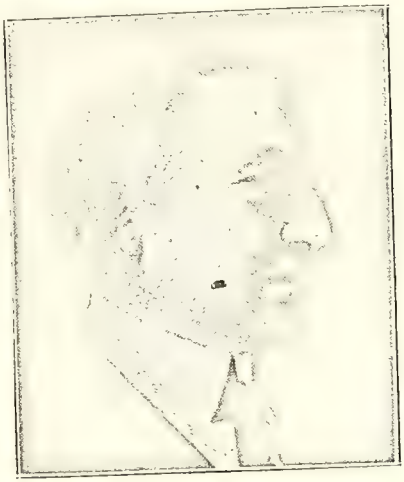
The chief executive of the nation, and by virtue of his office and personality, one of the world's leading figures, passed away at the time when his physicians, his family, and his people thought that medical skill, hope, and prayer had won the battle against disease.

The disease had been conquered, the fire was out, but seven days of silent, though intense suffering, had left their mark and a stroke of apoplexy came without an instant's warning, and before physicians could be called, members of his party summoned, or remedial measures taken, he passed from life's stage having for nearly two and a half years served his nation and for many more years his native state of Ohio.

With the passing of Mr. Harding, the office of President devolves upon Calvin Collidge, vice president of the United States, a man silent in nature but demonstrated as strong in emergencies. He was notified of the death of Mr. Harding at his home in Plymouth, Vermont.

Without Warning

The suddenness with which the end came was shown by the fact



that only Mrs. Harding and the two nurses, Ruth Powderly, and Sue Dausser, were in the room at the time. Mrs. Harding with her characteristic faithfulness and constant tenderness, was reading to the President at the time.

Then without a warning a slight shudder passed through the frame of the chief executive. He collapsed and the end came. Immediately the indications of distress showed themselves, Mrs. Harding ran to the door and called for Lieutenant Commander Boone and for the other doctors to come quickly.

The first indication that a change had occurred in the condition of Mr. Harding, came shortly after 7 o'clock when Mrs. Harding personally opened the door of the sick room and called to those in the corridors to "find Dr. Boone and the others

quickly." At that time Mrs. Harding was understood to have been reading to the President sitting at his bed-side with the evening papers and messages of sympathy which had been received during the day.

Dr. Sawyer was alone of all the doctors in the apartment when the climax came. He first was called by Mrs. Harding who then rushed to the door leading into the hotel corridors and commanded an immediate search for the other physicians.

HARDINGS'S LIFE IN BRIEF

1865—Born November 2 on farm near Blooming Grove, O.
1882—Graduated from Ohio Central College, Iberia, O.
1884—Became owner and editor of Marion (O.) Daily Star
1891—Married Miss Florence Kling of Marion.
1900—Entered Ohio State Senate.
1902—Started upon his second term in Ohio Senate.
1904—Sworn in as lieutenant-governor of Ohio.
1910—Defeated in Ohio gubernatorial campaign.
1914—Elected United States Senator from Ohio.
1920—Won republican presidental nomination and was elected over James M. Cox, democratic candidate.
1921—Inaugrated 29th President of the United States.
Called world conference on disarmament.
Put into effect govermental budget system.
Opened fight for American ship subsidy.
1922—Vetoed soldier bonus bill.
Took active part in settlement of rail and coal strikes.
Pleaded for formation of world court.
1923—Assailed wet forces and practically put republican party on record as opposing any attempt to nullify the 18th amendment.
Urged formation of consumers' co-operative organizations, under goverment supervision, to combat soaring prices.
Visited western states and Alaska.
Stricken ill at Seattle on return from Alaska trip, forced to bed at San Francisco, and remainder of trip canceled.
Died in San Francisco August 2, about 7:30 p. m.

THE LEADER IN RURAL SCHOOLS.

The Salisbury Evening Post, reproducing the school district map of Wilson county, which THE UPLIFT had made to present an object lesson to backward and befuddled county boards of education, who have not arisen to the importance and meaning of their jobs, takes occasion to say the following, which is of great interest.

Charles Lee Coon, who put Wilson county on the map, in the most conspicuous place, so far as rural schools go, formerly lived in Salisbury and is well remembered by many of our people. When one begins to talk about rural schools it will not be long before some reference is made to Wilson county. The Uplift of Concord had this cut made and we secured it to show to our readers how one county is making its rural districts keep up with the cities.

In 1917 Wilson county had 52 separate school districts for the white children. In 1921 Wilson county converted its territory into 16 districts, erecting modern and well equipped buildings, which guarantees to the children of the rural sections of the county have advantages similar to those enjoyed by the children of the larger towns and the city of Wilson.

Wilson county is the educational leader of the state; others are following magnificently. Davidson, just across the river, is building a system of rural schools that does credit to any community. Progress follows the better school house, just as it follows the road development of a county or state.

We could not do better in Rowan than to divide the county into smaller units and erect larger and better schools. A larger house means a better equipped school, concentration on better teachers and going higher with each pupil. It means the same advantages that the boys and girls in Salisbury enjoy. We are not meeting this big issue as we should in Rowan. We are playing with it, officials cannot go forward until they have the cooperation of the people. There must be a demand for bigger and better schools and as soon as the demand is urgent enough the way will be found for getting what is wanted.

Rural Rowan will not develop as it should until the good roads we are building lead to larger and better schools.

These schools will not only be an educational center for boys and girls of school age, but they can be made community centers for the whole population. Men and women will find such a school a proper place for their community activities; a place where young and old may meet and bring to the community things by way of pictures, lectures, amusements, social gatherings that will be not only pleasing but educational and uplifting. The larger community school house can be made a community center that will be worth its cost, and all the while it will be giving the boys and girls of a wide section of the community educational benefits equal

to those enjoyed by the boys and girls of the larger cities.

Rowan should come to the place quite soon where she will undertake a very definite program of rural school building, one that will in a short while guarantee to every section a real school, a community center worthwhile, satisfying.

It is a strange thing that the independent American girl cares so little about growing her own complexion instead of buying one, carying it around in a cheap, brass "vanity box."

MUSIC NOT WORDS MAKES THE OPERA.

(Asheville Citizen)

The National Federation of Music Clubs, which held its annual meeting in Asheville a few weeks ago, is doing what it can to encourage the composition and production of American opera. It is a laudable undertaking, but it is not a new one and all the national music uplifters who have taken a hand in it have met with rather discouraging results. The cause will not be helped any by such whipped cream talk on the subject as outpoured from the melodic soul of Mrs. Eleanor Everest Freer in Chicago the other day. Mrs. Freer, it seems, is the co-chairman of the opera department of the National Federation. Let us listen to Mrs. Freer's babbling, more soothing, more melodious, more symphonic, not to say more philharmonic, than the babbling of Tennyson's brook, yesterday, today and forever. As reported by The Associated Press, Mrs. Freer said

"The adaption of our own language for foreign operas will place American opera on a footing with those of the old world and will encourage a closer study of our own productions. Operas indigenous to our soil in their subjects are of great importance, although no one advocates their exclusive performance. The choice of the subject, however, should be an entirely personal matter with the composer."

To be sure! If anybody expected to get the best music a composer has in his soul would he expect somebody else to choose the subject for him? There are to many instances in our musical history where American composers have tried to write around somebody's prize subject only to have oblivion mantle their efforts. But the sublime absurdity of Mrs. Freer's statement is that the translation of the librettos of foreign language operas into English would make it possible for them to compete with productions in the language in which they were written. That has been tried so often with financial failure as the result that unsubsidized opera companies, with practical managers, have, generally speaking, tired of the experiment. The score of the opera is the thing and if it is good music, opera goer's don't care a blue bean about whether the language of the libretto is German, French, Italian. Sanskirt or ancient Hebrew. It is

the music, immortal as immortality, of Aida, Tosca, Lohengrin, Tannheuser, Trovatore, that sounds the depths of the human soul and makes the opera house ring with applause that might be described as the frenzy of ecstasy. Who cared in what language Lehman and Nordica and Sembrich (supreme in the techique of her art) the de Reszkes and Plancon and Caruso sang, so long as they sang and made the world forget its troubles by the magic of their singing?

We are discussing, of course, grand opera. The great American grand opera has yet to be written. It may never be written. There have been valiant efforts, but the efforts have been practical failures. Now that we come to think of it, and so far as we can go back in musical history, not a single great grand opera has been produced by a composer of the Anglo-Saxon race. To go a step farther, not a single great grand opera in Europe is the work of a composer north of the English channel. If our memory limps we shall be glad to have it repaired.

Light opera is quite another matter. In that America can match the best in the world. If Reginald de Koven had written nothing but "Robin Hood," his fame as a composer of light opera would be secure. Victor Herbert, the Irish grandson of Samuel Lover, has made himself rich and tingled the ears of thousands with his tuneful light opera scores. Even in this field, it's the music rather than the words which will live

Music, much more than Esperanto, is the world's universal language. The world's great music will live long after the language with which it is draped has become the ashes of dead words.

RECORD.

Which reminds us, naturally enough, of scrap-books. One of the most interesting things about the lists of favorite books which have been appearing on this page is that they are luminous side-lights on the personality of the listers. But we know of no book through which personality shines forth so clearly as it does through a scrap-book. A scrap-book is a complete give-away of the sort of its owner is.

There was a woman whom we never knew except by delightful reputation as handed down among her many friends. Once we came upon a scrap-book which she had kept from girl-hood until after marriage. When we had finished going through it we knew her better, infinitely better than her friends could ever have helped us to do by telling us of her.

That scrap-book is she herself, the soul of her, the deathless part. In it are clippings she loved and admired. From its pages speaks the humor and tenderness and poetry of her appreciation of those things which St. Paul described as "eternal." From these pages breathes that quick, sensitive and gentle spirit that, of all the living dead, we are most fain to meet.—Nell Battle Lewis.

MAKING POTTERY IN RANDOLPH.

The Asheboro Courier, which is owned by Congressman W. C. Hammer, but largely edited and conducted by Mrs. Hammer, just as good a newspaper fellow as the chief, has an interesting account of Pottery making in Randolph and Moore counties. There is one thorn in it, however, for fixing a date it makes use of the objectionable term "Civil War" when the heroes of that great event have declared for it the "War Between the States." Civil war in no sense is a proper term for that great strife that took place between the several sections of the country, and should not longer be used by papers, Southern papers, at least.

But The Courier has given a very entertaining story, and what could be better than a modest sized chicken pie, baked in one of those yellow dishes manufactured out of Randolph and Moore county clay?

Mr. Jaques Busbee of Raleigh who has been living most of the time in Brower township, Randolph county, has had a pottery shop with Mr. Owen in charge. Just across the Randolph line in Moore county the clay out of which beautiful bowls, jugs, vases, and many other pieces of pottery is made is obtained in Randolph county and taken across to the potter shop in Moore. Recently Mr. Owen set up a potter shop on his own hook and Mr. Busbee has engagedthe serviices of others. Randolph up to the Civil War and for many years afterwards had dozens of potter shops at which the plain old fashioned crockery was made but the business has not been carried on to any great extent for twenty-five years or more; but there is a revival of this businessnow.

The ware that is made now is patterned after the old English ware that was made in America by the Staffordshire farmers, who first brought pottery to America. Until prohibition came there was a great demand for jugs to hold liquor but there has not been such a demand for jugs for many years. The,what was called, dirt dishes or red dishes were formerly seen in every home in which delicious potato pies, chicken pies and other dishes of food was prepared in the old days in so many homes and is remembered so personally by the older people.

Glass ware of late yeas has taken the place of old earthen jars used for pickles and jams. During the Civil War many potters were exempted from military service in order to make cups and mess bowls and ware for the use of the army. Churns and crocks are still in use made of this ware and occasionlly you see a stone ware wash basin and pie place of the old red ware. Some of the older citizens remember taking earthen ware inkwells with covers like the pottery spice jars that were made in the old days. Soap dishes, ash trays, bowls and crocks for flowers, drinking cups, cups and saucers, pitchers and teasets were made in the long ago and Mr. Busbee, aided by his wife, has revived the beautiful designs of thes early pieces of "crockery" which are patterned after the old English style crockery and has the appearance of Korean, Persian and oriental pottery.

This ware which was made chiefly in Randolph and Moore counties but

was made in many other counties in the state in the old days is again seen and since the revival in the business it has been introduced in the northern cities, especially in New York where a wide demand for it is found. In the beautiful homes of many of the well to do there is found much of the pottery.

There is what is called hand thrown pottery and hand built pottery, both kinds are made. Teapots, candle sticks and many other articles for the dining room, kitchen, parlor and library can be found in the large selection of Mr. and Mrs. Busbee and those who have become interested.

There is a red ware and the gray stone ware and they are of varied shades from pumpkin yellow to the deepest copper, according to the natural color of the clay and the amount of firing.

This clay is found in this section and elsewhere in North Carolina and glazes itself in the kiln, salt only being used. There is clay that will not glaze itself but when burned it has the glaze put on it; this ware is made with machinery, not by hand.

Some of the designs now of bowls and jugs are often lined with blue smalt and some of the jars are lined with white of brown in a simple spontaneous design. Handles are sometimes made to the churns but churns with handles, before the Civil War and for some years afterward were the kind usually made; but soon after the Civil War churns were made without handles. It is considered rather unsual for churns to have handles now.

There is some very fine clay around Asheboro and in the vicinity of Holly Springs but most of the potters clay in Randolph county is in Richmond and Brower townships.

WEEVIL OBSERVATIONS.

"Chesterfield county has the best crops I've ever seen in that county," said J. F. Watts, who lives near the county line and who recently made a trip through Chesterfield..M. H. Tadlock, who lives near Pageland, says the boll weevil is doing but little damage in Chesterfield and that cotton in his community is not infested with weevils as much as last year's crop. And up to the present that seems to be the conditions in Union county. Most of the weevils are on lands where cotton last year is followed by cotton this year. Very few weevils appear on lands where systematic rotation of crops is practiced. If the weevil compels us to practice intelligent rotation of crops it will cause us to do something we ought to have had sense enough to do without weevils.—Marshville Home

REAPING FRUITS OF CONSTRUCTIVE POLICY.

The Albemarle Press furnishes a story of school activity, which shows the fruits of a constructive policy maintained by Stanly's school officials. The joy is not ours, except its reflected influence may some day cause us to quit neutral and try, say, first if not high gear. To move, move a little bit, will be thrilling.

"The school at Stanfield opened Monday with an attendance of 170. This is the first term of the school and will continue six or eight weeks, when a short vacation will probably be taken.

Prof. I. Brittain, of Asheville, is principal of the school, and comes highly recommended. It is expected that the first high school class of 1920-21 will graduate this year.

It is of note that the Rocky River school has een consolidated with the Stanfield school, and the high school class of Oak Grove school will enter at Stanfield.

Following are teachers in the Stanfield school: Mrs. Floyd Braswell, Miss Leila Furr, Mrs. Ada McNeeley, of Statesville; Misses Onie Love and Bessie Smith.

Oakboro has Mr. B. T. Hale as the returned principal. Miss Ethel Chapin, of Loraine, Ohio; and Miss Mary Sullivan, of Missouri, compose the high school faculty. Mr. Q. E. Colvard continues as instructor in the agricultural department, his work having drawn acknowledgment of distinct merit the past year.

Other members of the faculty are:

Miss Gladys Wright, of Maxton, 7th grade.

Miss Hattie Burleson, Albemarle, 6th grade.

Miss Braswell, of Monroe, 5th grade.

Miss Caroline Crowell, of New London, 4th grade.

Mrs. M. L. Morgan, Oakboro, 3d grade.

Miss Cramer, of Virginia, 2d grade.

Miss Virgie DeBerry of Wadeville, first grade.

Music—Miss "Bill" Braswell.

The school at Oakboro opened three years ago with an attendance of about 100 pupils. On Monday of last week it enrolled about 400 pupils on the first day, and now has fully that number. It is an accredited high school, and is doing splendid work.

The school at Richfield is rather limited in its accommodations, and the demands have already exceeded the equipment. In order to make matters some better this year, the old Wagoner and Ritchie school buildings are being removed to Richfield and converted into nice cottages, which will be used for the present as class rooms, and when the main school building is enlarged to meet demands later on, these buildings will be used as quarters for the teachers.

Prospects for a fine school year in Stanly are most favorable, and Mr. Reap is highly gratified at the showing already made."

LIGHTNING RODS.

The Asheville Citizen editorially discusses the efficacy of the lightning rod in a most interesting manner. It has long been a mooted question whether or no the lightning rod is a sure protection of a building against lightning. Is there anybody living that remembers to have seen a building properly rodded, destroyed by lightning? You, reader, may have heard somebody say that he heard somebody else say that he had heard of the destruction of such a building by lightning, but have you personal knowledge of such an occurance. This is no advertisement, directly or indirectly, for the lightning rod man, who generally is a nuisance by his persistence.

The lightning-rod is vindicated. No more may jokesmiths, passing a $20 ramshackle barn equipped with $40 worth of gilded aerials, recall the old adage that "A fool and his money are soon parted."

The metal tridents are not vain affectionate appeals to allure untamed electricity and shunt it into mother earth, or guardians menacing evil spirits of the air with mystic conjurations. The lightning-rod agent is not always a bunco man like unto one who sells to the credulous nostrums to avert hoodoos, and the barn-owner is wiser than his critics.

For many years the lightning-rod has been in disrepute and been classed as a fake made only to sell. Once on a time, up to twenty-five years ago, it was regarded as a sure preventative of lightning strokes, and the country, if not town, householders did not feel safe unless his home was equipped with a liberal quantity of ornate spirals lifting their ornamental terminals to the sky. In fact, he felt vaguely unrespectable if the house was not lightning-rodded.

There were existent then two theories explaining the efficacy of the protector of the home, exactly contradictory in nature. One was that the lightning has a fondness for the metal rods much as a cat has for catnip, and that when it appeared in the neighborhood and sensed the attraction it promptly made for the rod and slid gently down its spirals and went to sleep in the earth. The lightning dissolved itself instead of angrily knocking the house to splinters.

The other theory was that the lightning was afraid of the rod and kept away from any house where one was displayed. It prudently betook itself elsewhere and was apt to vent its anger on some unprotected house. For this reason people who had no lightning-rods sometimes maintained that a lightning-rod irritated the lightning and so caused it to attack unprotected structures.

The lightning-rod agents dispensed these rival theories with impartiality—the purchaser paid his money and took his choice of them. Ajax defying the lightning was their deity and Benjamin Franklin his prophet on earth. They dispensed chromos showing Franklin in a tall hat flying a kite with a copper key attached to its tail for the purpose of fetching down stray lightnings.

But these agents destroyed themselves. Oftentimes ignorant or un-

scrupulous men, they installed their rods in a crude way and soon people noticed that neither theory worked in practice. Lightning would strike a rod but, instead of following its meanders to the ground, would make a short cut with disastrous results to the house. Then came reaction and the belief that the lightning-rod was no more than a superstition.

Now came the scientific underwriters and tell us that a suitable lightning-rod, properly installed, is 99 per cent effective as a house-protector. It is improper installation in most cases which has brought the rod into disrepute. Up with the lightning-rod!

To be successful in anything, one must cultivate the habit of thinking completely around his problem, little or big. To be satisfied with thinking two-thirds or three-fourths of the way around, is to stand back deliberately while someone else gains greater efficiency, prestige, and leadership. Many people fail because they do not think their problems through and take time enough to do it properly.—Selected.

THE ROCK SPRINGS ANNUAL.

(Lincolnton News)

The Annual Camp Meeting at Rock Springs, Denver, Lincoln County, is now beginning to attract the attention of people througout this and other sections. The automobiles especially, and other vehicles will begin to roll toward Camp meeting within less than a week. The auto has made it possible for thousands to make the trip daily, spend the day and return home late in the evening. Many around Lincolnton recall the old days when roads were bad and travel was by wagon or buggy; it then took a large portion of a day to make the journey and people stayed a while when they got there because of the task of making the trip to and fro.

We have often wondered why it took people centuries to learn that topsoil would make a good road but it did; as soon as this was learned the auto came in fashion, and also a better road, the paved highway. But we expect some of us will see the day when there will be a landing field at Rock Springs and people will go there from all over the south to spend the day at the oldest camp meeting in the world.

The N. C. Christian Advocate carried an article recently of interest to the large list of News readers. That publication says:

Preparations for a great meeting at Rock Springs in August are being made by Rev. H. C. Byrum and his people, who are confidently looking forward to one of the greatest camp meetings in many years. The meeting will begin August 5, and continue through August 13.

Rev. H. H. Jordan, presiding elder of the Shelby district, Rev R. L. Foster, Davidson, N. C., Mrs. C. L. Steidley and the editor of the North

Carolina Advocate will assist the pastor in the meeting.

Rock Springs camp ground is the greatest religious assembly grounds in North Carolina. Multitudes of well behaved people are there in August to see and greet each other and to hear the preaching of the gospel. It is the great annual gathering place for the people of Lincoln and adjacent counties and has been for long years.

Rock Springs is the oldest camp ground in the world. At Rehobeth in Lincoln county Daniel Asbury, William McKendree (afterward bishop,) Nicholas Watters, William Fulford, and James Hall, a leader in that day among the Presbyterians of Iredell county, held a camp meeting in 1794. The following year, 1795, another camp meeting was held at Bethel, about a mile from Rock Springs, and these were the direct forerunners of the present camp ground.

This was five or six years before the great revival began in Kentucky, out of which grew camp meetings in Tennessee and Kentucky.

The general belief that camp meetings began in Kentucky or Tennessee is an error. The fact is that John McGee, who went from North Carolina to assist his brother, a Presbyterian pastor beyond the mountains, and in whose church the great revival of the first years of the last century broke out, was present at the Lincoln the idea and the annointin which he county camp meeting and there got carried beyond the mountains and from which began the revival and arose camp meetings. The truth is that the great revival which will ever remain a monumental event in the religious history of this country, and the camp meetings which for three-quarters of a century became a mighty agency in the promotion of the kingdom of God in North America, really had the origin in those first camp meetings in Lincoln county.

The nation turns to Fanuel Hall in Boston as the cradle of American liberties. The religious world should turn to Rock Springs in North Carolina as the cradle of camp meetings and the greatest religious awakening that this country has ever known.

The oncoming generation should not be allowed to forget these facts, and as Israel was careful to turn back to the ancient landmarks, so may we turn to Rock Springs as an ever memorable land mark in our spiritual history.

It doesn't make any difference who furnishes the opportunity—you individually, are the person who must make the most of it, and must turn whatever advantage may accrue to your own account. Other people quite naturally, are too busy looking after their own affairs to be planning for you. Besides, you would probably consider it an impertinence if they undertook to override or to dominate. Each man who makes any progress in the world must use his own brains with which to direct and improve his own affairs.—Selected

WOMAN SPEAKING.

(Presbyterian Standard.)

The General Assembly is pre-eminently The Church. In a sense it is the whole church assembled in the service of its Great Head, the Lord Jesus.

Now Saint Paul writing to the Corinthians says, "Let your women keep silence in the churches: for it is not permitted unto them to speak; but they are commanded to be under obediance, as also saith the law. It is a shame for women to speak in the church."

Yet the Church gathered together in our recent Assembly, did invite a woman, a noble, honored, and beloved woman to address them, which she did gracefully and to their edification.

But the question arises in the minds of many, was not this interesting incident in the proceedings of our General Assembly, a distinct violation of the instructions of an inspired Apostle? If not, how can it be made consistent with the teachings of the sacred Scripture? Inquirer.

The above inquiry was accompanied with the request that the chairman of the Committee on Bills and Overtures answer it. Our very great esteem for the venerable brother who sends this inquiry constrains us to say something by way of answer. But really the obligation to answer this inquiry rests elsewhere. The aforesaid chairman voted against permitting the innovation. He heard but one other negative vote. It devolves on those who gave permission for a woman to address the Assembly to reconcile such permission with the teachings of St. Paul.

However, we will venture to say one or two things. One thing is that so far we recall the only reason assigned for the course pursued was a sentimental reason. Every one esteems most highly the gifted woman who heads the woman's work of our Church. Every one delights to honor her. Not only so, but the men of the Church warmly appreciate the splendid work which all the women are doing under the wise leadership of her who heads the work. They feel that in honoring her they are paying a tribute to all the women, and testifying their gratitude for what the women are doing. Is there any one who wears male attire who does not share this sentiment of appreciation for the women? It is a most worthy sentiment. Who does not prize the opportunity of giving such expression to it as will be heartening and gratifying to the women? We have the example of Paul himself who cherished a deep and tender regard for those "women who labored with him in the gospel." He was not slow in giving expression to this regard.

It is our opinion, merely our opinion, that the General Assembly, without even thinking to take counsel of the Apostle Paul, deemed the occasion a suitable one, and the manner an appropriate one, to honor the noble leader of our woman's work, and through her to honor all the women who are helpers with her in the services of our

common Lord. Of course, if they thought of Paul, they did not mean to show him any discourtesy. We are sure that the members of the last Assembly, without exception, would be willing to attest their unqualified and unabated loyalty to Paul as the accredited ambassador of our King and as the faithful proclaimer of the will of our King. They did not consciously and intentionally overstep the boundary marked off by the great Apostle. We have no members in our church courts who have outgrown Paul, and who know better than he what the mind of the Lord is. Doubtless we have evolutionists, but not of that type who believe that it was a purely natural process that lifted Paul above his remote anthopoid ancestors, and that the same natural process, in the course of nineteen centuries, has lifted them above Paul.

It is not for us to explain the mental operations of our brethren. But we may say that a common way to avoid the force of Paul's teachings about women is to say that those teachings were altogether appropriate for his time and country. The sentiments and customs of that oriental country were very different from what they are with us. The women were kept in seclusion and were accustomed to render an abject obedience to their fathers and husbands. If in such circumstances Christian women were permitted any large measure of ability, their conduct would outrage public sentiment, and bring reproach on Christianity. Moreover, Corinth was a notoriously wicked city, deeply sunk in sensuality. There was, indeed, no conscience touching the matter of sexual morality. What we deem flagrant wickedness, they did not recognize as wickedness at all. In this state of society, when women professed Christianity and came into the church, the first thing was to teach them modesty. Anything approaching brazenness, or even boldness, must be sternly repressed. Such teachings as Paul's were eminently wholesome for women who had been reared with such lax views, who had come into the church from a degraded heathenism. But what a contrast to our women, cultivated and refined, enriched with all the graces of the Spirit, Christians by inheritance, Christians from childhood, their characters nourished, moulded, and beautified by all the sweet and gracious influences of our Christian civilization. Why put them under the same severe restrictions that were enjoined upon women just reclaimed from gross Paganism? In all other spheres of life, in the home, in the social circle, in the school, in commercial and political life, women have an immeasurably larger range of liberty than the women of the orient had in Paul's day. The sentiment of our day demands this larger liberty. Shall we remove the barriers in every other direction, and still keep them closely hedged around in the sphere of religion?

Such is the line of reasoning by which many convince themselves that Paul was laying down restrictions that were well enough for those to whom he was writing, but are no longer needed in our day. They are not denying that Paul was speaking by inspiration of the Spirit, but they

are limiting his lessons to other times. He as not writing for all time, and for all conditions of society.

There is some plausibility in this view of the case. It is certainly a convenient method of interpretation. One can escape from disagreeable instructions by simply saying that they were not ment for him. Are the restrictions of divine authority? "O yes," he says, "I recognize God's voice, but He is speaking to the other fellow." To say the least of it, there is a dangerous elasticity about such a cannon of interpretation.

Then unfortunately for this interpretation, the Apostle lays down the same restrictions in his first epistle to Timothy, when he is not writing to any particular church, or about any particular class of women.

Futhermore he argues the point, not from the circumstances of that age or country, but from the relation which God established between the man and the woman when He created them; and from the futher fact that Eve was first in the transgression.

We shall not undertake any further answer to our respected inquirer. As already said, we are under no obligation to justify the act of the General Assemly. If those who are responsible for its action wish to confer a favor on those who, like our venerable brother, are perplexed in their minds, the columns of the Standard are open to them.

We're somewhat confused as to whether we now have dry ships on a wet ocean or wet ships on a dry ocean.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

AN AMBITIOUS TOWN—GRANITE FALLS.

By Old Hurrygraph

The date line on this article sounds like some great granite wall had tumbled down; or the price of granite had fallen from a high notch. It is nothing of the kind. It has to do with one of North Carolina's youngest, coming towns—Granite Falls, in Caldwell county; 12 miles south of Lenoir, and 8 miles north of Hickory, on the C. & N. W. railway, in one of the finest farming sections in the county. The town that for the past three or four months has been building a house a day. A town that is not only coming, but is far on the way of enterprise and thrift. It pulsates with energy, and throbs with enterprise.

Name And Activity

Granite Falls derived its name from the fall of waters over great granite rocks, on Gun Powder Creek, a bold stream near the town, and where is now operated a quarry, producing the handsomest granite in the State. It is a town of about 2,500 population, that grew up "jess so," without any blow or bluster, and almost of a sudden bursted into educational, commercial and industrial activity. This is because its citizens are energetic; a working community, and they had

visions they are turning into practical realities. At its present rate of growth, expansion and progress, it is destined to outrival Falls River Mass.; Little Falls, N. Y.; and Wichita Falls, Texas; or any other Falls tht fall in its class. In a few years Granite Falls will be able to say to the above mentioned Falls, what the traveler said to the waiter in a Winston-Salem cafe, who was some fifteen munites bringing his soup. Said he to the waiter: "Every been in a zoo?" "No, sir," replied the waiter. "Well, you ought to go: you would enjoy seeing the turtles whiz by you."

Climatic Conditions.

Granite Falls is in of the most delightfull climates in the State. Located on table land, in full view of the mountains, in a wonderful section of North Carolina. People are beginning to realize this and when those of New England, and other northern points, properly appreciate this fact, they will come here more largely. Many have already learned of the advantages of this section, both as to agriculture and manufacturing industries, many others will come in increased numbers. The capitalists of the North and the South, knowing the advantages our climate posesses the year round for manufacturing of all kinds, they will invest their money in industries which have been proven invariably successful. Granite Falls is a manufacturing center of no little moment, which is making a wonderful impress.

What Is Going On

Granite Falls has six large and successful manufacturing mills, where they make yarns for hosiery, and coarser goods; fine yarns, and other fabrics used in the mercantile world.

The Shuford interests, at Hickory, where they have several mills, have here a group of two mills, which make up their five groups. No. 1 is the Granite Falls Manufacturing Co. making yarns and twines. The capital stock is $785,000 J.M. Alred, residing in Hickory, is the superintendent. No. 2 is the Granite Cordage Co. a new mill just completed and in thirty days will be running at its full capacity. This mill is 525 feet long, with one story and basement. Here cordage is manufactured in great quantities, and is one of the largest mills of its kind in the South. Capital $400,000 paid in. The machinery in these mills is so complicated that immense quantities of work can be turned out by a few hands, and thus the number of operatives do not measure up to the immensity of the mills or their output. The other mills are the Falls Manufacturing Co. yarns; for hosiery; Southern Manufacturing Co. coarse yarns; Dudley Shoals Manufacturing Co. fine yarns; Granite Lumber Co. lumber.

Other Activities

Granite Falls prides itself on its educational progress. A new High School building, just completed last year, thought to be large enough for many years to come, is being enlarged by another new wing with six large rooms, so rapidly has the school grown in the past few months. They have also added a department of agriculture, with A. B. Bushong di-

rector. Everybody in Granite Falls talks about their educational growth and their new building. Well they may. Its fine.

Hay, tobacco and cotton are the chief products raised, with a good line of trucking. A finer agricultural section cannot be found. Irish and sweet potatoes are raised to great extent. Considerable fruit, both apples and peaches, are grown in this section. In fact you can raise most anything you please on Caldwell soil, in the Granite Falls neighborhood, if you do not let old man Jack Frost catch it staying out too late at night.

A Live Booster Club

Granite Falls has a live wire Booster Club, which might be aptly termed as Rooster club, as it is crowing for its town all the time day and night. It has 55 members about as live D C fellows as you will meet anywhere. D.M. Cline is the active president, and Mr. Hickman secretary.

The Bank of Granite Falls is a solid and growing institution. It was organized with a capital stock of $8.000, which will in a few days be increased to $25,000. That's how the bank is growing with the rest of the Falls.

Two new business buildings have just been completed, and two more will be by fall. Building, mostly dwelling, is going on everywhere around Granite Falls. They are spending large sums, also, in laying granolithic pavements,

---

The best of men and the best of women may sometimes live together all their lives, and for want of some consent on fundamental questions, hold each other lost spirits to the end.—Robert Louis Stevenson.

IDEAL KITCHEN IN CABARRUS.

(Extension Farm-News)

The campaign for improvement of kitchens conducted in Cabarrus County this spring brought about most interesting results, reports Miss Martha Creighton, district agent. The campiagn began April 1 and ended with a county club rally on April 26. Prior to this time in prepration for the campaign, Miss Cathleen Wilson, the home agent, and Miss Martha Creighton, the district agent, made talks in various sections of the county, the subject being the "Ideal Kitchen." At this time cards for enrollment in the campaign were given out. These cards were filled out and returned to Miss Wilson.

The first week in April Miss Wilson and Miss Creighton visited the kitchens, scoring them as they were without any improvement. To each woman they made suggestions as to how she might lighten her labor and save steps by rearranging her equipment, making each working surface the right height, and doing many other little things to make the kitch-

en a more attractive and efficient workshop. The women then had until the last week in May to work. At that time they were visited when the final score was made and the prizes awarded.

Twenty-five kitchens were entered in the contest. The improvement made in them was most surprising. Gray kitchens and white kitchens seemed most popular. They were really the most attractive rooms in the house.

One little girl remarked that since mother had improved her kitchen every other room in the house seemed shabby and that now she would have to make them as beautiful. One of the women who entered her kitchen in the contest said, "Miss Wilson, I am not going to stop with this kitchen, but I am going clear through to the front of the house."

Some Kitchens Were Perfect

Three women, Mrs. Goodman, Mrs. Petrie, and Mrs. Rumple, had kitchens which scored perfect at the end of the campaign. They did not receive prizes, however, because of the fact that they did not have so much improvement to make. Perhaps the most interesting kitchen was that of Mrs. D. R. Mabry, who won the first prize, a beautiful four-burner oil stove, donated by the Standard Oil Company of Charlotte. The first visit to her home showed a very meagerly furnished kitchen. The owner of the farm from whom Mr. Mabry rented had built the house as cheaply as possible. Rough, unplaned lumber was used for walls and flooring, put together with cracks big enough for a cat to get through, and there was no screening. The kitchen was also used for a dining room as the house was too small to make separate dining room possible.

Mrs. Mabry Shows Courage

Mrs. Mabry had said she would enter the campaign provided the landlord would ceil the kitchen and put own another floor. A few weeks afterwards she visited Miss Wilson's office and almost in tears told Miss Wilson she would have to drop out because the landlord would do nothing, and she knew she could could not paint unplaned lumber satisfactorily. She asked Miss Wilson if she might whitewash the walls to which she received an affirmative reply.

The Transformation

On the second visit to the kitchen it would never have been possible to recognize the place as the same kitchen of six weeks before. On the floor was a linoleum rug in blue and white tile pattern. The walls had been whitewashed. The little kitchen stove had been polished and put on bricks to make it the right height. Back of it hung pots and pans bright and shining. A wood box, also whitewashed, sat close by on rollers so that the children might fill it up with wood for mother. A whitewashed barrel stood in one corner on a stool. It had a tight cover and was kept filled with water by the oldest boy. For a sink Mrs. Mabry had taken an old soap box, made it waterproof, attached to it a pipe leading out into the yard. She painted the sink blue on the outside, and with several coats of

white enamel on the inside. On a shelf nearby was a clock and a vase of flowers. One corner of the room was made into a dining room. The table and chairs had been mended and were enameled blue and white. The bench for the children had also been painted in the same way. On the table was a snowy white table cloth and a vase of flowers. An old safe had been renovated with the same blue and white enamel and converted into a most attractive china closet. At the windows were dainty white cheesecloth curtains. The windows and doors had been screened by Mrs. Mabry with the help of her husband. With the exception of this, she had done it all alone. The result was that she had as pretty a kitchen as can be found anywhere in the land at a very small cost. The linoleum was the most expensive thing in the room, and the price of this had been covered with egg money.

THE MONTH OF RIPENESS.

Tho languid August noon,
When all the slopes are sunny;
When with jocund, dreamy tune,
The bees are in the honey.
When with the purple flowers,
A-flaming in the sun,
The drowsy hours
Thread, one by one,
The golden pleasantries.
Then is heart's musing time,
Then, of all the seasons,
Old Earth for inward rhyme—
Is full of golden reasons;—
Then the ripening gourd,
The sun-kissed garden wall,
The purpling hoard,
The flocks that call
Adown the distances.
Forgo the saddening tear,
Thou Month without alloy;
To younger seasons of the year
Resign the flag of joy;
But thou, be what thou art,
Full brooding to the brim
Of dreams apart
And purlieus dim
Of leafy silences.

—Wilford Campbell, in The Oxfor book of Canadian verse.

WOOD TREATMENTS IN THE FINE ARTS.

By Julia W. Wolfe.

We are apt to think of wood as a material for heavy construction, such as buildings, rather than one of the most important elements in the fine arts. Whether used for fine interior finish, furniture or smaller articles, wood is capable of a highly artistic finish. Those who have real appreciation of its great possibilities in the fine arts realize in what variety of ways it may be treated and finished.

The use of varnish on wood goes back thousands of years. The Egyptians were expert in applying it.

In China and Japan lacquering was early a fine art. Their laquer or varnish came from what is called a "varnish tree" and required from three to twenty applications to give the wood the desired effect. Japaning, indeed, derived its name from the vanishing process Europeans learned from Japan.

The Japanese are credited, also, with having a superior fineness of feeling in handling wood. They take it seriously, as if wood were a piece of expensive marble, and they rarely obscure its natural beauty of grain and texture. "The original cost of the material is of little consequence; if it has a subtle tone of color, a delicate swirl in the veining, a peculiar soft and velvety texture, it is carefully treasured and used in the place of honor."

The early Gothic and Renaissance craftsman who made furniture left the natural finish of wood untouched. Little by little however, hand polishing and oiling was given wood. Amber was applied to such articles as violins, while in 1601 lacquer was brought from China and applied to trinket boxes. In the next century the French learned the art of "japaning" and applied it to tables, chairs, screens and panels, and this developed very elaborate finishes during the reigns of the Louises. "Beginning about 1680, a spirit and shellac preparation was used." But most old-time cabinet-makers obtained "toned effect by exposing woods to the light until the surfaces had darkened." Then the surface was rubbed with oil and beeswax. Nearly all the furniture makers of the Elizabethan and Jaacobean periods in England and the French, Flemish and Spanish renaissance used this method of darkening with oil and then polishing with beeswax as a finish. Ebony, walnut, oak, lime, willow and sycamore were all treated in this way. The famous "Vernis-Martin" finish was really discovered by a French carriagemaker of the eighteenth century. The Vernis-Martin finish, advertised even to-day, as a superior and elegant finish for fine furniture, was hard and transparent, and a real rival of the lacquers of Japan and China. This Martin became the "King's varnisher," and in 1748 his factory became a royal manufactory that supplied the palace of the luxurious Louis with exquisitely lacquered furniture. The Martin lacquers were red, brown, bronze, speckled and black.

One of the finest contributions, however, to the handling of woods in the fine arts by Renaissance crafts-

men was inlay work. Although this work of inserting designs of fine woods into coarser wood goes back to the ancient Assyrians and Egyptians, the art was introduced over much of Europe by the Italians after 1200 A. D. And it is interesting to know that even the early Romans used inlay as furniture decoration. In Italy the process was called "intarsia" or "tarsia"—meaning to insert—while in France it was known as "marquety," to spot or mark. Parquety was inlay applied in coarser patterns to floors.

The woods used for inlay work by the Renaissance craftsmen—some of the best the world has ever seen—were such woods as cherry, holly, pearwood, boxwood, olive, redwood, calamander, yellow and green ebony (the last three from India,) rosewood, satinwood, satin walnut, purple wood and tulip wood. Most of these woods were Asiastic and were brought to Europe by the East India Company.

Beautiful pictures in intarsia were executed by the Italian furniture makers. Floral designs were common. The Dutch taught the French this art and they in turn taught the world the use of metal inlays upon wood. Boule, a "marqueter to King Louis," was probably the most famous inlay workman the world has known. His wooden cabinets were inlaid with tortoise shell and copper mosaics. Choice work like this became known as Boule work. Landscapes and classic scenes were favorite designs, but the French made their inlays more in relief than the Italians, who used exotic woods and colored and gilded them besides.

In Germany David Roentgen obtained wonderful effects by subjecting woods to various degrees of "hot sand baths." These shadings and finishes were used in marquety.

In England, Sheraton, the famous designer of chairs and other pieces of highly prized furniture, used fine woods, such as "holly and tulip wood, and the inlay work of Queen Anne's period consisted of mother-of-pearl applied in foliage designs.

Most of Sheraton, Chippendale and the Adam brothers' pieces, however, were made of walnut and later of mahogany.

It is interesting to know that "Chippendale was one of the first in England to employ Spanish mahogany of finest figure and color procurable. In the course of time the wood darkened by natural process, deepened in color and attained a beautiful richness of tone." But even it was used before this in the America colonies, being called "San-Domingo mahogany" because it was imported from that island in the West Indies. "Mahogany trims for banisters, mantels, cornices and furniture" first came in style in this country "about 1750."

Veneering of wood contrary to the popular idea of cheap furniture, was a layer of very thin wood applied to commoner wood in order to give it a fine finish so that it would not be capable of taking otherwise.

Hardwoods only are used for this purpose, an they are applied sometimes in pieces as thin as a sheet of paper. In England veneering was first used in the William and Mary period, commencing in 1688.

The glory of mahogany has always been its rich color, fine grain and capability of taking satin-like finish, but today many cheaper

woods, even pine, are quite the vogue in the fine arts, for enameling and decorating them in many striking ways quite disguises the original material and its quality. Many "art objects" such as candlesticks, clocks, door stops, plant boxes, waste baskets, book blocks and troughs are made of very cheap wood and then as completely transformed as a pine breakfast room set, with mahogany stain, or black, white, cream or Venetian blue enamel, or the polychrome finish, which by shading and blendings of "many colors" imitates tarnished metals from artistic scenes in the Old World.

COL. C. O. SHERRILL, NEWTON PRODUCT

Newton, Aug. 6.—Col. C. O. Sherrill, who has charge of the funeral ceremonies in Washington of President Harding., is a Newton boy. He is a son of the late Miles O. Sherrill, and was born in Newton and lived here till he entered the West Point Military Academy. He graduated second in his class, and has filled many assignments, at home and abroad, requiring the exercise of susuperior executive and diplomatic talents...The people of his old home have followed his successful career with much pride.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Pressly Mills

Several large watermelons were obtained from the patches last week. In a few days the boys will have a big feast upon the campus.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The boys, who are in Prof. W. W. Johnson's school room, have been helping in the work on the athletic field, during the past few days.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Master Lockwood Pickett was given a position on the tractor force several days ago. He is doing fine and will soon be given a tractor to drive.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Masters Herbert Orr, Dallas Hensly and Preston Winters were given positions in the laundry last week. They are doing well and all like their new work.

We are glad to know that Claude Coley, a boy who got his start in the printing department of the institution, has a good job in North Wilksboro and is making good.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Three musical instruments, a baritone, a trombone and an alto all of which, had been sent to a factory for repairs, were returned to the institution several days ago.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Cantaloupes are now ripe and the boys are getting them nearly every day. We have several large patches this year and these will supply the institution for some time.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Several large and tedious jobs are being turned out by the printing department. Mr. Godown the in-

structor is now back in the printing office and has charge of this work.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Richard Hoyle, Elvis Carlton, Anderson Hart, Earnest Jordan and Paul Leitner were honorably paroled last week. All returned to their homes determined to live upright Christian lives.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Mr. Hobby returned to the institution several days ago. He resumed charge of the dairy work when he returned. He had been away on his vacation. The boys are glad to have him back.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Master Sylvester Sims visited his brother, Master Harry Sims, at the institution last Sunday. He was formerly a boy here and this accounts for him being able to visit his brother on this occasion.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Master Earl Crow returned to the institution last Wednesday. He is one of the best Alto players in the band and was greatly missed on several occasions. He had been visiting his relatives living in Waxhaw.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The following boys received visits from their relatives and friends last Wednesday, August 1st. Harry Stephens, Joe Stephens, Richard Hoyle and Fred Wiles. Master Hoyle returned home with his aunt, with an honorable parole.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Rev. Myers, of Concord delivered an interesting sermon in the Auditorium last Sunday afternoon. His text was taken from the 3rd verse of the 2nd chapter of Hebrews. "How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation." All enjoyed his sermon.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The cannery opened last week and a large amount of beans have already been canned. The boys in Profs. Crooks and Simpson school rooms are assisting in this work. Several kinds of vegetables are to be canned. Some of these are: beans, tomatoes, kraut, beets and peaches.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Miss Mary Gaither, who was formerly executive clerk here has returned to the institution. Miss Gaither is looking over the records of boys who were paroled long ago. All of the boys are glad to have her back, and it might be added, that, she is also glad to be back.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The band boys played for the Parks-Belk department store, in Concord, last Friday. This firm was celebrating its 12th anniversary with a sale and the band helped them advertise very much. The boys ate dinner at the New South Cafe and enjoyed the day very much. Mr. J. C. Fisher had charge of the boys on this occasion.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The boys, of the afternoon school section, received a most agreeable surprise last Tuesday afternoon. After the usual "twice around the lawn," the boys were placed by fours, preparatory to drilling, but Prof. Johnson, seeing that it was too hot to drill, marched them up to the shade of the trades building and gave them free rein in the shade of the building. A happier crowd of boys has never been seen before.

The first game was played on the new diamond last Saturday. The Morning school section—vs— the Afternoon school section were the teams. Both sides were attired in uniforms. The Morning section was sure of winning with a score of 11 to 0, when rain fell in torrents and stopped the game in the sixth inning.

Score by Innings

		R	H	E
M. Section	—100 343—11	5	2
A. Section	—000 000— 0	0	8

Batteries—Everhart and Cook; Edmondson and Mills.

Two base hits—Cook. Three base hits—Groover. Struck out—by Everhart, 5; by Edmondson, 4. Umpire—Grier.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Superintendent Boger, has a habit of remarking at the close of Sunday School on Sunday morning that "There will be the usual preaching services this afternoon." But on the last Sunday in July the announcement fell a little short, for the services turned out to be decidedly unusual.

When the preacher arrived, he was accompanied by two other gentlemen, one of whom was recognized as Mr. H. S. Williams, a well known attorney of Concord. The other member of the party wasn't known to the boys, but he had their interest from the moment he entered the auditorium. In the first place, he was distinguished looking, and in the second he didn't seem to mind the almost intolerably hot weather one bit. He flourished a big palm leaf fan and kept on smiling—you could just naturally see that he liked boys! He was preceded by a small boy who carried, of all things, Rocks! The gentleman even produced more rocks from his coat pocket after he got to the platform, and deposited the whole collection carefully on the table. It was evident that this was going to be no "usual preaching service." But anyway things proceeded as usual through the opening exercises, and then Rev. Armstrong presented Mr. Williams, who, after greeting the boys, introduced his friend—Prof. C. M. Perisho, a member of the faculty of Guilford College, field agent of that institution, and a platform lecturer of note. He gave the boys a highly interesting talk on the subject of Rocks. It proved that he had carried his subject in with him, and that he knew how to handle it after he got it in. With the aid of blackboard illustrations he gave that big crowd of interested youngsters more real information about rocks than they would imbibe from the studying of many textbooks. The subject was an especially appropriate one, for the curious big boulders about the school always excite the interest and admiration of the youngsters. The professor stated that he had intended to speak upon another subject, but changed his mind after seeing the place. If he can talk like that without any preparation we'd certainly like to hear him when he has had a little time. As we said before, you could tell that he liked boys, and before he left he stated most emphatically that he liked Training School boys. He will find the latch string hanging outside any time he comes in the vicinity of the Training School.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

Passenger Train Schedules

Arrival and Departure of Passenger Trains, Concord, N. C.

LV.	NO.	BETWEEN	NO.	AR.
1:40A	30	New York-Birmingham	30	1:40A
2:37A	29	Birmingham-New York	29	2:37A
5:12A	44	Washington-Atlanta	44	5:12A
6:32A	31	Atlanta-New York	31	6:32A
8:41A	137	Atlanta-New York	137	8:41A
9:25A	11	Charlotte-Norfolk-Richmond	11	9:25A
10:55A	36	New York-Birmingham-New Orleans	36	10:55A
3:20P	45	Washington-Charlotte	45	3:20P
3:45P	46	Charlotte-Danville	46	3:45P
7:10P	12	Norfolk-Richmond-Atlanta	12	7:10P
8:18P	32	New York-Augusta	32	8:18P
10:20P	35	Birmingham-New Orleans-New York	35	10:20P
9:45P	138	New York-Atlanta	138	9:45P
9:31P	135	Washington-Atlanta	135	9:31P

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Charlotte, N. C.

M. E. WOODY, Ticket Agent,
Concord, N. C.

THE UPLIFT

OL. XI CONCORD, N. C. AUGUST 18, 1923 No. 40

MATERIAL SUCCESS.

If you want to know whether you are destined to be a success or a failure in life, you can easily find out. The test is simple and it is infallible Are you able to save money? If not, drop out. You will lose. You may think not, but you will lose, as sure as you live. The seed of success is not in you.—James J. Hill.

PUBLISHED BY
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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-setting by the Boys Printing Class. Subscription Two Dollars the year in Advance.

JAMES P. COOK, *Editor*, J. C. FISHER, *Director Printing Department*

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"Try it anyway," is a good motto. There is a chance that you might succeed. Even if you do not, you will be no worse off than before. Faint-hearted refusal is the worst kind of failure.—Maltbie D. Babcock.

WHERE NORTH CAROLINA IS IS AT THE HEAD OF THE TABLE.

The State Board of Health has granted Dr. W. S. Rankin leave of absence for one year. This is not for rest or on account of his health. It is not for satisfying a taste for glory—it is entirely in answer to a pressing call for his service and aid in a larger field of health endeavor.

Dr. Rankin is being pressed into service to perfect certain health regulations for the American Medical Society. He will will do it; and then come back to the state with an accumulated experience which will prove an asset to the state. Oratorically we boast that North Carolina occupies the head of the table—it is nearly so; but when you turn loose a Cabarrus county man, removed from the little handicaps, etc., into fields of usefulness elsewhere, he'll make his mark if not sitting right up at the head of the table.

The state never had a more efficient or valuable officer than Dr. Watt S. Rankin.

* * * * * * *

COUNTY-WIDE PLANNING.

Supt. Allen, of the State Educational Department, coming into a painful

knowledge of a lack of initiative in certain counties, has sought in a wise manner to render assistance where most needed.

Coming out from Raleigh under date of August 9th, is this announcement:

"A board of county-wide planning, to aid counties in providing a uniform county-wide system for the operation of schools, has been created by Superintendent of Public Instruction A. T. Allen.

The members of the board are composed of Mr. Allen, chairman, ex-officio; L. C. Brogden, J. Henry Highsmith, Miss Elizabeth Kelly, J. J. Blair, George Howard, Sr., and Frank A. Edmundson.

As requests for assistance come in, one member of this board will be assigned to a county to collect the facts necessary for a county-wide plan. These facts will be brought into the office of the state superintendent where they will be considered by all the members of the board of county-wide planning. In this way will be evolved a tentative plan for submission to the county board of education for consideration and adoption. It may turn out that several plans will be submitted. The department will take up the work in the order in which the requests from the county boards of education are received. This work is well underway in several counties now, it was announced."

This is a happy solution of a difficult problem as it presents itself to some of the counties, where the school officials seem to lack a proper interest or energy or initiative or even vision. The successful launching of this plan will hereafter prevent the terrible spectacle of uneven chances for the children of the state—in some counties they are reaping the fruits of wise endeavor, and others just statu quo.

The people of Cabarrus county are wondering if their school officials will make a "request for assistance."

* * * * * * *

LET EVERYBODY READ IT.

That story of achievement by Mr. W. T. Bost which appears in this number of THE UPLIFT is an inspiring one. It reads, romantically like a novel; but it is in reality an interesting account of actual accomplishments down in Montgomery county. We regret that space will not permit the printing of all the accompanying cuts, which act as absolute proof of his story; but we have enough to give an idea of the ambitious programme that the patriotic school officials have put across, to the glory of the cause of public education and to the everlasting benefit and helpfulness of the rural population. That

Montgomery county bunch know their business, and like faithful servants, they go about it.

* * * * * * *

SEPTEMBER 11th IS THE DATE

Contractor Query has made an honest-to-goodness promise (and he always keeps his promises with the institution) that he will have fully completed the James William Cannon Memorial building at a date not later than September 1st. Already we see that the institution will be in possession of a larger, better arranged and much more attractive building for administration purposes than the one destroyed on September 8th, 1922, by fire. This was entirely made possible by the very prompt and generous donation of Mrs. James W. Cannon, of Concord, who, in our distress, came forward with fifty thousand dollars for the restoration of this, the chief building in the plant.

The Executive Committee is making arrangement for a Formal Opening of this Cannon Memorial, which is set for Tuesday, September 11th. Besides a formal presentation of the building to the authorities and an official acceptance, a prominent gentleman of the state will make a fitting address along the line of "The State's Record in the Humanities." A full programme will be published before the event.

A general invitation is hereby extended to any friend of the cause wherever he or she may live to meet with us on this most happy occasion.

* * * * * * *

MEETING A DEMAND.

To meet a special demand one thousand extra copies of this number of THE UPLIFT is being printed. Besides going to every county in the state, circulating among educators, professional men and men of industry, these one thousand extra copies will serve a local purpose in carrying information about one of the most vital subjects that concern a fine people.

The motive of THE UPLIFT is to serve and to contribute to the sum total of that knowledge that a forward-looking and growing people demand in order that progress may be made along sane and safe lines. It is a joy to be of such service to as good a people as make up the general population of the county and state.

* * * * * * *

APPRECIATING BRUSHY MOUNTAINS MORE.

Mr. G. T. Roth, who years ago made us the present of an industrial building, in which THE UPLIFT is housed, has recently returned from a trip around the world. Mrs. Roth and daughter accompanied the genial gentle-

men through this interesting trip.

In a business letter, just received from Mr. Roth, making reference to his around-the-world trip, this confession is made: "Our trip around the world was one of pleasure day by day and instructive, too, if the mind was open to receive—strange and wonderful impressions were made as we passed through the Orient, but let me tell you, that the old Brushy Mountains looked more beautiful to me, on that bright Sunday morning of June 17th (arrival home) as I drove through them by auto than anything I saw on the other side of this big world of ours. There is no country like ours—there are no people better than ours in spite of our many faults." Right, you are, brother Roth.

* * * * * * *

THE NEW PRESIDENT ON THE JOB.

President Coolidge has moved into the White House; has selected ex-Congressman Slemp, of Virginia, for his private secretary (a surprise to the prognosticators); had had one cabinet meeting; and the word has gone out that the president sees no reason for calling an extra session of congress.

That one president could die and another take his place in so short a time and no disturbance follow only shows what a great country the United States is.

* * * * * * *

"Old Hurrygraph," which is another name for the lovable Jas. A. Robinson, of Durham, is sending out some fine stories about the glories of the mountain sections. Just why some of those fine people of Caldwell and Watauga counties have not each presented this great booster a whole mountain, is a source of wonderment.

* * * * * *

The usual record of deaths by accidents did not appear in the Monday morning papers. The absence of the record made the thought conspicuous that after all people were using more care in motoring.

OL' NO'TH CA'LINA.

As soon as you get to No'th Ca'lina,
The roads and the towns get newah, finah,
The people walk with a brisker step,
And even your motor has more pep.
The hookworm's banished, the country has
A lot more energy, pep, and jazz;
The livest No'therner couldn't design a
Livelier State than No'th Ca'lina.

The farms look fatter, the hamlets ain't
Quite ignorant of the sign of paint,
They're building roads, and are not content
With sand and clay, but they use cement;
The schools look good, the mills are busy,
And each inhabitant owns a Lizzie,
Or a big twin-six, or something finah,
As soon as you get to No'th Ca'lina!

This State's not dreaming of days gone by;
There's a modern glint in each mortal's eye.
And the village belles and village beaux
Are smartly dressed as the crowd which flows
On Gotham's streets. You must give 'em credit!
Those folks are fully awake. You said it!
You meet the "boostah;" you lose the "whinah,"
As soon as you get to No'th Ca'lina!

—Anonymous

REVERENCE.

By Bruce Craven

In the Guadaloupe mission, Jaurez, Mexico, I went to early morning service, and the mission was packed to its capacity. Just outside in the busy streets were busy stands crowding right up to the church doors, selling things to eat and drink. Inside there was only reverence; hundreds of men, women and children meekly kneeling on their knees, the priest at the far end with his back to his congregation repeating the service, while the kneeling congregation said the responses. Hours they spend there on their knees in the deepest attitude of respect to the Creator, and in that same place the same has been true for three hundred years.

The same afternoon at the little village of Ysleta, Texas, some fifteen miles from El Paso, I again attended the service, and saw the same thing, only there was no crowd. Perhaps forty people were on their knees. I looked at their faces and saw there something that I will never forget. They were in God's house and though most of them very ignorant, they needed no explanation of Kipling's poetic reference to the God "beneath whose awful hand we hold dominion over palm and pine." There was deep impressive quiet in the church, and whatever the people may be outside, they were making the Lord's house a house of prayer, as Jesus Christ said it should be. An hour in that reverent relation to the Almighty can not fail to leave its impress on any immortal soul. The sight of it did my soul good, perhaps because I have seen so little of it.

A great painter in exhibiting one of his paintings, placed a critic in a certain position so the light struck just right, saying, "If you would judge my work, you must see it from my point of view," and I would have no one misunderstand what I say of Mexican Catholics. I am not comparing them with North Carolina Methodists, but there is nothing that cannot teach something for good to one who is looking for good, and they can teach us to make His house a house of prayer, something that we too often fail to do. In this brief letter I am speaking of Reverence only in that one application of our proper conduct in the place that we call the house of God.

If it really were the house of God, would we act in it like we do? We would not even act as disrespectful in the house of an earthly friend. We go to church in these modern times and demand to be entertained, and if we are not, we don't go any more. The church and the preachers encourage this spirit, by talking about everything else except God and Christ and the Bible. We have our institutional churches (the enthusiasm for which is waning apparently) and our club houses, playgrounds, sensational revivals "to appeal to people who the churches do not reach," and it might be added "who will never reach the churches;" and we have our high church music, and all the rest, all good things of course, but every one of which leads away from the house of prayer and such hymns as "Sweet Hour of Prayer"

and dozens of others that would sound like the meeting of old friends if we could hear them again.

Maybe I am mistaken about all this. One of our most prominent Methodist ministers told me recently that "the question of right and wrong is so complex that no one knows what to do or say;" while to me the whole business is so plain and easy that I think the very simplicity of it turns some minds away from it; but he is a much smarter man than I am, or at least the public thinks so. However, I remember that some years ago another one of the high-up preachers was insulted when I said in his presence that Dr. Eliot's new religion was merely a re-hash of old stuff, and he added that the "new religion" was going to revolutionize the world, but it has now been in the ash can so long that few can remember what it was about. I may be mistaken, but all the same, when I see a sweet faced old lady walk into a seat in church and get down on her knees and pray, and then keep on praying in word and deed, I somehow believe there is Christianity and that it is so simple that no one can miss it who wants to find it.

JUST LIKE SUNSHINE.

A laugh is just like sunshine,
It freshens all the day;
It tips the peaks of life with light,
And drives the clouds away.
The soul grows glad that hears it
And feels its courage strong—
A laugh is just like sunshine
For cheering folks along.

A laugh is just like music,
It lingers in the heart,
And where its melody is heard
The ills of life depart,
And happy thoughts come crowding
Its joyful notes to greet—
A laugh is just like music
For making living sweet.

—Selected.

ON DREAMING DREAMS.

By Rev. Thos. F. Opie.

"We are such stuff as dreams are made of," said the great bard of Avon. This is true in a much more substantial way than at first appears. "If we can dream without making dreams our master," as Kipling has it, it is a profitable pastime.

It is not very praiseworthy to be known as a dreamer of dreams, unless we can establish claim to being a materializer of dreams! "Without vision no man will realize any high hope or undertake any high enterprise," says Woodrow Wilson.

The day-dreams, the visions, the imaginings are the "blue-print" by which we are to fashion our affairs. The picture in the mind becomes ambition's goal. "A man's power is equal to his idea multiplied by his personality" is one of the greatest of philosophical truisms!

What is an idea worth? Ask Mr. Edison. Ask Marconi. Ask Alexander Graham Bell. Now, without vision, without an alert imagination without "per-ception" (the capacity to "see beforehand")—without the faculty of "dreaming" there can be no original ideas. One may say what he will about the so-called "crank"—the idealist and the dreamer. They have been the world's progressives. They have transformed the scientific, the industrial, the social, and the commercial world.

It requires calm, peace, time, leisure, to evolve ideas. We are too busy. We are too flurried. We are too nervous and agitated to think, to evolue, to idealize! The greatest ideas have come through observation, contemplation, meditation. Take time to evolve an idea. Then multiply it by your energy, your determination, your genius, your talents—and the world will be the better because you dreamed a dream. Build your air-castle—but bring them down to solid ground, or else build foundations up to them!

"Behold, this dreamer cometh," was the slur of a would-be murderer, but it was "this dreamer," Joseph, who saved at least two nations of people from starvation and decimation!

Would it not be well if the softening influence of the President's death could be made enduring? Should not this great national affliction suggest the wisdom of greater temperateness of speech in every situation, of greater kindliness, of wider sympathies, of milder judgment? If the nation can be gentle and considerate in the presence of a national bereavement, why can it not be gentle at all times? Could President Harding have had gratification of a dying wish, would it not have been for a more united people?—Raleigh News & Observer.

COUNTY BUYS TWENTY SCHOOL TRUCKS.

This from the Smithfield Herald. Thoughtful and interested men are on duty in Johnston county. Up to going to press, no announcement of a conclusion of "developing plans" in Cabarrus had been made.

Dreams of educators of the past who have had the welfare of Johnston County children at heart are coming true plans being perfected by the county superintendent and county board of education are carried out. Practically every child in the county except in Pleasant Grove township will be in reach of a high school this winter. At a meeting held August 2 in Clayton, twenty new Ford trucks were purchased, which together with the ten trucks already in operation will make it possible for high school pupils to attend a good high school. The board of educators has adopted a policy of consolidation that will give these advantages to upper grade pupils but which will not interfere with primary grades. None of the small schools will be discontinued.

In order to save expense possible to the county in operating the truck system, bids were advertised for twenty Ford trucks. When the bids were opened last Thursday, it was found that there was less than $5 difference in the bids. Only Ford dealers in the county made bids. One feature of the bid made by the Sanders Motor Company, however, caused the board to give that firm the order. Since there will be thirty trucks to be kept up it has been decided to employ an all time mechanic. This would necessitate the building of a garage but the proposition of the Sanders Motor Company included the use of their twenty thousand dollars worth of equipment for doing the repair work—an item that the board could not afford to ignore. The trucks were purchased at a cost of $744.50 per truck, each being equipped with a school bus body.

Good roads now practically cover the county, and it will be much easier to operate the truck system than formerly. When the county is traversed.

Many a man thinks he is overworked just baecuse he takes all day to do a three-hour job.—Baltimore Sun.

LUTHERN WORLD CONVENTION MEETS.

(Salisbury Post)

For the first time since the days of Martin Luther and the Reformation, the different sections of the Lutheran church are meeting in convention. About 200 delegates are gathering in the town of Eisenach, Germany, on August 19, to deliberate on religious and ecclesiastical affairs.

Only a general council by the Church of Rome can bear any comparison to this assemblage either in extent of representation or in the Christian interests involved.

Nearly 90,000,000 people or, about one-fifth of all the Christians of the world, are titled Lutheran. They are more numerous than all the remainder of Protestantism. They got their names from Martin Luther, born 1843, an Augustinian monk, a professor of the University of Wittenberg and pastor of the "Castle Church" of that city, who in 1517 inaugurated the Reformation when he nailed his "Ninety Five Theses" to the door of the Wittenberg church. His Views of church and state and his interpretation of the Bible and Christianity, expressed in this document, excited interest, discussion and violent partisanship. Applying originally to the single bishopric of Mainz they spread rapidly over all Europe and produced "Protestantism" and the "Evangelical" movement, thereby creating the second great schism in the Christian world. (The first occurred eight centuries earlier when the Greek and Roman Catholic churches separated.)

The Lutheran faith was defined in 1530 at a great diet or council of the empire which Emperor Charles V called to meet at Augsburg. A portion of his territory accepted the Augsburg confession, as the statement of principles that was read in his presence has been named. But prior to the diet these principles had been promulgated and had influenced large portions of Europe. What are now Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Finland, the Baltic Provinces, Holland and Belgium, with parts of Austria, Hungary and Bohemia were affected. Switzerland produced at nearly the same time Zwingli. Somewhat later John Calvin taught Geneva. England at first resisted the new doctorines, but in the course of 30 years Henry the VIII gave authority for forming an English church. For some years all the disesnters from the Catholic teachings were dubbed "L"Lutherans," but when Calvin and others who differed in some respects from the great reformer had developed large groups that agreed with them, the term Protestant came into use for those at odds with Rome and the name Lutheran was confined to such as adopted the Augsburg confession and Luther's writings as distinctive of their faith.

At present the Lutheran church has strong representation in 20 countries. In Norway, Sweden, Denmark Finland and Latavia it is the state church. Of Germany's population about three-fifths (45 million) are credited to this denomination. They have usually adopted a "provincial" type of organization due to acceptance in 1555 of the principle that "the relgion of the prince is the religion of the province."

One of the outstanding addresses that will be heard by the convention on Auggust 23 has been prepared by Dr. Fredrick H. Knubel, president of the United Lutheran church in America. Dr. Knubel was assigned the subject of church unity—the prayer of Jesus—"that they may all be one" heading his theme. He has produced an address that is likely to excite attention far beyond his own denomination. He bases his principles on Paul's epistle to the Ephesians, and has given practically a new application of that portion of the New Testa-

ment.

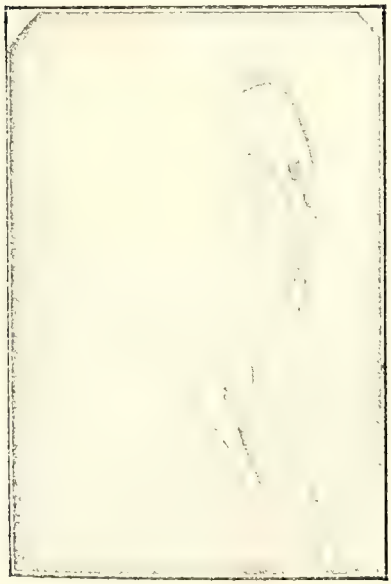
President H. G. Stub, of the Norwegian Synod, will deliver the opening sermon. Professor Sebelius, of Augustana Seminary, Rock Island, Ill., will also speak. Prof. C. M. Jacobs, of Philadelphia, is chairman of the American committee on arrangements.

Plans have been made with the American press to report the convention, the Berlin offices of the Associated Press, the Philadelphia Ledger, the New York Times and the New York World co-operating.

August 19 has been designated throughout the Lutheran constituencies as world convention Sunday. In tens of thousands of churches the day will be distinguished by special prayers and addresses. Dr Nathan R. Melhorn, editor of The Lutheran has been put in charge of reports to the religious and secular journals of America.

JOHN LUTHER MILLER AND A PASSION.

John Luther Miller can't help having been born in Rowan county, near



the Rowan-Cabarrus line. If there was any mistake in selecting his birth-place, he remedied it just as soon as he came into control of his own actions. He caught the spirit of this county by first spending a period at school at Mt. Pleasant; and liking what the county offered, he took up his permanent residence in Concord.

For a number of years this strong and able young man followed merchandising. He took a look in on politics. But during all this time he nursed a passion for the harzardous and the important. He follows for a living the business of being about the best post-master in the state, certainly Concord never had a better one; and for amusement, excitement and an expression of his unselfishness and patriotism (all firemen making up a fire company, voluntary or paid, are patriots and are unselfish and daring fellows) he has been identified during all these years with the local fire company, in which he is a capable and loyal officer.

In 1908, at Wilmington, Mr. Miller was elected secretary of the State Firemen's Association, which position he has held ever since, being

re-elected year after year without opposition. At the recent meeting, held in Durham, he was re-elected to this position, which he has so acceptably filled during the past years, and as an evidence of the appreciation of his valuable and efficient service, the Association voluntarily increased his salary. As a most popular and useful citizen of Concord, the public rejoices in the manner of lightning that strikes this red-blooded fellow.

WHY I LIKE THE STUDY OF GEOGRAPHY.

(By H. T. Baker in Stanly News-Herald)

First, it is the oldest science of which we have any account. In the Bible story of creation we are led into the realm of world geography. In the six days of creation, as given in the sacred narrative, we are taught the importance of system and order.

Second, I like it because Geography and its kindred subjects, Topography, Geology and Astronomy are progressive sciences. In the economy of God's creative plan we find a wonderful provision for the exercise of human research. We take, for instance, the raw materials of the universe as it came from the hand of God, and develop it and shape it to the service of mankind. In this respect e readily see that, "We must be the architects of our own fortunes."

Third, I like the study of Geography because without a knowledge of this ancient science, we could not understand many of the social problems that confront us from time to time. Of course we use the word "sacred" here advisedly, for Geography is both an old and a new theme. It will always be old; and because of unexplored realms in the field of scientific research, it will always be new.

Forth, I like the study of Geography because it verifies the truth of the inspired word, "Man is given dominion over all things of the earth, the sea and the air." These three elements, the earth, sea, and air furnish a great field for the exercise of man's desire to acquaint himself with the things that are conductive to human achievement.

Fifth, I like the study of Geography because I have never read a dull chapter about the great world in which we live.

Sixth, I like it because we don't have to go to a book to learn all the fine things of our earthly habitation. The city people, for instance, learn much Geography at first hand when they go to a country picnic, combining pleasure and study. Country people learn much Geography by visting the city. The study of Geography brings us into closer social, economic, industrial and commercial relation, perhaps than any other study. We are taught here the important fact that every living thing has a geographical range except man, helping us to realize the force of "mind over matter."

MONTGOMERY COUNTY MAKING EDUCATIONAL STRIDE.

The following article is the work of the newspaper correspondent, Mr. W. T. Bost, of Raleigh, N. C. It is an inspiring story of superb conduct of the educational cause of a county less fortunate in every way than Cabarrus and other counties that might be mentioned, except in the vision and capacity of its school officials. Montgomery county, long shut out from the balance of the wide-awake world, aroused herself and put in charge of the most vital public service of the county men thoroughly capable and aroused to the importance of rural public education. They are solving the problem to the satisfaction and applause of her people, whom they serve unselfishly and patriotically.

Montgomery county which but yesterday was doing its best to make good North Carolina's boast for 20 years—building a schoolhouse a day—today is doing a better best to tear down at least two daily until the glorious work of destruction shall have been complete.

Desecration and vandalism it would have been called five years ago; regeneration and sanctification it is today. Montgomery has set about a little house-wrecking in order to get the debris, the disorder and the chaos removed so that a finer order may go up in this grand old kingdom of pine and oak and sand.

"The little red schoolhouse on the hill," which, next to woman, has been the greatest oratorical accessory on the earth, has been embalmed in song and story until we had come to think that a special virtue inhered in that community ideal which housed with equal impartiality the pig and the person. To be sure the little red schoolhouse was the community center—so was the pig sty the shote center—nearly always there were several of his pigships confined in the place—but nobody has risen to explain why any group of men anywhere should have preserved in the faith that in the schoolhouse, the storm center of civilization, whose citizens are the childhood and they God's continuing and undiscouraged effort at making a better world, there should have been the least of aesthetic inspiration and the lowest form of physical comfort.

Much House-Wrecking Yet

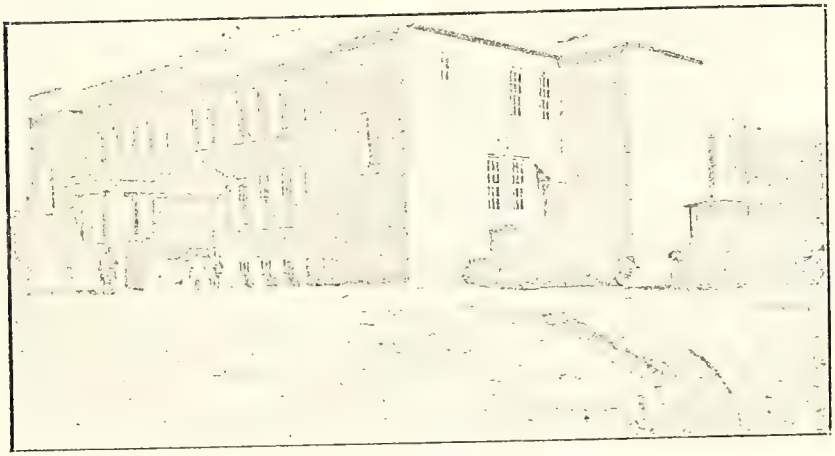
So far as Montgomery is concerned she has just quit thinking so, Oh, she hasn't been out of the mud and the woods long enough to have exhausted her stock of glory hallelujahs yet. There is still house-wrecking to be done. But the way little J. S. Edwards, county superintendent, has been tearing down these one-teacher abominations and setting up temples on their ruins, has been the epic in North Carolina for the years of 1921, '22 and '23, and if his board will back him, as it will, he will see this consolidation to a glorious commutation.

It might be worth chronicling to say what Montgomery county is, if one is interestd enough in a people's

determination to redeem itself, a map will help to an appreciation. Montgomery is one of the most inland of all the counties. It would have a right to be one of the most insular and provincial. It has not towns of size. It is about 75 miles from any place which thinks it is anything. The bird flying to Charlotte, Winston-Salem, or Greensboro from central Montgomery would be forced to do about the named mileage. Albemarle is 25 miles from Troy and Salisbury is 55. Raleigh is 100. There is nobody near to set the county a good example. So the county just ups and sets its own example. It had its own saving grace and has used it.

Down Goes the Little Red.

Montgomery isn't an evolution. It is a revolution. It isn't a breeze; it is a cyclone. It isn't a steady progress; it is J. S. Edwards, whose natural gait, like Teddy's and Carmack's horse, is "running away." It ought to have run away. Aren't those pictures over which the gentle reader is asked to spread his respects, enough to frighten a county out of a year's growth. To say nothing of terrifying it into two years of construction? Look at



WADEVILLE PUBLIC SCHOOL.

Wadeville is a settlement in Montgomery county having a population of 32—no more populous than the settlements of Poplar Tent, Rocky River, Georgeville, St. John's, Bethel or Rhimer's in Cabarrus county. Wadeville is not in the class of Harrisburg. This building contains 8 classrooms, office, library, auditorium seating 500, steam heated, plumbing fixtures, and electric lights. It was made possible by that community in association by consolidation with several districts thereabouts being lead by a leadership of real, honest-to-goodness county school officials. It is a pride of a large section of Montgomery and is a happy announcement that the rural child has come into his own.

them; they are not "little red-schoolhouses on the hill," they are little black specks in the mire, collaborated creations of winking mica and pink mud.

Well, they are tearing 'em down in Montgomery and that county's fine schoolboard is sitting in Edward's corner. The people back in the country are electing to send their children to a place; not to a state of mind and mud. They are doing it willingly, doing it triumphantly. That is the beauty of it; they are saving themselves. They haven't had professional agitators and imported evangels to fulminate against their schools. They have done this business all themselves with a man all their own, and it is worth all the upperimposed salvation that a thousand remedial outside agencies could bring.

Nearly All In One Year

When consolidation began Montgomery had 57 one-teacher schools. They were neither better nor worse than the typical North Carolina hut which has been dignified as a schoolhouse all these years. Perhaps they look worse when swung as a pleides about some great planet; but house for house they are no worse than the 5,000 other structures which North Carolina built with such commendable rapidity when the commonwealth was making a prodigious effort to lift itself from the abyss of illiteracy into which South Carolina had alone fallen lower.

The astonishing feature of this county's building, though, has been its speed. Nearly all of the consolidation has been compassed in a year. Nearly all of the progress has been from the hut to the high school. The smaller picture in the group here shown is an evolution. There was a small building; later the community constructed a larger and still later it built the brick structure which is a monument to the enthusiasm of leader and led.

The story of Montgomery is designed to show what the county was in 1921 and what it is in 1923. It really is a history of just a bit more than a calendar year. There were in 1921 57 one-teacher schools; in 1923 there are 24; 33 schools consolidated and contracts for six large buildings have been let. All structures are of brick and each site has five or more acres—still getting away from the pig sty ideal!

Roads Follow Schools

Aesop's story of the dispute between the wind and the sun isn't a better fable than one might write today of the race between the roads and the schools. In Montgomery's regeneration there is no contest for glory. The roads do not say they are the greatest in the kingdom; the schools do not vaunt themselves and get puffed up. Each, the road and the school, highballs it to the child, and each knows that the little child shall lead them. The road trustees do not quarrel with the school trustees; they agree with their adversaries quickly and a finer race never was run than Montgomery is running. The schoolboard says, "We must have roads;" the road builders steer their turnpikes straight to the temple. And so it has come about that every building erected this year is on the main highway.

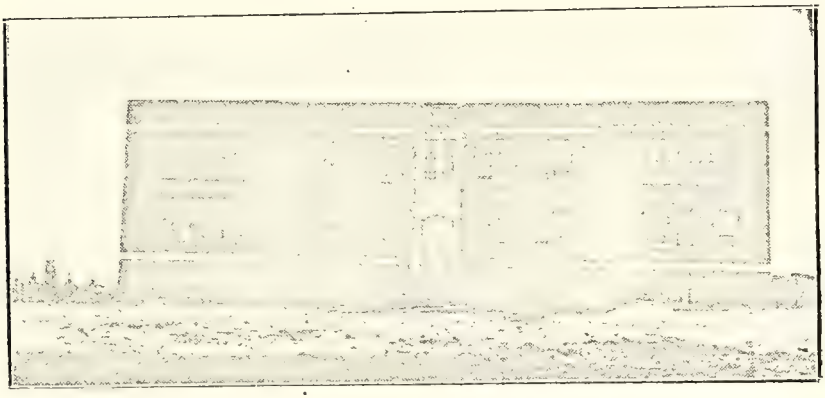
Behold The Benzine Buggy

Behold now the gasoline go-cart!

There isn't anything in Montgomery county of which its citizenship is prouder than these benzine buggies which back up to the consolidated areas and carry off the precious cargo of children. There are eight Republic one and a half ton trucks and three Ford carry-alls used for lighter work. To show that perfect harmony between road and school trustees, the road-builders have constructed the throughfares to suit the needs of the different schools. It isn't any strange thing, therefore, that roads and schools jammer in campaign years, most likely, has ben declaiming that the country boy and girl are entitled to have run a neck and neck race. They have been built together. Shot through the road commission is the idea that roads which go nowhere are worth nothing, dominant in the schoolboard is the faith that schools which cannot be reached by navigable roads are a delusion and a snare.

Every child in these consolidated areas will be given high school advantages. Somebody, some wind-

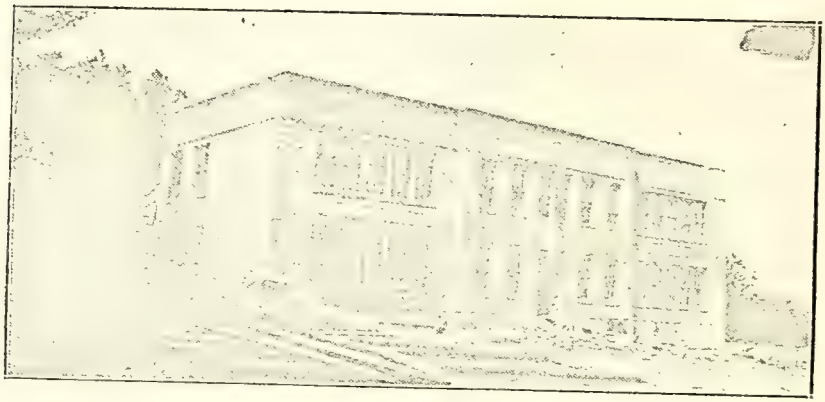
THE CANDOR CONSOLIDATED HIGH SCHOOL BUILDING.



This is the school equipment of Candor, a town of just 267 people or one-third the size of Mt. Pleasant. The reader will remember the appearance of the school equipment that that goodly town has to put up with, and yet it numbers among its citizenship a member of the county school board and himself an educator. Seven one-teacher schools have been absorbed; and this excellent building that cost $65,000.00 and nearing completion, contains 12 classrooms, a library, shop work equipment, laboratories, home economics, steam heat, electric lights, modern plumbing, drinking fountains and an auditorium that seats 750. Stop a moment and think just for a second: why should the Candor children (population of 267) be accorded these advantages, and the children in Mt. Pleasant (population of 800) be forced to such inadequate advantages? Who's to blame? Or did it just happen so?

just as good school advantages as the children of Durham, Winston-Salem, Greensboro, Charlotte, and Raleigh receive. But that was generally just an oratorical or an editorial vocalism. How to get

THE NEW UWHARRIE SCHOOL BUILDING



Twelve miles from any railroad stands this $35,000 building which represents the final stage of school evolution; and at the same time represents an aroused citizenship, which gladly followed the leadership of earnest officials that know what to do and are willing, as patriots, to forget their own convenience and ease, to make possible advantages for the rural child equal to those enjoyed by the town child. The school officials of Montgomery county regard her rural children just as worthy and deserving as those who live in the town. Don't you, reader? If not, by what rule do you arrive at such an awful conclusion,

Such a building with its admirable equipment should be found in every township of Cabarrus county. Why is it not? Is it due to the lack of interest, or the want of leadership? There is a reason; and those charged with the vital affairs of preparing the rural children of Cabarrus county for the serious duties of life should discover that reason.

citizenship interested enough to pay the cost was a work for men who hope something, believe something and do something. Montgomery has gone two thirds of the way on this vast proposition. It will go all the way; for Montgomery isn't going to turn back.

Lucky Construction

If psychological moment ever obtruded itself on a group Montarrived. It started building when materials were cheap and labor was in search of work. Bonds were sold fairly well and Montgomery sold at a premium. State plans for school houses were employed. All buildings were ordered equipped with the best furniture. Steam

heat, lights and water-works have been put in every house. In every building there has been a saving by immediate construction. The Candor High School, the handsomest of them all, saved from $25,000 to $40,000 by going up as it did.

Candor The Hub

Candor is the hub of Montgomery schools. The picture around which are grouped the little fellows of the baser sort shows a structure worthy of a place on any college campus in the land. It has cost $85,000. It would take $125,000 to build it today. Seven little buildings two years ago decided to dissolve into one great edifice. This school is in the very heart of the peach belt of Montgomery.

More than 400 boys and girls the finest of the peach crop, will be admitted to high school advantages. It is a dominion all of its own. The territory embraces 100 square miles of human beings as well as peaches and berries. The schoolbuilding has 20 great rooms in it with gymnasium, shower baths, modern auditorium with a capacity of 1,000 people. It would be possible to present a stage group of the first order here. Towns in plenty throughout North Carolina have no such auditorium as this little station on the old Aberdeen and Asheboro road.

Standard high school advantages will be given every child. Three big school trucks carry the children and when they reach school they will be instructed in vocational, agriculture and home economics. The little buildings which have been ousted by the bigger one illustrated the contrast as nothing else could. Candor district was going to school yesterday in the ramshackles hidden in the woods; Candor today is the light of Montgomery and the world about; "a city set on a hill cannot be hid."

Uwharrie Comes Out

The other group shown here is Uwharrie. Its growth has been less radical but not less excellent. It is a consolidation of four schools. One three-teacher and three one-teacher schools have come together. There was a gesture in the direction of union before this modern eight-room, two story building of brick construction got under way.

Uwharrie is 12 miles from the railroad. It is what somebody has called a "gem among the hills." It is a $35,000 jewel. Trained teachers alone will instruct the high school subjects through the eleventh grade. A teacher's home, called now a teacherage, is on the grounds of the beautiful institution. And all roads as surely lead to it as they are said to have drawn up to Rome. Two trucks carry the pupils to school at Uwharrie and three do the work for Candor.

Perhaps the next best township accomplishment is in Pee Dee. The tourist on that finest sand-clay road in the kingdom, Raleigh-Sanford, Carthage--Troy-Albemarle--Charlotte, will see Pee Dee on the road between Troy and the river bridge.

In material excellence this isn't the best; but Pee Dee has taken four of the worst type schools, Matheson, Thompsons, Andrews, and Moores," and fused. In 1921 an election was held. The people voted

the special tax by a large majority and as a result of the move a $10,000 building and five acres of land were secured. Standing on the state highway in the very heart of the rural township, it gives the traveler a distinct impression that he has not reached the jumping off place. It is Montgomery's first consolidation. It set the pace, a spiritual rather than a material example. It can be beaten several times in beauty of edifice; but in spreading the contagion of a great enthusiasm it hasn't a superior and the school stands high in teaching. It is a precursor of eight consolidated districts in one short year. And 150 pupils enrolled for high school advantages the first year.

Wadeville Another Star.

Between Pee Dee and Troy is Wadeville school. It was established in 1922 with seven acres of land and is now approaching completion in a 10-room modern brick building with a spacious auditorium.

If the spirit of Pee Dee can be equaled or bettered, Wadeville does it. There are six small schools consolidated here. The absorption includes the three-teacher school at Wadeville. This structure stands near the state highway and is on the Norfork-Southern between Raleigh and Charlotte. It is a beautiful building which supplants the junior high school. There are 308 school children in the district who did not have high school advantages in 1921 who have the opportunity now if Wadeville is made a high school. Three trucks carry the children to the school; but better, the school to the children.

Pinoka, which is a composite of pine and oak, is another $10,000 consolidation which had no high school advantages in 1921. It found itself in 1922 when it consolidated two of its two-room and one of its one-room schools in this building which stands on a site of seven acres.

Pinoka has six rooms and an auditorium. It is a junior high school with ample provision for those who wish to go to a standard high school which can be reached best at Mt. Gilead. There are 156 boys and girls who may go to the high school if they desire. Two trucks are used for carrying the children. The building stands out as the best achievement on the money invested. Five teachers carry on the work.

Pekin is Pinoka's brother in general appearances. It has five acres in the school site, was established in 1922, cost $10,000 and joins three schools with a portion of the fourth. It is the very heart of ruralism, but it is a modern building with two high grades taught and 159 pupils adequately housed. One truck does the delivery here, because every road leading to Pekin is a modern thoroughfare and every person in the district is happy in having a proprietary interest iin it.

Eldorado Finds Itself.

While foolish people have been hunting for Eldorado the world over, Eldorado in Montggomery has been discovered. It has found a community may live 14 miles from a railroad and be still in the world and of it.

In 1922 Eldorado put up a $35,000 brick building with all modern

equipment. It consolidated three schools, one of them a three-teacher and three a one-teacher type. It is a high school complete with seven acres in the site and a home for the teachers on the school grounds. It bears the reputation of being the most beautiful site in the country, fitting enough since its name has a meaning all its own.

Greenridge completes the list of new ventures for the whites in 1922. It is a modern three-school building which has swallowed up three one-room schools. It stands six miles from Troy and five miles from Candor.

Biscoe High School isn't new, it is an old structure remodeled. It is now modern and has the best auditorium in the county. The people have put $40,000 in it to make it worthy of the home of former Congressman Bob Page.

The building has steam heat electric lights, water and sewerage. It has state requirements for constuction and is ready to meet state standards of instruction. It is beautiful to behold and stands but a block or two off from the state highway.

If one goes through the country and asks men of the type of W. E. Ewing in one of the farout districts, how he accounts for such a transformation, this benignant farmer will merely smile and quitely observe: "He kicked us into it." The "he" is Edwards.

But this youngster really didn't kick the county into an unwilling adventure in school building; the revolution more than a little justifies Farmer Ewing's belief. It is almost incredible that the county should have those unspeakable shacks in 1922 and in 1923 lift them to such heights as the Candor group shows. It does not seem possible that a dozen Edwardes kicking and cuffing the county could have done the work. The result almost justify the faith that these schools were dropped literally out of the heavens into the earth below.

Perhaps they were; for is it not written: "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God, and his righteousness, and all things shall be added unto you?"

Somebody has been on a search for the Kingdom—and he has found it.

A lady who excelled in making wax flowers and fruit was criticized severely by her friends. She showed them an apple. One complained of the color, another of the shape, and so on. When they had finished, she cut the apple and ate it.—Christian Register.

HAVE YOU SEEN ONE?

Several of our exchanges have carried an exhibit of the receipts and expenditures of their county school board, giving an account of the stewardship of the authorities. We took it at first to be just an evidence of pride; but it seems that the law makes it mandatory upon the county board of education to publish their receipts and expenditures, by item

This, however, is the law on the subject:

Section 198 *of the Public School Law of North Carolina. "On or before the first day of August of each year the county board of education shall cause to be audited the books of the treasurer of the county school fund and the accounts of the county board of education, and shall provide for the cost of the same, where a county auditor is not provided by special statute, out of the incidental fund. The auditor's report shall show:*

(1) *The total amount belonging to the county for the six-month school term* &c. &c;

(2) *The number of schools in the county, other than city schools, supparted in part by local taxes &c, &c. and it shall show the total amount of local taxes raised for schools and belonging to the credit of each local tax district, and how this fund was disbursed;*

(3) *Thesalary, traveling expenses, clerical assistance, and other office expenses of the county superintendent and the county board of education:*

(4) *The salary paid to each teacher, supervisor, principal and all other employes employed in the the county system,, &c, &c;*

(5) *The amount of the operating and equipment fund received, the source of the fund, and how it was disbursed."*

* * * * * * * * *

"The auditor's report shall be published in some newspaper circulating in the county, or in bulletin form, and one copy shall be sent to the State Superintendent of Public Instruction, and one copy shall be given to the chairman of the county board of commissioners, and one copy to the chairman of the board of education.

Has anybody during the past six years seen such an exhibit of school receipts and disbursements, touching the operation of the Cabarrus schools?

Or has anybody ever seen a bulletin, issued by the present school executive officer, and covering the above school matters, in accordance with section 198 of the School Law at anytime during the past six years?

Howe'er it be, it seems to me,
'Tis only noble to be good;
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood.

—Alfred Tennyson.

SPECIAL TEXTILE TRAINS.

Three special textile trains, to be loaded solidly with the products of Carolina mills, will be operated daily by the Southern Railway System beginning August 1, according to announcement made from the Southern's offices in Charlotte.

All cotton factory products for points outside the South will be handled in these trains, which will run on fast schedules and be given the same attention as has been given to the special trains handling peaches and other perishables.

Trains will be run from Greenville, S. C., to Potomac Yards, Va., handling textile freight, moving all rail to Eastern destinations, from Greenville to Pinners Point, Va., handling freight moving via boat line to Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, Boston and Providence; and from Spencer, N. C., to Cincinnati, Louisville and East St. Louis, with a connecting train from Hayne, S. C., to Asheville, handling freight for the West, including twenty-five daily package cars for destinations on and beyond the Ohio River.

Solid cars loaded by the mills as well as package cars loaded at the Southern's assembling stations at Spencer, N. C., and Hayne, S. C., will be handled on these trains.

No short-haul freight will be handled on them and there will be no switching at intermediate terminals.

The establishment of this service exclusively for cotton factory products strikingly illustrates the growth and diversification of the textile industry in the Piedmont territory, the variety of goods now being turned out and the wide range of destinations to which they are moved having influenced the management of the Southern to inaugurate these special trains as a further contribution to the upbuilding of the textile industry in the territory it serves.

THE HEART OF WOODROW WILSON.

(Charlotte Observer)

The death of President Harding was occasion for the bringing out many different varieties of sentimentalism, of fulsomeness; much of it went to the extreme in the emotional, and in some cases the extravagancies were approached. The finest example in the sincerely simple was given the world by former President Wilson, in his acceptance of the suggestion extended by President Coolidge that he lend his presence to the funeral ceremonies. The former President spoke from the depths of his heart—frankly, reverently and with the utmost sincerity, and with inclusion of a pathetic qualification. Mr. Wilson's letter to President Coolidge is worthy of a place in the records of the day. This is what he wrote, and it will reinforce his position in the hearts of the people as that of a great American—

My Dear Mr. President:

Thank you sincerely for the gracious courtsy of your note, just receiv-

ed. I sincerely grieve as you do over the death of President Harding, who had undoubtedly won the esteem of the whole Nation by his honorable and conscientious conduct in office.

I shall esteem it an honor to take part in the funeral procession, and shall be obliged if you will assign a position in the procession for my car, which will be occupied by Mrs. Wilson and myself and, I hope, by my friend Admiral Grayson. It will be with feelings of the utmost solemnity and reverence that I will attend. I regret to say my lameness makes it impracticable for me to attend the exercises in the Capitol.

Allow me express the hope that your administration of the great office to which you have been so unexpectedly called will abound in satisfaction of many kinds.

With cordial good wishes,
Sincerely yours,

WOODROW WILSON.

Noble sentiments, finely and eloquently expressed, say we.

SHE TELLS HOW IT CAME AND WENT.

Obeying the.. law, Miss Margie.. McEachen, the capable and.. pains-taking treasurer of Cabarrus county, on the first day of August rendered to the State Superintendent of Public Instruction her annual report of the receipts and expenditures of the school fund of Cabarrus. The items of said report will prove of no little interest to those who have the cause of education at heart. It deserves a close analysis.

There is one item in the report that shows a treasurer's commission being paid. That applies to a former administration, occuring prior to December 1st, 1922, when Miss McEachern took charge of the office of treasurer, which is now on a salary basis and not on commission. Ten years ago the total educational fund reached $28,582.46; *today it is* $183,374.81.

RECEIPTS AND SOURCES

1. Balance June 30, 1922, Brought Forward 4.61

II. General County Funds for Year:

County Property Tax	$138,756.15
General State and County Poll Tax	6,168.23
Forfeitures, Penalties, and Fines	8,460.98
Total County Funds for Year	$153,385.36

III. Special Local Taxes:

Operation and Maintenance	9,281.38
Total Special Local Taxes	$9,281.38

IV. Miscellaneous State Funds:

Adult Illiteracy	90.00
Teacher Training	240.00
Libraries	60.00
Special Building Fund ..	18,875.00
Total State Funds	$19,265.00

V. Private Donations:

For Libraries	60.00
For Buildings	385.51
For Auxiliary Agencies	114.20
From Rosenwald Fund	700.00
Total Private Donations ..	$1,259.71

VI. Nonrevenue Receipts:

Sale of School Property	140.00
Refunds	38.75
Total Nonrevenue Receipts	**$178.75**

Total Funds from All Sources	**$183,374.81**

EXPENDITURE

1. Teaching and Supervision:

Paid White teachers—Elementary	57,835.06
Paid colored Teachers—Elementary	7,885.00
Salary County Superintendent	3,300.00
Salary Superintendent Public Welfare	887.50
Teachers Training	530.00
Total	**$70,437.56**

II. Administraion

Expenses of County Superintendent	300.00
Mileage and Per Diem of County Board	190.80
Office Assistant	990.00
Office Expenses	655.77
Treasurer's Commission	761.63
All Other	2,464.22
Total	**$5,362.42**

III. Operation and Maintenance:

White

Fuel and School Supplies	3,393.42
Rent and Insurance	531.93

Colored

Fuel and School Supplies	532.35
Total	**$4,457.70**

IV. Outlay Payments:

White

New Buildings and Sites	17,242.43
New Equipment	1,960.58
Repairs and Replacements	3,677.08
Libraries	186.26

Colored

Repairs and Replacements	498.60
Total	**$23,564.95**

V. Borrowed Money Repaid:

Installments and Int., State Literary Fund	1,771.20
Installments and Int., Emergency Loan Fund	81.80
Interest on Borrowed Money	900.00
Interest on bonds and Transferred to Sinking Fund	56.81
Taxes Refunded, Errors, Overcharges	213.00
Total	**$3,022.81**

VI. Paid City Schools:

Concord	53,375.00
Kannapolis	16,290.00
Mt. Pleasant	2,775.00
Total	**72,440.00**

Total Expenditures	**$179,285.44**
Balance on Hand June 30, 1923	**4,089.37**

Other Expenditures

Night school	180.00
Wells	185.00
Signs for Schools	6.00
Charity	7.56
Work on Yards	18.00
Exp. of Sunday School	24.35
Freight & Express	28.14
Commencement	72.50
Census	148.17
Toilets	1,484.48
Nurse	310.02
Total For All Other Expenses	**$2,464.22**

OFFICE OF LAUREATE.

Greek history is rich in traditions concerning the shrub, or small tree, known as the laurel. The laurel is generally supposed to be the daphne of the ancient. The Romans borrowed the customs from the Greeks of attracting to the laurel the ideas of victory, triumph, and conquest. Laurel was sacred to Apollo who in the laurel groves of Temple purified himself from the blood of the Python. As Apollo was the god of poets, the laurel or Laurea Apollinaris became associated with poetic merit, and passed finally to the ideas contained in the word Laureate. The gates of the Caesars were guarded with laurel, and letters of victory were garnished with it. It is forbidden for all vulgar uses, and always employed in divination. Usage has been widespread of forming of laurel a crown for the hero and the poet. Laureate thus came in history to be associated with literary or military distinction.

The term poet laureate was first used among the Englsh when Charles I in 1617 created the office and nominated Ben Johnson for the place. This creation came out of the custom of having attached to the courts of earlier times minstrels or singers. Before this time in the day of Edward IV we find John Kay describing himself as the king's most humble poet laureate.'' The crown had frequently honored literary talents. Edward III had given to Chauser a pensions, and Queen Elizabeth had granted a pension to Spenser. Following Ben Johnson the office of poet laureate was held successively by Wm. Davenant Drayden, Shadwell, Ttate, Rowe, Eusden, Cibber, Whitehead, Wharton Pye Southerly, Wordsworth, Tennyson and Alfred Austin. The office was so elevated and dignified by certain holders, such as Tennyson and Wordsworth, that many clamored for its abolition at their death, lest it be degraded by an inferior genius. The pension paid the laureate greatly varied for different holders of the place; it rose as high as three hundred pounds sterling, and sunk as low as twenty-five pounds sterling, depending upon the whim of the crown. Of all the holders of the place, Tennyson was most felicitous in meeting the highest expectations on court and great national occasions by poems of real significance and merit. His Ode on the death of the Duke of Wellington is a fine instance of this. On the other hand Wordsworth in accepting the position of laureate made it a condition that he was under no obligation to write for any certain state occasions at all, but would only write as moved by the impulse that he had something to say. It is of interest to note that Tennyson drew about one hundred pounds sterling annually while he filled the office.

While in many cases the office of poet laureate conferred on the crown no special distinction, still in other cases the association of certain notable work with the patronage accorded by the crown reflected much honor; conspicuous as to this we may name Chaucer, Spenser, Wordsworth and Tennyson. If the crown had done even more to dignify, and assist, literary effort it would have been an even added honor to any ruler. Of

course, no appointment can make a poet, but where there is a real poet, those who so recognize, honor not the poet so much as they honor themselves.

America has never been very hospitable to the idea of a poet laureate. Perhaps this has been due to the fact that it has so long had the sanction of English royalty, that it did not seem wise to adopt the idea. If we had spent something though, under some wise plan, for helping struggling authors of merit, it would have paid us a thousand fold.

In 1921 the state of Nebraska appointed John G. Neihardt to the post of poet laureate. He has honored the State by his work, and bids fair to confer upon Nebraska great lustre by his splendid talents. Miss Violet McDougal was wreathed with the Poet's laurel this past June by the State of Oklahoma. A wise choice would always confer distinction upon the State and the recipient, an unwise choice would be a most lamentable blunder. It would in all cases be hard to find a proper jury to pass upon the situation.—William Thornton

IF YOU DRINK BOOTLEG WHISKEY.

If you drink the bootlegger's whiskey:

You are encouraging the anarchist to destroy the laws to protect property.

You are doing your best to encourage law breaking and drunkenness and every criminality on the part of your employees.

You are sowing in the hearts of your children the seed of moral rottenness, which will bring forth a harvest of evil as sure as night follows day.

You are belying your profession of patriotism by seeking to destroy all patriotism; for all patriotism must be based upon a recognition of and an obedience to the Constitution of thiis country.

If you profess to honor the American flag you are false to your profession, for you are dragging that flag in the mud and trampling it beneath your feet.

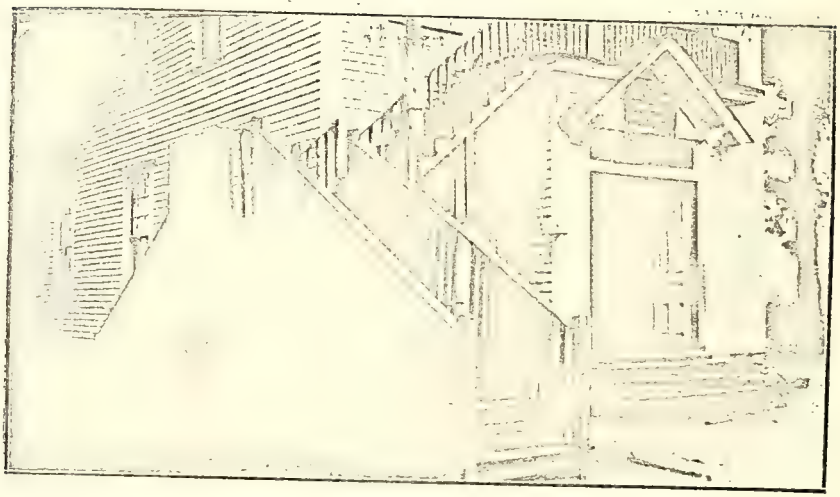
If you claim to hate the coldblooded murderer who murders in order to rob the paying clerk or the cashier, you are really giving your utmost encouragement to these murderers who are abroad in the land if you buy or drink the bootlegger's whiskey.

The bootlegger's criminalty spreads over the land. It seeks to break down every law of man and God, and every man who makes possible the bootlegger's accursed traffic is a co-partner, a co-laborer and a a co-worker with the bootlegger, and equally responsible for every crime committed by the bootlegger.

The observance of law and order is one of the supreme tests of a nation's right to live.

Without obedience to law there can be no civilization.—Manufacturer's Record.

CABARRUS COUNTY'S BEST RURAL SCHOOL HOUSE.



This building was erected by a Northern Presbyterian board of missions. It is practically the beginning of that educational movement that ultimately resulted in the establishment of the Laura Sunderland Memorial School. Having no further use for the building the authorities sold it to Cabarrus county for public school purpose. This occurred before the present school officials took charge of public education in Cabarrus.

About a year ago getting a touch of school-house improvement in their system, the school officials had this series of outside steps (Marked X) erected. They are built of old-field pine, uncovered and unpainted. This great (?) schoolhouse improvement represents an outlay of $208.47, a small part of over $230,000 claimed as the increase of the value (?) of public school property, during the past six years.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Paul Funderburk.

About 500 bushels of oats were thrashed last week.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Master Paul Green has been given a position in the carpenter shop.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Several thousand pounds of tomatoes are being obtained daily, and canned.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Master Mike Mahoney has recently been given a position in the Printing Department.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

A large number of watermelons

were gathered by Mr. Alexander Tuesday afternoon.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Groover are away spending their vacation. The boys will be glad when they return.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Master Pressly Mills, Glen Monday and Loxley Saunders were honorably paroled by Supt. Boger last Saturday.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Master Walter Morris and Julian Strickland have recently been given a position at the Dairy with Mr. Hobby.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The Southern Railway Co. is lengthing the R. R. siding that is being used by the institution several hundred feet.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Mr. Horton cut the boys hair last week. They are happy again because no long growth of hair is bothering them

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The new granary is completed many bushels of potatoes, onions and other vegetables are being placed in the new building.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Mrs. John Russell is fulfilling the duties of a matron in the Iredell-Rowan Cottage until the return of Mr. and Mrs. Groover.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Rev. Mr. Lyerly delivered a very interesting sermon in the Auditorium last Sunday. He took his text from the 3rd chapter of the book of Daniel.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Master Sammie Osborne who has been in the Concord Hospital taking treatment for an inflamed leg for the past few days has returned to the institution.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Master Howard Monday a new arrival is Frank Lisk's new assistant at the store house and ice plant. He will probably be Master Frank's successor.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Master Colman Smith was recently given a position as house boy in the 9th cottage. He will succeed Master Paul Kimery who is to be paroled in the next few days.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The boys. who are in Prof. W.W. Johnson's school room, instead of having school on last Tuesday, helped on the work force on account of Prof. Johnson's absence.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Miss Evangline Greenlee has returned to the institution. She has been away spending her vacation. She is a school teacher and the pupils in her room are glad to have her back.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Master Edgar Warren and John Moose were honorably paroled by Superintendent Boger last Tuesday. The band boys hated to see Master Moose leave as he was one of the best cornet players they had.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Master Charles Padgett has been given a position in the laundry. He will succeed Master Manford Mooney who has been placed on the tractor force. Master Kelma Smith was also placed on the tractor force.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The boys are all rejoicing to know

that there is no more work to do on the ball diamond. The boys have been working hard to make it the best in the state. We all think that they have succeeded.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The boys enjoyed a big watermelon feast upon the campus last Wednesday, Aug. 8. One hundred and six nice big melons were cut into quaters and eaten by the boys. They enjoyed these very much and are looking foward to the time to come when they shall enjoy another feast like this.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The following boys received visits from their relatives and friends last Wednesday, August the 8th: Lee Yow, Ralph Hunley, Baynes Porterfield, Preston Winders, Henry Brewer, Carlton Hager, Earnest Tarlton, Ben Cameron, Charlie Almond, Geo. Scott, Howard Riggs, Mike Mahoney, Valton Lee, William Gregory and Ralph Cutchin.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

Passenger Train Schedules

Arrival and Departure of Passenger Trains, Concord, N. C.

LV.	NO.	BETWEEN	NO.	AR.
1:40A	30	New York-Birmingham	30	1:40A
2:37A	29	Birmingham-New York	29	2:37A
5:12A	44	Washington-Atlanta	44	5:12A
6:32A	31	Atlanta-New York	31	6:32A
8:41A	137	Atlanta-New York	137	8:41A
9:25A	11	Charlotte-Norfolk-Richmond	11	9:25A
10:55A	36	New York Birmingham-New Orleans	36	10:55A
3:20P	45	Washington-Charlotte	45	3:20P
3:45P	46	Charlotte-Danville	46	3:45P
7:10P	12	Norfolk-Richmond-Atlanta	12	7:10P
8:18P	32	New York-Augusta	32	8:18P
10:20P	35	Birmingham-New Orleans-New York	35	10:20P
9:45P	138	New York-Atlanta	138	9:45P
9:31P	135	Washington-Atlanta	135	9:31P

Through Pullman sleeping car service to Washington, Philidelphia, New York, Richmond, Norfolk, Atlanta, Birmingham, Mobile, New Orleans

Unexcelled service, convenient schedules and direct connections to all points.

Schedules published as information and are not guaranteed.

R. H. GRAHAM. D. P. A., Charlotte, N. C.

M. E. WOODY, Ticket Agent, Concord, N. C.

THE UPLIFT

. XI CONCORD, N. C. AUGUST 25, 1923 No. 41

SAVED BY SAVING.

During some recent researches among the ruins of Pompeii the explorers turned up a find that told its own story. It was the body of a crippled boy. He was lame in his foot, and around the body there was a woman's, arm—a finely shaped, beautiful, bejeweled arm. The mute find told its simple story. The great stream of fire suddenly coming from the volcano; the crowd fleeing for life; the little cripple unable to get along fast enough; the woman's heart touched; her arm thrown around the boy to aid his escape; then the overtaking fire-flood, and both lost. The arm that was stretched out to save another was saved, and only that. All the rrest of the brave rescuer's body was gone. The saving part was saved. Only that mercifully stretched out to save another was itself saved.—S. D. Gordon.

—PUBLISHED BY—
PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

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JAMES P. COOK, *Editor*, J. C. FISHER, *Director Printing Department*

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COMMUNITY LIFE.

A community is ideal just in the degree that its citizens as individuals are self-respecting, considerate, loyal, and sympathetic; and its business interests intelligent, cooperative and energetic. There is nothing mysterious about the progressive and forward-looking community for these terms are convertible with human nature at its best. When business rivalries beget harsh, unjust and malicious antagonisms, not only is community progress arrested, but social standards are made to suffer and personal attributes lose their virtue. To enter fully into the spirit if these verities, it is only necessary to recollect that the community is but the individual amplified.

A community is what its average citizen makes it, for leadership can do nothing more than leaven the lump, and the standard is low or high just in the degree that the lump is receptive and capable of rising.—Wilmington Star.

EYES SET TO THE FUTURE.

Randolph county has been taking note of the marvelous progress going on in some of the counties, and has made preparations to put the matter up to her people to catch the step.

On Ocober 2, the question of putting a special tax of thirty-five (.35) cents on the hundred dollars for school purposes and the issuing of $500,000 of

bonds for schoolhouse development, will be voted on. The county board of education has approved the matter (and are actually in favor of it) and the county commissioners have ordered the election. The purpose is to make the county the unit, and cut out all favored districts. One white child in one part of a county is just as good and has just as valid claims on the authorities as any other child—and until favoritism ceases we cannot have an ideal democracy.

SEEING THE END.

"This year will end it," said a prominent farmer of No. 10 township. Continuing he said: "I am sorry that I am not financially able to give my two children what my neighbors are able to do. When my children complete the seventh grade in the local, rural school this coming winter, they will, of necessity, have to end their educational strides; but my neighbor is amply able to send his children off to Mt. Pleasant or elsewhere to continue their educational equipment for life. My neighbor does not do any more towards sustaining the government than I do—both of us do all that is demanded of us; but he is possessed of riches—I am poor, suffering burdens that had to be be met."

Is it right that one child on a farm, better situated, can obtain certain advantages, while the child on the adjoining farm must be denied? The authorities have a right to provide for the education of a child beyond the seventh grade; and as long as it does it for some, it should feel honor-bound to treat all alike. Personal and official honor makes it a bounded duty. It cannot be escaped.

* * * * * * *

IT IS VERY CONTAGEOUS.

A letter received from Prof. J. S. Edwards, the earnest and effective county superintendent of the Montgomery county public schools will explain itself:

"Dear Editor The Uplift:

I have just read your article in The Uplift on the Montgomery county schools. I wish to assure you that the people of Montgomery appreciate this article. They are taking great pride and interest in their schools, and are making every effort to make the advantages equal for every child in the county. Since Mr. Bost wrote his article, eleven more small one-room schools have joined the larger schools of the county districts. Elections are pending for eight more small schools to consolidate. Our county-wide election will carry this Spring. Only five school trucks will be needed for these new additions.

You are doing a great work for education in the state. The Uplift

is always full of interest and enthusiasm, and should be sent into every nook and corner of North Carolina.

Sincerely yours,
J. S. Edwards."

The water is fine. If Messrs Odell, McAllister and Smith would take just a little time off from their several duties, make a reasonably careful study of the Cabarrus problem, then lay down the law to their executive clerk, push him off into the water—he'll swim before he drowns. The people are hungering for a leadership—having seen one in action, the people will follow.

If Montgomery county can present such a superb example of endeavor, why not Cabarrus?

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VARNER THINKS HE'S OUT OF THE GAME.

It was announced in The Lexington Dispatch that Mr. H. B. Varner, who has successfully and profitably conducted it for twenty-seven years, had disposed of the valuable property; and had retired from the game. THE UPLIFT makes no doubt that Varner thinks that he retired from the most fascinating work in all christiandom, but he's mistaken. He can't wash the ink from his fingers, and some of these days he will be seen marching back into the business. Other folks have made the experiment and failed in staying out of the game, and this will be Varner's fate.

The Dispatch was a real newspaper and made for itself a high place in newspaperdom in North Carolina. The property was sold to Mr. Ernest J. F. Grewe, late of Ohio, who has had considerable newspaper experience. Mr. Grewe comes most highly recommended, and he will be welcomed by the craft of the state. Mr. E. E. Witherspoon, an exceptionably bright and faithful editorial writer, will remain editor of The Dispatch..

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QUEER THINGS THAT ARE PASSING.

A perusal of the contribution of Mr. R. R. Clark in this number will prove quite interestiing. This observant writer has run down the origin of a word that was common currency among the colored people "'fore de war." The old-timey colored folks well remember that in the long ago, when they felt aggrieved or out-of-humor, they got lots of satisfaction in thinking of the white folks as "Buckra."

Col. Leroy Kirkpatrick's old "black mammy" insists that all colored people regarded all white folks as buckras "except my white folks;" but old Giles Miller, the orderly and gentlemanly colored artist, who manipulates

an old Dutch grass scythe most gracefully and effectively, says the word was confined to describing the biggetted and bossy only—that nice white folks were spoken of as "master and missy."

Mr. Clark, however, makes a thoughtful suggestion in that he would like to see some one assemble all the old expressions and terms that served well their day and preserve them. Such a collection would be entertaining and throw light on how people in different times gave expression to their views. THE UPLIFT can but hope that Mr. Clark, himself, could see his way clear to knock off from regular duties long enough to assemble all the words and terms that once were mighty expressive but have since lost their cunning—no one could make such a contribution so well as the deliberative and investigating individual that presides over the Statesville postoffice.

* * * * * * *

ANOTHER SPLENDID BENEFACTION.

A certain gentleman, representing himself and several associates, called the chairman of the Jackson Training School Board of Trustees into his private office, and quietly authorized him to proceed at once to fittingly furnish the JAMES WILLIAM CANNON MEMORIAL BUILDING, from top to bottom, and send the bill to him. This is a fine contribution to the plant of the school. This donation approximates the expenditure of seven thousand dollars.

It is hoped to have the entire building, along with all furnishings placed, ready for going to regular house-keeping on the 11th. What a relief this will be in getting away from a most serious handicap that has confronted the institution since September 8, 1922. And great hearts have brought this relief.

THE UPLIFT has always entertained the abiding knowledge that the world is full of good people, who welcome the opportunity to share the responsibilities that bear down on those in charge of a great and good cause.

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TO BE A PROUD EVENT.

Preparations are far enough advanced in getting ready for the official opening of the JAMES WILLIAM CANNON MEMORIAL building, on Tuesday the 11th of September, to make an enjoyable and profitable event certain. Several speakers of state and national reputation are due to be present, and it is hoped to have a typically representative body of North Carolinans present to share with us the delightful occasion.

* * * * * * *

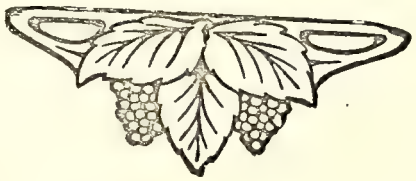
U. S. Senator Underwood is to deliver an address at the Davidson County

Fair. It will be recalled that in 1912 Mr. H. B. Varner managed Senator Underwood's campaign in North Carolina, and it was Mr. Varner who secured the Senator's acceptance of the Davidson invitation.

* * * * * * *

GOOD TIME.

The Southern railway is preparing to make it possible for a large number of North Carolinians to get a very cheap trip to Washington, D. C. To go to Washington and back for ten dollars and fifty cents, with the possibility of getting a glimpse of the new president, and seeing the most beautiful city of the land, is just about as cheap as staying at home.



BUCKRA AND OTHER THINGS

By R. R. CLARK

Temporarily sojourning in South Carolina once upon a time, I heard the negroes using the word "buckra," referring to the whites. "Look at de buckra!" called attention to whites or to an individual white; and "de buckra" encompassed the white population. Later I examined the books as to "buckra" and found that it comes from the African coast and the West Indies, whence it was transplanted to Southern United States. "In the language of the Calabar coast buckra means demon, a powerful and superior being." When the white man carried the native African into slavery he was doubtless regarded as a "demon," and the Caucasian dominations of the blacks fixed in the minds of the latter the idea that the white man was a "buckra." The word is not common to negroes. I have never heard it in this part of North Carolina and I doubt if our native negroes in this section know the word. I understand that it is, or was at the time I first heard it, common on the Southern coast and was brought into some sections of the up country by negroes from the coast region. "Po' buckra" was applied to the whites of the poorer classes, and the negroes would not have applied buckra to them if they had understood that it meant "superior being"; for it is a well known fact that in former times the colored race didn't think highly, generally speaking, of that class of whites who were unable to own slaves. Among the negroes whom I first heard using buckra the "rich buckra," the white man of prominence or influence, or the white to whom it was dangerous to manifest disrespect, commanded their wholesome respect.

Therefore the word buckra, "a powerful and superior being," seems to have had its origin in the native home of the blacks and was attached to the white man in the manner described. It is also defined as white; a buckra yam is a white yam; strong; good. But the original meaning seems to have been something superior. So that the white man who is called buckra should take the appellation as a compliment.

In this same South Carolina sojourn I saw growing in profusion on the river banks and in the pine forests what we in this section of North Carolina would call muscadines, or a species of the scuppernong grape. The people, whites as well as colored, called these grapes "bullaces" (bull-aces, accent on bull.) That was a new word on me and I found that the books defined a bullace (of uncertain origin) as "a small wild, or half-domesticated European plum, related to the damson but of inferior quality." I incline to the opinion, however, that what was called bullaces in our sister State was simply the uncultivated scuppernong.

Relating these incidents of information gathered in the Palmetto State must not be taken as indication that the folks down that way are peculiar or very different from our own. I just happened on things

there which were new to me then and will doubtless be new to some of your readers, for whose interest I am relating them. I am sure that bullace and buckra are well known in some sections of eastern North Carolina. The different modes of expression and speech in different localities, as well as the different manners and customs, are of peculiar interest to one who takes note of these things. In southern Iredell county pine knots for kindling were called "rich" pine if they had plenty of rosin and burned readily. In other sections, at least farther South, this sort of kindling is always referred to as "Light'ood" (light wood,) and "fat light'ood" if it is rich in rosin.

The word "bodacially" was also in common use among the uneducated in some sections in years past. Will destroy you "bodacially" meant that you would be entirely destroyed; wholly, bodily. If there was a promise of fair weather one set of people said it would "fair off" instead of "clear off."

There are many other interesting colloquialisms, common in former years, which have passed or are rapidly disappearing. It's a pity some one who had the time, talent and interest did not gather them into some permanent form so that they could have been preserved for the large number who take an interest in such matters. But we usually think of these matters when it is too late. The late J. P. Caldwell of blessed memory always noted and preserved in his mind any quaint or unusual form of expression or word and used them frequently. I recall one instance in which he thought he had found something new, and it was new to him but very old to many people, and the subsequent development embarrassed him. A correspondent writing to a news-paper spoke of "muching" the dogs. Mr. Caldwell took notice at once. "Muching" was a new one on him and he played it up in the Observer, of which he was then editor. Thereupon numerous folks took pains and pleasure in writing him that "muching" a dog, or any thing or person simply meant "to make much of." Calling "Heah, puppy," patting the dog on the head and saying "good doggie," is "muching" the dog. In other words it is petting, "making up" to something. I have heard of "petting parties" among the young folks in these modern days. I don't know just what they are, but possibly the old-timers would have called it "muching."

The man who robs his neighbor today robs himself of tomorrow. In playing the game of life expediency suggests all sorts of temporary advantages at the expense of others. Business codes of some people are written around these suggestions. The old maxim of greed "Business is business" is founded on them. The man who follows this mistaken conception eventually comes to see that he was wrong.—Oxford Friend.

THE SCHOOLS OF SCOTLAND.

(County Supt. Peele in Charlotte Observer.)

School population 5,686 *or* 36 *per cent of the entire population of the county.*

Number of schools in county 43.

Number of teachers, 129.

Value of school property, $389,625.00.

Annual school budget, $117,000.00. (*Cabqrrus* $183,374.81. *Ed.*)

Amount for new schools, $67,000.

Laurinburg Industrial institute (*colored*) *value* $60,000.00.

Annual school budget approximately $20 *per capita.*

I was born and reared in Scotland county. Twenty-five years ago I attended her schools, and for the last 13 years I have taught and superintended in her schools. And while I cannot claim that the spirit for schools in some parts of our county is any finer than it was 25 years ago, still I believe in equipment, attendance and preparation of teachers the school life of our county has kept abreast of the other institutions and activities of the county.

Judged by the number of good men the schools turned out, our schools of 25 years ago under the tuition system did excellent work. Such men as Quakenbush and Wyche and Koonce, without remuneration imprinted themselves on that generation. During the next 10 years there was somewhat of a lull, so much so that there were only three schools in the county employing more than one teacher in 1910. About this time different communities began to vote special taxes upon themselves to supplement the public four months' term and to increase the number of teachers per school.

In 1913 the board of education instructed me to lend my efforts toward arousing a public interest and enthusiasm among all the people for the schools. By employing boosters for heads of our larger schools, instituting debates and other literary contests as well as athletic rivalry between these larger schools, strong school centers were developed, until an efficiency approaching the maximum was attained in three and four teacher schools. But there is a limit to the grade of classroom work four teachers can do, and as our boys and girls who went to college from our rural high schools reported it difficult for them to cope with city class mates our board of education adopted a still further policy of consolidation, eliminating the high school pupils from the smaller schools and thus creating better and larger high schools. The people responded gradually. There has been no high school in any school employing less than four teachers for years.

The state policy of transportation of pupils at public expense enabled us to elimate several small schools, and compare the better education with the added expense. All the while the school board was studying the problem from both angles, the people in the smaller schools

were comparing the work of their children with that of their neighbors.

Four years ago our board arrived at a definite school plan for our county and their every move since then has been in that direction. The people in all the communities did not at first respond but gradually as the wisdom of the board's plan dawned on them they responded. Now the whole county has voted itself under special school tax except two small districts, and they are willing, and will do so this year. So the board has arrived at its county wide plan, one section at a time. Their plan for the white schools embraces two standard high schools working toward standard requirements. Laurinburg high school has for years served the high school needs of Stewartsville township. A consoliated grammar school at Johns takes care of the low grade pupils out of reach of Laurinburg. Recently the committee of Laurel Hill township voted to transport all their high school pupils to Laurinburg. So Laurinburg high school will serve geographically one-half the county. Over at Gibson, in Williamson township, is another standard high school. This school serves one-half of the township. The town of Laurel Hill has recently voted bonds for a $50,000 building and high school work will be continued here. This school will serve the other half of Williamson township. Spring Hill township schools have been consolidated into one school for years. All the children of the township are being transported into Wagram high school.

So our plan has been worked out, and when two more buildings are erected, we feel that the ultimate goal, so far as districting and buildings are concerned, will have been reached.

I would like to add here that the people have practically kept their board unchanged during these years, so they were able to study conditions and work out their plans without the mistakes of hurried action. Six schools and 12 trucks will serve the needs of our white population for years.

Our board has not neglected the negro schools during this time. Within the last few years they have spent $30,000 on new school buildings for them.

We are doing nothing spectacular, but I do feel we are keeping pace with other small counties. The time was years ago, when the old Spring Hill high school, the Quackenbush high school for boys and girls at Laurinburg and the Gibson high school under Wyche stood out as beacon lights in North Carolina. The history of education in this state is incomplete with any of these schools left out. We do not boast such schools now, but 50 per cent of our high school graduates for the past few years have gone to higher institutions of learning and they are taking high stands in those schools.

Our expenditures for school purposes have increased five times within the past 10 years. It remains to be seen what the percentage of increase in the finished product will be.

Laurinburg's Public Schools.

The present system of public schools in Laurinburg was inaugu-

rated in 1909. Prior to this time, there was no public education worthy of the name, but Laurinburg had for a long time enjoyed one of the best private schools in the state. The Quakenbush school under the direction of Mr. William Graham Quakenbush had a reputation that extended far beyond the confines of the state.

When the present graded system of white schools was organized it was only a 10-grade system. During the year 1911-12 the eleventh grade was added, and in 1916 the high school was placed upon the list of accredited southern high schools. The growth of the enrollment has been steady. From 283 pupils in 1909 the school enrollment has increased to 768 in 1922, which is an increase of 171 per cent in 13 years. From nine members in 1909-1910 the faculty has increased to 25 in 1923.

The newly organized school in 1909 occupied a substantial well-equipped building costing approximately $30,000, but in 1921 the need for larger quarters became so acute that a bond issue of $150,000 was passed, and the construction of a new building was begun in 1922. This building contains 15 class rooms, a library, two large well-equipped science rooms, domestic science and a domestic art room, and an auditorium with a seating capacity of 800. In addition to these buildings there are two frame structures capable of accommodating 200 pupils.

The curriculum that is now offered the high school pupils contains a number of elective and optional subjects and the pupils are promoted by subjects with graduation dependent upon a required number of credits. The basis of promotion in the elementary school is the teacher's opinion of the pupil's ability to do the work of the next higher grade. The opinion is checked by the results of achievement tests. An interesting fact is that 92 per cent of the high school graduates enter college.

The library containing about 1,000 well selected volumes has been carefully catalogued and is under the direction of a librarian. The class of 1924 has taken the library as its project and has already ordered sectional steel shelving together with complete equipment for fitting up the reading room.

In 1922 a stamp saving bank system was inaugurated. A large percentage of the elementary pupils have become regular depositors. Emphasis is laid upon regularity of saving, not upon amount saved.

A parent-teacher association has been formed and is functioning well. This association has been helpful in a number of ways, but its main strength lies in the assistance rendered in solving the larger problems of school administration as they affect the community, and in bringing about a more intimate relationship between the teacher and the patron.

"Will you go to the seashore with your family?"

"No," replied Mr. Groucher. "Somebody ought to stay home for the rest of the folks to send postcards to."

NO ULTIMATE CONSUMER PER SE

Col. Al. Fairbrother, who spends his time in shuttle-blocking from his home in Greensboro to the Pacific coast, is again back East. He takes THE UPLIFT to task about a little matter in his usual entertaining style. Col. Fairbrother clipped a short item from a recent number of THE UPLIFT and proceeds to talk great sense. The clipping, however, is not the words of THE UPLIFT; but got into the paper without a credit, and this omission escaped the proof reader.

Our recollection is that it is a quotation from an utterance of Henry Ford; and we purpose to communicate with that personage and confront him with Col. Fairbrother's views as expressed in the following:

In a recent issue of THE UPLIFT in black type appeared the bold statement that "Manufacture pays no taxes. Every assessment against manufacture is added, together with a profit, to the price, and in the end Mr. Ultimate Consumer, although not listed on the tax rolls, pays the shot."

All of which is the wrong doctrine to teach the boys who read the splendid publication issued at the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. In the broader sense Mr. Ultimate Consumer is as much of a nondescript as Colonel Richard Roe or his side partner Colonel John Doe. Mr. Ultimate Consumer is every man who eats food, wears clothing; sports diamonds; enjoys joy rides; goes on his vacation or sticks to his trade—in short every human being on earth is an Ultimate Consumer—whether he be the head of the greatest corporation in the world; a bond-holder and coupon clipper or whether he be a Weary Willie who never did an honest day's work; the walking delegate of a labor union or the editor of a newspaper with patent bowels. There may be an ultimate consumer of blind tiger likker—but ultimate only because he can get no more of the same brand or brew. A loaf of bread may reach its ultimate end on the table of the richest or poorest man in the world—but the farmer who grew the wheat and the miller who ground it into flour and who may have eaten it was not the manufacturer—he was only one of the many agencies which assisted in producing the perfected article. We are all, in fact, ultimate consumers of whatever we consume—but the Ultimate Consumer is not a class—he is every living man under the sky. And whereas, the manufacturer pays the tax on his particular article he is just as much an ultimate consumer as the man who happened to buy the article which had been manufactured and wore it out as a hat, or who ate it as a plug of tobacco.

The "Ultimate Consumer" has been staged as one of the "Oppressed Pee-pul" against whom "Malefactors of Great Wealth" have joyfully waged a war—according to all the wind-jammers and the barn-stormers of political ambition. But the Ultimate Consumer as a Personality, no matter how staged in order to deceive the people; no matter in what garb of distress and poverty he may have been presented, is a non-exist-

ent and phantom fairy placed in a dream garden where brownies and elfs and sprites and hobgoblins and wraiths and spooks and ghosts disport themselves—but always in the mind or in the night or in the Congressional Record or on the soap-box when Uncle Hiram is in town.

The Ultimate Consumer of the world is every man and woman and child in the world—and the Ultimate Consumer pays the freight. And he should. Because the Ultimate Consumer is alone concerned. Take him out of it and there would be no manufacturers; no corporations; no homes; no anything, not even a Civilization. I hope that The Uplift will give this space so that the bright boys who bring it out will understand that the Manufacturer, the man who takes the big risk in putting wheels in motion; who makes the fires of the furnace glow; who by reason of his superior business ability can and does become the Arm upon which less fortunate Ultimate Consumers lean, is himself an Ultimate Consumer—and with all who live and breathe; who enjoy the manifold blessings of a merciful God; who share the beauties and the bounties of this gay old earth, pays his part—and often the biggest part, of the taxes levied to make American Dollars current with the merchant throughout the world.

A CAN OF PAINT.

H. R. Deal

"I found a can of paint hidden away on a shelf I do not know how long it had been there nor from whence it came. But it wasn't doing any good there; so Ilooked about for something on which to use it.

"I had a set of dining room furniture that had become much the worse for wear. But it was a good set—it was well made and of good material; so I used the paint on it. When the job was finished, Icould not help but marvel at the improvement, and as I admired my work I thought of the can of paint. It had been all those years lying on the shelf, unused and forgotten, and yet what a remarkable change it had made in the appearance of my furniture.

"All this because of application. Left in the can the paint would have done no good. Applied it brought cheerfulness to my home and made me the happier for it.

"How like this can of paint are our own abilities! Everyone has talents and yet, for application the lie dormant, doing no good for the world or ourselfes.

"Take your abilities and with the paint brush of knowledge apply your works so that dark and dreary places may be brightened because you have been there and toiled. You have the opportunity—there are a thousand and one things you can do in your work and in your play. Every day can be brightened and made happier for you and others if you will but rightly apply the talents God has given you."

MORE ABOUT HAPPY VALLEY.

By Old Hurrygraph

The "Happy Valley" is North Carolina's scenic promenade through Caldwell county. It is a beautiful land; like unto Canaan—fresh, sweet, big and generous enough to destroy much of life's littleness, narrowness, staleness and limitations. It is nature's beauty garden. A masterpiece. Nothing less would do to mark the end of man's journey around the globe, fulfill his hopes, and make a place for a happy civilization. A love spot, let down from Heaven, between two ranges of mountains, bordering the Yadkin river for twelve miles or more, from whose summits a blue arch, more attractive than anything lovely Italy can produce, bending as a benediction over the varicolored picture of nature, nestling in such restful ease and quietness around the foothills that stretch along the base of the towering mountains. The growing crops, meadows, and shrubbery lining the water streams, have the appearance of an arabesque pattern, and inspires the husbandman with pride in his valley farm. The cattle upon a hundred hills, and in as many dales, browse in apparent joy; slake their thirst from numerous brooklets, or loll beside the Yadkin river, as it meanders, and sings its merry way on to the sea, through meadows and fields that blossom as the rose; tasseling corn and shaded avenues. The "Happy Valley" is given an endless number of glorious sunrises and sunsets, as the orb of day mounts in the east the tops of the Green mountains, on his journey west, and departs over the jagged pinnacles of the Ripshin range of mountains in the west, in indescribable glory, looking back, in such splendor, seems to bid one to be content in such a happy valley, with all its blessings, and these scenes holds the beholder enrapted and lifts the ascending thoughts to even Ligher attitudes. The "Happy Valley" climate is superb. The ideal valley for homesites. A valley people with the best citizenry of the State. A valley as full of historic lore as it is beautiful. A valley of happy homes, and happy people. It is in such environment the Patterson School, for the education of mountain boys, who have energy and ambition, but not the means, is located, where they can work their way to the attainment of knowledge, on the splendid farm attached to the School.

Roots And Herbs.

There is money in roots and herbs, if you know what kind to get among the many hundreds of varieties that grow in forest and field. Quite a nice business has been carried on here this summer by E. A. Dobbin, who has been purchasing large quantities of stuff along this line, and it has afforded the school boys, and the citizens of the neighborhood, the opportunity to realize snug sums for pocket change and other purposes. Maypops sell for 3 cents a pound. Mandrake 10 cents a pound. Lobelia 10 cents, when dry. Star grass and star roots, from 35 to 40 cents a pound. Ginseng $14 a pound. Small quantities of this herb have

been found in this valley, and usually comes in in ounces. Lobelia is the principal crop, and is more largely gathered than any of the rest. You frequently see numbers of persons, young and old in the meadows gathering this plant, which is dried before marketed.

A Domestic Invention.

Mr. W. R. Cloer, who conducts a store on the Yadkin Valley highway, between Patterson and the Patterson School, has found time from his sale duties, to invent a glass jar holder, which holds the jar very securely when you wish to unscrew the top, thereby avoiding the results that might attend the breaking of the neck of the jar, should it fit too tight for ordinary opening by hand. It is a skeleton receptacle, or cup, in which the jar is placed, the top of which comes about half way the jar. On the top of this receptacle in clamps like a pair of scissors, that fit around the jar and squeezes it like an ardent young lover the first time he embraces his adored one. It holds the jar tightly, alright. A patent is pending. Mr. Cloer hopes to make a nice sum from his patent, as it is practical and will become popular with housekeepers.

Don't wait for Oppportunity to find you out and push you into something great; go out and meet him halfway, at least.—Exchange.

A WOMAN'S MEMORIES OF OLD TIMES IN THE SOUTH.

Mrs. Mary A. Meadows in Progressive Farmer

Here is a true story, throbbing with human interest, of a pioneer woman's trip from Georgia to Louisiana in 1854, her hardships, out with it all the challenge and call of adventure, the fine hospitality of other pioneers, the settlement of a new region—and finally a day when she unwillingly served a meal for the notorious outlaws, the James brothers. There were oxen then instead of automobiles, log houses instead of modern mansions, and yet the heroic lives of men and women who conquered the wilderness must seem far more attractive than the empty lives of men and women today who have no higher aims than wealth and fashion and clothes.

Read Mrs. Meadows' memories of long ago!

We left Georgia in the winter of 1854 to make our home in the scantily settled portion of North Louisiana. Our family consisted of my husband, a two-year-old boy, a baby boy six months old, and myself. My father accompanied us, to see the new country, to help us in moving, and to look after the negroes. In those days there were frequently slave traders on the boats who made a business of stealing slaves that were being moved from one state to another. Sometimes they persuaded the slaves to leave their new master by promising to take them back to their old masters and old home.

On February 15, 1854, we landed at

the little town of Trenton on the Ouachita River. (A few years later, by the way, the whole population of this town, with the exception of one child, died of cholera when the plague crept down the water-ways leaving sorrow in its wake.)

Some of our relatives who had lived in Louisiana two or three years had their wagons and ox teams at the landing to take us on the inland journey to their homes 35 miles away.

There were camping sites along the rough roads cut through the wilderness; usually a cleared spot near some spring, wood being plentiful. When we arrived at the site for our first night in the wilderness, we found a middle-aged man with a team to his wagon already in camp with a good fire burning. He called to us cheerily to "Come up to the fire," and the children and I were not long in accepting his invitation.

We had bought groceries at Trenton, and here we had our first experience with steam-ground meal. It would not stick together when we tried to make Johnny-cake of it with cold water as we had often done with our water-ground meal in Georgia. Mr. Givens, our fellow camper, showed us how to make it with hot water, explaining that the mill rocks were turned so swiftly by steam that the "life" was burned out of the corn.

Next morning it began raining. Mr. Givens said: "I have a good wagon frame and sheet. If the lady and children will ride with me, they will be better protected from the weather." We gladily accepted, about 10 o'clock the rain changed to sleet and then to snow. In mid-afternoon we came to the forks of the road where Mr. Givens was to take one road and we the other. The mules had traveled faster than the oxen, so we had to wait for them. Mr. Givens said: "They must be having trouble back at the bridge. If you are not afraid to stay here alone, I will go back and see if I can help."

Comradeships in Adventure

The bridge was slick with ice and snow, so after slipping to their knees several times the oxen refused to go on the bridge. The men pulled and pushed the loaded wagons over, but no coaxing could get the oxen on the slippery bridge, so the men locked their hands behind each ox and pushed him across.

Seated in the wagon with two cold, crying babies in my lap, I said aloud: "How I wish I had a horse and a place to take these children." I almost fell out of the wagon in surprise when a voice at my side said, "I have come to offer you mine, Madam." A man about my father's age was getting off of a fine iron-grey horse. He said: "I saw your father and husband back at the bridge where they are having some trouble getting their oxen across. Mr. Givens said your children were crying from cold. I came to offer you my horse; he is perfectly gentle, and the first house is mine." He led the horse up to the wagon, I sprang into the saddle, he put the two crying babies in my lap, tucked the shawls about them, hung the bridle reins over the horn of the saddle and said, "Let him go and he will take you to my house."

It seemed to me that we had gone

many miles over the muddiest roads I ever saw—I learned afterwards it was only three miles. We came out of the swamp and at the top of a hill the horse turned into a grove of oaks. Back in this grove was a big log house with rock chimneys from which the smoke was pouring. A negro yelled, "Mistus, Mistus, here comes a woman on old Marster's horse." The lady and her two grown daughters came to the door and told the negro to lead the horse up to the porch so I could get off, the two girls took the babies, and the mother assisted me from the saddle saying, "Come right in; you must be nearly frozen." I was almost stiff from cold and when I began to get warm I shook so I could not hold myself still. The mother made me a cup of tea and warmed some milk for the babies. The men and wagons came in about dark. We were snowbound for another day, and a friendship was formed between the two families that has lasted unto our children's children.

We went to a cousin who had homesteaded a tract of land and had later bought out another homesteader who had "grown tired of the rawness of things and wanted to go back to civilization." Our cousin gave us the use of this homesteader's cabin until we could locate a place for a home. The cabin was made of logs with a big rock chimney at the end, the floor was the bare earth swept clean. In a corner was a pioneer's bedstead with one leg. We used the boxes in which we had packed our bedding for tables and other furniture. An aunt gave us a chair and my husband made some stools by boring holes in slabs of wood and driving pieces of hickory saplings in the holes for legs. His first efforts in stool making were not very successful and the only way to feel perfectly safe in sitting upon them was to put them against the wall, otherwise there was danger of collapsing. Before planting time, we had bought out a homesteader, the negroes clearing and cultivating the land, my husband teaching in the little log schoolhouse where they used split-log benches for seats. From this little schoolhouse went men and women who were later prominent in the history of Louisiana, politically and financially.

The first church we built was a big log house, where the slaves sat on one side and their masters with their families on the other. The slaves joined in the singing. Sometimes a good old colored mammy would get happy, and she would make the church ring with her shouts. I remember when one boy, who was always playing jokes on somebody joined the church, his old black mammy jumped up and clapped her hands and shouted, "Praise de Lord, I won't have any more salt put in my coffee."

We had the best neighbors in the world and such good times as we had at quilting, log rolling, barn raisings, and at the holiday seasons.

Women and children were always afraid of runaway slaves, but I have never known any one to have been harmed by one, neither did I know of a master that was mean to his slaves.

How I Served a Meal For Jesse James

The woods abounded with wild

turkey and deer. Occasionally a bear was seen in the swamps but we did not have any thrilling experiences with wolves, panthers and Indians, because none were there. But once, when the James brothers had robbed the stage coach between Shreveport and Monroe and were making their "get away" through the less traveled parts f the state, they stopped at our house and asked for their dinner. It was late in the afternoon. When I told them I did not have anything cooked, they asked me if I would cook something for them, they did not care what, only they wanted it quickly. I gave them fried ham, biscuit, wild grape jelly and coffee. One ate while the other waiked the yard and watched the road; then the other ate while the first one watched. They asked what their bill was and when I told them "nothing," they gave me a $20 gold piece and rode away. They seemed to be quiet, gentle, manly and courteous, and had the best guns and the best horses I had ever seen. It was many weeks before I knew who my dinner guests were.

OUR CIVILIZATION MUST BE SPIRITUALLY REDEEMED.

Dr. Clarence Poe

This fine utterance of ex-President Wilson's exactly parallels the striking remark of President Harding's we quoted on this page one month ago:

"We have been getting too far away from the spiritual and too much absorbed in our material existence. I tell you, my countrymen, that we can never be the ideal republic unless we have great ideals to pursue and know something of the spiritual as well as the material life."

Both Mr. Wilson and President Harding served America well and served the world well when they struck a note like this. America does need and American life needs (needs almost as never before, one is tempted to say) the upliftiing power of a great ideal.

In World War days our souls were set aflame by the thought that we were laying the foundations of a better ordered world and "fighting a war to end war." But since the Armistice our whole national life has seemed somehow sordid and cheapened. Public morals have deteriorated. Even American music, which had been thought one of the permanently ennobling influences of our life, has become sensualized by jass and the vulgarities that now taint the modern dance. A veritabe flood of depraved literature has been let loose on the country. In our politics, too, it has become the fashion to scoff at ideals and "idealists." Instead of the high chivalry with which America went to the relief of sricken Belgium and devastated France, there is now abroad in the land a spirit with no higher political end than that of "safety first" for America—and let the rest of the world go hang.

Nevertheless we believe America is sound at heart, and that a general reaction will soon manifest itself.

WHAT ABOUT THE COTTON SITUATION?

Progressive Farmer

Whenever cotton farmers meet at this season of the year cotton is almost certain to be the chief topic of conversation. The questions most discussed are, what is the condition of the crop? What will be the size of the crop? How much damage are the boll weevils doing, and what price will cotton bring this fall?

All agree that the crop got a late and poor start, over much of the cotton growing area. In North Carolina and Texas, which planted nearly 40 per cent of the 38,287,00 acres planted, the crop has been in better condition than elsewhere from the start. But to one who has seen the crop over a large part of the Belt one month ago and now, the improvement in those sections where it looked worst a month ago is almost beyond belief. Most people thought the July report of the United States Crop Reporting Board too high both as to acreage and as to condition. The acreage estimate was probably as accurate as such estimates can be expected but the condition report was certainly too high.

Conditions today seem to indicate a crop of from 11,000,000 to 11,500,000 bales, or possibly if conditions remain favorable as much as 12,000,000 bales may be produced, but this looks like too high an estimate at present. There is yet time for sufficient boll weevil damage to reduce the crop below 11,000,00 bales, but present indications point to about a 11,500,000-bale crop.

The weevil damage is "spotted" as usual. Some comparatively small areas are being damaged severely, but on the whole there is no question but owing to the weather conditions during the last month there is so far much less weevil damage over the Belt as a whole this year than last. Of course, there is yet time for severe boll weevil damage, especially in the middle third of the Cotton Belt, but we now have good reason to hope for less boll weevil damage than expected earlier in the season.

If we are to grow a fair crop of cotton, anywhere from 10,500,000 to 12,000,000 bales, then the all-important question is, how much are we to get for it? There are a few facts which seem to indicate quite clearly that a crop of cotton not to exceed 12,000,000 bales should bring from 25 to 30 cents a pound.

During each of the last two years there has been used considerably over 12,000,000 bales of American cotton. During the cotton year just closed over 12,000,000 bales of American cotton have been used at an average price not far from 25 cents a pound. The people of the world and business and financial conditions are better than a year ago or two years ago. Why then should the world not take 12,000,000 bales of American cotton of the crop of 1923 at as good a price as during last year?

Whatever American cotton is used during the next year must come from the crop of 1923, for there is less carry-over than normal and not a bale more than is necessary to supply

the trade from August 1 until the new crop gets into the channels of trade.

Those who claim to believe that less American cotton will be used this year than last cite the fact that exports were less during the year just closed than the year before. This is true, but foreign countries took less cotton from us than they used last year, for their stocks of American cotton are now only about half what they were a year ago and lower than normal. May not this mean that they will be forced to take more cotton from us next year than they did last year?

Moreover, American spinners used more cotton during the last year than the year before, and it is difficult to see why they will not be able to use as much the coming year as they have during the cotton year just closed.

In short, there is, as far as we can see, no logical reason for supposing that the world will not have need for as much cotton this year as for each of the last two years, say 12,500,000 to 13,000,000 bales.

There is scarcely any reasonable probability that we will produce that much cotton in the crop of 1923, hence what reason can be given for expecting a lower price for the 1923 crop than cotton is now bringing? There are only two ways which we can see for reducing the price of cotton of the 1923 crop. First, there will be persistent bear propaganda of speculators intended to stampede the producers into selling their cotton as early as possible, and second, the growers will dump a large part of the crop on the market during the first three months of the marketing season and break the market. Nothing else can prevent the cotton farmers of the South marketing their 1923 crop of say 11,000,000 to 11,500,000 bales of cotton for from 25 to 30 cents a pound. This means around $1,500,000,000 for our cotton crop and that means business prosperity for the South. If there ever was a time when the bankers and business men of the South should join hands with the farmers and aid them to orderly market their cotton over the next twelve months it is now. The proper marketing of the the boom period of 1917-19.
in the best business condition since 1923 cotton crop will place the South

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Rarest flower in all the meadows,
Richest flower in all the land;
Royal lilies in the sunlight,
Brave with summer's fair array,
Drowsy though the evening silence,
Crown of all the August day."
—Dora B. Goodale (Meadow Lilies.)

A WORD OF PRAISE.

"How badly you weeded the garden." remarked a mother to her young boy, one hot day.

The boy, John, looked ashamed, as I had just entered the garden.

"I've done all that lot," he said, pointing to a well weeded bed. "I can't do it all in one day." He threw down his hoe and went sulking into the house.

"It's always like that," remarked his mother to me. "He can't finish what he begins."

"Perhaps you give him too much to do at a time." I ventured. "He seems to have done that bed of pansies beautifully, and it is very hot today."

"So it is," said the mother. "Come on to the porch and we'll have some iced lemonade. It isn't fit for a dog to be outside. See how lazy Rollo is. He doesn't even get up to welcome you."

The dog wagged his tail lazily, but did not move.

Yes! It was not a day on which a dog could be expected to exert himself; yet this woman had expected a boy to do a man's job. When I expostulated with her mildly she remarked: "A boy must do something or he will only get into mischief."

I have often seen women of this type and pitied their sons. This woman was cross with her boy for what he had not done, yet never gave him one word of praise for the beautiful bed of pansies which he left as perfect as an experienced gardener might have done.

I have had a great deal to do with children and I have invariably found that a word of praise will bring out the best that is in them and induce them to greater efforts. Why not let them have this little word? It cost us nothing.

In looking over a child's work, why not notice the good qualities about it, as well as the bad? For instance, that mother might have said: "How well you have done the pansy bed. It's hot now. Suppose you rest, and finish the other part later on." The boy would have welcomed the word of praise, especially in front of a stranger, and he would have worked twice as hard in the cool of the evening, until the rest of the garden was as good as the first part.

In his own home a boy is often set to work with no word of encouragement and nothing to reduce the drudgery of his home tasks.

Even filling the wood box, the boy's daily job, could be made less irksome. A boy often says, "I'm forever filling that box," but a mother could change his point of view and make it a pleasant job if she made the boy realize that she needed the wood to cook good things for him.

I do not believe in paying a child for every bit of work he does, because he must bear his share in the household; but I do believe the kind word of appreciation should be given more often than it is. A word is not much. We do not have to open our purses to give it. Why then are mothers so chary of this little word of praise when it brings such good results?—National Kindergarten Association.—By Mrs. Nestor Noel.

EASTER ISLAND, A CENTURY OLD MYSTERY.

By Sarah Graham Morrison

One of the least known islands of the Pacific and hardest to reach is Easter Island, so named because it was discovered by white men on Easter Sunday, 1722, just a century ago, by Roggeveen and a company of Dutch sailors.

Easter Island lies in the South Pacific, longitude 109 deg. 17 min. West, and latitude 27 deg. 6 min. South, slightly northwest of Valparaiso, Chile. In 1888 Chile took possession of the island and has since made a penal colony of it. The only steamship line running to the island is one operated by the Chilian Company, who run a ship there sometimes once a year, sometimes not so often. The island, which is thirteen miles long and seven miles wide, rises seventeen hundred feet above the sea. It has a scanty water supply and practically no trees in its fifty square miles of area. The surface is hilly and the soil fertile, the chief crops being yams and sweet potatoes, but most of the island is given over to sheep. This island has the distinction of being the easternmost island of the Polynesian group to be inhabited.

As one approaches the southern coast all he sees is a long gray mass of land, broken into three great curves and diversified by giant molehills. All that remain of the native population, but recently cannibals, is two hundred and fifty, who are gathered together in a little village called Hanga Roa, a few hundred yards from the shores of Cook's Bay, around the western island—surrounded headland. Today these are wearing nondescript European garments and queer native straw hats, not unlike the conventional high hat of civilized lands. Only a few miles to the south rises the swelling mass of the volcano Rano Kao. Easter is a volcanic island and it must have been a wonderful sight centuries ago when this burning mountain lit up the skies with its flames and spread its hot lava hissing upon the tropical waters, leaving it to settle and be molded and shaped by the winds and tides. The result has been a singularly symmetrical island triangular in shape, with a circumference of about thirty-four miles. The summit of the volcano shows a cluster of small craters, with extinct ones on the eastern and western angles.

Geologically the island is quite young, as is shown by the original rounded shapes of the mountains, in which are found no ravines, wooded precipices, inaccessible heights. Erosion, however, has had time to do some wonderful carving on the north, east and west shores, where one may see some very imposing cliffs that have been "manufactured" by the restless waves.

There is not a single running stream in the island. Almost the only water supply is to be found in the small lakes where the rain water, which is copious, has settled into the old craters. The soil is so porous

that the water seeps through and flows off in underground streams which enter the ocean below high-water mark.

The lower parts of the island are composed of layers of decomposing lava, over which it is almost impossible to walk and very slow work driving. The hills are of smooth volcanic ash. The whole is covered with a grass which has sprung up between the lava masses and at a distance the island has a very downlike appearance.

Aside from the wind, its climate is as nearly perfect as can be found. In the winter months there may be a spell of a few days when it rains and there such an Antarctic wind that woolens are acceptable, and sometimes in the summer it is desirable to stay indoors during the noontide, but with these rare exceptions, it is possible to be warm the whole year round and use to the full the daylight hours.

Of course, it is not a perfect Paradise. There are too many insects, handsome red cockroaches without number, flies ad infinitum, mosquitoes so numerous that sometimes it is necessary to dine in headgear and gloves. Small flying beetles pay occasional visits, when it is safer to stuff cotton in your ears. There are plagues of tiny white moths, but there is said to be no fever in the islands.

It is as far as possible from one's usual idea of a South Sea island, which generally means palm trees. It is far more like the barren Scilly Isles or the coast of Cornwall. But, oh, the sense of infinite space and silence! Everywhere marvelous views of rolling country, everywhere the wind, everywhere the ocean! The boundless sea and sky! One writer on this island has said: "The dweller there is ever listening for he knows not what, feeling unconsciously that he is in the antechamber to something yet more vast which is just beyond his ken.

But the most interesting thing about the island is its unexplained statures. A century and a half ago an early explorer wrote of it, "All the seashore is lined with numbers of stone idols, with their backs turned toward the sea, which caused us no little wonder, because we saw no tool of any kind for workiing these figures." And they are still as great a mystery. Mysterious Easter Island! One knows less of its images than the Egyptian Sphinx or the mammoth statures of the Peruvian plateau. There they stand, quiet, remote, colossal, undeciphered. Fifty years ago wooden tablets were discovered on the island which no man has been able to translate. Who made these ancient statures? The ancestors of the present race? Or an earlier race? Whence came these people? From South Americca, 2,000 miles eastward? Or from distant western lands, the nearest being 1000 miles away? Or is Easter Island a fragment of a sunken continent? These images are the most interseting of all archeological remains and enigmas. There are more than 600 of them. Some of them may be seen today in the United States in the U. S. National Museum, Washington, D. C., having been brought there in 1886 by Commander B. S. Day, U. S. N. In their native land many of them formerly stood in groups of six or

twelve on burial platforms of hewn stone facing the sea. They are made from volcanic tufa, and were often transported three or four miles. As the island is practically treeless, one wonders how their makers were able to move such fragile objects so far over such rugged ground. They weigh from three to thirty tons.

Every statue is more or less buried. Some are exposed to the elbow, some show only the upper part of the head. There are also 150 quarry statues, in various stages of completion. The general form is unvarying. It is a half-length figure, at the bottom of which the hands meet nearly in front of the image. The most remarkable feature is the form of the ear, a fleshy rope. Many of the statues wear tall hats of red tufa. The statues range from six to thiry-six feet. The hats are from four to ten feet high and five and a half to eight feet across.

The cemeteries on Easter Island seem to have been entirely built-up platforms of stones, some fifteen feet high and three hundred feet long, the wall running parallel with the seacoast, along which most of these "ahus" were built, though thirty of the 260 are located inland. Except on the great eastern and western headlands, one finds these burial places every few hundred feet as you ride around the island, clustering most thickly in the little coves. Some are two or three hundred yards from the edge of the cliffs, some on the very edge. Some are hundreds of feet above the water, others at sea-level. On these platforms stood many of the statues which so impressed the early navigators. Today many have been undermined and have fallen. Practically all are in ruins. Some ahus had no statues, some one, some fifteen. No one now living remembers to have seen a statue standing on an ahu. Many of them today are lying face down. No one is sure what happened. Some students say their fall was due to earthquakes, others to the displacement of small stones underneath the bed plates, still others that they were felled in tribal warfare by means of ropes. It is not known when any of these images were built, but it is known that most of them were still standing in the eighteenth century, and not one of them was left standing by the middle of the nineteenth century.

They all seem to have been made from the compressed volcanic ash found on the volcanic cone of Rano Raraku, and the instruments used were of the same material as the statues, some pointed at the both ends, others rounded at one end. They also used a carefully made adze blade. Many statues are still to be found in every stage of excavation, just as they were left when for some reason the sculptors failed to return to their work. It is estimated that it did not take more than fifteen days to roughly hew one. The most notable thing about them is the skill with which the workmen were able to maintain the balance so that the figure would keep its equilibrium when stood upright.

Why the image-making ceased, no man knows. There is only a legend for it. In the days when this art was at its height the most important person around the quarry was the cook. One day while she was away, the carvers ate a delicious lobster

obtained from the west coast, and saved none for the cook. Upon her return she was so wrathful at finding the remains, that she ordered all the statues to fall down, and so image-making on Easter Island became a lost art.

The hour one spends at the quarry is never to be forgotten. In most cases the statues still form part of the rock, and are frequently overgrown with grass and ferns and lichens. First one beholds a conspicuous image, then he spies similar images on the walls on either side, another resting in a niche above him, that his foot is resting on a giant form below. There is always a certain sense of awe felt at the quarry, but never more so than when, at sunset, as the light fades, the images stand out in stupendous ebony forms against the crimson western sky.

DO DISCOVER AND TEACH.

(Amiel.)

The man who has, however imperceptibly, helped in the work of the universe, has lived; the man who has been conscious, in however small a degree, of the cosmical movement, has lived also. The plain man serves the world by his action, and as a wheel, in the machine; the thinker serves it by his intellect and as a light upon its path. The man of meditative soul, who raises and comforts and sustains his traveling companions, mortal and fugitive like himself, plays a nobler part still, for he unites the other two utilities. Action, thought, speech, are the three models of human life. The artisan, the savant and the orator are three of God's workmen. To do, to discover, to teach—these three things are all labor, all good, all necessary.

WE CAN.

Life's battles don't always go to the
stronger or faster man;
But soon or late the man who wins
is the one who thinks he can.

Dr. J. A. Hadfield, an English neurological expert, proves strength may be diminished by two-thirds when minds are depressed by the idea of weakness. Under normal conditions, men upon whom he was experimenting were able to register one hundred one pounds by gripping a dynamometer. When these same men were given the suggestion under hypnosis that they were very weak the average grip was only twenty-nine pounds, while a suggestion of strength produced a grip of one hundred forty-two pounds. The difference was not in the will but rather and solely in the belief that the thing attempted was impossible. The mental factor is of foremost importance. A new idea may mean new life. If given assurance of an oasis ahead, an exhausted desert traveler will plod on for miles.

How can we be persuaded that we can all pull together and make this a better school than it has ever been

before? Our motto points the way. "We can."

Physicians have said, "We can," Small-pox, yellow fever, typhoid, diphtheria and other deadly plagues have been mastered and may be wiped out any day we will. Farmers have said, "We can." Despite drought, pest and blight there is no need that any child go hungry a single day anywhere on this earth. Engineers have said, "We can." They have sailed the clouds, bridged the seas and cleft the continents in twain.

For a century or more commissions reported.—"It can't be done." But a man stood up at Panama and the mountains moved aside.

When the Turks set fire to Smyrna, our cruiser, the "Litchfield," was a hundred miles away. On receiving word by wireless, Captain Rhodes turned prow toward Smyrna and not New York. They found the city aflame and thousands thronging the water's edge. At one end of the pier were about four hundred fifty terrified children under Turkish guard. "Can we save them?" Our men asked their captain. They meant may we; they knew they could. Attention was called to the Turkish guard and possible international complications. "Leave that to us." A squad engaged the Turks in some sort of altercation; four hundred fifty jackies, each with a child under his arm, leaped aboard and in less time than it takes to tell it, all were safe under the Stars and Stripes.

One hundred forty-seven years ago our forefathers said "We can," that day when "Liberty began and mighty hopes were blown on every sea."

But freedom calls her conscripts now as then
Calls for heroic men;
It is an endless battle to be free.
"We can."

Lecturer: "Allow me, before I close, to repeat the words of the immortal Webster."

Haysee (to wife:) "Land sakes, Maria, let's git out o' here! He's a—goin' ter start on the dictionary."—Princeton Toger.

OYSTER BED IN DISMAL SWAMP.

(Elizabeth City Independent.)

People in upper Pasquotank county have for several days been speculating over the discovery of a vast oyster bed some three to five feet thick and five feet or more underground on project number 133 of the State Highway System.

This bed of oyster shells is about 20 miles from Elizabeth City, on the western edge of the great Dismal Swamp, and was unearthed by big highway dredges that are cutting a drainage canal, the bank of which is to furnish a roadbed for the highway from this city to Gatesville.

It is a matter of much curiosity to many how such a vast bed of oysters could have happened to be in the edge of the Dismal Swamp 30 or 40 miles from the sea. The shells of the oysters are much larger than those of our North Carolina oysters of today

and range up to ten inches in length. The oysters are closed, as they died thousands of years ago, and the insides of them filled with mud, just as the oysters that die today become filled wiith mud.

Engineers digging the big highway canal have discovered the oyster bed in many places. It is estimated that it covers many acres. The canal is not straight, and consequently doesn't strike the shells for any considerable distance. However it may be that the bed lies in the shape of a half-moon, as is the shape of many oyster beds at this age.

Professor Collier Cobb, of the University of North Carolina, tells this newspaper that the large oysters in the western edge of the Dismal Swamp indicate slight changes in level and temperature in the sea there during the last glacial epoch. The time is estimated by Dr. Cobb as approximately 35,000 years ago. At that time much of our coast land was part of the sea and immense deposits of earth, and ice or whatever covered the universe had not moved down to the sea. At some tiime in that far distant age, an immense volume of matter broke loose from the upper country and covered the ocean bed for miles out from shore, reclaiming millions of acres of land from the sea and forming an area now among the most fertile in the world and the dwelling place of thousands of people.

This is the most notable find in point of size, of this nature that has been uncovered in this region. Fragments of similar formations have been found all along the Atlantic seaboard by engineers boring for deep wells, and in mining experiments. A few years ago sharks' teeth were found several hundred feet below the surface while borings were being made for a water supply for Elizabeth City.

"These warm waters forms range as far north as Boston." says Dr. Cobb. "In '86 I collected smaller shells near South Mills, and in '96 I found them at Boston.

The story of the find on the Gatesville Highway was first brought to town by Hersey P. Williams, candy manufacturer of this city who chanced on the scene while making his rounds of the trade in that section and brought back a package of the shells for souveniers. Mr. Williams recalls that shells similar in appearance were found when a well was being dug in the neighborhood a few years before.

The question has been brought up as to the feasibility of mining this immense bed of shells to obtain marl for agricultural purposes. Some people express the belief that the scheme is entirely practicable; they say the supply would furnish the needs of North Carolina farmers for many years to come. Another "Made in Carolina" stunt.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Paul Funderburk.

The work force for the past week has been repairing the terraces.

Several bushels of onions were placed in the new granary last week.

Master Manford Mooney has obtained his old position in the Laundry.

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Master Paul Kimery and Claude Friske were paroled last Friday by Supt. Boger.

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Master Jos. Hatem and Vestal Yarbrough have been given positions in the Laundry.

‡‡‡‡

The Cone Literary Society, of the 1st Cottage will be opened the first Monday in September.

‡‡‡‡

A large number of canteloupes were gathered, and distributed to the Cottages on last Monday.

‡‡‡‡

Mr. Lee White who has charge of the farming, reports that he has about 100 acres of nice corn.

‡‡‡‡

Master Sammie Osborne who has been suffering with an inflamed leg, is back on his old job at the bakery.

‡‡‡‡

The band did not have the regular practice, last Friday, on account of the absence of Mr. Jason Fisher.

‡‡‡‡

The grates in the boiler at the Laundry were recently burned out, new grates were obtained last week.

‡‡‡‡

Masters William Cook and Kelma Smith, were paroled by Supt. Boger, last Wednesday, Aug. 23.

‡‡‡‡

Mr. George Lawrence, former bandmaster of the Training School Band, paid a visit to the institution last week.

‡‡‡‡

On last Tuesday, August the 22nd, the boys all enjoyed a big feast on the campus. About 200 large melons were cut.

‡‡‡‡

Master Garland Rice, who arrived at the institution on August 17th, has been given a position in the Printing Department.

‡‡‡‡

The boys in Mr. W. M. Crooks Latin class have received thier new books on Caesar. The boys are all doing well in this class.

‡‡‡‡

The 12th cottage will soon be ready to receive about 30 boys. This cottage is being used by the band for practicing on Tuesday and Friday.

‡‡‡‡

The best game of the season was played last Saturday, August the 18th. The teams were J. T. S. —vs—St. John. J. T. S. winning by a score of 2 to 1.

‡‡‡‡

Mr Kennett, who has charge of the cannery, reports that in the past few weeks he has canned 400 gallon cans of tomatoes, 195 gallons of beans and 175 gallons of beets.

‡‡‡‡

Last Saturday afternoon before the ball game the boys all went to the watermelon patch, and brought up about 200 large melons. On Sunday afternoon the boys all enjoyed a big feast on the campus.

There were many changes made in the school rooms, last week, and many boys were promoted to a higher grade. There are five rooms in the morning section, and the same number in the afternoon. Each room having from 30 to 35 boys.

‡‡‡‡

A rather large number of boys were visited by their relatives and friends on last Wednesday, August 15th. The following received visitors: John Sinclair, Sammie Osborne, Lee Yow, Judge Brooks, Sylvester Honeycutt, Roy Johnson, Oscar Johnson, Frank Campbell, Wayne Carpenter, Julian Strickland, Johnie Boyd, Nathaniel Johnson, John Bostic, Obed McClain, John Ethredge, Carl Richards and Hatem S. Hatem.

"HONOR ROLL"

"A"

Ernest Jordon, Thos. Sessoms, Jas. Foy, Keith Hunt, Albert Hill, Kelma Smith, Jas. Shipp, Pressley Mills, Jno. Sinclair, Jas. Gentry, Jno. Moose, Hubert Pressley, Elbert Perdue, Chas. Roper, Robt. Watson, David Underwood, Ralph Cutchin, Loxley Saunders, Joe Moore, Paul Groves, Wm. Gregory, Jno. Wright, Carrol Guice, Chas. Mayo, James Alexander, James Autry, Brevard Bradshaw, Walter Cummings, Irvin Cole, Ed. Finch, Anderson Hart, Carl Henry, Walter Morris, Carl Osbon, Arch Waddel, Bob Carswell, Wesley Cook, Oscar Johnson, Glenn Monday, Chas. Maynard, Henry Reece, Marshall, Williams, S. Hatem, Howard Monday, Irvin Moore, Elvin Greene, Charles Crossman, Pearl Graham, Herbert Tolley, Walter Page, V. Lauder, Hyrom Grier, Louise Pate, Garfield Mercer, Valton Lee, Roy Johnson,

"B"

Jno. Dalton, Rufus Wrenn, Lockwood Pickett, Norman Iddings, Harry Sims, Garland Banks, Roby Mullis, Ralph Freeland, Harry Ward, Lloyd Winner, Wm. Miller, George Everhart, Lee Smith, Graham Buckhanan, Charlie Jackson, Connie Loman, Manford Mooney, Paul Kimmery, John Perry, Avery Roberts, James Oquinn, Fred Wiles, Eunice Byers, Richard Hoyle, Jno. H. Vann, Odell Wrenn, Jno. D. Windham, Jess Wall, Vestal Yarbrough, Jno. T. Bostic, Irvin Cumbo, Earle Crow, Paul Leitner, Floyd Linville, Argo Page, Odell Ritchie,

THE BLESSING OF WORK.

There can be no greater blessing than to have acquired the healthy and happy instinct which leads one to take delight in one's work for work's sake; not slurring it over or trying to get rid of it, not troubling one's self greatly about what others say of it when it is done, but putting one's whole heart and mind into it, feeling that the thing one turns out, be it work of the mind or work of the body, is conscientiously and honestly perfect to the best of one's power.—Exchange.

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THE UPLIFT

OL. XI CONCORD, N. C. SEPTEMBER 1, 1923 No. 42

THE BEND IN THE ROAD.

We are not familiar with the road on which we were driving. It was lonely, and we suddenly perceived a fence straight ahead that seemed to completely bar our futher progress.

"Does the road end there with that farmhouse?" asked the anxious one beside us. "Or is there another road opening out along that fence to the northward? It doesn't look like it."

We decided to go on as far as possible. And we found at the end of the road another opening out and leading us on to our intended destination.

It is often thus in life; the path ahead seems completely barred, or it seems so hopeless and futile to go trudging on along the path of duty. But if we are confident it is the right way for us, let us go bravely forward, knowing that at the right time and the right place there will open up another path for us that will lead on to better things.—Selected.

—PUBLISHED BY—

E PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-setting by the Boys Printing Class. Subscription Two Dollars the year in Advance.

JAMES P. COOK, *Editor*, J. C. FISHER, *Director Printing Department*

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A man without a purpose is like a ship without a rudder.—Carlyle.

APPLAUDED BEYOND OUR BORDERS.

A very pleasing story appeared in Sunday's Charlotte Observer from John S. Terry, who writes about "Playmaking In North Carolina," as directed at the University of North Carolina. Mr. George Denny, manager of the playmaking organization and professor in the English department, addressed an audience in the Horace Mann auditorium at Columbia University, in New York.

That address reflected glory upon the rich historical events that belong to the state; the speaker told how the late Edward Kidder Graham saw so many fine, splendid events going unnoticed that he brought Prof. Frederick H. Kock to the University to take charge of this particular department, how well he had succeeded, citing a number of most interesting plays with historical background that had been preserved. The address was such as to make any North Carolinian feel proud, and at the same time regret that the state had been so slow to appreciate the opportunities in this field of research.

When Mr. Denny concluded, something out of the ordinary occurred. A New York woman, hearing this lecture and about the glorious freedom and naturalness prevailing in North Carolina, realized how she had been cramped

and measured in little old New York, gave expression in these terms:

"One woman explained to Mr. Milton Smith, instructor in drama at Columbia, that seeing the pictures made her dissatisfied to think that she had been born in New York. "Here in the city," she said, "all life has been standardized and ready made. Life has become so sophisticated that it is a mere matter of routine to most of us. These people in North Carolina seem to be absolutely brimming with drama as seen in the daily life around them and they are giving expression to it. There life has its elemental qualities still, and the people are near to the soil. I wish that I had been born in North Carolina and knew the life there."

There's a wholesoul welcome awaiting this woman here. She may pack up her belongings and come down, and we will let the dead past bury itself, never accuse her of being a foreigner, and we will forget the unfortunate spot her parents selected for her birth. That Woman would make a glorious North Carolinian.

* * * * * * *

A PUBLIC SERVICE.

That's a fine movement inaugurated by the Medical Society of Cabarrus county, looking to the establishment and proper means of support of a Public Hospital for the county. Several well attended meetings have been held. Last week an enthusiastic banquet was held, having for its subject, outside of the fine eatings, a hospital for the county. All of the speakers agreed that it was a burning necessity and that something to meet a serious lack should at once receive the attention of the upward-thinking people of the county. The movement was unanimously endorsed, and a committee was appointed to investigate the legal requirements surrounding the question.

This movement, begun out of a knowledge of a great necessity, backed by the medical profession, and a large number of laymen who have given the problem serious thought, must sooner or later develop into a live, active movement and ultimately be crowned with success.

We are not living alone for ourselves—we live best, who live also for others.

* * * * * * *

A FLYING TRIP.

"THE UPLIFT is eternally right," said Dr. H. C. Herring, who in company with Messers G. W. Greech and J. F. Goodson made a hurried trip to Sampson county on some Masonic business. "The moment we quit the boundary of

Cabarrus county," said the doctor, "we saw evidences of school progress. Fine, modernly constructed brick buildings, serving consolidated districts, with school trucks, were to be discovered along the highway, at convenient distances, which manifested the real spirit that is needed to provide for the wants of the rural child."

"My," said the doctor, "what a corn crop they have along the entire distance to Sampson county. The crop, however, is very spotty. In some small sections the boll weevil has not collected any toll, but in others you will find great stalks in large fields without a single boll—all having been destroyed by this modern pest." "I was made very sad when looking about Clinton, my old stamping ground, to find the friends and acquaintances of former days gone to their rewards, leaving but few people and material things to remind me of former days." The doctor was really sad, not only over the relative school conditions here and elsewhere, but over the great changes in his old home county. "But, doctor, you are still here, you don't look a bit older with your hat on than you did twenty years ago." and it's so—this took the sting out of his observation, bowing a gracious bow, such as was taught nice folk in former days. Dr. Herring hurried off to make ready for a fishing trip down at Nag's Head.

* * * * * * *

BLAIR'S GREAT WORK.

Prof. John J. Blair, director of schoolhouse planning of the Department of Education of North Carolina, has made a proud record. There has been issued recently by the department Mr. Blair's annual report, which reads as joyfully as a high class romance.

Thousands upon thousands of dollars have been in a measure wasted in the past years in the method and plans and location of public schoolhouses. It is Mr. Blair's business to stop this and lead the authorities into a sane and permanent method of schoolhouse construction and planning. He is succeeding most admirably with all points, except where he runs up against a set of fossilized school officials and those in authority who are at heart actually opposed to public education.

An hour spent with this interesting bulletin, just from the press, reveals the names of the counties where a progressive spirit prevails. Nowhere, either in words or picture, does our own county appear, except where the officials have made application for a loan of $20,000.00 to erect a $26,000.00 school house for the Hartsell Mill settlement. There is no suggestion of any effort to transform any subject of the rural districts. To see the illustrations

of modern schoolhouses that have gone up in various rural sections, as shown in this bulletin, one is impressed with the outstanding poverty of vision and progressiveness in Cabarrus county.

The booklet that Mr. Blair has issued is so entertaining, that we feel a reproduction of his introduction will make good reading in this issue.

* * * * * * *

PROGRAMME NOW COMPLETE.

The programme for the exercise in the Formal Opening and the Dedication of the James William Cannon Memorial Building at this institution is now complete. It is a source of great interest and gratification that it is now known for a certainty that among the chief ones to be present and take part in the programme are Governor Cameron Morrison, and Hon. David H. Blair, U. S. Commissioner of Revenue, Washington, D. C.

THE UPLIFT Press is preparing an attractive invitation and programme, which will go all over the state to interested friends of the institution. None will be issued locally, but this method is taken to assure the local public that it is cordially invited to be present and will be heartily welcome to share in the pleasure and profits of the occasion. It is physically impossible to get a direct invitation to all, who are interested in the life and success of the Jackson Training School, and we want it understood that all who chance to read this announcement that this cordial invitation applies to them.

Speaking for the officers of the institution, THE UPLIFT would feel grateful to the press of the state if it will find it convenient and agreeable to extend to its readers the same hearty welcome to join us on that day—a really important and eventful period in the life of the institution set apart for the salvage of these dropped stitches of a vanished hand.

The campus will be open to visitors on Tuesday, September 11th, at 2. P. M., and the exercises will begin at 3 o'clock. A full programme for this event will appear in these columns in our next issue.

* * * * * * *

HAPPY ON THE WAY.

Just about a year ago a great loss and consequent sadness overtook the Jackson Training School, in the loss by fire of its chief building, that of administration. It is just about restored, by the act of a noble woman.

The public is rightfully interested in this great benefaction. Many have watched it rise again from the ashes. Now that it approaches perfect completion, others have taken counsel of an inviting opportunity for a great service. The other day the chairman of the board had an invitation from

a prominent business man to drop around. After settling of a small matter of business of a different nature, he remarked, "when are you going to furnish the Cannon Memorial Building?" Not waiting for an answer, he remarked "that matter has been solved for you and you are hereby authorized to proceed to furnish the building from top to bottom in a suitable manner and in keeping with the purpose of the building. I speak for myself, a brother and four sisters."

There is no use in the world of keeping this thing quiet any further, and THE UPLIFT takes the matter in hand and divulges the whole story. The generous friends, who take this particularly heavy burden off the shoulders of the treasury of the institution, are Messrs Charles A. Cannon, of Concord, and Ross Cannnon, of York, S. C., and Mesdames David H. Blair, of Washington, D. C. Margaret Cannon Carr, of Durham, C. G. Hill, of Winston-Salem, and Charles E. Lambeth, of Charlotte.

Our cup of joy is reaching nearly the brim. This glorious work that calls for a service thant cannot be side-stepped- a service that is entirely volutary and without direct personal gain or profit -grows more and more interesting as strong, noble people seek the privilege of helping along the great work.

This splendid gift approximates an expenditure of about seven thousand dollars, and for years afterwards will contribute to the successful operation of the institution. Little wonder, when it is known that we need to husband all our financial strength in meeting the requirements of the state, that this latest benefaction makes the entire campus rejoice in possessing such fine, good friends.

* * * * * * *

TAKING OFFICIAL LOOK-OVER.

George H. Adams & Company, certified accountants, representing the State Auditor, has about finished the annual auditing of the business of the Jackson Training School, which is a matter of legal requirement. They have been pains-taking and courteous; and if we needed them in our business we might keep them, or if they needed the services of the institution, we would be pleased to assign them to quarters. The company in this concern is Mr. Lewis Glasser, who carries around with him a face like an open-faced watch, and confesses that he, too, has printer's ink on his fingers, and has made his share of "Pi" in several printing offices.

WORKERS AND THE JOB.

By R. R. CLARK

The late William J. Yates, whose weekly Charlotte Democrat was a standby among the substantial citizenship of Mecklenburg and adjoining counties in the distant past, remarked to a friend in the later years of his editorial career that he had decided to quit printing so much advice to boys. Mr. Yates had probably decided that advice to youth is not always appreciated. Unquestionably the playing of the role of adviser and critic can be overdone, as any one who has a vivid recollection of his youthful experience can testify. Appreciating their own mistakes and a desire to give youth the benefit of their experience, usually prompts elderly folks to attempt to model the children on plans that rarely appeal to the youngsters. The common mistake is the failure to recollect their own childhood experience; to remember that children are more or less alike from Adam's time to this day; and that it is impossible "to put old heads on young shoulders." He is a genuine diplomat who can interest youth and encourage them to avoid pitfalls in the light of his own experience. Usually advice and criticism are so mingled, without regard to the temper of youth, that the well-meant advice "passes in at one ear and out at the other." Too much advice, and criticism that becomes nagging, results in callousness on the part of youth. There is a spirit of resentment that frequently results in the determination to do exactly the opposite of what is suggested, simply to show independence.

This lengthy preliminary, or apology, is an introduction to a subject that is somewhat in the nature of advice to youth and may not be worth the space occupied. But I am taking a chance that some of the bright young fellows in the Training School, and others who may do me the honor to read what I write, may be interested.

In a report to the Chicago Association of Commerce, A. D. White, statistician for a large business concern, gives five reasons why 90 per cent of the boys and the girls in this country lose their first jobs. The reasons are: lack of sense of responsibility; unwillingness to work hard; lack of thoroughness; false notions about salary and promotion; lack of principle. It would be impossible to state the case so completely and concisely in fewer words. The statistician might have said, and doubtless will say, that one or more of these reasons accounts for most of the failures in life—the inability of so many people to hold a job and get on.

The shortcomings of employes, which may be found in the five reasons given, are particularly notorious within the past decade. The development is due to conditions. In an older day jobs were few and jobseekers many. To hold a job one had to make good in some degree at least. Applicants were so numerous that an employer, unless very lenient, would not put up with an inefficient idler. Therefore conditions, the necessity of retaining a job to earn a

living, made one industrious whether he wanted to be or not. Present day conditions promote slackness and inefficiency. Jobs are so many and good help so scarce that the average employer permits in employes what he would not stand for a moment if the place could be easily filled. The employes who take advantage of the situation are legion. They make a big mistake but they often fail to appreciate the fact until it is too late.

The first reason, "Lack of a sense of responsibility," means indifference to the work and a lack of loyalty to the employer's business. The most disheartening experience any employer has is to feel that his employes are interested only in getting by with a minimum of work and have little or no concern whether his business goes on or not. They do not take an interest in the business, seem to have no concern for its success. They do not take the pains to do good and careful work, take no pride in their work. This class may keep a job soley because their places cannot be filled; but they earn neither the respect nor confidence of their employer and he will drop them at the first opportunity, as he should.

"Unwillingness to work hard" means "beating time;" cheating the employer out of time and work that he is paying for; dodging the difficult jobs and exercising scrupulous care to do nothing that they can avoid doing. These are the folks that are all the time in fear that they may "do a hand's turn" that somebody else could do. They are not concerned in the success of the business. Their only interest is in the pay-roll; and in giving the smallest possible service in return for the money received. Of course it is morally as dishonest to steal time from an employer, to take his money without making the return agreed upon, as it is to steal his cash or goods when his back is turned. But if the dishonest employe realizes that he is not concerned.

"Lack of thoroughness" is doing slip-shod and indifferent work; indisposition to do work with care and give the best service possible. Probably "false notions about salary and promotion" are the most troublesome things an employer has to deal with. The scarcity of help and the high wages has put all sorts of false notions in the heads of workers in all lines. They expect the highest wages paid in the line of work, regardless of capacity, or industry. In fact they expect the highest rate of pay, regardless of either capacity or willingness to earn the pay, and are all the time expecting a raise without ever a care to demonstrate their worth, if they have have any, to the business.

It was a custom of the educators awhile back (I hope they have learned better sense by now) to put false ideas in the head of young men as to the value of a college education in industry. Not so long ago a college president, in an address to students, over emphasized the material value of an education by declaring, without reservation, that an educated man—a college man—was worth a larger salary than one who had not been to college, and should demand it. The college man should be worth more, but any experienced employer will tell the world that the fact that one has been to college signifies nothing of itself. It depends on the man

whether he can or will make use of the knowledge he has secured, or should have secured, at college. It is a false pernicious idea that education of itself makes the man. It depends on the willingness and the capacity of the man to make practical use of his education. And he can only demonstrate the value of college training by being willing to take hold at the bottom and show that his education has trained him to do better work and to rise more rapidly than one lacking that training. I am not depreciating the value of college education—far from it. But I am knocking on the head the absurd idea so frequently implanted by impractical teachers, that one who has certain educational training can command a better position in life solely because he has that education. Some of the most worthless folks I have ever met were college bred. It wasn't the fault of the college training. It was their inability or unwillingness to make use of their training.

But it isn't college men alone that expect something they haven't earned. The woods are full of all sorts and conditions who expect the promotion and the highest pay without working for it. Fact is, unwillingness to work, except at an easy job, is the seat of the whole trouble. There are numerous people all the time looking for jobs where the work is light and the pay large. They want to play at work and draw a salary for it.

"Lack of principle"—that covers all the other reasons. The fellow who has sound principles will not be a shirker nor dishonest. He is willing to work for what he gets and to demonstrate his ability to earn an increase before he demands it. The sorry kind will get jobs because there are more jobs than good workers. But they will lose in the end. That sort can never succeed except by accident.

SUPPLEMENT TO "OL' NO'TH CA'LINA."

Mr. B. L. Umberger, of the beautiful Luberger Place on National Highway, inspired by the sentiment in a recent poetical publication in THE UPLIFT, setting forth the glory of "Ol' No'th Ca'lina," offers as a supplement the following, which we cheerfully adopt:

But there's one special spot in Ol' No'th Ca'lina,
Where the roads and 'de towns get newah and finah,
There 'de people am busy chasing de dollah
And dis accomplishment dey never fail to holla.
Everybody knows about dis hustling section,
And will be glad to point you out the direction,
For varied business and homes you'll not see finer,
I refer to de Piedmont Section of No'th Ca'lina.

MORE ABOUT A GLORIOUS SECTION.

(Old Hurrygraph)

I am standing tiptoe on the mountain top of eastern America. At what from time immemorial has been the most famous rock in the world, Blowing Rock. From this viewpoint it looks as though the whole world was made of mountains. Where one of the natives told me that he had "been living within fifteen miles of Grandfather mountain; looked at it every day, but had never been on its top." He didn't "see why so many folks come up here every year, as there was nothin' but mountains here." I am in a veritable skyland. Up under the eaves of Heaven. Under the drippings of Heaven's dye pots at sunset. Up 4,500 feet above the level of the sea, but you cannot see level because the mountains seem to pile Ossa on Olympus, and Pelion on Ossa, to see which can reach the cerulean dome of the sky. Up above the clouds, and looking down upon them, as they sail around the mountains, and in the valleys below, like giant ships, with white sails set for a voyage oceanward. I want to tell you that the top side of a cloud is just as natural, and similar to the bottom side—the side seen mostly by the dwellers in the lowlands. Some of these clouds carry rain, and empty their contents below, when one is on a pinnacle, basking in the glorious sunshine and shade, with a deep blue sky above him, and looking upon the rain-cloud as a white flossy mist spread over the valley far beneath. This is the beautiful land you dream about.

The Beauty of It All

I am up where the famous old Blowing Rock, like a great inverted oyster shell, stands, upon a mountain ledge 300 feet in height, as a sturdy sentinel upon a watch-tower, facing and catching the breezes that blow inward across a sea of mountain tops. Up in the Grandfather mountain country, where the clouds are wont to gather around his brow, at sunset time, and have their faces bathed in gorgeous colorings and tintings, as the sun, in crimson robes sinks behind this great mountain's immovable face, and kisses this part of the world good-night. It is the most impressive combination of scenic wonders. In twilight time, the heavens glow with a golden hue, as if it were the reflections from the open gates of gold, and over all flits a gauzy, cloud-crape, varying in tints from the ethereal pink of peach-bloomy beauty's cheeks to the faint spirit of green that dwells in an opal heart. It is probably impossible to say anything new on the subject. For twelve years I have been attempting to describe this Blowing Rock country, and every time it seems to fall far short of what it really is. Nowhere else has nature conspired to crowd so many kinds of scenic effects into such a limited space.

Scenic Wonders

Waterfalls of rugged beauty, pour waters incessantly over precipitous rocks and cliffs, for hundreds of feet to valleys below, into more placid

streams that look like moving mirrors. Cataracts and cascades, whose foaming spray is like bridal veils, with their wonderful display of the various colors of the rainbow; colors some of them so bright and startling that they seem almost unearthly. They vary from bright violet hues to dark red. Scores of deeply wooded mountain peaks, any one of which would make any locality famous, which seem to raise you into the very heavens, when upon their summits. Lakes, streams, giant trees, lovely flowers, wildwood singing birds; miles of beautiful driveways; the "Lonesome Trail;" moon paths, lover's lanes, where romance blossoms as beautifully as the rhododendron, the laurel, and the asaleas that line either side. Nature lover, paradise. Cool breezes that are the wine of inspiration. Sports of all kinds. Entertainment places with all the air and comforts of home. Whatever your interests are, you are likely to find some of them satisfied here. It is impossible to convey to a second party the impressions of Blowing Rock; the rock and the country. Even in pictures this is not possible. The scenes, so varied, and so cast, and the scale so magnificent that contrasts can not be at all appreciated. And besides you miss the breezes, the babbling streams, the silvery bell notes of the wildwood thrush and the singing of other mountain songsters, and above all, the stimulus of the mountain air. The land of beauty, health, recreation, and satisfying rest.

Daniel Boone Outdoor Club

While Blowing Rock has a number of hotels and boarding houses, golf courses, and amusements for various tastes, Mayview Park and Mayview Manor are the big things in this summer resort land. This development is the wonder of the past three years, although the Manor was opened for the first time this season.

The very latest new thing at Blowing Rock is the Daniel Boone Outdoor Club. W. L. Alexander, owner and promoter of Mayview Park, has purchased 600 acres of land, in the heart of the most beautiful section of the Blue Ridge mountains, under the shadow of the Grandfather mountain, and with associates, has organized a club with the above name, which will be the most complete in the south. A dam will be built, flooding 100 acres, and making a lake approximately two miles long, with a shore line of between four and five miles. There will be boating, fishing, bathing, and all the sports at such a place. An 18-hole golf course will be made. The membership is limited to 400, at $500 per share. This move is totaled at $200,000. So it goes in this land of wonders. So Blowing Rock grows and develops for the benefit of the thousands who will visit this marvelous country annually.

The beautiful in nature, in the Blwing Rock country, is not all seen from the mountain tops. There is loveliness in the valleys. One of the prettiest to be found in any country, is the "Happy Valley," in Caldwell county, beginning at Patterson, on the Lenoir-Blowing Rock highway, and extending along the Yadkin river some twelve miles down to Blackstone, framed in green

mountains, with pleasing plateaus, luxuriating in fine grain crops, and all of the beautiful flora and fruits this section is noted. It is a valley of delight and charm. Hospitable people and happy homes. Pastoral life in a pastel picture of natural beauty.

The Patterson School.

This is the life! I am reveling amid the quacking of ducks; the gobble of turkeys and "peep" of the little turks; the cackle and clucking of hens, with their broods of little biddies; the lowing of cows and blate of calves; the whinney of horses; the call of the "Bob Whites" to their mates across the moor; the singing of wildwood birds; and the yodle, merry songs, and whistling of the young farmer boys, as they in early morn proceed to their duties on the farm at the Patterson School, the eleemosynary institution established for the education of mountain boys, who have ambition, but no means, to work their way through in obtaining an education. The school is growing, and overflowing with applications. More equipment is needed, and needed badly. The crops are fine and food stuffs are raised sufficient to feed the school yearly, but not enough to pay salaries of teachers. A great work is being done here, little known throughout North Carolina, but its influence, and good work is widening and extending like the circles from a pebble thrown into a lake.

17-Year Locusts Are Here.

The Seventeen-year locusts have appeared all over this valley and throughout the Blowing Rock section. Their entomological name is Cicada Septendecim. They have a life of seventeen or thirteen years, which is spent under ground in a larva condition. After emerging they quickly turn to an adult condition and live a few weeks; laying eggs in slits made in twigs. In this part of the country the ground is literally honey-combed with holes from which they came. The trees everywhere are marred and scarred with dead twigs and leaves, where they have passed, and deposited their eggs. It gives the forests a very unsightly appearance.

"Happy Valley" Community Fair.

It was the "Happy Valley" Community Club, with the co-operation of other organizations and citizens in the valley, that inaugurated the first community fair in Caldwell county, holding their initial fair last September; and it was such a success that it has spurred the valley people to do bigger things this year. This fair will be held again on the 27th of this coming September, and preparations are being made for a good one. R. M. Jones is president, and T. E. Moore is secretary. A premium list has been published, giving a long string of what is desired to be entered, and the prizes for the various exhibits. It will be held at the Patterson School, which is becoming the center of a number of community activities in this delightful and beautiful valley.

The Poet of the Brushies

Mr. E. Roscoe Hall, of Wilkesboro, is now a member of the Patterson School faculty. He is a gentleman of considerable literary ability,

and a teacher of long standing, has written for the press for many years under the pseudnym of "Smiling Jonas." He's a smiling man. He also courts the Muses, and it is evident that he meditated upon coming to the "Happy Valley," and engage in teaching, for he has given us a poem to that effect. It is as follows, entitled.

Meditation

I like to walk in shady groves,
  Where winding brooklets flow,
And dream sweet dreams
  Of running streams,
And catch the sun's resplendent beams,
  Where ferns and lilies grow.
I ramble on the mountain tops,
  And watch the eagles soar;
Till reason reels,
  And twilight steals
Across the vales and fertile fields,
  Where science gathers lore.
I fain would scale the rocky steeps,
  Where nature reigns supreme;
With landscapes grand,
  On every hand
And God Himself is in command,
  And things are what they seem.
Sometimes I like the thunder's roar,
  The lightning's vivid flash;
When Vulcan flanks
  His maddened ranks,
And rushes through murky banks,
  In elemental clash.
In sundry moods I wander far,
  Forgetting earthly things;
Without a jar,
  From star to star,
I ride with Phoebus in his car,
  On thought's immortal wings.
Oh! nature, I would ever quaff,
  Nepenthe from thy store;
Till wisdom stands,
  With willing hands,
To carry out my least commands,
  And knowledge knows no more.

Patterson School Opened Tuesday

Surely Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Legerwood Patteson—who donated their beautiful country home, Palmyra, and the plantation surrounding it, to the education of mountain boys in the "Happy Valley"—myra, and the plantation surrounding it, in the "Happy Valley"—must have rejoiced with exceedingly great joy, when they looked down from the "mansions above," Tuesday on the opening of the 15th annual session of the Patterson School, and witnessed the enthusiasm and eagerness of the fifty or more husky boys who registered and clamored for their seats as pupils this year. Some ten or fifteen more are yet to come, not being able to get here on the opening day. The faculty is the same as last year with the exception of Mr. E. Roscoe Hall, of Wilkesboro, who takes the place of Mr. E. C. Smawly, who has gone to Florida. The opening exercises were full of earnest enthusiasm. The devotional part was conducted by James A. Robinson, of Durham, a warm friend of the school. Mrs. Chas. E. Gard, of Lenoir, another ardent friend of the school was present to enjoy the occasion.

First Caddy—"Do you like to caddy for Smith?"
Second Caddy—"Yes. There are never any clubs to carry home."

SCHOOLHOUSE PLANNING IN NORTH CAROLINA.

By John J. Blair

It has been my good fortune, since I became Director of Schoolhouse Planning in the State Department of Education in 1920, to visit up to December 1, 1922, ninety-six of the one hundred counties of North Carolina. Probably no one connected with the Department has immediately come in contact with more county superintendents, committeemen, and county boards than I have during this period. In attempting to respond to the requests that have poured into my office, I have been constantly on the road, and the tremendous size and extent of the State has greatly impressed me. When we consider that its mileage from East to West is as great as that from New York to Florida, and from North to South a distance of about 280 miles, it is easy to see that in order to comply with the demands of the school officials and other interested citizens who desire to improve their school plants, it has been necessary for me to be on the road practically all the time.

Just as the people have been interested in improving their agricultural status and the condition of their roads, so they have been equally as insistent that their school buildings are totally inadequate and that they must be enlarged or rebuilt altogether.

The era of schoolhouse planning really began immediately after the close of the World War, and was given irresistible momentum when the State authorized the Special Building Fund, which made it possible to lend to each county funds sufficient to provide one or more good school buildings.

The improvement in schoolhouse building and construction, and the enthusiasm over it, is not confined to any county, section, or locality, but is State-wide and universal. Boards of education and local committeemen are more and more impressed with the idea that education is the most profitable investment which the State can make. There are two phases of the subject which can not be too forcibly brought out and emphasized, namely: First, that it is not the part of wisdom to build for present needs alone. Records show that during the past generation the entire school plant has been built and then rebuilt a second time. The first period of rebuilding includes two decades from 1870-1900, a period of twenty years. From 1900-1920 the entire system, such as it was, was practically rebuilt, and at the end of this periods three-fourths of the entire plant, on account of dilapidation and decay, needed to be rebuilt again.

It is easy to see that on account of having built cheaply and of cheap material at least one-half the investment was lost. The lesson which architects and school authorities must draw from this is that in the building of schoolhouses only material of a permanent and lasting nature should be employed. Experience has taught us that all cop-

ing, cornices, and facings should be of such material as will not require paint or repair. It is the wisest economy in the end to use cement, stone, and brick, instead of wood, even in the erection of buildings of smaller type.

Second. Architects and school authorities have learned that no school buildings should be erected which is defective in arrangement, design, lighting, heating, or ventilation, and every provision made for personal service. Also, that in the erection of all buildings, boards of education should exercise such discretion as will safeguard the planning of buildings, to the end that all schoolhouses may be erected in such a manner as to give children and teachers the best possible chance to attend school under pleasant and comfortable surroundings.

Special consideration should be shown the teacher as well as the child in the development of a school system. A teachers' home is now regarded as a very necessary part of the school plant, for here, apart from noise and disturbing agencies, she may find rest and quiet and opportunity for study which is so essential in order that she may be enabled to do her best work.

Building Appropriations In Towns And Cities.

A short review of the school building situation previous to 1920 will be appropriate and enlightening. For a period of four years from 1914-1918 almost no building was accomplished, as the price of labor and material made it practically prohibitive. High prices continued until the fall of 1920, when they again began to approach the pre-war level. In the meantime the school population had entirely outgrown its accommodations. Everywhere crowded conditions prevailed, to such an extent that churches were used, and temporary rooms, frequently of barrack construction, were built upon the school grounds; in very many instances auditoriums were divided up into classrooms by means of partitions and curtains.

To meet this emergency a number of towns and larger cities held elections for bonds issues, most of which we promptly voted upon and carried. With the funds thus provided a building program of stupendous proportions was determined upon. The following cities of more than 10,000 inhabitants were enabled to proceed with their building operations:
Charlotte, Elizabeth City, Durham, Fayetteville, Gastonia., Greensboro, High Point, New Bern, Wilson, Raleigh, Rocky Mount, Salisbury, Winston-Salem.

This, together with an expenditure on the part of Asheville and Wilmington of $400,000 each, makes a total of $8,000,000.

Building operations in towns of from 5,000 to 10,000 under similar conditions include the following:
Concord, Greenville, Henderson, Hickory, Burlington, Lexington, Mount Airy, Reidsville, Leaksville, Spray, Statesville, Tarboro, Thomasville, Washington.

This makes a total for towns of this class of $1,545,000.

Building projects of splendid proportions were carried on in thirty towns of from 3,000 to 5,000 inhabitants, as follows:
Albemarle, Canton, Dunn, Elkin,

Graham, Hamlet, Kings Mountain, Laurinburg, Lenoir, Lincolnton, Lumberton, Marion, Monroe, Mooresville, Morganton, Newton, Oxford, Roanoke Rapids, Rockingham, Sanford, Shelby, Smithfield, Spencer, Wadesboro, Belmont, Forest City, Morehead City.

This makes a total for towns of this class of $1,479,000.

But you Can't.—Canvasser: "Can I see the lady of the house?"

Mrs. Wilks.—Yes, you can."

Canvasser.—"Well, madam, I am selling a can-opener which cannot be beaten. It opens any can that can be opened by a can-opener, and any can can be opened by this can-opener that can be opened by any can-opener. If you can show me a can, I can—"

But the door had shut.—The Way.

NOMENCLATURE OF TAR HEEL.

None save an honest to goodness Tar Heel could ever get North Carolina geography straight, says Prof. J. Henry Highsmith, of the State Department of Education, in the bulletin issued by the department.

If one expects to find any correlation or logical connection between the names of towns and counties, he is doomed to sore disappointment. There may be a great deal in a name in some instances, but not so locating towns and counties in the Old North State. There are all sorts of conditions and seeming inconsistencies, but the places are where they are, and the students must learn their whereabouts.

Where is Washington? Not in Washington county, where it should be, logically, rather than geographically considered, but in Beaufort county. Where is the town of Beaufort? In Carteret county, not in the county of its namesake.

Greensboro is not in Greene county, but in Guilford, and Greenville is in Pitt. Pittsboro is in Chatam. Lenoir county's capital is Kinston, while Lenoir is the county seat of Caldwell.

Henderson is in Vance county, while Vanceboro is in Craven. Hendersonville is properly named and placed in Henderson county, of which it is capital. Asheville, in the "Land of the Sky," is in Buncombe, far removed from Ashe county. Asheboro is in Randolph. Waynesville is a mountain resort, a Summer retreat, but Wayne county is in the eastern portion of the State. Jackson is the county seat of Northampton county, not Jackson county. Columbus county is decidely eastern, but the town of Columbus is in Polk county, one of the most mountainous in the State. Polkton is a small town in Anson, not Polk county.

Davidson should, of course, be in Davidson county, but it isn't—its in Mecklenburg. Rockingham isn't in Rockingham county, it's in Richmond. Franklin is not the seat of government, although it is in Franklin county; Franklin is the county seat of Macon. Macon is a small town in Warren county.

Hertford isn't in Hertford county

at all, it is in Perquimans. Yanceyville is in Caswell county, not Yancey.

Mooresville is found in Iredell county, not Moore. Graham is the county seat of Alamance, while Graham county's capital is Robbinsville.

Madison county is in the west; it's county seat is Marshall. The town of Madison is in Rockingham county.

Alexander is in Buncombe county, not in Alexander as one might expect.

Joy will be found in Burke, Harmony in Iredell, Luck in Madison, and Comfort in Jones.

Bachelor is in Craven county, far removed from Maiden in Catawba.

Many places may regard themselves as cities, but the real City is in Alleghany.

A Chip may be found in Montgomery, but for a Log one must go to Halifax.

There are undoubtedly, some unusual places in this State. For example: Bear Wallow, in Henderson; Bee Log, in Yancey; Bee Tree in Buncombe; Day Brook in Yancey; Ether in Montgomery; Bug Hill in Columbus, and Meat Camp in Watauga.

One would expect to find Governor's Island near the coast, at least, but it is in Swain county. Just so Albemarle should be near the water, but it is Stanly county. Alexander is in Buncombe county, though there is a county called Alexander.

The Beaux (Wilkes county,) George (Northampton,) Joe (Madison,) Henry (Lincoln,) and Frank (Avery,) will find Bessie in Jackson, Blanche in Caswell, Lena in Cumberland, Mabel in Watauga and Inez in Warren.

If in need of currency, one should go to Gold Hill, Rowan; or Cash corner, in Pamlico; or Cashiers, in Jackson.

If in need of wearing apparel go to Coats (Harnett,) or Denim (Guilford.)

There is Balm in Avery, Devotion in Surry and Concord in Cabarrus.

There are some people who think Henry Ford is the greatest man living today and many thousands who want to see him made President of the United States, but Henry has a wife who is entitled to some consideration from the public.

Recently some women and girls wearing overalls and short stockings —the attire of the city visitors of the Michigan resort—they approached Mrs. Henry Ford and requested the autograph of the wife of the richest man in this country.

But instead of the signature of the distinguished woman they received something better than her name on paper. They received these words:

"You ladies and girls are showing very poor taste and worse judgment in coming into town garbed as you are, without skirts or dresses. I do not want to sign my name for you and prefer not to look at you. I resent your idea of dress."

This country needs some more women like Mrs. Ford.—Catawba News Enterprise.

YOUR MOTIVES.

(Salisbury Post)

Our motive—the mysterious impulses that cause us to do things—usually are more interesting than the things we actually do.

The other day 10,000 people, watching the ponies perform on an eastern race track, abruptly lost all interest in the races when a big fire started in the stables. That was natural, since nobody is ever too busy to stop and watch a fire. We get that from our fire-worshipping ancestors.

Trapped in the wooden stables were 150 thoroughbred horses. Spectators by the hundreds rushed forward to help in the rescue. Many dramatically braved the flames and dashed into the roaring furnace to wrap blankets around the horses' heads and lead them out. (Just why a horse refuses to leave a burning building is another mystery, never satisfactorily explained.)

Out of the 150 horses, only nine perished. The rest were rescued—by people who had no direct interest in them. Why did they risk death to save the horses?

The rescuers wouldn't have rushed into the flames to save a cat or a useful beast such as a cow, sheep, hog or chicken. Only dogs or horses (occasionally people) appeal to the rescuers.

For one thing, the rescuers were responding to an instinct inherited from the days when savage dogs helped fight the enemy and wild beasts, and horses were indispensable in combat and for travel and flight.

The dog and the horse helped man over the rough bumps until he got in sight of civilization. Being indispensable, they naturally simply had to be saved in ancient times. To lose one's dogs in the Far North or one's horse in crossing the plains was often a matter of losing one's life. That's why they hung horse thieves in frontier days. Value was not a consideration.

Horses and dogs no longer are indispensable to most of us, but our inherited instinct still leads us into flames to rescue them.

Another angle of the psychology of the race horse rescuers is that the race had worked them into the frenzy of emotion without which the average person is backward about playing hero at the risk of life or limb.

They had their conscious and subconscious selves about nine-tenths concentrated—focused—on race horses. These horses to them temporarily were the most important things in the world—the horses in the stables, waiting to perform, as well as the ones on the track.

Get a man concentrated on anything (autohypnosis) and he'll fight if you try to take it away. Reach for a match or any worthless object on which a man has absent-mindedly concentrated, and watch him grab quickly to stop you.

You can't imagine a race horse trying to rescue a man.

The best metals lose their sparkle unless brightened by use.—Lincoln.

PHYSICAL IMPERFECTION OF AMERICAN YOUTH.

(Houston Post)

War department records disclose that in the examination of applicants for admittance into the citizens' training camps, about the same percentage of the applicants show physical defects as was shown during the examination of the men selected for service during the war. The suprisingly large number not meeting physical requirements disillusions many who have believed that the average young man in America is physically perfect.

Examinations last year showed that 470 out of 1,000 applicants were possessed of physical faults which interfered with their performance of military duty promptly, though not altogether. Nearly 5 per cent were disqualified entirely.

But there is a brighter side to this story. The records further show that the training works wonders in improving the physical condition of the men. After a month in a training camp, the average gain in weight is three pounds, and the chest expansion is materially increased. Minor defects have tended to dissapear, indicating that under a prolonged period of training a state of physical perfection would be approached.

The physical benefits conferred by the army training camps are by no means the least important. They are helping to build a stronger physical American manhood.

It is feasible, of course, for only a limited number of young men to enter these camps each summer. For that reason that the service of the camps in this respect is necessarily limited. But the camps prove the value of the training, which suggests that other agencies in civil life could lay greater stress on physical training.

Why have not the schools given greater attention to physical education? While some of the larger schools have gymnasiums, the great majority do not, and in virtually all schools, physical exercises and engagements in sports is voluntary with the student. The practice of developing specialists in the athletic field discourages the average student, and the majority only watch and applaud the others.

The percentage of physical defects in American youth could be materially lowered if there were a more universal participation in athletics in the schools and colleges. Fewer star performers and more average players on the athletic fields may mean less exciting and less scientific games, but a stronger American citizenry.

Forty years ago as the evening shades began to gather parents would send their children after the cows. Now if they had any cows they would probably send them after the children.—Sampson Democrat.

WITHIN THE STONE COVERS.

By Earnest L. Thurston

Large stones, long left undisturbed within the garden area, or small planks hidden and forgotten under a covering of grass and weeds, are like the covers of a printed book. Turn them back, and there are interesting stories to be read, illustrated with unusual and surprising pictures.

The stories, practically always, are Nature stories. They are not recorded in printed type, but in signs and pictures that one may read according to his interest and to his knowledge. And the characters in them are not lifeless make-believes, but living creatures running across the earth page, telling something of their own story.

Familiar as many insects and garden creatures are, when seen in the grass, or in vegetable rows, or on walk or fence, they take on new interest, disclose unexpected tricks or habits, when one turns back the stone. Really the roof is taken from over their heads and glimpses are had of their hidden life. One doesn't know his garden life until he has looked beneath the stones.

In my garden has rested for a long time a piece of ten-inch plank —all that is left of a narrow cross-walk. At other points are five large, flat stones. These serve no material purpose, so far as the regular affairs of the garden are concerned. In fact, they are somewhat in the way when it comes to proper garden cultivation. They are kept simply for the stories they cover. Come with me while we open these garden books.

Here is the plank, perhaps eight feet long. Before I lift it I prod lightly a dull, spotted rough spot near one end. After an instant, up comes a head, a wide mouth gapes open and beady black eyes roll sleepily. Seeing I really mean it, the old garden toad, an acquaintance of several years standing, pulls himself lazily from the knot-hole and hops off to the shelter of some beets. Probably he hopes I will not be seized with a fever to hoe the beets, but will let him rest in peace until dusk.

The knot-hole just fits his body. Resting, head down, in it he appears to the casual observer simply a part of the board. He is fully aware of its concealment value. Underneath, turning back the board, is disclosed his nest, soft-lined with fiber and grass.

But it isn't the nest that claims first attention. For a fraction of a second, perhaps, there seems to be no life there. Then there is a turmoil. If ever insects show surprise, some do now, in the wild panic of their fright. Yet there is little lost motion. In a moment or so most of the creatures have found new hiding places and quiet reigns once more.

But in that moment much is to be seen. An earwig goes scurrying to cover. Really he leaves in such a hurry, tumbling and twisting, he gives the impression of becoming entangled in his many legs. From almost the same starting point a gray ground spider sprints for cover, then changes his mind and

speeds away over the bare earth. He travels two hundred times his own length in a period of time in which a horse could cover only twenty lengths.

A small brown beetle, taking thought after the ostrich, considers he is properly concealed when he has forced his hard head under a twig. Other creatures dive, burrow, fly and run to shelter, too rapidly for us to take account of them.

Perhaps thirty small gray bugs remain. There were more of them but some disappeared at once, either by burrowing under the earth or by taking advantage of convenient cover of other kinds. Those left are seemingly indifferent, or are moving slowly in search of the damp they like. The largest are barely a half-inch long. Their legs are so short as to be barely visible. With their flat-oval bodies, rounded at one end, somewhat pointed at the head end, they suggest miniature armored tanks.

They are not especially attractive creatures. For one thing they are too fond of dampness and decay —of mouldy wood, of wet, soggy, mildewed grass. But they have one trick that calls for attention.

Pick up a half-dozen. No, they do not bite. Presto! You find in your hand six perfectly round gray balls that may be rolled back and forth. Here is protection for you. Seen on the ground, in this shape, they are unnoticeable. So perfectly do they roll up, it is difficult to find the "seam."

Now they suggest their common name—armadillo bugs. Taking a hint from their animal namesakes, they protect their soft underbodies, by rolling into balls, with their hard upper crust outermost.

But the stones await us. Some of them are like surprise packages. They offer no clue to what is beneath. Others give a hint. What I found on some previous glimpse within the covers may not be there noted a tiny pile of sand, hollowed now. Tenants change frequently. the open. Under one edge is to be

Here is a wide, flat stone, out in out, empty-jawed. We may follow ants are traveling in, laden with way. It leads to the chicken run these latter twenty feet along particles of food. Others are coming to an opening in the center. Red what is evidently their main high- Clearly I am feeding more than poultry.

But, back again. Lift the stone carefully, but quickly. The result is like lifting the roof from a great apartment building. For the moment a few inhabitants only are visible. Two or three are handling particles of food. Others are working among the many white pupae—young ants in process of transformation—which are stored in the uncovered passages.

The few ants scurry about, and disappear like magic down various openings. After a moment of quiet there is an eruption. From visible and concealed doorways the ants flood out. The pupae are sized and hustled below. The bits of food follow . Certain openings are closed, on others repairs begin. There had seemed to be panic and confusion but almost instantly it resolves itself into orderly and effective action.

Probably this ant colony never has

been disturbed in this way before. Yet it meets the emergency efficiently. Probably the few ants who seem to run around excitedly simply are assessing damages. If we did not at once return the roof to its place, the colonists undoubtedly would commence an earth cover without delay.

The red ants seem more excitable, when disturbed, than do some of the black ants, but I have yet to find an ant colony that failed to decide quickly on a course of action to meet an emergency.

The second stone is located in a shady corner, where ground and grass hold the moisture. Clearly it has been disturbed not long since, for it does not sit tight in its old bed. Turn it back.

Armadillo bugs and sundry beetles hunt cover. But two gray objects, thickly spotted and splotched with black, keep their sticky, shiny four inches of length entirely quiet for a moment. The heads are slightly raised, two hornlike projections are thrust forth from each, and we know that two pair of eyes are studying the situation. So this is where these giant garden slugs have hidden during the heat of the day! Signs of their night feasting on late garden produce have not been lacking. Now they stand revealed.

Here is achance to secure a specimen to test its remarkable power to follow a scent. Put one in the cellar. Place some appetizing vegetable food far away—perhaps upstairs in the kitchen. Overnight, if an open passage possibly can be found, and nothing tempting appears on the way, it probably will put in an appearance at the feast.

An angry "Zumm!" the threatening circling of some tiny creature around our heads, and the appearance of another similar creature from under the stone's edge, almost between our fingers, raise a question about opening the third stone book. Withdraw, and the angry bumblebees, after a flirt or two, go off to the flower beds. Among the blossoms they are friendly and familiar. Here, well that's another matter.

To turn back the cover undoubtedly would disturb the waxed coating of the burrow. Such helpful, serviceable creatures they are, it seems a pity to drive them off, or to make them extra work. This book shall remain closed.

An examination of the fourth stone, which lies out in the open, discloses a small hole leading under one side. There are signs of frequent use. But there are no warning notes radioed to us. One suspects a field mouse; there are many about. Lift the stone quickly.

Mouse? Oh,no! Rather, a real surprise. A coiled green spring, striped with yellow, suddenly sprouts a head at its center. Beady eyes glitter and a red, forked tongue flickers rapidly. Then the little grass snake unwinds and slips, panic-stricken, into the grass. At once its protective coloring makes it practically invisible. I had wondered where the harmless creature lived. Here is its cozy nest, warm and dry.

The last stone comes up easily from its root-lined hollow. A black beetle takes wing, to speed its escape. A cricket hesitates, then leaps away. We shall hear him singing soon. A brown spider, surprised in his hunting, scurried off hotfoot.

Last of all an escaping bluish ant is glimpsed.

When its concealing leaf is lifted the ant proves to be a beetle. As fingers reach for it, "puff," an acrid smoke cloud rises. Presto! The beetle is gone. This is a find, indeed, although further search discloses that the "find" is gone. The bombardier beetle, with his odd trick of escape, is not a common fellow.

The covers all are turned back. But come another day. Others characters will show upon the earthen pages. As cold weather coms, insects anxious for safety will work under, for the stones shut off the frost and chill until late. So, within the stone covers, garden life persists longer than in those more exposed portions where most frequently we look for it and it is certainly well worth our time and careful study.

Old Colored Mammy—"Ise wants a ticket fo' Florence."

Ticket Agent (after ten minutes of weary thumbing over railroad guides)—

"Where is Florence?"

Old Colored Mammy—"Settin' over dar on the bench."—Princeton Tiger.

GEORGE RABB, THE PATRIOT.

By W. M. Moore

On a recent visit to Newton the writer discovered a little romance of intense interest. On one of the rustic seats on the courthouse lawn of Catawba's capital, there was seated an honored Confederate veteran who had gone beyond the four-score mark by two years, and by his side was his bride, a silver-haired, refined woman of 74 summers. The face of the veteran—George W. Rabb, known and admired by possibly every native citizen of Catawba county—is familiar to everybody in Newton, where he is familiarly recognized as "Uncle George" Rabb. His white hair is now thin and he wears a gray mustache and chin whiskers. One leg is missing—a constant reminder, as he has moved around on his crutches or "peg" for the past six decades, of the awful tragedy of the war between the states. Mr. Rabb is a farmer, manufacturer, school builder, business man, legislator, having devoted the best part of his life to the upbuilding of his native county, and he is recognized as one of Catawba's most substantial, useful and beloved citizens.

The little white-haired woman by his side, a recent bride, is descended from one of the best families in the celebrated Valley of Virginia. While Mr. Rabb was in a Virginia hospital for treatment following the loss of his leg in 1864, a bright, beautiful auburn-haired maiden of 14 summers nursed him, brought him food and clothing, and showed him every possible attention and kindness during the three months of critical illness

which developed from the wounded limb. The medical and surgical attention afforded by the confederacy at that time was entirely inadequate —the best, however, that the lost cause could provide—and it is likely that the volunteer nursing and attention given by the little girl in question and the other good women of the Old Dominion saved Mr. Rabb's life. After the war, Mr. Rabb returned to his native county, married a Miss Robinson and lived happily with her for fifty years, her death occurring in 1916, leaving no children. During this period of more than half a century he never forgot the kindness of the little Virginia girl; four years after his first wife died, he got into correspondence with the attractive nurse of his youth—Miss Sallie Cullers, of Woodstock, Va.—then a maiden of three score and ten years, "fixed it up" with her and they were united in happy wedlock. The bride does not wear the natural roses in her cheek nor does she possess the twinkle of eye charcteristic of a blushing maiden of "sweet sixteen," but in her bright cheerful face there is a picture of sunshine, culture, refinement and the reflex of a noble life and character of surpassing beauty—a beauty which does not fade by the lapse of time, but grows more and more attractive as the years come and go.

The first company of volunteers that left Catawba county in April, 1861, included George W. Rabb, a patriot of the first rank. The company went to Norfolk and at Hampton Roads Mr. Rabb witnessed the historical naval battle between the Monitor and Merrimac, viewed the destruction of three vessels by the Confederates. "I saw the whole thing," said Mr. Rabb, who added, "I have twice since seen a panorama of the fight and think it very fine."

Leaving Norfolk and going to Richmond, Mr. Rabb was in the McClelland campaign which started at Mechanicsville. "In the seven days' fight at Cold Harbor there were 37 of my company wounded, but none were killed on the field," he said.

"Next we went to the Valley of Virginia and over into Maryland where we fought the Yankees at South Mountain, then back to Sharpesburg (the hardest fight we ever had;) that campaign was closed by our return into Virginia.

"In December, 1862, we fought at Fredericksburg. Here we helped the Yankees bury their dead. During that winter we picketed on the Rappahannock river, the Yankees on one side of the river and our army on the other. Here we made a contract with the Yankees not to shoot without notice. "Lie down, Johnnie, I'm going to shoot,' a Yankee would yell when ordered by an officer to fire on our men. We played games and had a good social time with the Yankees during the seven weeks we were on the Rappahannock.

"We next fought at Chancellorsville. Here I was wounded twice, on the evening that General Stonewall Jackson was killed. I was taken to a Richmond hospital and later transferred to Salisbury on my way home on a furlough. In November, 1863, I re-joined my command up on the Rappahanock. After spending the winter at Taylorsville station we were called to the Wilderness fight where, on May 6th, General

Sedgewick, commander of the sixth army corps, was killed. At this place a Yankee lieutenant and a dozen privates surrendered to Bill Cline and me.

"At Spotsylvania courthouse, on the evening of May 10, the Yankees charged our breastwork, capturing them; our brigade (Johnston's) charged and retook the place. On the morning of the 12th, the Yankees captured Johnston's division in the horseshoe; our brigade was called on to retake that place, but didn't get properly formed and ran into the Yankees, three of my company being killed within two feet of me. I was missed. That fight was the hottest I was ever in.

"Moving back into the Valley of Virginia, we routed the enemy at Harper's Ferry; Dan Warlick, Lee Summers and I charged a squad of cavalry in the streets of Charlestown, fired into them, knocked one off and ran them to Harper's Ferry. We helped to take the fort, then crossed into Maryland and fought at Frederick city, routed them there and followed them under their guns under Washington city. From there we came back to Virginia and fought up and down the Valley at different points. The Yankees were robbing the people of everything they had. We followed them from Lynchburg to Liberty and charged and routed them. On the night of the 19th we fought on the Berryville pike at Winchester. We retreated to Fisher's Hill in the night.

"At Fisher's Hill I was on the sharp-shooter's line, one and one-half miles from the front line of battle. I tore down a fence and made me a good pit. I shot 11 times before the Yankee minie ball struck my right leg at the knee and ranged downard, coming out ot the heel. A cavalryman threw me astride his horse and took me back to the company doctor; later I was taken to brigade headquarters and at 10 o'clock that night, four hours after I was shot, my leg was amputated.

"I was then taken to the Methodist hospital at Woodstock, in the Valley of Virginia. Two days after I entered this hospital, complications developed and my leg had to be amputated the second time. No one thought I would recover. The ladies of the town prepared our food and gave us every attention that could be given anybody—we could not have fared better at home. There I learned my present wife when she was 14 years of age. I stayed in the hospital from September, 1864, until January1, 1865, when I left for home.

"While in the hospital at Woodstock, my present wife, Miss Sallie Cullers, the little red-headed girl, was always kind to me and showed me a great deal of friendliness and kindness. I learned to know her then and never forgot her. She kept my clothes clean and often brought me something good to eat. I could not help but like her. I remember Sallie bringing me a good big eggnog on Christmas morning, 1864. Her mother kept jars of yeast going all the time to make poultices for the soldiers' wounds. Sallie's father made me my first crutches.

"I came home and married Miss Robinson in 1866. We lived together for fifty years, her death occuring in 1916. I kept in touch with Miss Cullers, meeting her at various reunions, and she was once a visitor

in my home during my first wife's lifetime. She never married. Four years after my wife died, Sallie and I fixed it up and married."

When Mr. Rabb came home from the war, he started life at the bottom, handicapped by the loss of one limb. When he married the first time he had to borrow money with which to purchase his license. He went into the shoe repairing business and continued in that line for fifteen years. Then he went in with Mr. Carpenter and built a cotton mill, later, they enlarged and built another cotton mill. He was one of the founders of Lenior college, at Hickory, and has always been a staunch supporter of that institution. He served as county treasurer of Catawba for eight or ten years, and in 1910 he was elected a member of the State Legislature. He was one of the organizers of the Home Fire Insurance Company, of Newton, and is still a director in that organization.

Most of Mr Rabb's life has been spent on the farm. A few years ago he moved to Newton and now occupies a comfortable home on First street. During his career since the war, Mr. Rabb has paid out $8,000 or $9,000 in security money.

SEPTEMBER.

September slender crescent grows again,
  Distinct in yonder peaceful evening red.
  Clearer the stars are sparkling overhead,
And all the sky is pure, without a stain.
Cool blows the evening wind from out the
      west,
  And bows the flowers, the last sweet
      flowers that bloom,—
  Pale asters, a heavy waving plume
Of goldenrod, that bends as if opprest.
The summer's songs are hushed. Up the
      lone shore
  The weary waves wash sadly, and a grief
  Sounds in the wind, like farewells fond
      and brief.
The cricket's chirp but makes the silence
      more.

—The Atlantic Year Book

THE FAMILY REUNIONS.

(Monroe Journal)

No custom has grown more rapidly or become quite so extensive in the social life of the people of Union county as the family reunions. A few years ago very few such events took place. Now they run all through the summer all over the county. They are almost as popular as the old time protracted meetings which we still have with us.

If it were necessary, The Journal might say a good word for the family reunion as it is held in this county. But it is not. It stands for itself. It must have unusual merit; otherwise it would not be so extensive a custom.

The family reunion has become to be in fact a neighborhood event. Begun first as a mark of respect for some old person who was to be made happy by the gathering of his relatives for a day, it has spread until it has become a neighborhood picnic, where all the neighbors as well as the kin meet and have a good time, with speaking, music, and other forms of entertainment. But most of all it is a social occasion wherein the folks meet and talk, renew old friendships and sometimes make new ones. These events should be kept of this character. They should not be an excuse for the commercial enterprise of any one who wants to get a crowd together in order to sell something.

The upkeep of family ties is a good thing in this day when the tendency is to separate. Modern conditions are such that families rarely ever remain close together in neighborhoods as of old, and one day at least in the year is none too much to devote to keeping up the ties that tend to fall apart. Civilization depends upon the integrity of the home and the family life. Everything that tends to preserve this is good. Family pride, based upon mutual affection, mutual regard, and mutual achievement, is good.

THE NATIONAL CHURCH ATTENDANCE MOVEMENT.

A movement has been started in New York, says a religion exchange, to impress upon the American people the need of regular and general attendance upon services of the Church. In that city particularly, things have come to such a desperate pass as to make such a movement a necessity. Of the entire so-called Protestant population, hardly one-tenth may be seen in the churches save on very special occasions. Nor is the case much better in other cities. We have had occasion recently to ascertain how, even in the case of well-meaning church members, this indifference to attending worship has taken root; with what ease people can persuade themselves that they miss little or nothing when they stay at home, or spend Sunday away from both home and church. We have in

mind a man who in his younger days was most devoted in his attendance both at the regular services and in Sunday school. Today he is virtually a stranger in both places and yet considers himself a member. As he is a good eater, we asked him how many meals he ate each day, and without guessing our purpose, he answered, "Three." We then asked him why he didn't stop eating for a week, and he smiled as if such an omission were unthinkable. We then asked him how many services he had missed during the year—and he saw the point.

That goes to the root of the matter. If there are so many lean and starving Christians, why is it? They go through the year with very little nourishment. They do not get it in the House of God, and they do not seek it in their homes. If they treated their bodies as they treat their souls, they would be under the sod in less than six months. Many who complain that much is wrong with the church would find the answer in the discovery of what is wrong with themselves. It is when people neglect the means of grace that they lose all interest in the Church, and then join the multitude who turn the Holy Day into a graceless holiday. There is need of a National Church Attendance Movement. Reader, join it—and get others to do likewise.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Paul Funderburk.

The wagons at the barn are being kept in the basement of the new granary.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The work force last week widened the road in front of the granary about six feet.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The new furniture for the Cannon Building is being uncrated and put in place.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Several hundred bushels of tomatoes were gathered last week, they will probably be canned by Mr. Kennett and his boys.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The work force on last Monday, August the 27th, fixed the flower beds behind the Cannon Building.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Many changes are to be made in the band, as so many of the band boys have been paroled new ones will have to fill their places.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The boys of the 2nd cottage had about 30 large watermelons on last Sunday afternoon, the 25th. The boys all enjoyed them very much.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Walter Mills has been given a position in the Laundry. Master Mills has been suffering with a cut foot, but is now well and back on the job again.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The boys all had a fine time at the ball ground on last Saturday,

August the 24th, although there was no game played with an outside team. The boys chosed sides and had a good game.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The Mowry Construction Company is having the highway plowed up, and it will soon be ready to have the concrete and asphalt laid down. We are all glad to know that we will have no more bad roads to contend with.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

On last Friday, August the 24th, the afternoon school section had started in for a good ball game, when a big watermelon feast interupted them, the boys all came up on the campus, and enjoyed the feast together.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Mr. R. S. Huntington, of Greenville, paid a visit to the boys of the 1st cottage. Mr. Huntington has taken a great interest in the boys, he distributed among the boys a large amount of candy, he also told many funny jokes and stories, which the boys greatly enjoyed.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The following boys were visited by relatives or friends on last Wednesday, August 21th: Ernest Cobb, Charles Padgett, Floyd Ruth, O'dell Ritchie, Frank Stone, Earl Houser, Johnnie Wright, Johnnie Gray, and Frank Lisk.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Rev. Mr. Thomas, of the Luthern Church, of Concord, delivered a very interesting sermon to the boys on last Sunday, August the 25th. The services were enjoyed by all who heard him. Rev. Mr. Goodman also made a short talk to the boys.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Frank Lisk left for his home in High Point last Sunday, August the 26th. Master Lisk will return to the institution next Saturday, Frank has not been paroled but soon will be Frank will return to the institution to take up the work of Mr. George Cannon, who resigns to be with his father who is very ill.

THE GIRL WE ALL LIKE.

The girl who is sunny.
The girl who has a heart.
The girl who is cultured and refined.
The girl who appreciates good music.
The girl who has a conscience, and lives up to it.
A girl who is trustworthy.
The girl whose voice is well modulated.
The girl who stands for the right, alone if need be.
The girl who is true to her friends.
The girl who sings from her heart.
The girl who knows how to say "no" to that which is wrong.
The girl who takes a real interest in her home.
The girl whose eyes are wide open to see the good in others.
The girl who confides in her mother.
The girl whose religion shines in her life.—Selected.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

Popular Excursion

To

Washington, D. C.

Friday, August 31, 1923.

Round Trip Fare From Concord, N. C.

$10.50

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Charlotte	9:05 p. m.	$11.00
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China Grove	10:00 p. m.	10.50
Salisbury	10:25 p. m.	10.00

Arrive Washington 8:50 A. M. Sept. 1st.

A rare opportunity to visit the Nation's Capital.

Tickets good 4 days and 3 nights Washington.

This is a fine opportunity to spend the week-end and Labor Day in this beautiful city.

Tickets good returning on all regular trains (except No. 37) up to and including train No. 33 leaving Washington, D. C. 9:35 pm, September 4th, 1923.

Tickets good in day coaches and pullman sleeping cars.

Make your sleeping car reservations early.

For detailed information apply to ticket agents or address:

R. H. GRAHAM,
Division Passenger Agent
Charlotte, N. C.

THE UPLIFT

XI CONCORD, N. C. SEPTEMBER 8, 1923 No. 43

POVERTY.

Who walks beside a rosebud
And does not sense its bloom,
Its lovely form and color,
Its delicate perfume;
Who walks beneath the heavens
And does not see the sky,
The sunrise and the sunset,
The tints that glow and die;
Who treads a rural pathway
And never hears a bird,
Nor notes the trembling grasses
A passing breeze has stirred;
Who dwells among his fellows,
And sees them pass his door,
Nor ever hears their heartbeats
Is pitifully poor.

—Kind Words.

—PUBLISHED BY—

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-setting by the Boys Printing Class. Subscription Two Dollars the year in Advance.

JAMES P. COOK, *Editor*, J. C. FISHER, *Director Printing Department*

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IN SEPTEMBER

On quilted hills of pleating green and brown,
The plowman turns the weeded stubble down,
And earth rewards him at his noontide ease
With green-leaf moving, brown-haybreathing breeze.
—The Living Age.

LOCAL PEOPLE ENTIRELY WELCOME.

The management of the institution did not send out any invitations locally (Concord and the county) to the interesting exercises to be held at the Jackson Training School on next Tuesday at 3 P. M. It was a dangerous thing to undertake, besides impossible—impossible because of not being able to reach all by special written or printed invitations; dangerous, for not to send to all shows a partiality, which is foreign to our purpose.

This is a blanket invitation to every gentleman and lady in Cabarrus county, assuring them not only of a hearty welcome to the institution to share with us the pleasures of the occasion, but a manifestation of our expecting to see you.

The campus will be open at 2 P. M., and all are welcome to visit the James Cannon Memorial Building and to give the general plant a look-over; at 3 o'clock the programme of the day will begin. The officials crave an outpour-

ing of the good people of the community, to contribute their presence and show their interest in the occasion, and giving to the distinguished visitors that attention which they richly deserve not only for themselves but on account of the high offices they fill.

The youngesters—340-strong are terribly excited; they are looking forward to the pleasure of seeing a real live governor and seeing the biggest tax-collector in all the world.

* * * * * * *

A NEW INDUSTRY.

There has grown up in the state a most important industry in the matter of building school truck bodies. In every county that has been attuned to a spirit of progress there is a large demand for these school trucks to convey children to and from modern school buildings. Of course, in Cabarrus these trucks are not needed, the authorities having been sound asleep to the responsibilities of their positions, to say nothing of an actual opposition on the part of a portion of the authorties towards any further public school development.

A week ago one of these attractive trucks, headed for Durham county, and labelled in large, speaking letters along the side "Durham County Public Schools," passed through Concord. It paused for a few minutes in front of the court house, but the executive officer lost an incentive to progress educationally by failing to go out to see this modern school equipment. The beautiful conveyance, that spoke a consideration for rural childhood, stopped a while in Mt. Pleasant, but there is no record that the school official that resides there had the opportunity to gather any inspiration by seeing it.

* * * * * * *

STRICKEN JAPAN.

The earthquake and the fires following have left in their wake the greatest destruction of life and property in the history of the world. It is so appalling that one cannot grasp the largeness of it all. The destruction was of such a character and so far removed that it will be days before an accurate account of the catastrophe will be available.

It seems that at this writing that Tokio and Yokohama are practically destroyed, and just how far into the interior of Japan the earthquake wrought destruction is not now known. Various estimates of the loss of life runs from 100,000 to 500,000. It is said that it is easier to count the living than it would be the dead.

Surely, in the midst of life we are in death; and man, with all his might

and boasted greatness, is simply a nothing pitted against nature.

* * * * * * *

ATTEMPTING AN INFLATION.

With all the work available at good wage and salary, it is announced that sharps and crooks have put into circulation two classes of counterfeit 20-dollar bills. Both are supposed to be issues of the Federal Reserve Bank at Chicago.

There has always been a class amongst us that are never satisfied. The evil-doer usually spends as much time and more ingenuity in pulling a crooked act, whose profiit is even smaller than an honest act produces and all dangers are eliminated. It is, however, some comfort to a large class of our fine citizenship and especially the editors, that this infraction of the law by putting into circulation spurious twenty-dollar bills will not affect them—everybody doesn't handle twenty-dollar bills.

* * * * * * *

THE SUN ON THE 10th.

Forewarned is forearmed. Those, who are not superstitious, will attach no special significance to the darkness coming over the earth on next Monday—it is just simply a total eclipse of the sun. The ignorant, if not advised of the interesting occurrence, may conclude that the world is "coming to an end." All chickens will regard it a short day and that roosting time is at hand, and make a break for the hen-house or the trees.

The eclipse will occur in the afternoon, beginning in central North Carolina at 3:35 P. M. The total phase will be visible in Southern California and Mexico. The greatest eclipse will be at 4:35 and ending at 5:35.

* * * * * * *

THE 11th. IS THE DAY.

We look forward to having as guests hundreds of the best people of the state, who will join us in the official opening of the Cannon Memorial. The press of the state has made a pleasing reference to this important event in the growth and life of the Jackson Training School. Among the notices are the following from the Charlotte Observer and the Greensboro News, respectively:

> The James William Cannon Memorial building at Jackson Training School now stands completed and furnished and is to have dedication at 3 o'clock on the afternoon of the 11th. An appropriate program has been arranged and the occasion will attract hundreds of friends of that institution. The campus will be thrown open to inspection by the

visitors an hour previous to the beginning of the dedicatory exercises and they will have the opportunity to come into an appreciation of the general equipment and appointments of the school. The Cannon Memorial was the gift of the widow of Mr. James W. Cannon, and it was equipped by his children. It is a noble contribution to one of the noblest charities in the State.—Charlotte Observer.

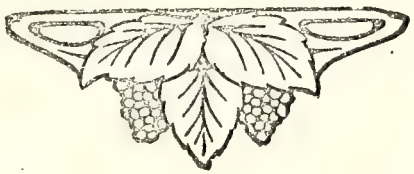
and

The Daily News acknowledges with thanks receipt of an invitation to attend the exercises marking the opening at the Jackson Training School of the James William Cannon Memorial Building, which will take place Tuesday, September 11. Surely, here is a form of memorial which would do honor to any man's memory. The curious thing is that so few of our wealthier citizens have realized it. For a man to leave behind him an addition to an institution of this sort is to have a hand in the shaping of all future generations, to insure that one's influence on the state shall continue to operate beneficently, long after one has passed from the scene.

The Cannon Memorial is of the sort that will work—that is to say, it will perpetuate the donor's memory as he would have it perpetuated, honorably. Its selection reflects credit upon the wisdom, as well as the generosity, of the giver.

* * * * * * *

"It is all very well for a girl to be expert in free hand drawing, but it isn't going to help her like being a free hand breadmaker. It is a fine thing for a girl to have a cultivated eye, so that she can distinguish a genuine old master from a good production at a glance, but what she is really going to need to know is to be able to tell spring lamb from old mutton at sight; to be a connoisseur in beef and pork that no butcher can fool her."



WORDS AND THINGS.

By R. R. CLARK

It is observed that the word "intrigue" is of frequent use in the literature of the day in the sense of "attract," or interest. "He intrigues me," according to modern usage means that he attracts me, holds my attention, interest, etc. Use of the word in this sense being new or uncommon, recourse was had to the books for information. A late copy of a standard dictionary gives no such meaning. "Intrigue" as defined in the books means plotting, scheming to effect some purpose by secret artifice; conspiricy, etc. Some one who questioned the use of the word in the modern sense mentioned wrote the Literary Digest about it, and that authority says the modern use is erroneous. In this connection interesting information about the word is given. Its use in the sense of "puzzle, trick or deceive" dates from 1699. Then the word fell into disuse until 1794, when it was revived; but it it was soon discarded and was not in common use again until 1894. Doubtless using the word in the sense of puzzle or confuse suggested the use in the modern sense of allure, attract, interest.

Words are being coined or brought into new relationship constantly. So be it understood that there is no contention here that one may not invent a new usage for "intrigue" and make it go. It is simply suggested that, according to pretty good authority, the modern usage is not yet recognized by standard authority.

In one of the current publications I read, "tooled his car off the road." Attention was arrested. Did "tooled his car off the road" mean that he had to use tools to get off. Presently "tooled" looked out from another article. Dr. Branson, writing from Germany, used the word in his article in Sunday's papers. And when "tool" was looked up it was found that one meaning is to drive or ride in a vehicle. So, when you are driving the auto you are "tooling" the car; and sometimes one has to "tool" it in the sense that we commonly use tool.

I could have left the impression that "tool" in the sense used is an old acquaintance of mine and got by with it. My ignorance is voluntarily exposed for the reason that in this little discussion of words and their use I distinctly do not lay claim to any special information. The idea behind it all is to suggest that a standard dictionary be kept handy and when a word not in common use appears, find out about it. This is especially desirable for young folks. The information thus gained will stay with them and will add much to their stock of general information.

It is recalled that the word truckle, truckled or truckling has at times been confused with truculent. Truckle means to yield or bend obsequiously to the will of another, to show servility. Truculent means ferocious, barbarous. One truculent in manner is ready for a disturbance, seeking to start something; while the truckling fellow is obsequious, servile, ready to lick one's boots to keep down ill-feeling. The words,

then, are almost opposite in meaning; and yet well-informed people have been known to use them in the same sense because they didn't take the trouble to examine the definitions. Words are frequently misused not alone by the ignorant but among people who are well-informed simply because they have formed the idea of the meaning from association with other words, without examination.

Some years ago the word "deodand" appeared in a Supreme Court decision (U. S. Court). It attracted attention because it was a stranger to the average layman, although familiar to the well read lawyer. Examination disclosed that the word comes from Deo dandum, "To be given to God;" a "thing to be forfeited to God." In old English law a thing which had been the immediate cause of the death of a person was given to God—forfeited to the crown and applied to pious uses, as distributed in alms. If a cart ran over a man and killed him, say the books, it was forfeited as a deodand. And this applied to domestic animals as well as inanimate things. A horse or an ox, responsible for the death of a person, became a deodand, accursed, and were forfeited and used for pious purposes only, the idea being to appease the wrath of God. Have you not seen one accidentally hurt by some inanimate thing fly into a passion and destroy that thing? Looked foolish and was a foolish yielding to temper, because the thing had no feeling and its destruction worked no injury on itself. Evidently that is a survival of the original idea of the deodand. And I have sometimes wondered if the deodand couldn't be revived with good effect in connection with the reckless use of automobiles. Thus when a machine injuries a pedestrian, an animal or anything, and it appears that it was the fault of the fellow "tooling" the machine, the machine be declared a deodand and forfeited to the injured party, which would be a pious use to make it. Under the old law the animal or thing doing the damage was declared a deodand regardless of whether it was the property of the person in chargge of it at the time or belonged to an innocent party. The automobiles used in the transportation of liquor are in a sense declared deodands; they are forfeited to the crown—the State. The law could be extended as suggested, so that the reckless operator of a machine would lose his car when it damaged person or property; and it might be well to to leave the forfeited car entirely to the discretion of the injured party. He could keep it and use it, could sell it and appropriate the proceeds, or, in the case of a pedestrian, if he could get more satisfaction by taking a sledge hammer and convertnig it into junk, that priviledge might be accorded him.

Speaking of law terms, we all know nol. pros., sci fa and similar terms as they appear in the court proceedings. And of course persons familiar with court procedure understand their use. But few laymen probably have felt interested to examine the meaning. It might be of interest here to say that sci fa is eire facia, "a judicial writ founded on some matter of record and requiring the party proceeded against to show cause why the record should not be enforced, annulled or vacated." Nol. pros. is "nolle prosequi" and means that

the prosecutor or plaintiff "will proceed no further in his action, or suit, either as a whole, or as to some count, or as to one or more of several defendants." "Nol. pros. with leave" is notice that the prosecution may be renewed if the prosecutor so decides. "Nolo contendere" which sometimes appears in the courts, is really a polite way of pleading guilty to a criminal charge. It means that the defendant is unable or unwilling to further contend, and while not admitting his guilt he enters the plea under which he may be punished the same as under a plea of guilty, although the plea does not prevent his denying the truth of the charges in a subsequent action. That is the advantage of a plea of nolo contendere over a plea of guilty or risking a conviction. One can be punished as guilty without admitting the truth of the charges and the record can not be used to his hurt in that respect.

Those who know all about the matters mentioned and much more of which I am in ignorance, are excused from reading this discussion of words. The purpose is to interest the young folks who may read THE UPLIFT and to whom some of the things mentioned may be new. And the special point of interest is the desirability of having a standard unabridged dictionary and as many reference books as possible accessible; and wherever there is access to such books look out the meaning of the words that attract your attention as new or uncommon, or those of which you are in doubt as to their full meaning and the correct sense in which they are used. If you get the habit you will find it interesting and exceedingly profitable as to information that will be of value. I don't mean the habit some people have of seeking out uncommon words and using the most high-sounding simply to attract attention and make a show of learning. That is abhorrent. The simplest words are usually the strongest and it is good sense not to use words above the heads of the average men. But it is gathering information that I am suggesting; and I belive it worth while.

CONQUERING DIFFICULTIES.

Every youth would like to attain success, honor and influence. But nearly every one fails. Why? Because there are difficulties in the way. What are these difficulties? The things that prevent achievement—the hard things. What is the customary way of treating them? To dodge them or slur them. Why should that be the common way? Because it is the easy way, of course.

To yield is easy; to resist is hard.

Grapple the first difficulty that comes up. Wrestle till you down it, if it takes till the break of the day. Get on top of it with both feet.—Archer Brown.

POSSIBILITIES IN CALDWELL COUNTY.

By Old Hurrygraph

The hope of better farming in Caldwell county is blossoming into beautiful fruition. Numerous instances are coming to light where the farmers are becoming aroused and deeply interested in the best methods of improving lands, and producing better crops. In some cases the results are wonderful. The guiding mind and hand of county agent D. W. Roberts is showing itself to a remarkable degree in the demonstrations he is carrying on in various parts of Caldwell county. There are no ifs and ands about it. Results speak for themselves. If the farmers keep on at the present rate of experiment, with its desirable results, Caldwell county will soon be in the lead of progressive farming, and vast quanties of worn-out lands will be reclaimed, and farmers will rejoice in their prosperity—a prosperity that never dawned upon them before in a like manner.

The Rufus T. Lenior Farm.

One instance in the Happy Valley, which is on the Yadkin river, is on the farm of Mr. Rufus T. Lenior, whose residence is the historic "Fort." This might be termed the Soy Bean test. At first Mr. Lenior was somewhat prejudiced against this bean. He was a great advocate of peas, and thought that the cow pea was pre-eminently the thing to improve land. Three years ago he planted 14 acres in peas, and not having enough peas, he used beans to fill out. All of this he turned under. He doubled his crop of corn the next year. This was his first experience with beans, and the corn where the beans were planted was so much better than that where the peas were planted, that he became a sudden convert to the use of beans; and has kept up the idea. Today he rejoices in one of the best bean crops down the Valley. He has 70 acres in beans, and 18 in peas. He plows reasonably deep, when the land is dry, and uses some lime and fertilizer; never cutting the pea and bean vines, but turns them under.

A Beautiful Field.

One field of beans, 14 acres, is one of the prettiest the eye ever beheld. Some of the stalks nearly waist high, and perfectly clear of weeds. He tells me that where you plant the Soy bean they smother out the weeds loosen up the ground, makes it easier to cultivate, to the extent of 50 per cent. "I was always for peas, not beans," said he, "but the beans have convinced me as being best for soil building and improvement of crops." And Mr. Lenoir added; "I give the beans a week's start of the weeds, by using a little lime and fertilizer." Mr. Lenior's experience thus far, this year, acting under the suggestions of the county demonstrator, is valuable to the entire county, and farmers elsewhere as well. Wherever he used them the improvement is marked. He has 25 acres in beans from which he expects to gather 400 bushels. Another 28 acres he will turn under, and plant corn. His present upland corn, planted where

there was beggar-lice roots, sassafras bushes, and with proper tractor plowing, turning under a crop of Soy beans, is over double what he expected to make. This is a demonstration with the bean that demonstrates. His entire farm is good to look at. The cultivation is coming up to a high mark of productiveness. He believes in the tractor proposition, if rightly handled; but does not think it advisible to put one in a field when the land is wet. His corn shows the difference where the soil has had beans turned under, and where not; the clover is great on land with beans where plowed under, with lime, and where no lime was used, and no beans, it failed. To see his growing crops, and note the difference, in the use of the Soy bean, is a practical demonstration that should convince every farmer who has any doubts about the soil building qualities of the Soy bean, if he will behold it with his own eyes.

Andrew Lenior, son of Mr. R. T. Lenior, a lad just over 13 years of age, is a remarkable farmer for one of his tender years. He is attending the Patterson School, during school hours, but he has had a passion for tractor plowing, and did much of the breaking of the land of his father, and even now, young as he is, is more of an expert in farming than many of the older farmers in the county. If he keeps up his present ambition, the county will yet hear from him as being one of the finest and most practical farmers in this territory. All sucess to "Andy," as his intimate friends call him.

Reclaiming Worn-out Lands.

A few days ago,the writer, in company with D. W. Roberts, the Caldwell county demonstration agent, visitied the King's Creek section, some twelve miles northeast of Lenoir, where the demonstrator is demonstrating with Mr. W. H. Livingston, the reclaiming of old worn-out, gulley-washed lands with grass and clover, the latter not being cultivated in that section to any appreciable extent. It was a most gratifying revelation.

In the way of farming, a wonderful transformation has taken place on the farm of Mr. Livingston, who claims that he is a lumberman—having a saw mill—and farming is a diversion for him. But he has done things that have surprised his neighbors. He has two fields that two years ago were worthless. They were gulley-washed, barren of products and seemed hopeless. On 3 3-4 acres of this red, non-producing soil, two years ago last fall, he plowed deep —that is one thing he believes in— and planted clover and grass. It failed to take, or make a stand. The next year he did the same thing, using lime and some stable manure. This year he cut a fine crop of clover and grass, and says he would not take $100 for the crop. This crop of pink clover, waist high, in full bloom, was a beautiful sight. The second crop of clover on this same piece of land is now a luxuriant growth, as pretty as one ever beheld. This he intends to turn under and plant corn next season.

Something More Marvelous

He had ten acres on another gulley-washed hillside that was so poor the killdees would not fly over it. His cows used it as a pathway to let the

sickly-looking shrubs brush the flys from them as they went on to find grass in other places. This hillside he plowed deeply and planted a mixture of orchard grass, herds grass, alsike clover, mammoth clover and timothy. It took a stand. At this writing there is as pretty a stand of young grass and clover as you will find in Caldwell county; healthy and vigorous, bidding fair to produce a great crop. It is a marvel of all who have seen it, knowing the to no-account land before it was cultivated. Mr. Livingston is greatly rejoiced over his success. It seems to him like striking a gold mine. He says he followed the advice of county demostrator Roberts, and is highly elated in having done so. It is indeed a remarkable reclamation of worn-out land. It is a practical demonstration. His neighbors are enthused over his success. What he has accomplished other farmers can do.

Something Beautiful

Mr. Livingston, dealing in lumber and sawing a great deal of timber, sometime ago came across what is considered a great curiosity in wood —curled chestnut. He found a chestnut tree, one side of which was the ordinary straight-grain wood. The other side was a most beautifully curled grain, as pretty as any bird's-eye maple, walnut or mahogany. He had it made into a mantle-piece which now adorns his home. It is a wonderful and rare piece of nature-work. Mr. Livingston has already been offered a snug sum of money for it, but he will not sell.

ANCIENT CHURCH PIPE ORGAN.

The history of old Organ Lutheran Church, one of the first three churches of the Lutheran denomination to be established in North Carolina, whose walls housed what is believed to have been the first pipe organ in North Carolina, if not in America, was related today by Rev. George H. Cox, D. D., of Salisbury, former pastor of the old church, at the celebration of the one hundred and seventy-eigth anniversary of its organization and the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the erection of the present church structure in the eastern part of Rowan county.

Former members and pastors of the church gathered with the present congregation and its pastor, Rev. Paul Miller, to pay tribute to the church, or rather to the hardy German people who came down from Pennsylvania nearly two centuries ago and built it.

Much Historical Data.

Containing much historical data, relating to the life of the first Lutheran people to settle in North Carolina, telling of their customs and of the hardships they met with in civilizing what was then an almost unsettled country, and relating the growth of the church from its organization to the present day, Dr. Cox's address was one of importance not only to the Lutherans of old Organ Church, or of North Carolina, but one of importance and interest to all North Carolinians interested

in the history of their State.

"Hoary with the frosts of many winters, scarred with the many battles, through which it has come, furrowed with the many crosses and burdens it has bourne, and aged with the experience of 178 years, Zion E. L. Church, popularly known as Organ Church, is fully entitled to be called 'Old Organ,'" said Dr. Cox in beginning his address.

"Away back in the dim far distant past, somewhere between the years 1740 and 1745, emigrant wagon trains were moving out from Pennsylvania, down through Maryland, up the Shennandoah Valley of Virginia and over the mountains into what is now known as the Piedmont section of North Carolina, but which then was the wild west, inhabited by Indians and the native denizens of the forests."

"No positive church records of those days are in existence, but according to the very best information about the year 1745. Its first house of worship, called 'Hickory Church,' erected, owned and used by the German Reform and Lutheran people, was built on the land that, is now the graveyard of St. Peter's Lutheran church, near Rockwell, but which then belonged to a Mr. Fullenwider, probably the great grandfather of Rev. E. Fullenwider, pastor of St. John's church, Salisbury, because of the peculiar conditions then existing as to the ownership of land, the site was never deeded to either congregation as stated in Bernheim's "History of the German Settlement and of the Lutheran Church in North and South Carolina." The Rev. J. A. Linn, Sr., who gave the facts to Dr. Bernheim, was born in 1820. His father, from whom he evidently derived his information, was born between 1775 and 1780; that is, if we take the latter date, he was born 35 years after Organ church was first organized and six years after the beginning of the erection of the present house of worship. The 'Hickory Church' therefore, must have been standing when he was a boy and had personal knowledge of it. We do not know how long they worshipped in that house, but at length they separated and the Lutherans built their second house just in the rear of the present house, which is the third in which the congregation has worshipped.

Started In 1774.

"According to an entry made in the old German record book of the congregation by the Rev. C. A. G. Storch, the erection of this house was begun in 1774 by the following members of the congregation: George Ludwig Siffert, Wendell Miller, Peter Edelmann, Johannes Steigerwalt, Phillipi Grass, Peter Steigerwalt, Michael Gulmann, XI Johannes Eckel, Johannes Rintelmann, Bastian Lenz, Jacob Benz, George Eckel, Franz Oeberkirsch, Johannes Jose and Henry Wenzel.

"A deed to ten acres of land, including the church, school, house and other buildings, for and in consideration of five pounds, English money, was given by Ludwig Siffert. This deed is dated 1786, when the present house was in course of erection, and reaches back to 1750, nearly to the date of the organization of the congregation.

"Another deed for an additional 10 acres, also for five pounds, was

given in 1789 by John Rintlemann and his wife, Margarette. Tradition says that they were 20 years in building the church, completing it in 1794, the date that is in the gable end of the house just as it was put there at that time.

First Pipe Organ.

"While the house was in course of erection a Mr. Steigerwalt, a member of the congregation, entirely by his own hands built a pipe organ and placed it in the south gallery facing the pulpit. While I was pastor of the congregation I corresponded with the pipe organ builders of America and it was the consensus of their opinion that this organ, if not the first, was among the very first pipe organs built in America. And, so far as I have been able to learn, it was the first organ of any kind in any church in North Carolina. It had none of the external beauty and symphony of the organs of the present day, but it was well adopted to its surroundings and to the object for which it had been made, and for many long years its deep, solemn voice led the congregation in services of praise, and wailed out its slow heart-searching funeral dirge, as the body of one after another of the people of the congregation was carried out to the silent city of the dead. Likes its builder and the many who loved it, and who for many years reaching through childhood and maturity down to old age, had united their voices with its mellow tones, it gradually yielded to the inroads of time and use, growing weaker and weaker each year, until at length its work was done. Then, for a long time it stood there in the gallery, voiceless and shattered, a relic and reminder of bygone days. It has long since been removed from its old place and its parts have been broken and scattered.

"Slowly, almost imperceptably, the years come and go. One hundred and seventy-eight years! How lightly we speak the words. How little we realize their meaning. How strange, formless and intangible they seem when we endeavor to peer into the future. And yet, how real when we think of the past. To assist you in grasping the thought, let me endeavor to picture some things as they were when your forefathers first came to this section and organized old Organ church.

"Then the western boundary of our country was almost unknown. The Mississippi river was the extreme limit, but even that was more legendary than real. Only a narrow strip along the Atlantic coast was settled, while all west of the Alleghany mountains was an unknown wilderness. Today our country extends from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from Alaska to Porto Rico.

"Then everybody in this section spoke what was called the Pennsylvania-Dutch, a German dialect, or rather a mixture of German and English. Now it would be hard to find any one who could either speak or understand the language.

Plain Simple Folks

"The people of that day were very plain, simple folks, extremely temperature and frugal, living on a simple diet and following plain habits. They never used wheat

bread and coffee except on Sunday morning, or, perhaps, when the preacher came to see them. They wore clothing made of material produced on their own farms, ginned, carded, spun, wove, cut and made by themselves. The tools they worked with were made by their own hands in their own shops. Every nail used in the building of this house was made by hands in their blacksmith shops.

"Churches were few and far between. There were only three Lutheran churches in this section, all of which were organized about the same time. They were St. John's church, Salisbury; St. John's in Cabarrus county, and this church. But all the people attended the services in God's house regularly, although they had to walk miles to do so. Then, none rode on Sunday except the aged and infirm. They held strictly to the teaching of the scripture that "a righteous man regardeth the life of his beast," and so gave their live stock the one day's rest in seven.

"Leather was tanned by a slow and tedious process and, hence, shoes were used very sparingly.

"On Sunday mornings, the members of the congregation walked to church barefooted, the young men gallantly carrying the shoes and stockings of their sweethearts as well as their own. When they came to a branch near the church they sat on the bank, washed their feet, put on their shoes and stockings and went to church. They returned home in the same way. Even as late as 1838 twenty young men and women thus walked from their homes, fifteen miles away, to Organ church and back home every day for two weeks to be catechised. They then organized St. Matthews church in a barn belonging to a man by the name of Wilhelm.

"There were no Lutheran pastors to be had in America at that time, so, in 1772, Christopher Layerly, of St. John's church, Cabarrus county, and Christopher Rintlemann, of Organ church, were sent to Germany in search of a pastor and a school teacher. They returned in 1773, bringing with them the Rev. Adolphus Nussman for pastor and J. G. Arndt for teacher."

During the 178 years of the life of old Organ church it has had 20 pastors, participated in the organization in 1803 of the North Carolina synod and later the general synod, south, and ten times has been the meeting place of the state synod, Dr. Cox said in his address.

"And now in conclusion," he said in bringing his address to an end, "as we look back, let our hearts be filled with love and gratitude and let us seek to build higher and higher on the foundation your ancestors laid, that the generations to come may look back to us, as we now look back to them, and rejoice that they are the descendants of such a race of Christian people. Or, in other words, let us cherish the memory of our ancestors and perpetuate their virtues in ourselves and in our prosperity."

The doors to wisdom are never shut.—Proverb.

ZEBULON PIKE.

By J. Adele Sloan

The name of Zebulon Montgomery Pike will always be associated with those of Lewis and Clarke in the history of early exploration beyond the Mississippi.

Zebulon Pike grew to manhood in the place of his birth, Lamberton New Jersey. Entering the army at the age of twenty-one he served in his father's company until he was twenty-five, when he was promoted to the rank of first lieutenant.

Several years later he was given by General Wilkinson, a most important commission, namely: to explore the Mississippi from St. Louis to its source and report on sites for military posts; make treaties with native tribes and bring about peace between the Chippewas and Sioux. The territory beyond Praire du Chien was practically in the control of the British traders and their savage allies.

Pike, with a few companions surveyed the territory around Turtle and Leech rivers and upon his return made an excellent map of the region traversed.

In this enterprise he had proved to be a man of great daring and executive ability, always ready to undertake a task that had balked and discouraged others. It had been proven that he could perform the duties of astronomer, commanding officer spy, guide and hunter.

Having applied himself to this commission with enthusiasm and fidelity he was promoted to a captaincy and given another important and difficult exploration. Its primary object was to return to their friends fifty-one Osage Indians, some of whom had been upon a deputation to Washington, and the others lately redeemed from captivity among the Potawatomis. The commission further specified that he was to discover the extent, direction and navigation of the Arkansas and Red rivers.

This latter was a hazardous undertaking, since a short time before Pike's departure a party of explorers had been halted on the Red river by a Spanish guard and compelled to relinquish their plans.

The following year Pike, in company with Leiutenant Wilkinson, John Robinson a volunteer surgeon, one sergeant, two corporals, sixteen privates and one interpreter ascended the Missouri river in row boats to the Osage. In the village of this name horses were procured for the remainder of the journey which was to be made by land.

This might have been a delightful journey over the Kansas prairie gay with the flowers of early autumn, had it not been for passing through the country of the dreaded Pawnees.

These lusty savages had been urged to revenge by Spanish emissaries who were jealous of the expedition It is true Pike and his followers did not compare very favorably with the "glittering cavalry squadron" which had been sent out as the amabassadors of the Spaniards.

Because of their travel-worn appearance the savages sneered at them, yet Pike, the shrewd captain, made a great effort to imbue them

with a sense of the importance of his commission and partially succeeded.

Still with great bravado the chief of the savages attempted to impede their progress by a show of force; but Pike informed him that "the young warriors of his great American father were not women to be turned back by words," that they would sell their lives at a dear rate to their nation, and if driven back would be succeeded by others who would gather their bones and revenge their deaths on the Indians.

Not daunted by this antagonistic spirit on the part of the savages, Pike advanced southwest to the Arkansas which he reached near Pawnee Fork. By the time he began the ascent of the inclined plane which leads upward from the Mississippi to the Colorado foothills, a distance of nearly one thousand miles, the November snows were falling. Passing up the Arkansas river the scenery was unsurpassed. "To the north there was reared a mighty pile far overtopping the mountain wall which suddenly blocked the path of progress; while to the southwest the Spanish peaks stood out in bold relief against the leaden sky."

The party camped at the present site of Pueblo and Pike essayed to scale the great height by passing around to the site. He declared that no human being could ascend to its pinnacle. Though he failed in his undertaking he has the honor of having this storied mountain named Pike's Peak.

The summit of the mountain which Pike declared could never be reached and which seemed so inaccessible to these explorers is now traversed by a railway which each summer conveys thousands of tourists to the top. The great height affords one of the grandest views on the North American continent, extending nearly one hundred and fifty miles in all directions.

It was Pike's firm belief, as he expressed it in his journal, that "scarcely any person but a madman would ever purposely attempt to trace further than the entrance of these mountains."

The present most easy accessible Rocky Mountain summer resorts were once travelled by Pike and his squad of men in their attempt to find the source of the Red river of the south. They had many narrow escapes from being scalped by the Indians, frequently lost their way and at last marching through the snow about two and a half feet deep, silent and with downcast countenances, they for the first time in their voyage turned back discouraged.

After wandering back and forth east and west, north and south, they finally crossed the Sangre de Cristo range and passed into San Luis valley, reaching the upper water of the Rio Grande del Norte which Pike thought to be the long-sought Red river.

Selecting a place in the valley at the mouth of the Rio Conejos, he built a cottonwood stockade—a fort made of sharpened posts fixed in the ground—and for a short time enjoyed himself in what he called "a terrestrial paradise shut out from the view" of man.

But he was not long permitted to enjoy the quaint picturesqueness of this habitation for one day in February a troop of a hundred horsemen galloped into the camp and informed

Pike that he was in Spanish territory and under suspicion of planning to seize the province.

The entire party were taken as prisoners to Santa Fe, but treated with great consideration. Pike thought to make matters right by explaining that they had been lost in the mountains. Their appearance bore them out in this statement for the explorer writes in describing this trip: "When we presented ourselves in Santa Fe I was dressed in a pair of blue trousers, blanket coat and a cap made of scarlet cloth lined with fox skin; my poor fellows were in leggins, breech cloths and leather coats. There was not a hat in the whole party. This was extremely mortifying to us all, especially as soldiers, although some of the officers used to remind me that, worth makes the man,' yet the first impression made on the ignorant is hard to efface and a greater proof of the ignorance of the common people was that they asked if we lived in houses or camps like the Indians, or if we wore hats in our country."

The governor at Chihuahua, on the pretense of wishing to look over Pike's papers and sketches of the expedition, kept most of them. Pike as forced to make up his reports and map largely from memory. To the ambitious explorer who had made so many sacrifices this was indeed a great and unnecessary trail.

Eventually all of the party were allowed to come back to the United States. Pike was sent home under Spanish escort, arriving at Natchitoches, on the first of July.

He recieved not only thanks of the government, but his bravery was rewarded by honoring him successively with the office of captain, major and colonel of infantry.

"Great kindness is better than great talent in making this world a comfartable place to live in."

A PREACHER AND COW BOYS.

(Marshville Home)

Some years ago when Dr. S. R. Belk was on his way to Denver, Colorado, where he served three years in the ministry he got into conversation with some cow boys on the train. While crossing the mountain range near Pike's Peak he remarked that he knew a song about Pike's Peak. "Can you sing it?" asked one of the cow boys. "Yes," replied the preacher. "Well sing it then!" came the stern request from one of the cow boys. The song pleased them. "You get off at our station and sing that song for the boys that are hanging around there," was the next command. When the train pulled in to the cow-boy station they escorted Dr. Belk out of the train to a goods box on the outside on which he stood to sing again the Pike's Peak song. The conductor started to signal the engineer. One of the cow boys presented his revolver and told him to hold the train until the song could be sung. "He's our guest. We'll

let you go as soon as he finishes the song," said the hold-up boy. A few weeks after Dr. Belk had settled at Denver two cow boys entered his study and remarked that they had come for him to go and be their guest at the camp—and sing that song again. The preacher went. There was nothing else to do but go. He spent the afternoon at camp headquarters of the cow boys. As he was about to depart they learned for the first time that he was a preacher. Thousands of horses were in view on the range. "Go out there and pick you out a horse," said one of the boys. "You may need a little change before you get back," said another, as he presented him with $50. The horse which he selected was sent up to Denver and sold for $159, making a total of $209 for being a guest and singing Pike's Peak song at the cow boy camp. While in Pike's Peak territory Dr. Belk wrote a diary and was later offered $10,000 a year to go on the lecture platform. He declined the offer but has since delivered the Pike's Peak lecture in hundreds of chautauqua assemblies and with the proceeds acquired during vacations in lecture work he has been enabled to send fourteen boys and three girls through college, and he wants to bring the number up to fifty before he answers the final summons.

Alice, for the first time, saw a cat carrying a kitten by the nape of its neck. "You ain't fit to be a mother," she cried scathingly. "You ain't hardly fit to be a father!"—Youth's Companion.

BIBLE IN STATE SCHOOLS.

(Biblical Recorder)

There has been considerable agitation upon the subject of having the Bible taught in our state schools, especailly in the colleges of the state. In some states there have been established chairs of the Bible in the state universities.

In other states an arrangement has been made whereby each denomination has a Bible school in the church contiguous to the university, in which the Bible is taught and interpreted according to the beliefs of the denomination conducting the school, and credit is given in the university for the work done. No one is compelled to take the course, and as it is purely optional there can be no objection to credit being given for it in the university, provided the supervision done by the university in no way brings the church under supervision of the state. It is a right difficult matter, we imagine, to go even that far without encroaching dangerously near upon the sacred principle of separation between church and state. It would certainly be in direct violation of that principle to have the Bible taught in a university, or by a teacher elected by a certain denomination or church, but paid by the state for his work.

And yet that proposition has been seriously made by some who are engaged in state education, and en-

dorsed by leaders in some of the denominations who profess to believe in the doctrine of complete separation between church and state. We have not heard of any Baptist in this state who would for a moment consider any such proposition.

Some hold that instruction in the Bible is so badly needed that we should not stickle for a custom, but should yield a point in order that the young men and women who go to our state schools can be taught in the Book of all books. But this is far more than a custom, it is an important principle, and we cannot afford to sacrifice principle for expediency, especially in things that pertain to the soul.

What is to be the solution? How are we to give the instruction in the Bible that our young people should have? In the first place, the state should be very careful that no anti-Christianity is taught in any of its schools. The state should keep its hand off the Bible. Mr. Bryan may be radical in some of his views, but he is certainly right in saying that as we do not allow the state to teach religion, we should not permit it to teach irreligion.

That the faith of some of our young people is weakened, if not destroyed, by the teaching they receive in some of our state schools is beyond question. The teachers in the several departments should not feel called upon to enter the realm of the spiritual, and undertake to interpret the Bible.

But if it be granted that there are devout teachers in our state schools who could teach the Bible in a constructive and helpful way they are stopped from doing so by the constitutions of both the state and the federal government. These constitutions guarantee to every citizen freedom of conscience in religious matters. That those who would object to the teaching of Christianity are a very small minority does not affect the principle involved. If there was but one Catholic in the state, for instance, and that Catholic paid his taxes to support the public schools, it would be an infringement upon the rights guaranteed him by the constitution of the state to allow the Bible taught and interpreted from the Protestant standpoint.

In the second place, it follows that if the denominations object to the teaching of the Bible in the state schools, there ought to be a strong Bible department in every denominational school. In every Christian school the Bible should occupy an important place, and its department should be made the most attractive. In our Sunday schools and in our homes the Bible should be faithfully taught. We fear very much that Bible instruction in the homes is being sadly neglected, and we do not believe that the Bible can be so successfully and effectively taught anywhere else as in the home. If we say to the state, "You shall not teach the Bible," and we believe we cannot do otherwise and be faithful to the Word of God, then the responsibility falls upon us with tremendous force to do that which the state cannot do.

If we could just go back to the time when the old Bible stories were heard around the fireside from the lips of a consecrated mother, and before retiring the father lifted his heart to God as he led in prayer, that would do more than anything else, perhaps, toward holding our

young people to the teachings of the Book. To the church, the Sunday school and the home, and not to the state, we must look for the religious instruction of our children.

Agitated Hotel Manager.—"Say, don't you know that you shouldn't whistle in the lobby like that?"

Bell Boy.—"Boss, I ain't whistlin'. I'se pagin' Missus Jones's dawg."—Life.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Charity & Children

There is a good deal. Meredith college with its beautiful name, started out badly handicapped. They called it the "Baptist Female University" which was unspeakable. Later on, they improved it somewhat by calling it "Baptist University for Women" but that was to clumsy to stand for long. Then they hit upon the musical and pretty name "Meredith" and it has been happy ever since.

Wake Forest began with a beautiful name, and it has greatly profited by it. Suppose for instance our college for men had been as badly named as Furman University or Mercer University. It would require tremendous endowment and unusual merit to overcome such a burden. Might as well call a baby Boanerges, as a college a university, that is not a university, by that highsounding title.

Peace Institute is beautifully named. It so happened that one of its founders bore that harmonious name. Jones Institute, or Smith Institute would have been abominable. Davidson college sounds well. It speaks of modest worth rather than of boastful bluster. Trinity is too solemn. No institution on earth can ever be worthy of so sacred a name.

Salem Academy is fine. If Dr. Howard Rondthaler had been born when it was founded we would have passed the credit of this sensible name to him; for he is a master of nomenclature as the "Piedmont Limited," which brought him $200, amply proves. Salem has lived up to its name and then some. It was never top heavy. It would rather be than seem to be.

The fine college for women under the direction of the Methodist church in Greensboro was never half named. If had chosen to call itself something like "Meredith" or "Peace" it would have been of immense advantage. "Greensboro College for Women" is too long and too meaningless.

Saint Mary's may suit the Episcopalians. But is not a striking name for so excellent an institution. A school is no more worthy to wear the name of saint than a hotel. In fact a church does itself no credit in assuming to be a saint. We are only poor weak mortals after all, and have not yet attained to heavenly things.

But the most abominable names of all, are those somebody (we do not

know who) has plastered on them. One of them is State College, another is North Carolina college and still another is Carolina. The effort seems to be for each of them to appropiate the great name of our state for themselves. The University of North Carolina is a proud name and our great institution at Chapel Hill ought to be content with it. Charles D. McIver called our state college for women the Normal and Industrial college, which exactly expressed the mission and meaning of the institution. But in a spirit of vain glory the name was changed to—nothing. If our Raleigh school had such a name as "Clemson" it would have reason to rejoice, but "State college"! Isn't that a dainty dish to set before the king!

While the names of the private and denominational school are likely to remain, we do hope that the State colleges in which we all have an interest, will be changed. They are so bad that generations to come, if not ourselves, will probably not stand for the confusion and ridiculous mix-up the present names have got us in.

There is a great deal in a name, men and brethren. A child or an institution that is well named has a distinct advantage over one with a bad name or with a name that has no meaning at all!

Mary had a little lamb,
You've heard this tale before;
But have you heard she passed her plate
And had a little more?—Tit-Bits.

A PROUD RECORD.

(Lexington Dispatch)

Sixteen boys and girls going to standard colleges of the state from one farming community is a record indeed to be proud of. That is the record that Arcadia can claim this year for sixteen of her best young women and young men will enroll in colleges of the state this fall. The largest number will be freshmen but there will also be sophomores, juniors and seniors in the number. Our prediction is that most of the freshmen will remain to complete their courses and some of them will contribute to their own expenses while attending college.

It is no wonder that many of the folks of that community have made great sacrifices for their schools in the years that have gone by when the boys and girls are possessed with such ambition to go ahead and better fit themselves for lives of wider usefulness. Some of these will enter the professions and some will come back and be intelligent and successful farmers. Some of the girls will become teachers, useful teachers, and then after awhile most of them will settle down into happy homes in the old community. Home means much to them for the home folks have been

doing their duty by the boys and girls.

It is not meant to single out Arcadia as better than other communities in this county, for there are other communities just as anxious to provide for their boys and girls—communities that have been doing so and will do so in the future—but Arcadia presents an unusual example of the benefits of the better type of school just at this time. There are other schools in the county that are blessing their communities in the same manner. These will empty into the colleges this fall many other boys and girls, just as intelligent, just as eager, and the result should be a great upbuilding of the county in both intellectual and material fields—for intelligence is worth money.

ADRIFT ON A RAFT.

By John Tayloe Perrin

"Stake it down right here." The helmsman of the motor boat shut off his engine, whereupon the raft came to a standstill. Having rounded the Island bar the raft was now well out of the channel on the island flats. three men and a boy got out on the tow. Within twenty minutes it had been staked down to await the arrival of a tug the next day.

Charley Brandon had come down Ware river with the five hundred seventy-five foot piling from Shell Landing. When the three men had secured the raft they left in the tow boat for Wilson's Creek, leaving Charley on the big log float. Another launch was to come down immediately to place lights on the raft for the night. Charley would return up the river with this boat.

The tow boat was soon lost to view. Charley awaited the expected launch unconcernedly, amusing himself with counting and measuring the piling. When the craft did not appear, after three-quarters of an hour he began to wonder. It was now three o'clock on a hot, sultry June day. Already the west was beginning to look overcast. Every appearance forecast an early storm. Presently the sun was obscured. Then the entire west grew blue black. Lightning forked and zizagged across the forbidding background full soon. It was strangely, even ominously calm. The Ware appeared tideless and without a ripple. Lying in a semi-circle, the raft seemed floating on the surface of a mill pond. Charley listened for the launch but heard only the chug of a small boat far up the river. Evidently he did not fancy being on a raft with a storm approaching and without means of getting ashore. He wished intently now that he had left in the launch that had brought him down. The boy walked back and forth on the raft, securely chained together, picturing what a forest these trees would make, placed at given distance on the ground. Turpentine from the pine pine trees glistened on the surrounding water. Charley's mind and eyes were, however, soon on the approaching storm. It was not until now that he noticed how lightly the raft was staked down. What if it should

break from its moorings in the coming storm? Two stakes lay on the raft still, but those overboard had required the united efforts of three strong men to put them down in the hard, sandy bottom. Charley had never been in a position before where he could be of less use to himself. Meanwhile a high wind was approaching. Dust was coming down in clouds from a variety of table land two miles inland. No sound of a launch, coming or going, was heard. Charley was face to face with a severe summer storm alone on a raft. His abiding fear was that his strange craft would break loose in the storm and go adrift with him out into the bay. The boy's unavoidable inaction made the situation the harder to face. Sheets of water were caught up as the wind struck the river, bearing straight on toward the raft. Charley lay down flat on the logs, holding fast to one of the cross chains.

As the wind descended upon the pine trees on Piney Island it sent small limbs and branches flying. It broke over the raft next instant. The raft straightened out as the waves and spray dashed over it. Charley saw the light mooring stakes bend alarmingly. Almost before the raft began to pull in earnest one stake pulled up and the other snapped off short. The boy rose on his elbow to find the big raft adrift and making before the wind and tide for Mobjack Bay. It was a disconcerting discovery. Unable to swim sufficiently well to swim ashore even in smooth water, Charley was adrift, alone and without food or water.

Lying flat still, the young voyager heard rather than felt the full force of the storm. Spray dashed completely over the raft. Lightning flashed to deafening thunder. Rain fell in blinding sheets. Charley was soaked from both river and rain. The raft appeared to go faster now than when towed, taking an air-line for Mobjack Bay. Its course unchanged by wind or tide, it must go on out into the Chesapeake. Would the raft be missed or seen adrift? Either possibility was an unpleasant uncertainty. What if, during its wanderings in the night the raft should be run into by a passing steamer or schooner?

The wind blew still but its force was on the decline. No boat of any kind was in sight. Meanwhile, the raft and its single passenger continued straight down the Ware. Presently, when the wind was become merely a westerly breeze, the sun went down. It grew dim quickly along the river shore. Full soon it was quite dark. Not a star appeared, and the few lights seen were confusing. Evidently the raft had not been missed from its moorings or seen after it went adrift. The youthful voyager could not but wonder momentarily where he would drift during the night. He had a wholesome dread of being out of sight of land when day returned. There being little reason to expect rescue soon, Charley knew that it was his to spend a pitch black night alone on the raft.

Boy and raft were soon off Ware Point, where Ware and North rivers meeting help to form Mobjack Bay. Charley could see nothing except the revolving light at New Point, across the bay, and York Spit light dimly, farther down the

Chesapeake. He tried to be composed, as the most philosophical attitude toward a trying situation. However dark he walked around the raft as fancy prompted, feeling his way along with a stick. One cheering thought amid the gloom was that the raft might return with the incoming tide. An involuntary traveler, such as he was, however, he had no means of keeping track of his own travels.

"Oh, if we had only brought an oar!" It was a girl's voice and, while distant, was yet distinct. Charley turned as if seized by the arm, and stood listening and peering into the dark. Who could it be, out here in the pitch dark night? He would nit call at once. "With no spark the engine certainly cannot run." It was another femine voice. Charley could hear a gas engine being turned over. Somebody would spin it rapidly now and then. Several girls must be in the boat. Evidently their engine was stalled and they, like himself, were adrift and helpless on broad open water in the night. A moderate breeze was bringing the launch slowly toward the raft. The various voices became more and more distinct. "Something must be wrong about the batteries," ventured, still another voice. Then somebody turned on a flashlight. "No, the batteries are all well connected. They must be run down or the trouble may be in the spark coil." The girls were in solemn conference over their motor trouble, with little apparent prospect of starting the engine unaided.

It was significant that the breeze was freshening in the darkness. "Where is Ware Point?" somebody asked in a voice none too steady. Nobody knew. "Why can't you locate it by New Point light over there?" asked Charley of himself. "And we've no anchor," bewailed another of the girls. Scarcely forty yards away now, the launch party was in an evident quandary. It had thundered distantly several times already.

"Hear that thunder!" some Job's comforter exclaimed in alarm, as a louder peal rolled through the west. Manifestly a second storm was brewing. Everybody in the launch was uneasy.

"Between the two crafts as they are, amid present conditions," thought the boy, "I'd take my old junk every time."

As the launch was approaching fast before the wind, Charley deemed it time to hail. "Launch ahoy!" said he loudly, rather than hailed.

"Who's that?" cried the girls among themselves in astonishment if not in fear. "Oh, who can it be?"

Charley saw that his fellow drifers were scared, nor could he blame them under the circumstances. He made haste to explain and reassure. "I am Charley Newton, of Goshen, adrift, like yourselves, on a raft. We can help each other greatly, I am sure. This is a fortunate meeting. Please come along side."

The girls were amazed as their castaway friend explained briefly how he came to be out here alone at this hour. He asked and was told their own story in a similar manner.

The launch docked itself beside the floating dock three minutes later.

"An equally strange and fortunate meeting," said Charley in greeting his friends and rescuers. A murmur of assent arose from the launch party. The launch was tied to the raft for

the moment. It was no time for formalities. Charley went at once to the engine. "No spark, you say?" began he. A chorus of eager voices assured him that there was none whatever. The launch began to bump into the raft under the force of the rising waves. Some water splashed in, at which the girls were duly frightened. Getting out on the logs again and feeling his way carefully, Charley towed the boat to the lee side, making it fast there. He looked over the batteries by the aid of the flashlight. Every connection in sight was tight. The engine, however, refused to budge after being turned over a dozen times. Charley looked back in the battery box. A minute later he shouted: "Here it is! This connection here is wrong." Changing the particular connection from side to center the batteries gave out a good fat spark.

"Well, we must have done that when the engine first stopped. We found two connecting wires loose," announced the evident leader of the party.

Quite a sea was running in the rising wind. Charley gave the engine another turn. It started on the instant, running like a new clock. The launch went ahead, bumping into the raft. Charley shut off immediately. The spirits of the party rose perceptibly. But was it wise to put off now, even from a drifting mooring, in the rising wind and darkness?

Command was tacitly and gladly surrendered to Charley and the new captain resolved to hold on to the raft a while longer. But wait! Was not the raft turning around in the wind? Presently the launch was bumping, side on, against the heavy logs. Once the boat caught on a log and careened dangerously before sliding off. Several of the girls screamed. Charley did not wait to untie. He cut the cable and started to back off. Spray broke in sheets over the stern. Seizing his chance, Charley brought the craft partly around, then started ahead. Once cast off, he sought to get away from the raft while its position was known. The twenty-foot launch carried a full load, but the boy hoped soon to be under the protection of Ware Point. Getting his bearings from New Point light and the various bay beacons, Charley laid his course for North river.

"Where did you girls start from?" he asked.

"Toddsbury," cried several voices in chorus.

"Ho, then, for Dixondale," said the helmsman, naming the steamboat wharf a half mile from the starting point. The launch rolled considerably and sometimes no little spray came on board, but it chugged steadily on. Within twenty minutes the swell grew much less as the natural breakwater of Ware Point played its welcome part. It was inky black still. Charley ran by a variety of dead reckoning until he reached Lone Point, where the girls picked up the familiar lights of various houses up the river. The launch glided along almost joyfully. Hearing another boat approaching, Charley flashed the flashlight at ten second intervals to avoid possible collision. Presently he was hailed by a big power boat, going out in search of the girls. A few words between the two crafts sufficed to show the safety of the overdue launch party. Both boats continued up the river. Arriving at Dixondale, the girls found a joyous

welcome. When Charley Newton's presence and part had been explained the young raftsman-boatman was commended and congratulated for his pluck. However he protested that the girls, whether accidentally or not, had rendered a greater service than they had received, he was given three resounding cheers.

'Phoning home, Charley learned that it had been supposed that he had gone into Wilson's creek before the storm, with the tow boat. The crowd dismissed itself amid a good natured contention as to whose privilege it should be to take the young hero of the evening home.

THE BEAVER AND HIS SKILL.

By Josephine E. Toal.

Less than three centuries ago genuine beaver fur sold in this country for the merest trifle. The early fur traders bought the pelts from the Indians for almost nothing. The simple-hearted red men looked upon a string of glass beads as a more desirable possession than the fur of a common little animal abundant everywhere in their hunting grounds, and when an old piece of firearms could be obtained for perhaps a dozen good beaver skins it was a bargain not to be lightly overlooked.

Today a choice pelt brings from fifty to sixty dollars. Remembering that a full-grown beaver measures only about two feet in length exclusive of his tail, some idea is had of the number of skins required to make my lady's fur coat, and consequently some idea also of the expensiveness of the garment.

While furs make a very practical protection against the winter's cold, there is small excuse for taking the life of this harmless little creature to secure his skin for purely ornamental purposes in the manufacture of clothing at the dicates of Dame Fashion.

The thick, soft and very durable fur of the beaver quite naturally has always been in demand by the furriers, but its costliness today is due to its great rarity. The millions upon millions of beavers that once constructed their dams and built their lodges upon the streams of North America in the early history of the country were, at the instigation of the far companies, ruthlessly slaughtered until the species came near to utter extermination.

Owing to a measure of protection afforded by trapping regulations in more recent years, the beaver is said to be making his reappearance in increasing numbers.

The possibilities of beaver farming are apparently encouraging. Trapping is a cruel and wasteful method of securing the pelts and should not be practiced. Farming can be done in a way to elminate unnecessary destruction of female and kits and at the same time be humanely conducted.

But the beaver's contribution to the comfort and welfare of humanity lies not wholly in his valuable fur. To him we are indebted for the fertilization of large tracts of land through inundation. In times past

beaver ponds covered vast areas of this country, leaving alluvial deposits that highly enriched future farming territory.

Originally inhabiting the wooded districts of North America generally, the beaver is now found only in restricted districts—chiefly in the unsettled portions of Canada and in the vicinity of the Rocky and Appalachian mountains.

Single colonies of these small artisans will dam large streams, producing expansive ponds. In time the colony multiplies into a neighborhood of homes and the plant continues to widen.

So wonderfully developed are the native instincts of the beaver that some writers have accorded it real intelligence. But as the present-day specimen has failed to score in any respect over the achievements of his remote ancestors, it is wiser to attribute his cunning and skill to instinct rather than intelligence.

Nevertheless this little builder of dams display wonderful ingenuity in the construction of his plant. Protection from enemies is doubtless his chief reason for going to infinite labor and tremendous undertaking to create a preserve so out of proportion to his size.

The beaver is a small creature, the adult weighing about thirty-five pounds. His body is thick and broad for his length, with short legs and stout, flat, hairless tail, about ten inches long and half that in width. His fur is of a reddish brown, the outer coat of long, coarse hairs, the under short, soft and silky. The forelegs, his best working tools, are provided with short, unwebbed toes, while the toes of the hind legs, his propellers in the water, are long and webbed. All four feet are furnished with sharp claws.

The beaver builds a dam because he wants a pond, and he wants a pond in which to construct his lodge so that he can come into it from under water. He doubly fortifies his home in that the entrances—there are two—are always under water, and the roof is made so thick and strong it cannot be broken into from above by other wild creatures. He usually selects a high bank for his lodge, a place near the water and having enough timber to serve his needs.

Choosing small tress—about a foot, more or less in diameter—he proceeds to gnaw them off, leaving a stump perhaps a foot high. His four sharp incisors are wonderful cutting tools, kept keen by use. As a rule he severs the tree so neatly that when it falls it is clear of the stump. Should it still cling by a splinter, however, he does not try to gnaw through the retaining portion but begins again farther up the trunk. It has been claimed, though without authentic foundation, that the beaver can make the tree fall in the direction he wishes it to take.

After severing completely the tree, he trims off the branches, cuts the trunk into pieces from three to six feet long and carries his logs, or rather pushes them along with his forepaws, to the edge of the water, where they are launched and then piloted to the place he has selected for his dam.

The dam site is below that chosen for the lodge, and in water usually some two and a half feet deep, above a firm bed. At this place the cunning engineer arranges his logs in

such a way as to make them hold against the force of the current. With mud and stones of several pounds' weight, which he carries in his paws, he braces and chinks this network of logs until he has a stout dam, perhaps a quarter of a mile long. Gradually the dam is further strengthened by floating branches and debris which finds lodgment, and eventually in time trees may be found growing there.

The cunning builder is wonderfully resourceful in expedients for making the dam hold against a strong current, sometimes building it with a curve upstream, or making other dams and breakwaters to lessen the pressure. The dam is not made wholly impervious to the water, just resistent enough to keep his pond at the stage he desires.

Should the distance the beaver must transport his logs to the water be so far as to entail too much labor, he resorts to canal-building, digging ditches from his timber land to the stream, of sufficient depth so the stream will flood them. Down the canals he floats his logs to the stream.

All this work is but in preparation for the lodge, or home, which later is built on an elevation in the pond. With branches, sticks and twigs, the framework of the lodge is put up; then it is chinked and plastered with mud, layer upon layer. When frozen the mud walls are impenetrable, and the builder can rest secure from his enemies. It was once thought that the beaver did his mason work chiefly with his broad, flat tail. Modern naturalists dispute this idea, saying that the mud is patted into place with the paws, the tail serving only in a sort of accidental trowel-ing as the small mason drags it behind him over his work. The real use of the tail is as an oar or rudder in swimming.

The lodge, several feet in width, is the beaver's home by day. At night he is busy with his building or taking recreation. The floor of the home is always high above the water and quite dry, the entrance being far enough below the water line to insure against freezing over.

His home all completed before winter sets in, the little toiler gives himself up to eating and sleeping and enjoying family life. He has taken care to provide himself with an ample supply of tender twigs and branches, which he has stored and safely weighted in the bed of the stream. From this supply he carries up into his lodge a piece of juicy willow, spruce, popular or birch and consumes the bark at his leisure.

When the female beaver is two years old she has her first family, of two kits. Her annual litter thereafter consists of four. The young ones remain with the old until they are in the third year. In times, as the needs of the family require, the lodge may be widened, and other lodges may be built side by side until there is a settlement of beavers.

Should the water become shallow enough to freeze to the bottom the beavers will migrate. Should the pond become too deep they make larger openings in the dam to let the water off to a certain level.

Beaver dams of great size have been found in northern Wisconsin. One in Bayfield county is described as being twelve feet high and one-fourth of a mile long; and the lodge, where two parent beavers and seven

young ones were found, was sixteen feet high and had a floor forty feet in width.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Paul Funderburk.

The work force for the past few days have been cutting corn.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

George Everhart of the 6th cottage, was paroled by Supt. Boger last Monday.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

John D. Windham proudly escorted his parents around the Institution on last Monday.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Robert Watson and Joe Moore proudly escorted their parents around the Institution last Thursday.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

A very interesting game was played at the ball grounds on last Saturday, between the boys of the Institution.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Mack Wentz who has been spending a few days at his home in Charlotte, returned to the Institution last week.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

More tomatoes are being canned, about 110 gallons of tomatoes were canned last week, by Mr. Kennett and his boys.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Ervin Cole has been given a position in the carpenter shop. Ervin is learning this trade fast under the direction of Mr. R. B. Cloer.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The boys were all glad to see letter writing day come around again. All the boys sent a letter to their relatives or friends on last Friday.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

An inventory of the stock of the shoe shop, printing department and other departments at the Institution was taken on last Friday morning.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

About 100 watermelons were distributed around to the cottages on last Saturday night. The boys of each cottage have enjoyed this feast.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Frank Lisk returned to the Institution last Friday night. He will take up the duties of Mr. George Cannon who was recently called to the bedside of his sick father.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Lockwood Pickett on last Wednesday, when visited by his parents, on account of having made so good a record at the Institution received an honorable parole from Supt. Boger.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Rev. Mr. Myers, of Concord delivered a very interesting sermon to the boys on last Sunday afternoon. Rev. Myers, took as his text from the 16th chapter, the 16th verse of Matthew.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Newton Bell Watkins left for his home to spend a short visit with his parents on last Wednesday, and proving himself worthy of the trust

put in him came back on last Saturday evening.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

As a result of so many new boys arriving at the Institution, it is very necessary to have more commitment and records printed. Therefore this is a very busy period in the Printing Department.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Sylvester Sims paid a visit to the Institution last Saturday. Harry Sims his brother, after having made so fine a record at the Institution, was paroled and returned to his home with his brother.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Pressly Mills who was recently paroled by Supt. Bozer, paid a visit to the institution on last Monday. Pressly is now making a good record working and going to school. He was formerly a boy in the 5th cottage.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Doyle Jackson, Claude Coley and Edward Cleaver visited the Institution on last Sunday. Coley and Cleaver were linotype operators in the Printing Department. These boys all having made fine records at the school.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Mr. and Mrs. Groover and their son, Charles, returned from their vacation on last Thursday. The boys were all glad to see them back. Mr. Groover who has charge of the shoe shop, began his regular work on last Friday morning.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Although a rather small number of boys were visited on last Wednesday, the boys that were visited had a fine time showing their people around the Institution. The following boys were visited: Erma Leach, Harry Stevens, Joe Stevens, Everett Goodrich, Newton Bell Watkins, Lockwood Pickett and Jack Wilson.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The Cone Literary Society of the first cottage, opened on last Monday night with the election of officers. The officers elected were: Mr. Ervin Cole President, Mr. Norman Hollings, Vice President, Mr. Hugh Tyson, Censor, Mr. Walter Morris, Recording Sec. Mr. Vestal Yarbrough, First Reporting Critic, Mr. James Hatem, Treasurer, Mr. Charles Pickett, Sergeant at Arms.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The regular Sunday School lesses were not held on last Sunday morning, instead of having Sunday School Dr. Manning of Oklahoma, made a very interesting talk to the boys. He told them of some of his thrilling adventures in South America. He showed the boys a snake skin about 25 feet long, and many other very interesting skins. On Sunday afternoon after church he got all the boys together out on the campus and told them many other interesting stories.

Raymond Ditmars, the zoologist, says that all animals will soon become extinct. We'll back the mosquitoes to last the longest.—New York Tribune.

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THE UPLIFT

VOL XI CONCORD, N. C. SEPTEMBER 22, 1923 No. 45

THE "BUSY" FOLKS.

Some folks are as busy as a switchengine, but they never seem to get out of the yard. They have about as much privacy as a gold-fish in a jar, and get just about as far. They are as busy as a one-armed paper-hanger with the hives, and they hang just about as much paper. Their desks are littered with unanswered mail...They are always on the observation end of every appointment—always in a hurry, and always behind. These "busy" people do not impress any one save the inexperienced.—The Silent Partner.

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

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Build me straight, O worthy Master!
Staunch and strong, a goodly vessel,
That shall laugh at all disaster,
And with wave and whirlwind wrestle!
—H. W. Longfellow.

CUFFING HIM AROUND.

The negro in large numbers, answering an enlarged call for common labor in the industries North and West, has been moving during the year, especially from the more seriously weevil-infected cotton districts of the South. There was loud regret to see many of them leave, because of a positive attachment for the better ones among the race; but there was a rejoicing over the departure of many of them to the bosom of the people that think they are the best friends of the colored man.

Now that the pressure for common laborers has passed in western and northern quarters and idleness has brought what idleness usually brings, there is a disposition to drive the negro away from his new home and his new environment. The bad ones among them—and the majority that pulled up and left were of that class—have made a warm house for their new neighbors; and riots and ejectments have followed. Fifteen hundred negroes were ordered to

leave South Bend, Indiana; and from Johnstown, Pa., the explusion of over one thousand has taken place. Among the leaders in driving the colored man from Johnstown is the mayor himself. He says they must go, peaceably if possible, but by-arms, if necessary—that's practically how the negro's alleged northern friend feels towards him when he becomes tired of him—and that's early in the game of association.

The average northern person never gets a proper understanding of the colored man until he sojourns for a while in the South, where the negro is at his best, and where he is accorded a just treatment—but never social equality. That's an impossibility; and whenever and wherever it is slightly approached trouble of a serious nature occurs at once.

The best place for the better class of colored people is in the South—the sensible among the race know it, and are governing themselves accordingly.

* * * * * * *

THE BATTERY PARK.

The Battery Park Hotel at Asheville, after a successful career covering thirty-seven years, was closed the other day "for good." The building is to be torn down, the mountain leveled, and another larger and finer Battery Park Hotel is to be erected, and they say within the next year.

The old Battery Park has been a famous place. To stop there and have it narrated around was considered a badge of honor and great distinction. In all probability more courting couples and bridal parties have registered at this famous place than in any hotel in the South. The state, national and foreign dignitaries that have from first to last put up at the Battery would make a book as large as a common School Dictionary.

But with all this promised development and apparent improvement in the heart of Asheville, it seems all but a sin to destroy the magnificent views available from the site of the Battery, and one could wish that some law, sentimental if not legal, could be invoked to prevent the cutting down of this beauty spot. But beauty amounts but little when butted up against the commercial.

* * * * * * *

A LUCKY EDITOR.

Mr. John A Livingston, of the editorial staff of the News & Observer, has spelled down the whole class and stands head. Some time ago the Progressive Farmer offered a valuable prize for the best article on co-operative market-

ing. When all the papers were in, the decision went to Mr. Livingston.

There has arisen an extremely warm division, in certain quarters of the state, over the efficacy and righteousness of the co-operative plan of marketing tobacco and cotton. THE UPLIFT finds Mr. Livingston's article a very strong presentation of the co-operative side, and, as information, purposes to reproduce it in these columns. The opposition, wherever it exists, to this method of marketing crops is more pronounced among the dealers and handlers of tobacco than among the cotton dealers. The warehousemen in certain places, contending for their side of the proposition, have put up a heavy fight, through the papers and the courts, against co-operative plan of marketing tobacco.

Mr. Livingston's article will throw considerable light on the subject.

* * * * * * *

HOW COLUMBUS COUNTY DOES IT.

The operation of the boll weevil has put the farmer to his best wits. In some sections, the farmer has persuaded himself to regard the boll weevil as a blessing in disguise; in others, where he has recently made his appearance, the farmer scarcely knows what to do to meet the situation.

The Raleigh News & Observer has this comment to make on what has taken place in Columbus county, the extreme south-eastern county of the state, where the boll weevil entered the state and has been operating the longest:

> Columbus County gets even with the boll weevil by growing strawberries and tobacco. The Whiteville News-Reporter, which says the Columbia farmers will get "around three million dollars" for their tobacco this year, is inclined to think the boll weevil is not a curse because it forces diversification and will "wake the farmers to the fact that the all-cotton rut leads to nowhere, and gets there, too."
>
> We cannot share the notion that in any way the boll weevil is a blessing or join with those Alabama farmers who erected a monument to the billion dollar pest. However, if nothing else will teach one-crop farmers the danger of such dependence, his appearance may in some sections not be as destructive in the long run as is feared.

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STATE STIRRED UP.

The question whether the C. C. & O railroad, running from Johnson City, Tennessee, via Marion, N. C., to Spartanburg, S. C., shall be leased to the A. C. L. or the Seaboard for ninety-nine years, is a live one in the state. It was proposed by the Interstates Commerce Commission to effect a lease to the Coast Line, but took occasion to ask the opinion of the authorities in those

states affected. Gov. Morrison referred the matter to the State Corporation Commission for its opinion, reserving the right to make such recommendation in the end that seemed to him best for the state.

Large delegations have been before the North Carolina Corporation Commission during the past week—some for the Coast Line, with the large majority favoring the Seaboard. Will see what we will see. The latest however, is to make the C. C. & O. railroad "the handy boy" for all roads that wish to use it. That will be something like the history of the R. F. & P. railroad in Virginia.

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VIGOROUS CAMPAIGN.

They are having a stirring time in the second congressional district. A special election has been called to fill the vacancy caused by the untimely death of Congressman Claude Kitchin. There are three strong men contending for the nomination: Judge J. H. Kerr, of Warren, Hon. N. J. Rouse, of Lenoir, and ex-solicitor Allsbrook, of Edgecombe.

Judge Kerr is now filling a position in the Superior court; Mr. Rouse, while not holding office at present, has been an outstanding figure in democratic activities; and Mr. Allsbrook, immediately upon announcing his candidacy, sent in to the governor his resignation as solicitor. There are yet two more weeks of strenuous campaigning before the primary; and the wise ones declare that in all probability a second primary will be necessary to name the successful nominee.

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A PROMISING BEGINNING.

The Concord board of school commissioners is to be congratulated on a decidedly progressive and worthwhile movement. The Fine Arts Department of the Concord Woman's Club, impressed with the advantages to be derived in having music taught in the public schools, presented the matter in the past Spring to the local board. That body of men, who seek to serve the very best interest of the children, is always ready to hear suggestions and welcomes them. The school commissioners were convinced of the wisdom of adding music to the curriculum, and instructed Prof. Webb to provide a teacher.

Growing out of this forward movement, Prof. Doyle is on the ground. He comes with a splendid recommendation as a gentleman and a teacher, and has been received in the old town with great pleasure. He has an attractive personality, and has started in in a business-like manner and with great zeal

to make his department efficient.

The effect is already seen. Heretofore when the husband started out after tea, he had to answer from his better-half the question, "where are you going?" The stereotyped reply always was, "to the lodge." Prof. Doyle has organized an orchestra in the high school. The youngsters, instead of wanting to loiter on the streets or idle away precious moments, are genuinely enthusiastic. Proof: Only two weeks have passed with music instruction in the Concord Public schools, and yet the first-graders can sing two songs most acceptably; and son runs up against a question that mama confined to dad heretofore. This is how the change has come about: a Concord youngster, completing his supper, arose and said to his mother, "I'll be out for an hour or so;" seeing on the face of his mother an expression of wonder, simply added, "I'm going to band-practice." That's alright.

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THE STATE AMERICAN LEGIONAIRES.

That was a great meeting the state organization of American Legionaires held in Rocky Mount last week. The retiring commander, Hon. James A. Lockhart, of Charlotte, stood by his guns and reiterated his position as to whom he considered worthy of the support of the legionaires for public office. The report is that his sentiments met approval by the large convention.

A spirited contest, friendly however, took place in the election of officers for the ensuing year. There were several candidates for Commander, and on the sixth ballot Hon. Wiley C. Rodman, a prominent young lawyer of Washington, was chosen. Mr. John Montgomery Oglesby, of Concord, was elected vice-commander. He has received the congratulations of his friends in Concord upon his recognition in this great organization of patriotic North Carolinians.

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DR. BRANSON.

The state is enjoying the entertaining and informing letters that Dr. E. C. Branson, who is now abroad touring European countries. His letters for the present have been an intimate study of the habits and thrift and manner of living of the Germans. No more instructive letters have been written, and Dr. Branson, very clever and with eyes open, has given a very minute analysis of the conditions he finds in the German country.

When he returns from abroad, the doctor could do a goodly part by assembling all his articles, illustrate them, and issue them in book form. Such a

book would be an interesting addition to any one's library. His letters have been appearing in the Sunday editions of the leading state dailies.

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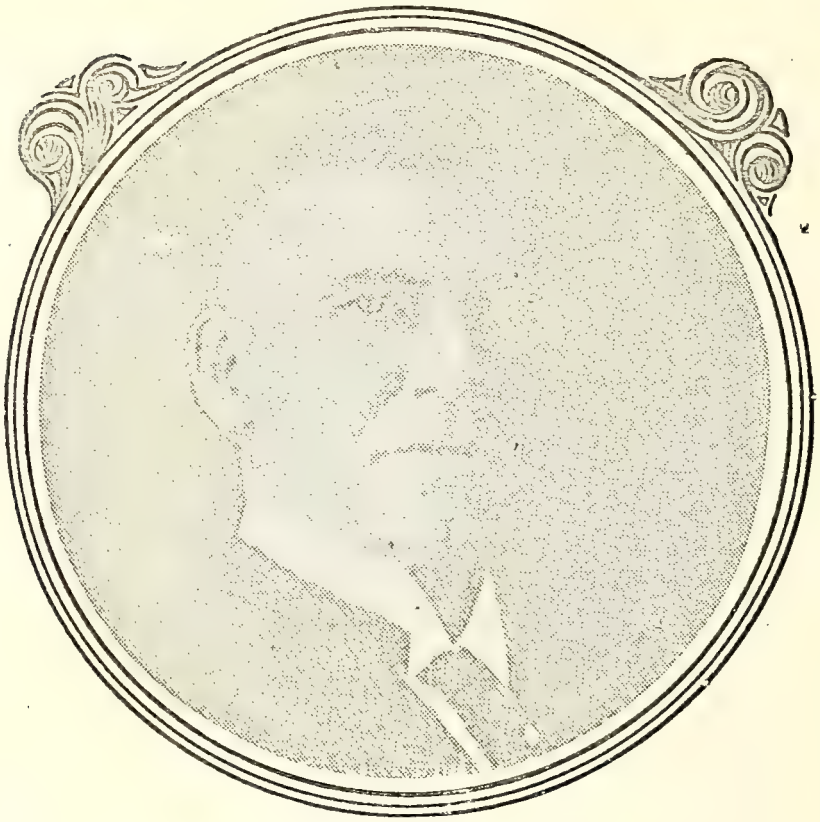
SOLDIERS' HOME SUSTAINED A LOSS.

For twenty-five years Gen. Julian S. Carr, the great North Carolinian, who poured out his love and devotion upon the Confederate soldier, has been connected with the direction of the Soldier's Home at Raleigh, and for most of the time he has been the chairman of the board.

Gen. Carr has tendered his resignation as a member of the board to Gov. Morrison to go into effect October 1st. This grand old man feels that he has served his time and that the service of love should be given to another. There may be others who will take an equal interest in the cause, but none can be found to surpass the interest and care the General always manifested for the comfort and peace of the old boys in gray at the Soldiers' Home.

MOULDER OF THE CITIZEN.

Col. Al Fairbrother in Charlotte Observer



COL. AL. FAIRBROTHER

I made it my business the other day to go to the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial school, after reading in several papers that "hundreds of friends of that institution" would be present.

In a general way I had counted myself a "friend" of that institution. I have done but little, in a material way, for the school, but felt, like many others, that I was "a friend" of it.

On this occasion the trustees were to receive the splendid new administration building erected and presented to the institution by Mrs. James William Cannon, of Concord. She gave $50,000 for the building—a beautiful and well-equipped pile—the contractor mak-

ing a profit on it of $17.

The training school is a state institution. The state appropriates each session of the legislature, a certain sum to assist in maintaining. Private subscriptions and donations of buildings have been large; several counties have built cottages there—but what got me to wondering was this: Why speak of the institution having friends—or, rather, why isn't every law-abiding and order-loving citizen its friend? We maintain jails and penitentiaries and feel that the whole state is friendly to them else there would be no appropriations. In other words no law abiding citizen is an enemy to the jail—all feel that it is a part of what we must have and we pay the price.

This Stonewall Jackson Training school is not yet understood by many of our citizens. I dare say that not 20 per cent of North Carolina's tax payers know what is done there; how it is done—or realize the great good that the institution is doing for society, for better citizenship, not only in our state, but in the United States—for that matter in the world.

We all know now that jails and convict camps are but the brooding places of criminals—that but few young people who get within their walls ever come out to assist society—but 90 per cent and more graduate as criminals—with a hand against society—come out degraded, as they feel—come out with hope gone and spirit broken.

But every convict—every jail bird—every person sentenced to the roads serves somewhere his "first term." And if it happens to be that a child, a boy this side of 21—old enough to be graduated as a criminal, but not old enough to sign away his property—is the victim of his own folly—if the vice of youth which we punish the same as the crime of age—is sent to one of these places to mingle with the hardened criminal nine times in ten he comes out worse than when he went in—nine times out of ten he has planned further depredations and made to himself a solemn oath that he "will get even." And that is why crimes increase. That is why we are all aroused over prison reform—that is why a few men with vision were willing to back James P. Cook in establishing the training school.

And what is it? I saw over 300 boys in uniform. Little red-blooded devils who inherently and instinctively thought they were the captains of their souls—who defied the rules of society—transgressed a law and from superior court benches and from decisions of juvenile courts they were sent, instead of to prison, to a training school.

Every boy is on his honor.. No guards. No iron bars. No locking them in cages or rooms—each one of the little men in the making is allowed absolute freedom. And the history is—glorius history to read—90 per cent of those who have graduated have made good. That is wonderful. Ninety per cent saved to society; saved to themselves. Started on the right road. Started with a trade; started with a knowledge of God; started with an absolute knowledge of the difference between right and wrong—and never having been prisoners, but pupils in a big school, no broken spir-

its—no shame faced business—no stricken conscience—but clean, sturdy and unafraid they go out into the world and take their places where good citizens belong.

And when we think that within a cycle of 500 years this great institution will save perhaps 200,000 citizens—and 500 years are not many in the life of a state—will not only save that many to society but rescue that many from jails and penitentiaries—where is there a greater agency for good? It looks to me that all of us should enthuse over this institution. It looks to me that every citizen should inform himself concerning it; look it over—see the possibilities—and make it large enough to take in every boy who errs—give him the chance—take care of him there instead of waiting to entertain him in the jail or penitentiary after his soul is lost and his greater crime committed.

GOLDEN ROD.

When the wayside tangles blaze
In the low September sun,
When the flowers of Summer days
Droop and wither, one by one,
Reaching up through bush and brier,
Sumptuous brow and heart of fire,
Flaunting high its wind-rocked plume,
Brave with wealth of native bloom,—
Goldenrod!

In the pasture's rude embrace
All o'errun with tangled vines,
Where the thistle claims its place,
And the straggling hedge confines,
Bearing still the sweet impress
Of unfettered loveliness,
In the field and by the wall,
Binding, clasping, crowning all,—
Goldenrod!

—Elaine Goodale Eastman.

BLOWING ROCK–A PROSPECT.

By C. W. Hunt

Ever since the writer came to know and think of Summer resorts, the name of Blowing Rock has been common in print throughout the length of the State; and though 20 odd miles from a railroad, and the road thither from Lenoir was a rough mountain trail, taking from six to nine hours to drive it with horses tired and worn, those who have known the place so well for forty odd years, who still live, have sought its cooling breezes with each succeeding summer and those who knew it and have passed from hence, left the heritage to the younger generations, and the summer population has increased as their progeny have increased. The old and the young are still going, and some will want to go there as long as an auto can carry them hither on a stretcher. When people hang on to a resort like that, in the language of the street, "there is something to it." You can get into mountains in shorter distances; you can find mountain towns with modern streets and other improvements, but they lack climate, and it is that last word, c-l-i-m-ate, Climate, that tells the tale.

You can leave any place along the Southern Railway, north or south of Charlotte, for 100 or 150 miles of Blowing Rock, and within four to six hours leave a climate of 90 degrees in the shade for a temperature of 60 to 70 degrees at nightfall. All other places in valleys or on mountain sides burn you in the middle of the day, but at Blowing Rock you have to get out and tramp, golf or some other kind of hustling to get up a sweat. Knowing that, and knowing how easy it is for the cooling Summer rains to fall and drench and do away with dust, and the abscence of sweltering heat, and how one can lie down at night wrapped in one or two blankets and sleep all night without turning over, the wonder is that so few, comparatively, have found its rare climate and made it a Summer mecca to rest the tired body and nerves.

Blowing Rock is on the mountain top. Is "high and lifted up." The lowering clouds at times hide its face. You look out as far as the eye can reach on mountain after mountain, range after range, until the eye is tired, and the vision can reach no further. Facing off the two miles of precipitious cliffs, your back is to a mountainous farm and grazing country, that is on the 4000 feet level, but warmer than along the cliffs. The village and hotels stretch for The village and hotels stretch for about three miles along the highway that looks to the right over farm lands or to the left over the mountains described above. The Summer homes are the most part overlooking the grand mountain views, while native homes are mostly in the valleys hiding from the winter winds, which blow here as at no other point in all the western half of the State. As the first warm days of May come in the lower altitudes, the Summer homes begin to fill. Those without the cares of business come first with a sick babe or growing healthy chil-

dren. And as the season advances the crowd increases; and from the middle of June to September first there is one continual procession going and coming, filling all six hotels and houses of entertainment to overflowing, and with many the cost is no item. The mountain highway is such that any woman at all familiar with driving an auto can come alone if she likes. Added to those who drive here for vacations and weekends at the hotels or with friends in the cottages, there is all through the season one continual line of visitors for a day, those passing through, campers and such; and on Sundays there is congestion of autos from 40 to 60 miles distance, made of rural population, town people and whatnot, just driving to kill the time and feel the exhilaration of rarified air, as well as the thrill of driving a climbing car up the mountain or feasting the eye on the ever changin panorama of mountain, valley and peaks, as one climbs about 2000 feet in ten miles.

And Blowing Rock is just in the making. The beautiful old Green Park hotel, the first thing you see up the mountain, has long fed and rested weary souls, and is loved and esteemed by hundreds and hundreds who have come here for years and years, and the midway place the Blowing Rock hotel has its friends and admirers, but the making of the palatial place, known as Mayview Manor, by W. L. Alexander and associates is the crowning work of placing Blowing Rock on the map. The three named with the year round Watauga, the Martins and Skyland furnish any class of entertainment one may desire; from two dollars to fifteen dollars per day. The season now closing has been the greatest ever. North Carolina, Virginia, Tennesee, Georgia and South Carolina are all drawn upon to make the crowd, and autos bearing the license tags of all these states and others are familiar on the roads and parking places. Junaluska, Montreat, Blue Ridge, Ridge Crest, Bon Clarken, and all the other religious Summer resorts, have their followers, and it is well. The writer would detract nothing from them; they are doing a great work with those seeking teaching and religious training in their denominational places, and they are saluted as shining lights for those seeking mental exhilaration; but for the man or woman that wants relaxation and escape from the depression of heat, give that one Blowing Rock on the Mountain top.

Each season sees more and more homes going up; property is advancing; choice places are being taken by those not yet ready to build. Those who can leave their work, can spend seven months here as at no other places; in which time one sees the budding of Spring and the leaf coloring of Fall when Jack Frost does his work.

What do these resorters do? Rest, sleep, play golf, ride horseback, swim, play bridge, tour the contry. Linville 23 miles is a beautiful drive, and on to Newland, Banner Elk, Valle Crusis and Boone all of which are places of interests, and the country so unlike the red hills that one feels that he is not in North Carolina at all. The rolling farms with green hills dotted with cattle, and some cultivated fields. On this drive is Grandfather Orphanage at Banner

Elk, the Valle Crusis Industrial school, and the Appalachain Training school at Boone.

What do they eat? Why the freshest vegetables sold anywhere, and the finest fruit, especially the everbearing strawberry that grows here as nowhere else, and the pity of it is the very best vegetables and fruits are in their prime when the crowd is going down the mountain; and such lamb-chops as are found no where else. Grass fed beef is not the best, but lamb-chops are better than those in cold storage. Corn, stringbeans, tomatoes, cabbage are standards, as well as the irish and sweet potato. I do not know where they come from, but the yams that are sold here in June, July and August are the best ever, and the new potatoes come before the old ones are gone. Good eats, cool Summer, restful nights make the place one to be sought by all.

Notwithstanding radical differences in the habits and general characteristics of men, declared Dr. J. H. Barnhardt at West Market Street Methodist church Greensboro, N. C. on Sunday last, "they are a unit in their consciousness of God." Their worship of God is not based upon the same principles; in fact, some of them do not worship God at all. "Some do not even know who or where or what God is: but that there is a God, or ought to be one, of some kind, is the avowed belief of the most ignorant as well as the wisest man who walks the soil of this planet today."

THE THEISTIC EVOLUTIONIST.

(Presbyterian Standard.)

Some of our brethren are in a strait betwixt two, whether to hold with the scientific evolutionist, and this "save their faces," as intellectuals, or to reject evolution and take their stand among the non-scientific ministry.

They have finally found what the Latins used to call a "tertium quid," whereby they can be both scientific and orthodox. They have revived an old view of evolution, which they call theistic evolution, thinking that by admitting the divine workmanship before man is pronounced ready for his part in the drama of life, they can recognize God in creation and yet admit the testimony of science.

By this time we ought to be accustomed to new names. We hear of the new age, the new woman, the new thought, and the preacher of the new religion. Under these circumstances courtesy demands that we receive this new comer into the sphere of religious thought, who appears under the name of theistic evolution.

Before however taking it at its face value, we would like to examine its claims.

Some of our own beloved brethren, we understand, style themselves as believers in this theory—which to us appears to be a contradiction in

terms.

As far as we are able to understand the evolution theory, man began with the protoplasm countless ages ago and by a process of natural selection, he passed from one grade to another, each time rising in the scale, and eventually passing from the ape to man, who has since grown from the lower grade of man to the man as described in Genesis who God pronounced to be very good.

If we understand the theory of the theistic evolutionist, just when this evoluting creation reached the physical man, God stepped in, breathed into this physical body the breath of life, and he became a living soul.

Thus they recognize natural law, and at the same time they think that they give a place for God as the Creator of the spiritual part of man.

This may satisfy some minds, but not ours, which would have to be made over in order to accept such a theory.

The old doctorine taught us that this man, the product of theistic evolution, was the federal head of the race.

God pronounced him good, and then in order to confirm his will in holiness, He put him to a test—and let him stand as the federal head of his race, so that if he stood the test, his posterity would share in the benefit of his victory.

If it had been the other way, so that each of his posterity would have to stand the test alone, then the result would have been ruin for the race, without any hope of success.

The further they went on in sin, the more certain would have been the fall of each generation, because each generation would inherit the tendency to sin of the preceding generations. Under God's plan the first man who was without sin in himself and had no sinful inheritance, came to the test with everything in his favor.

But when we consider this evolutionary man, who had developed from the lowest form of life to the fully developed animal nature, whose appetites had never been controlled, but who had all through this long process of development yielded to that appetite, there was no possible escape from yielding when the proper inducement was presented to that appetite.

Picture if you can this animal monster, devoid of any spiritual nature, then given that spiritual nature and put to the test.

Under the old plan, there was some hope for Adam's posterity; but under this theistic evolution theory, there was no hope whatever.

Instead then of the federal headship of Adam being an example of the justice and mercy of God, it was a cruel act of injustice to make our future depend upon the test of a spiritual nature, joined to an animal nature, developed through countless ages, with no control over the appetites. We prefer to believe that the first man Adam was made a living soul: the last Adam was made a quickening spirit.

When we read that Adam was "the figure of him that was to come," we love to picture that Adam as God's direct creation, coming fresh from His hands, a fit type of Him who, amidst the sins of an immoral age, was tble to say, "Which of you convinceth me of sin?" We could never believe that the animal

man of evolution, suddenly joined to a spiritual nature is a fit type of Him who was "holy, harmless undefiled, separate from sinners, and made higher than the heavens."

Let us have the matter clearly before us. Under the Scripture theory of man's creation and fall, our federal head whose success or failure was to determine the weal or woe of our race, for all time, was a perfect man, framed by the hand of God, both physically and spiritually, made in His image, with no bias to either good or evil.

On the other hand, according to this new theory, the blind forces of nature develop the animal man from the lowest order of life to the perfections of physical manhood. Then when he had reached the height of physical nature, God steps in, gives him a spiritual nature, and then selects this new combination to stand as the head of our race.

As the head of our race, we are responsible for him. If he wins in the test, we are to share the fruits of his victory, but if he fails, we also pay the penealty of failure. The test is an appeal to appetite, and when we remember that his progress from the lowest order to the height of the animal kingdom has been made by the yielding to blind appetite, then we realize how certain failure on his part was.

God made man in His own image,

According to the Scripture theory, with a will in equilibrium, biased neither to good or evil, which gave mankind more than an equal chance to win.

One theory is that of science falsely so-called, while the other is that taught by God in His Word. When we balance one over against another, we say with Paul, "Let God be true, but every man a liar."

The thought of having donated the necessary funds with which to erect the new building at the Jackson Training School which was dedicated Tuesday afternoon will certainly be a comfort to Mrs. Cannon as she passes on toward the sunset of life. As she sees the great help which her donation shall be to those who otherwise might never have had a chance in life, she will realize more fully the meaning of the prophet's words, "But it shall come to pass, that at evening time there shall be light."

—Albemarle News Herald.

"UNCLE BILLY" REAVIS IS NOW 100.

G. Wright Lankford, in Sunday's Greensboro News, gives us a highly human interest story about the celebration of "Uncle Billy" Reavis' one hundredth birthday. The opponents of the use of tobacco in any form will take comfort in the fact that neither this old man or his wife, now ninety seven years old, ever used the weed. There is a quality of mind and heart that all possess which does them credit to honor the particularly aged. There is no exception in this case. Mr. and Mrs. Reavis are the grand-parents of one of Concord's highly esteemed ladies, Mrs. H. S. Williams, who with her

husband joined the throngs that made this remarkable celebration.

It is estimated that more than a thousand people attended the 100th birthday celebration near her Tuesday of William (Uncle Billy) Reavis, to do honor to him and his wife who will be 97 years of age in December and with whom he has lived for more than 71 years.

The hundreds of relatives and friends of the old couple found them sitting on the porch of the home, into which they moved 66 years ago and where grew up a family of eight children. From these children have come 69 grandchildren. 79 great-grandchildren and several great-great-grandchildren. These descendants have scattered to all corners of the earth, but many of them found their way back to the quaint little weather-boarded log home in which they or their fathers and mothers or grandfathers and grandmothers grew to be men and women of the world.

"Uncle Billy" as he is called by everyone who knows him, seemed to enjoy the day more than anyone else in the crowd and with a remarkably keen memory recalled deeds and happenings of forgotten times which were really pioneer days in North Carolina.

He was too old to fight in the Civil war, but he can still remember the inauguration of Andrew Jackson as President of the United States in 1829 when he was a boy of six summers and he has voted in every presidential election since Van Buren. His wife voted in the last national election and hopes to vote in one or two more. She walks about even better than her husband and is, according to the opinion of the throng which gathered to honor her and her aged mate, one of the prettiest old ladies in the world.

Most of the day she sat by the side of Uncle Billy, attired in an attractive lavender dress with white lace trimmings. Around her neck she wore a necklace and when an admirer told her that she looked as young as she did 30 years ago, she straightened to her full height and said it was the necklace which seemed to bring back her youth. But it wasn't, it was her bright eyes and her ability to walk lightly and appear to be a woman of sixty instead of nine-six. She is known as Aunt Betty just as her husband is known as Uncle Billy.

Both a little deaf, they were, nevertheless, able to understand their friends and recognize faces and voices they have not seen nor heard for half a century. For, in this gathering of relatives and neighbors, one could find many other old people grown into the seventies and eighties.

Aunt Betty, who is of course, Mrs. William Reavis, was Elizabeth Baity before she married and the oldest child of a family of 13 children. Her only living brother, Dave Baity, who is 81 years of age, came all the way from his Indianapolis home to see her at the reunion, and her only living sister, Mrs. L. C. Cooley, of Courtney, was also there. Mrs. Cooley is 74 years old and is active as a young girl. The sight of these two sisters and their trim brother sitting and talking together of their childhood, furnished an attractive picture for the thousand visitors.

Interested relatives tried to register the crowd and succeeded in getting the signature of 388 relatives to the couple and 375 other visitors. Probably 250 failed to place their names on the book. But among those present there were three others who had passed the age of 80 years. Jesse Wooten, 94 years old, a Yadkinville man, Mrs. Sally Haynes 89, also attended, and Rev. S. S. May, 88-years-old minister of the Baptist church with them. The latter served his church for more than 50 years.

Never Used Tobacco.

Neither Mr. or Mrs. Reavis has ever used tobacco in any form. Speculators, discussing the cause of their prolonged lives, often point out that Mr. Reavis has lived to be a hundred years old because he never worried himself. On the other hand, they look at his wife who is naturally nervous and fretful, and say they are opposite in that respect.

Uncle Billy is not so strong as he was two years ago and he hates to acknowledge that he seems to be getting older. At that time he and his wife lived alone at the ages of 98 and 94 with only a faithful old mule which Uncle Billy could saddle and ride without aid. Now they have a girl to stay with them. But they wait upon themselves in many things. Both walk very well and Uncle Billy, according to his neighbors, can still shave himself, and without a glass at that. He had a friend, R. M. Booe, shave him on the morning of his hundredth birthday and Mr. Booe believes believes that he is the only man in the world who has ever done such a thing. Certainly there was no one present at the reunion who ever had.

Walking about the house and yard one finds many ancient things. To one side of the house is a hive of bees which came from the same line of a swarm captured in an old bee tree by Uncle Billy more than 60 years ago. Not since that day has the Reavis place been without honey.

Inside are numerous pieces of solid walnut furniture, hand-made bed coverings, pillow slips with hand worked flowers and birds created by the hands of Aunt Betty. Pretty baskets of artifical flowers hang on the walls, also her creation. And although she never had training for such work, there are many paintings of faces and scenes which are rather remarkable when her lack of training is considered. Only the old "home place" remains in the keeping of Mr. and Mrs. Reavis. Originally he owned and kept in use 1,500 acres of land. Now he has less than 150. All the rest he has sold and given to his children.

Uncle Billy's father was English and his mother was of Swedish descent. She was Jennie Steelman. His wife is of Scotch-Irish blood.

He tells a story of his first teacher in the schools of long ago, Jim Carter, a veteran of the Revolutionary war. Jim Carter was quite a character in this part of the country then and wore a handkerchief tied 'round his neck to shield a mean scar left by a British soldier.

His relatives talk most of his keen mind and memory. It is told that while a boy he spelled through the "Old Blue Backed Speller" twice without a mistake. He eats anything he wants. Aunt Betty eats many things but mostly bread and milk.

Numerous relatives came to see

them from the west. Dave Baity brought his granddaughter, Miss Pauline Baity, from Indianapolis with him, and Flake Baity, son of Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Baity, of Harmony, also came with them for the Indiana reunion. Prof. John T. Parish, of Nashville, Tennessee, also attended. There were distant relations from South Carolina. Dr. and Mrs. Eugene Highsmith of Raleigh were present.

When "dinner" was served there were plenty of well-filled baskets from all over North Carolina to feed the throng, but there was hardly room for the people around the tables although they amounted to 154 feet in length and 4 feet in width. They were not placed in a direct line but were partly formed around a small table at which the honor couple ate. In the center of this table was plaed a 100-candle birthday cake for Uncle Billy, and everyone tried to take it.

The dinner proved a delight for all. From Concord, Kannapolis, Mocksville, Winston-Salem,—almost every town any size in this part of the state, came dainties from city kitchens to mix with the fried chicken, country ham, deviled eggs, persimmon puddings, cake and custards of country homes.

Seven of Mr. and Mrs. Reavis's eight children are living and all were present for the reunion but one, Mrs. Nancy J. Wooten, of Texas. All these children have married and reared families. Some have grandchildren and great-grandchildren of their own.

I. S. Reavis has the largest family of them all with 16 children and 32 grandchildren. Three of his children are dead. D. I. Reavis, who died on October 21, 1918, had 11 children and 15 grandchildren. Three of his children are dead.

W. D. Reavis is now only 49 years of age and has nine children and four grandchildren. He has twin baby boys. C. B. Reavis, has four children, only three of whom are living, and 11 grandchildren. Mrs. Molly Baity has four children and no grandchildren. Two of her children are dead.

Mrs. Nettie Wilkins has two girls. only one of whom is living, and one grandchild. Mrs. Lilly Hayes is the mother of 12 children, seven living and she has seven grandchildren and two great-grandchildren. Mrs. Naneey Wooten of Texas is the mother of 11 children, seven living and she has nine grandchildren.

A New Yorker tells of his sojourn at a certain hotel in the Carolina mountains. Early in the morning he was aroused by a knock at his door.

"Telegram fo' you, boss," replied the darkey on the other side of the door. "Will you open the door?"

The New Yorker was angered. "I will not!" he yelled back. "Can't you slip it under the door?"

"What is it?" he shouted.

"No, boss," was the response; "it's on a tray."

MISS PETERS' SUCCESSOR.

By Edith Lewis Hunt.

Anne Harron sighed as she looked across the office one hot afternoon at Rita Dabney, who was polishing her nails behind the shelter of her open desk drawer. She had hoped when she left business college to put behind her all the old hateful rivalry which had always existed between them, but on the very last day Rita had announced triumphantly, "I am going to work for Hesketh & Shearer next Monday. My uncle got me in there. It's a fine place."

Anne had started with something akin to dismay. She had been sent to Hesketh & Shearer for experience when that firm had applied to the college for some extra help, and Mr. Shearer had told her to come back when her course was completed and they would employ her permanently. That was the way it had always been, she reflected; she worked and worked and worked for things and then Rita came along and had them given to her without any exertion on her part. Side by side they had worked during all the months of their employment, Anne grimly determined that no fault should be found with her work, Rita airily confident of herself and her powers.

Red-headed Terry Steele, the office boy, had aptly summarized the difference between them: "Miss Dabney's a highflyer, some beauty, right there with the blarney and the hot comeback, and you get a thrill just doing something for her; but it's Miss Harron who remembers you have a sore thumb, and that you're collecting stamps, and thinks of everything she needs at once so you need to make only one trip for supplies." It was the same Terry Steele who had brought the deep-seated but carefully concealed spirit of rivalry to the surface again by an apparently innocent remark.

"Say, did you see the ring that Miss Peters is sporting? Some rock! I guess she'll be turning in her key and stepping out for good and all some day soon."

Both girls had given this announcement their undivided attention, for Miss Peters was the secretary of Mr. McVickars, the third partner, who shared her services at times with the other two. If she left, it meant an advancement for someone in all probability, and of course a corresponding raise in salary.

Miss Peters herself had confirmed the news that noon as the three girls sought the nearest dairy lunch. "This is the last time that I'm going out to lunch," she said, "from now on I'm going to bring some sandwiches from home—I'll save both time and money that way. I can do a little sewing at noon and two months is just a little while after all."

Two months! Two months in which to demonstrate her worthiness for the position, thought Anne; two months in which to hypnotize old Hesketh, the senior partner, into thinking that she needed a raise, decided Rita. So the race was on again, and it grew more and more intense as the days slipped by. First one girl and then the other had been given an insight into Miss Peters' work. "It doesn't pay to have only

one person know a thing.'' Mr. McVickars had explained. ''I can't tell you how we suffered when Miss Peters had influenza.'' But this attempt at camouflage decieved no one.

With a start Anne came back to the present and a realization of the heat, the pile of unsorted papers on her desk, Rita yawning over her manicuring, and Terry whistling under his breath as he ground out a notice on the multigraph. It was after five o'clock and she commenced to pick up her things preparatory to closing. Miss Peters had already left to do an errand for Mr. Shearer, and Anne, permitting her thoughts to wander to the subject of her new hat, dreamily watched Rita depart for the inner office in response to her signal on the call button.

Presently she emerged with an angry flush on her cheeks. ''Some people have their nerve, starting a new case at this time of night,'' she muttered as she went to the file cabinet, ''I don't believe the file is here at all.''

''What file?'' Anne roused herself, for the files were in her care.

''Carlton Richards.''

''Look under the firm name, American Enterprise Company.''

Rita pulled out the file with a flourish and vanished leaving behind her the trail of disorder which customarily followed her rummaging. Anne frowned slightly. So they had called Rita on the Richards' deal. That hurt. Of course it was Mr. McVickars who was handling it now instead of Mr. Hesketh, and she realized that he thought she was rather slow; in fact she had overheard him make a criticism to that effect to Mr. Hesketh. But she had done all the preliminary work on the Richards' deal and had the details at her fingertips. Then she shrugged her shoulders. She had done her best, and if Rita had obtained the place—

Presently Rita appeared with the file and passed it over to Anne. ''Here, copy everything he has checked,'' she said, ''and show a little speed. It has to be done tonight, too.'' She seized her notebook and freshly sharpened pencil and returned to take Mr. McVickars' rapid dictation, while Anne cleared her desk and started on the new task in the same methodical fashion in which she did everything.

She was rythmically tapping away when the irritated Rita returned some minutes later.

''He doesn't even know his own mind,'' grumbled the latter, ''change it forty times a minute with his 'strike that out, Miss Dabney, and substitute this.' '' She opened her notebook with a bang and commenced to transcribe rapidly, pausing only long enough to fling over her shoulder. ''Do hurry a little, Anne, I don't want to stay all night waiting for you, and you're so everlastingly slow; remember it's no crime to have to use an eraser now and then.''

Anne flushed and bit her lip and Terry snickered openly; Rita's dexterity with the eraser was as noticeable as her speed. The door of the inner office was ajar and in the occasional halts of the clicking typewriters she could hear the regular tap-tapping of the paper-knife on the ink-stand which always accompained Mr. McVickars' mental processes. Twice he came out and glanced from the pages Anne was so carefully turning out to the copy com-

ing from under Rita's flying fingers, looked at his watch, and then retreated to his lair. Mr. Hesketh had gone, and presently Terry followed him, leaving the two girls alone in the outer office and Mr. McVickars pacing the floor of the inner office. Anne glanced up at the clock; it was nearly six. Presently the telephone rang. Mr. McVickars unhooked the receiver and they could hear his sentorian "Hello, hello—yes, talking—I did not expect it tonight—I'll be over immediately, starting now." Click went the heceiver into the hook, bang went the hall door, then through the transom came the shout of "Down" directed to the elevator boy.

"What do you think of that?" Rita drew the letter she had just finished from her machine, hastily inserted an envelope and pounded out the address. "He's gone without it, after keeping us here until this hour, too. So much the better. He would probably have fussed over pretty details if he had stayed, sworn I had put 'into,' when he said 'in,'' or something equally foolish."

Anne, who was fastening the pages of the inclosures together with a paper clip, did not reply.

"You can just believe it will not take me long to follow him," continued Rita, hastily sweeping the articles off the top of her desk into the open drawer, "I'm late already —oh!"

Anne looked up at the ejuculation. In her energetic haste Rita had overturned a bottle of India ink, deluging the pages of the letter which she had just completed.

"How provoking! It is certainly luky that he has gone," she said, seizing a cloth to sop up the inky pool. "To-morrow I'll come early and rewrite it."

"But he said it had to go out tonight."

"He said so—yes, but he has gone, hasn't he? Does that look as thoug he had to have it tonight?" She slipped the carbon copy and the envelope which had escaped destruction into the wire letter tray and started toward the cloak room.

"But—" protested Anne a second time.

"Oh, hush! Is it any business of yours? It's my letter, isn't it? And besides, Tom is going to take me to dinner and I'm late enough as it is."

After a hasty inspection of herself in the mirror Rita departed, leaving Anne alone in the midst of the disorder. Slowly and methodically she started to pick up the most obvious clutter before the entrance of the janitress, and while she worked a little truant breeze whisked the pages of the copy which Rita had just put into the file basket onto the floor at her feet. She frowned involuntarily as she stooped to pick them up. Mr. MCVickars had wanted that letter tonight and the Richards' deal was a big thing. Possibly it would make a decided difference if it were not done; she had followed the deal closely enough to experience an interest in its successful outcome. Still it was Rita's responsibility. Then an unworthy thought struck her. If it were important and Rita did get into trouble, she might eliminate herself completely from the race and that would leave the secretaryship for her. Stifling this very natural impulse she made

her decision. What if Rita did think her officious? What if it was after six? She would copy the letter. Seating herself at her machine she did so, to the neat little HMcV|RD at the very end, turning out the accurate work for which she was noted. Then she placed it, together with the inclosures and the stamped envelope, on Mr. McVickars' desk and took her departure.

The next morning she met Rita at the office door, looking as nearly disconcerted as Anne had ever seen her.

"I hope that Mr. McVickars is late this morning," she began a little late this morning," she began a.r apprehensively "I meant to get here erly but I didn't get home until late last night and I overslept."

"Don't worry, I did it before I left—he said he must have it. He'll never know the difference."

"You did?" Rita paused and looked at her. "Well, yours is certainly a case of enlarged conscience." She brushed past and made her way directly to Mr. McVickars' desk. "I'm in your debt," she admitted a moment later; "it's gone. He came back for it evidently."

Anne said nothing. Her sense of duty had forced her to finish the letter, but it did not carry her so far as to rejoice over Rita's luck.

Several days later Rita returned from one of her trips to the inner office and summoned Anne with an abrupt "You're wanted in there."

"What's the matter?" Anne was startled by her manner.

"I don't know. It's about the Richards' letter, the one you copied."

It seemed to Anne as though her heart stopped beating for a moment. "What's wrong?"

"I don't know. Richards scrawled his answer in red ink across the bottom of our letter and Mr. McVickars called me in and asked if I took down the letter, anw when I said yes, he wanted to know how it happened that I was using the machine with the small type. I started to explain that you retyped it when the ink spilled and all he said was 'Send her in.'"

Somewhat nervously and with laggard steps Anne went toward the inner office. She had reread the letter carefully and compared it with the carbon copy, yet something had gone wrong, gone wrong in the Richards' deal. Summoning all her courage, she opened the door, entered and shut it firmly behind her, placing her back against it for support. Both Mr. McVickars and Mr. Hesketh were present and the slight smile on the face of the former did not reassure her.

"I do not understand about this letter, he began, "I dictated it to Miss Dabney who wrote it, spilled ink on it and left it until morning. Is that correct?"

Anne nodded.

"And then, not satisfied with such an arrangement, you rewrote it, and placed it on my desk with the documents you had copied?"

By this time Anne had found her tongue. "I thought it was important to get it out that night," she explained; "at least I understood that was what you meant, that it would make a difference—"

"A very great difference," interposed Mr. Hesketh quietly; "we would have lost the deal."

But Anne was too intent on what she was saying to hear him. "And

I knew all about the Richards' deal," she continued. "I did the early work on it, and Miss Dabney was in a hurry, and I, well, anyway, I always like to finish up at night if I can—have no holdivers . . . ." Here Anne paused, conscious that the last was irrelevant, that she had said enough, more than enough, that she was talking at random, that it really did not matter what she said for her chance was gone. "I hope I did not make a mistake and spoil everything," she concluded miserably and with no little anxiety in her tones.

At that Mr. Hesketh and Mr. McVickars exchanged glances.

"Not at all," said the latter decidedly, "if there has been any mistake it was mine, a mistake in judgement." He hesitated a moment and then continued. "We approve of your method of handling matters, of having no holdovers but finishing everything each night, if possible; in fact we approve of it so heartily we think you will be the very person to succeed Miss Peters on the first of the month, and we are glad to offer you the place if you desire it."

And as Anne stood speechless with the shock, one hand clutching the doornob, he added, smiling broadly, "Am I to understand that in this case silence means consent?"

As she backed out, Anne managed to articulate, "Yes."—THE Classmate.

The way things are running now, it won't be long until parents will be sent to bed without their suppers because they talked back to their children.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

JAYWALKERS AND JAYBIRDS.

(Charlotte Observer)

In recent weeks, simultaneously with the coming of the mosquito pest, there has developed in the religious world a number of ecclesiastical pests. They are men vain in their own literary accomplishments and supposed superior knowledge of the Scriptures. They are apostles of what is known as "the new thought," and the new thought is simply the incline that lands one in the hopeless regions of infidelity. These literary pests could not be given standing in the Christian world, for their teachings lead away from Christianity. The newly-developed outbreak of skepticism is confined largely to the smart men of pulpit and college and these have earned characterization as the theological jaywalkers, the fellows who cross the avenue of Christian traffic regardless of consequences. The term was given them by a secular authority, The Literary Digest, and so far as we have seen, it has been taken up by only one religious paper—The Western Christian Advocate—Methodist, as its name implies. Carrying out the idea of the theological jaywalker, that paper observes that "along the great highway of theological thought that hs been established through

the centuries, and over which the great track of religious advance is passing from the past to the other side. Of course, every road has two sides. There must be the liberal and the conservative side, and a man should have the privilege of passing from one to the other. At the same time, 'he should remember that the highway is not at his disposal, that it does not belong to him for his own private and personal exploitation, but that he is a thinking creature, seeking his safe course upon it.' Otherwise, his spiritual life may be imperilled. 'His intellectual identity, his judgment, may be brought into question by a foolish impulse, or by permitting a blind instinct to carry him into the peril of the traffic on the street without giving thought to its danger' "

The other type, the one who may be classed as the theological jaybird, is the man vain enough in his own conceit to undertake reconstruction of the Bible, to accord with "modern ideas." Prof. Edward Goodspeed, holding a chair in the University of Chicago, is the latest candidate for notoriety in the religious world. Word comes that this professor has revised the New Testament in manner to make it understandable to "the flapper or the bricklayer, as well as to the student, so that it will be thumb-worn, instead of shelf-worn." And in criticism of this latest departure in destruction of the Scriptures, the secular press is taking the lead. The fact that the daily papers of the land are coming to defense of the Bible from the tinkerings of the new-thoughters, might be accepted as token of the strong and firm hold the Book has upon both the world of the churchman and the layman. The St. Louis Globe-Democrat, in discussing Professor Goodspeed's undertaking to "modernize" the Bible, insists that his enterprise is of no avail. It properly holds that none but students read or care a rap about any version of the Bible but that which has become sanctified by time and by the experience of the English-speaking people. And why shoud they care? Later translations may be more accurate in verbal expression, but they do not materially alter any of its fundamental meanings, and without exception they are inferior to that great original in the beauty and eloquence of its diction, in the simplicity and purity of its English, and in its impress upon the mind and soul of the humblest and least learned of its readers. The notion that it needs a rendering more in accord with the common speech of the present is scholarly nonsense. It was "made understandable to the people" at the time it was created and it is not less understandable to the people now. Its diction, to be sure, is archaic and many of its words are obsolete, but its common use has preserved the meanings of such words in common knowledge, and its diction sets it apart from other books and aids in giving it that sanctity to which it is entitled.

But for the greater part, its monosyllabic vocabulary, drawn from the elements of English speech that are virtually changeless, words largely of Anglo-Saxon derivation that form the foundation of our language, give to it a character that is incomparable in its simplicity.

The Globe-Democrat holds that the language of the Bible is still the well of English undefiled. Fundamentally it is the best English of today. Setting aside archaic words and grammatical forms it is yet the supreme model of vigorous, forceful, eloquent and poetic English. Every attempt at revision has shown a lamentable deterioration in literary qualities. Every attempt to make it more understandable has made it less so through failure to maintain its simplicity. And every such attempt has destroyed much of the poetry which runs like a golden thread through all of it, eliminating in large part that ryhthmical quality which has so much to do with impressing its teachings on the human mind and heart. One has only to compare the King James version of the thirteenth chapter of Corinthians with that just published from the work of Professor Goodspeed to see how much is lost by the change in diction. The new version is prosaic, commonplace, unimpressive, though it states the same truths. The authorized version has the eloquence and thrill and beauty that only poetic rhythm can give to human speech.

"If it be true that the Bible is less read, less a lamp to the feet, than heretofore," insists our St. Louis contemporary, "it is not because its language has become obscure but because its teachers have decreased in the homes. And, anyway, it is as much of an anachronism to put the Gospels in colloquial American terms of today as it would be to put pants on the 12 Apostles."

SHARING THE BLAME.

Today, in the land where Timothy lived and Paul labored and the early church grew to greatness, all the Christians have been cast out, by agreement of the Great Powers. Since the days when these first famous missionaries planted the Cross in Asia Minor until within a twelvemonth, Christianity has continued to live there, despite all the tremendous political chaanges. Now the Christians are out, and their places have been taken by the Moslems from Thrace. Owing to the perfidy of the Great Powers, Christianity has suffered one of the major defeats of the past twenty centuries. Even the American missionaries, after a hundred years of labor in Asiatic Turkey, are now out.

Wouldn't it be interesting to know what Paul and Timothy think of the present situation in the land consecrated by their toils and tribulations and triumphs? Here is a wide open door through which to enter upon a discussion of the Near Eastern Question, from the standpoint of the recreancy of Christian nations. It is not the Turk who is to be primarily blamed for what has happened, but the statesmanship of London and Paris and Athens and Rome and Washington.—William T. Ellis.

HOW LONGFELLOW'S POEMS CAME TO BE WRITTEN.

By J. Elmer Russell

As one reads the "Life of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow," edited by Samuel Longfellow, and made up so largely of the poet's letters and journals, he is struck by the way in which some of the more familiar poems came to be written.

It was when Longfellow was a boy only thirteen years of age that his first poem was printed. The title of the poem was "The Battle of Lovell's Pond," and it appeared in the poet's corner of the Portland Gazette. There is very little of promise in the verses, but the boy was greatly excited when the paper containing his poem came from the press, a poem inspired by a local Indian story.

It was a good many years later before his poems of enduring worth began to appear. When he was thirty-two years of age his journal records the fact of terrible shipwrecks in the month of December near Gloucester. "There is a reef called Norman's Woe" where many of these took place; among others the schooner Hesperus. Some two weeks later as he sat by the fire at midnight the idea of writing the "Ballad of the Schooner Hesperus" came to his mind. Soon the poem was written, and he went to bed, but not to sleep. New thoughts for the ballad kept running in his mind, and he got up to add them to his manuscript. Then at three o'clock he went to bed again and to sleep. Of the writing he says, "It hardly cost me an effort. It did not come into my mind by lines but by stanzas."

An interesting story lies back of the creation of the now familiar poem, "Excelsior." One day Mr. Longfellow's eye happened to fall upon a newspaper clipping bearing the seal of the State of New York, a shield with a rising sun, and the motto in heraldic Latin, "Excelsior." "At once there sprang up in his imagination the picture of the youth scaling the Alpine pass, bearing in his hand—surely not the broad trailing banner with which the 'illustrators' have furnished him, but rather some slender pennant affixed to his alpenstock, sufficient to bear his chosen motto. This the poet made a symbol of the aspiration and sacrifice of a nobly ideal soul, whose words and aims are an 'unknown tongue' to the multitude; and who refusing to listen to the cautions of experience or prudence—presses on to a higher goal."

One day Nathaniel Hawthorne came to dine with Longfellow at Craigie House, Cambridge, bringing with him Mr. H. L. Conolly, who had been the rector of a church in South Boston. This visit was to be a great event in literary history for it marked the inception of Longfellow's very popular poem "Evangeline." During the course of the dinner the rector said he had been trying in vain to persuade Hawthorne to write a story about an incident which had been related to him by a parishioner. "It was the story of a young Acadian maiden, who at the dispersion of

her people by the English troops had been separated from her betrothed lover; they sought each other for years in their exile; and at last they met in a hospital where the lover lay dying. Mr. Longfellow was touched by the story, especially by the constancy of its heroine, and said to Hawthorne, "If you really do not want this incident for a tale, let me have it for a poem," and Hawthorne consented.

The name of the heroine, Evangeline, was at first Gabrielle. Longfellow read such books as were available for accounts of the dispersion of the Acadians. He never visited Nova Scotia, but described the scenery about Grand Pre from books. Historical accuracy was not necessary for Longfellow was not telling a narrative of fact, but writing with his imagination a poem of enduring love.

Hiawatha is first mentioned in his journal in these words, "I have at length hit upon a plan for a poem on the American Indians, which seems to me the right and the only one. It is to weave together their beautiful traditions into a whole. I have hit upon a measure, too, which I think the right and only one for such a theme." Two or three days later he writes, "I could not help this evening making a beginning of 'Manobozho,' or whatever the poem is to be called. His adventures will form the theme, at all events." Again he writes a few days later, "Work at 'Manabozho,' or as I think I shall call it, 'Hiawatha,' that being another name for the same personage."

It is interesting to see how severly Longfellow criticized his own poems. For example, of Miles Standish he says, "Printing Miles Standish, and seeing all its defects as it stands before us in type. It is always disagreeable when the glow of composition is over to criticize what one has been in love with. We think it is Rachel, but wake to find it Leah."

"The Chamber over the Gate," with all its insight into sorrow, came to the mind of Longfellow when he was writing a letter of condolence to the Bishop of Mississippi upon the death of his son who had died "at the post of duty and humanity, during the prevalence of the yellow fever." Paul Revere's Ride was written not long after a visit to the North Church tower where the signal lights had been hung. "Morituri Salutamus," read at the fiftieth anniversary of his graduation from Bowdin College, was written in response to the request of a classmate that he prepare something for the occasion.

"The Cross of Snow" enshrines Longfellow's deep love for his wife who was burned to death eighteen years before it was written. The poem was suggested to him by an illustrated book of Western scenery, "His attention being arrested by a picture of that mysterious mountain, upon whose lonely, lofty breast the snow lies in long furrows that make a rude but wonderfully clear image of a vast cross. At night, as he looked upon the pictured countenance upon his chamber wall, his thoughts framed themselves into the verses that follow. He put them away in his portfolio where they were found after his death."

"In the long, sleepless watches of

the night,
A gentle face—the face of one long dead—
Looks at me from the wall, where round its head
The night-lamp casts a halo of pale light.
Here in this room she died; and soul more white
Never through martyrdom of fire was led
To its repose; nor can in books be read
The legend of a life more benedight.
There is a mountain in the distant West
That, sun-defying in its deep ravines
Displays a cross of snow upon its side.
Such is the cross I wear upon my breast
These eighteen years, through all the changing scenes
And seasons, changeless since the day she died."

The last poem Longfellow was to write, "The Bells of San Blas," was suggested to him by an article in Harper's Magazine on Mexico, in which reference was made to the bells of the destroyed convent of San Blas. They touched his imagination and March 15, 1882, when he was seventy-five years of age, he wrote the closing stanza of the poem. They are a fitting close to a noble life.

"Out of the shadow of night
The world moves into light;
It is daybreak everywhere."

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Paul Funderburk.

Mr. Grier has for the past few days been making and repairing the terraces.

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A calf shed is being built at the dairy. This work is being done by Mr. Cloer and his boys.

Ⱡ Ⱡ Ⱡ Ⱡ

Peanuts are ready to be pulled, and the boys have been looking forward for this so they can play jack-in-the-bush.

Ⱡ Ⱡ Ⱡ Ⱡ

Mr. Kennett and his boys have canned a total of 450 gallon cans of tomatoes, and the boys are still gathering them.

Ⱡ Ⱡ Ⱡ Ⱡ

Obed McClain left for his home on last Wednesday, to spend a few days with his parents. McClain is a member of the tenth cottage.

Ⱡ Ⱡ Ⱡ Ⱡ

On last Friday, when the boys assembled at the big tree after dinner, formed a big line and marched around two large barrels of apples and the boys enjoyed eating them. The apples were a gift from Mrs. Myrtle Freeland, of North Wilkesboro

Ⱡ Ⱡ Ⱡ Ⱡ

Mr. A. C. Groover and his boys have kept the shoe shop going all the time since he came back from his vacation, as there were so many pairs of shoes to be repaired.

Ⱡ Ⱡ Ⱡ Ⱡ

Last Saturday blankets were dis-

tributed to the various cottages, on account of the sudden change of the weather. The boys were all glad to get them, as it is turning very cold.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The Latin class that was started by Prof. W. M. Crooks last December has begun to read Caeser. The boys in this class are progressing rapidly, and are nearly through with their first book.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The following boys proudly escorted thier friends or relatives around the institution on last Wednesday; George Scott, James Allen, James Watson O'Quinn, Erma Leach and Obed McClain.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

James Allen was paroled on last Wednesday when visited by his parents. Allen has made a good record at the Training School and we all hope that hewill make the same kind of a record out in life.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Mr. and Mrs. Hunter paid a visit to the institution on last Sunday. Mr. Hunter was formerly an officer at the institution, they were welcomed by all and only wish that they could have stayed with us.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

On account of the sudden change in the weather, the boys have not been able to go out after supper, as it is so cold. Therefor the boys spend this time in the cottage, reading or playing games of some kind.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The religeous services were conducted on last Sunday afternoon by Rev. Mr. Jamison of Kannapolis . His sermon was enjoyed by all who heard him. We also enjoyed a solo by Charles Maynard.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Douthey Everhart and Marshall Williams were paroled by Supt. Boger on last Friday. These boys have a detrmination to return to thier homes to live a good clean life.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Several Literary Societies have been already opened on account of the weather turning cold. Soon all of them will be open and we will have some good debates. Nearly all the good debaters have been paroled, but we think that the new boys are going to make just as good debaters.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The Cone Literary Society of the first cottage had a very interesting program on last Monday night, the ones to take part in the program were; Hatem Shaker Hatem, Honeycutt, Long and Gragg. The boys of the first cottage are determined to have the best Society at the Training School, and we are all glad to see that kind of a spirit.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

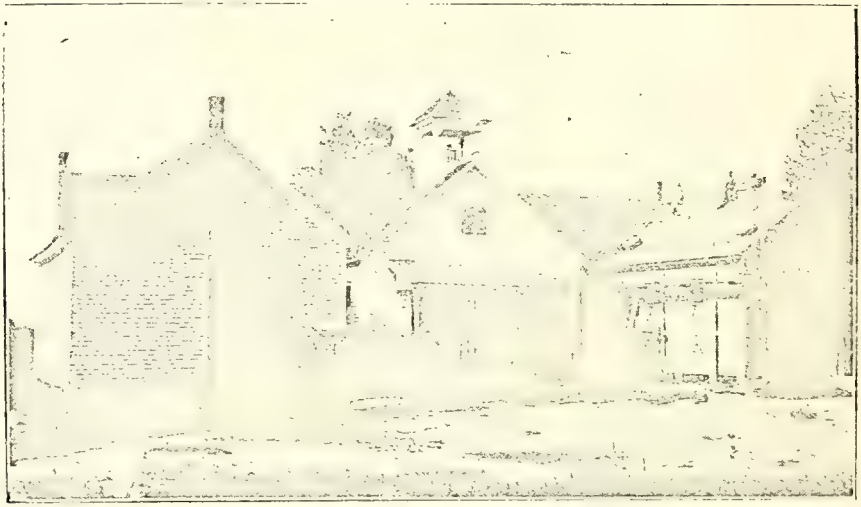
The cagers have started. On last Saturday Coach Alexander gave the boys a tryout, and he finds that we have the prospects of a winning team this year. The boys that are trying for the team are; Lisk, Scott, Rogers, Ruth, Mooney, Maynard, Reece, Wilkerson, Smith C, Foy, Cole, Morris W, Ceilge and Griffin. Coach Alexander says he will make a winning team out of these boys.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The boys did not attend school on

last Friday, Saturday and Monday, as they were needed in gathering beans and picking peas. The boys have been working hard for the past few days, the cannery has been kept steadily going by Mr. Kennett and his boys. The lables that were printed in the printing department a few weeks ago, were placed on the cans last week.

CABARRUS PUBLIC SCHOOL ARCHITECTURE.



A prominent citizen of Concord sent in this picture of the public school building at Brown's Mills settlement. He deplores the lack of wisdom that would have consolidated the mill settlements of Brown Mills, The Hartsell Mills and The Franklin Mills, securing a site of eight or ten acres and erecting a building that would meet the requirements of the whole territory—a building like they have at Landis, Wiscassett at Albemarle, or any of the modern buildings in Stanly county or Montgomery.

This is a sample of the box-stall additions to the county school houses that represent the architectural knowledge and the wisdom of the county school authorities. It is the best they know how to give the public, and the prominent gentleman who sent in the picture thinks that they should be treated with compassion as long as the county seems not to be able to do any better.

You will observe that this unsymemtrical building, bearing four flues, has its tail end backed up towards the highway and the end windows situated in such a way that the children cannot possibly fall out.

THE UPLIFT

XI CONCORD, N. C. SEPTEMBER 29, 1923 No. 46

THE KING'S HIGHWAY

A new railroad was to be built. Surveyors stake off the route. Armies of workmen attacked the inequalities; cuts were made through the hills, thousands of carloads of stone and earth were dumped into the low places, a great viaduct of steel was built across a valley too large to fill in, steel bridges, resting upon massive concrete piers, were thrown across the rivers; and today a highway, solid, level, affords safe and convenient passage to the traveling public... John the Baptist came as a forerunner of the kingdom, and called for men to make ready the way. The hills of pride must be brought low; the ravines of injustice filled up by just and generous dealing, and across the dividing torrents of selfishness must be thrown the bridges of brotherly love. Thus is prepared the "King's Highway," over which pass in peace and safety the heirs of the kingdom.—Sunday School Magazine.

—PUBLISHED BY—

ING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

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JAMES P. COOK, *Editor*, J. C. FISHER, *Director Printing Department*

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"If you cannot on the ocean
Sail among the swiftest fleet,
Racing on the highest billows,
Laughing at the storms you meet;
You can go among the sailors
Anchored yet within the bay,
You can lend a hand to help them
As they launch their boats away."

THE LOVE OF COUNTRY.

In the course of an editorial in the Asheville Citizen, under the caption above, that thoughtful paper rises to say:

"If a wise man desired to announce with inspired and deathless speech the one thing certain to give us Americans greatest good, he would specify a greater love of country. Such an idea was in the mind of Dr. Knight when he told the 1,200 Western North Carolina school teachers: "The school must give the children a more nearly adequate conception of what the community really is, the duties which it imposes and the benefits it confers. Instruction and training in respect for authority and obedience

to law must be afforded. The school must implant ideals and raise standards of life and living."

Many other people have come to feel that there is a something lacking in the course in the public schools. It is natural that children, whose pliable age is almost wholly under the direction and influence of teachers, that they should show a lacking in "the ideals and standards of life and living." This is more liable since the question of morals and wisdom are not emphasized in the text books now in use, and since, being afraid of the constitution, teachers are staying away from the use of the Bible in the public schools. There is no doubt that the example of a godly teacher goes a long way in implanting in the pupils wholesome ideals, but even among the teachers these qualities in certifying teachers may not be outstanding features.

The more the public considers the ground covered by the public school curriculum, with the knowledge that so much of the formative period of a child's life is spent under an influence that very largely emphasizes the business of just making a living, that some actual teaching in morals and wisdom, by written and printed examples, is becoming imperative.

* * * * * * *

THE WAR MOTHER.

It is most commendable in the women in organizing and keeping much alive the association of War Mothers. There is just as much reason, if not more, for pushing along vigorously this new organization as in keeping alive the orders of D. A. R. and the Daughters of the Confederacy. In all of them prevail that love and devotion that characterize the superiority of woman over man.

It is more than a sentiment—it is a demonstration of the undying love of woman for the heroes who played their parts well in causes that affected their citizenship and patriotism.

But our sisters have just as much curiosity as the men, and oftentimes it serves a fine purpose. If a woman gave one son—all she had—to the World War, she did a patriotic mother's full part; if a woman gave to the very same cause five or more sons, she, too, did a noble part but no nobler than the mother of one—the sacrifice is in the giving of all that one has. This interest, however, has brought out the fact that The War Mother of the state lives in Stokes county, N. C. Her name is Mrs. Dollie Wilson, a widow who resides on her farm at R. F. D. 1, Pilot Mountain, Stokes county. Mrs. Wilson had nine sons in the draft.

After investigation into all the records, Mrs. Wilson seems entitled to the

honor of "The War Mother," and Mrs. Hugh Montgomery, of Charlotte, who was entrusted with the delicate matter of locating "The War Mother," has written Mrs. Wilson the follwing letter:

"As you have perhaps heard, it has been decided that you are the North Carolina War Mother, who sent the most sons to the war. You are therefore invited to be an honor guest at Kansas City convention of American War Mothers on September 29 to October 5, inclusive, with all expenses paid."

* * * * * * *

HE KNEW—HE WAS NOT GUESSING.

Ex-commander Jas. A. Lockart, of the State Legionaires, has made public a letter from "the grand old man of Anson," Major General William A. Smith, who heads the state Confederate veterans, responding to an invitation to attend the Legionaire's reunion at Rocky Mount. General Smith handles the English most beautifully and he shows an abiding faith in the average character of a North Carolinian. He wrote Commander Lockart as follows:

"Notification of eminent company causes me to deny myself the pleasure of attending your annual encampment, to my great regret. Please say to the Legion:

"In 1917 I was talking to the Old Boys saying to them: That the boys now volunteering to fight the Germans would prove just as brave, just as gallant, just as enduring, just as loyal, just as courageous, just as valiant as you were in the sixties."

"I saw several shake their heads in dissent and continued, "why not? Are they not your own flesh and blood, your own bone and sinew, begotten by brave and heroic, unterrified women, your very own sons? Then their heads nodded assent. Their fighting at Chatteau Thierry,the Argonne section, and the famous Hindenburg line, justified my prediction, and I am proud of you. Again expressing my regret, and with best wishes.

"Sincerely yours, with highest esteem,"

* * * * * * *

"IT SHALL BE DONE."

THE UPLIFT man has received from Mr. Bruce Craven, of Trinity, an attractive letter case, which bears in letters of gold, "It Shall Be Done." Accompanying this useful gift is a card that reads: "Some people use these little letter holders as an advertisement, but I have used my motto instead of

my name, and send it to you for courtesies rendered, wishing its fulfillment in your ambitions."

The origin of the motto is indeed interesting, and Mr. Craven tells it in this engaging manner:

In service in the war department in Washington in the back wash of the World War following the armistice, there came to my attention incidents that never could have been heard of otherwise, and one of the little every-day happenings at the Walter Reed Army Hospital remains as the most impressive of them all. There was an old regular army soldier whose right arm had been torn off with shrapnel at Bellau wood, leaving just enough of the stump to move, but he never ceased being a soldier and remained on active duty. Called for some minor instructions he stood stiffly at attention until the officer concluded, and then as he started to turn away, his right hand snapped to a perfect salute, except that there was no right hand and it was all imagination except for the little stump of a right arm and the snap in his eyes as he said, "It Shall Be Done." Returning to civil life it became my business and professional motto, as a reminder of military precision in these days when there seems to be a prevalency of slurring over a job in just any way to get through. In the army of course the motto assumes that nothing is done until it is done right, and to stumble along through duty is A. W. O. L. When anything needs to be done, there is but one answer for a good soldier.—"It Shall Be Done."

* * * * * *

LITTLE ALEX.

It was possibly the late Joseph P. Caldwell who baptized Alexander county as "Little Alex." Or maybe it was his successor in the editorship of the Statesville Landmark, R. R. Clark, to whom this honor belongs. Mr. Clark, however, has occasion to be very thankful for "Little Alex," for when he wants to clinch a point most effectively he oftentimes quotes what some old or unique citizen of Alexander county had to say about it.

But the occasion of this reference is merely to emphasize a wonderful condition in that fine little county of fine people. The jail is practically empty, and that is its normal condition; and her home for the aged and infirm has just three inmates. It is further claimed that the institution, instead of being a liability upon the tax-payers, it is a revenue producer, for the farm on which the Home is located is valuable and produces much more than is required for the maintenance of the institution.

* * * * * * *

MISS BESSENT.

As we earthly beings are accustomed to thinking of matters, a beautiful

and most faithful life closed in our midst, on Monday last. Miss Maggie Bessent, for many years a choice resident of Concord, a representative of the finest womanhood, of a sterling character and a lovable personality, and a teacher of extraordinary ability and efficiency, died at the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Smith.

It was the privilege of THE UPLIFT, some months ago, to carry an appreciation of this noble woman, whose influence and example moulded hundreds of lives, who sorrow in her passing but are still grateful beneficiaries of her useful and consecrated association with them in the past. In reality, this choice spirit, while gone away from us in what we term death, still abides with us in the beautiful and exalted character which was hers, in her sympathetic and loving interest in mankind and her example of service that will tell for ages and ages in the lives of others.

The good can never die.

* * * * * * *

ALL OF THEM.

Oxford, this state, which the correspondent claims is the "Athens of North Carolina," has to her credit a great distinction. Every member of the graduating class of the Oxford Public Schools has gone off to college. The superintendent claimed this would occur, when handing them their certificates, and the past few days have witnessed a verification of the superintendent's prophecy. There were 21 in the class, and every one has already matriculated in some college, determined to make the most of their educational advantages.

But there is another star in Oxford's crown. Rev. Mr. Usry, his wife and children have moved to Wake Forest and the whole family has entered Wake Forest College. The father is prosecuting his ministerial studies, the wife taking a course in B. Y. P. U. instruction, and the children are following the regular course. The old state is certainly aroused educationally—that is, in spots.

* * * * * * *

DR. BRANSON NOW IN DENMARK.

If Dr. E. C. Branson keeps up his wonderful discoveries how to make farming pay, as he enthusiastically describes the farmers of Germany and Denmark the latter of which he is now making investigations, he'll be on fire agriculturally when he returns to America.

Some admirer already has picked him for Governor of the state. He seems to be qualifying himself for the most important position of Commissioner of

Agriculture, in which office the great discoveries he has made would make him a great power; or better still, he would make a great president of the A. & E. College. Stranger things have happened.

* * * * * *

AN EXAMPLE OF BREVITY.

Hon. Richmond Pearson, formerly congressman and one time ambassador to Greece and Montenegro, died on the 12th at his home near Asheville, and to him is given the credit of having written the shortest will, certainly in the history of Buncombe county, if not in the entire state. The will, which is dated November 1st, 1883, and filed a few days ago, reads: "I will and desire all my estate, personal and real, to my wife, Gabrielle, absolutely and in fee simple. I appoint my said wife sole executrix."

To a layman, it does not seem possible that such a simple and clear-cut will could by any chance whatever furnish the reasonable possibility of a contest. But were there a number of legal heirs, it might have to run a court trial. Some people would be suspicious of it, anyway, because the will contains just twenty-six words— two thirteens.

* * * * * * *

ADVOCATING POTATOES FOR BURKE.

Sister Beatrice Cobb, the tireless and enthusiastic editor of the Morganton News-Herald, is urging her constituency to go headlong into the raising of sweet potatoes. Pointing out the difficulties, however, in the business, she suggests the proper curing and the co-operating marketing of the crop.

Sister Cobb, we fear, has been misled by some of the potatoes that her admiring constituency have brought to her office, either on subscription or just from admiration of the fine young woman. She announces to the world that the average weight of Burke county sweet potatoes is five pounds.

* * * * * * *

GOING TO HOLD FAST.

Noting the phenomenal growth of certain towns and cities in the South, the One Minute Page of the Charlotte Observer, quotes Mr. W. C. Wilkinson as estimating the increase in the population of Birmingham, Ala., to be during the year 25,000, and this seems quite trustworthy, because that many new people have asked to be connected with the water system. Mr. Wilkinson concludes his observation with this prophecy: "The South is in the saddle once more and she is not going to get thrown again."

SERMONETTE ON WORK

Eugene Ashcraft in Monroe Enquirer

Dearly beloved, my text for today is work.

A part of the ninth Commandment reads, "Six days shalt thou labour, and do all thy work." So let's forget for the nonce Sabbath observance, or rest day, and talk about work-a-days. It would seem there is just as much divine command for a guy to find himself a job and keep busy six days in the week as there is that he should rest on the seventh.

Funny thing, though, about work—the more we do the more we like it, and the less we do the less we are inclined to labor. Most of us, too ,believe we could be perfectly happy if we could live in idleness, but let us have a day or two off in which to loaf and we become miserable.

I am reminded of the tale the boys told on my old friend, Ed Austin, this summer. Mr. Austin who has been with Belk Brothers since the year I, took a holiday. He told 'em how he wasn't goin' to do a thing but have a good time doin' nothin' for a whole week. Ed about the third day began to miss the store perhaps no worse than the store missed his pleasant countenance. And the boys do say he would come up town, hang around his old place and look that lonesome-like, they were sorry for him. Monday morning following the week of rest, found Edward happy at his post. I tell the tale as it was told to me.

One of the hardest and overworked set of folks are the school teachers. I'm plum sorry for them. They are required to get to the schoolroom by 8:30 of the clock and there they stay until as late as 3 in the afternoon. Of course there's an hour or two of intermission in the interim. Some teachers admit they're a hard worked set, but most of 'em calmly accent the hard lot fate has decreed. Of course some relief is affored by Saturday being a holiday-Sunday, too.

Then there's the bank clerks—open at 9 in the morning and close at 3 in the afternoon—Six hours of arduous duty with only an hour off for luncheon. They get good pay for countin' money when the rest of us would love to do it for nothin'—if we could get our hands on it.

Preachers never say so, but we all know them to be a hard-worked lot. Don't they have to go to all the picnic and are invited out between times to chicken dinners. It's a hard life.

What shall I say of my farmer friends? Some of them work too hard and some work hard to keep from working. But none realizes more fully than the man who toils in the fields, the truthfulness of the old couplet, "Happy is the man who at the setting of sun has a good day's work done."

When I go to my lawyer's office I find him hard-worked. Maybe he has his feet on top of his desk, a cigar in his mouth and two or three deep and long puckers between his eyes and adown his nose. He is looking ceiling-ward as he slowly blows smoke rings. Sh-sh! He's thinking—thinking what fools men are who find pleasure in profitless litigation to his profit.

Automobile dealers have the soft snap. They let us work until we get enough money to buy a lizzie or a new model. For no one is willing any more to "Let The World Go By-hy," but by gravy, instead, we want to go helter-shelter with it, and are willing to pay for the privilege.

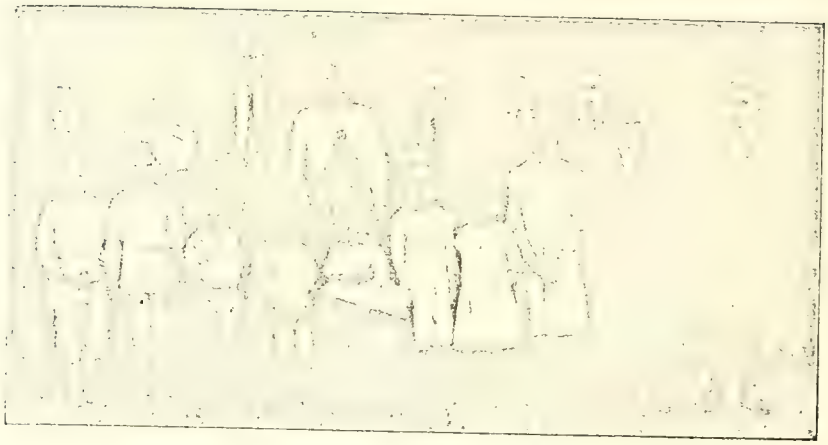
About the only folks who get no credit for work are loafers, editors and niggers. With some folks it is necessary to live up to reputations, while others live down to it.

But, dearly beloved, the hardest job of all is the fellow who has no job whatever. He usually goes to the drug store about 9 o'clock in the morning. He buys himself a dope if someone doesn't set him up, and then he asks for a pack of camels. He may be seen taking a swallow of ice-cold stomach wash followed by a hot inhalation of cigarette smoke. It's real amoosin' to watch the cuss. Then the sport section of the daily paper is scanned. The standing of the various baseball clubs is ascertained. Why he does this is a mystery, for rarely does the fellow have any money with which to place a bet—but the sport page is all he cares to read in a newspaper. He's a regular jayhenry highsmith in that regard. Hour after hour he lolls about. He would be much happier and content were he obeying the injunction, "Six days shalt thou labour."

HOW IT DIFFERS IN NORTH CAROLINA.

Manufacture under country conditions is nothing new in Germany. Sidney Whitman called attention to it twenty-five years ago. It is a distinctive feature of industrial Germany as it is of North Carolina.

If only our farm and factory workers were home owners settled in compact farm communities as they are in the main in Germany I should be less disturbed than I am at present about the future of both our farm and our factory civilizations. I do not believe any civilizations, in town or country, can be safely based on the landless estate of modern. And just as strongly I do believe in co-operative community life and enterprise. Modern life in big cities everywhere looks to me very like a lot of crabs in the bottom of a bucket, every crab crawling over every other crab trying to get on top. It is a sorry spectacle, and it is pagan to the core, no matter how we label it, whether Christian or not.—W. C. Branson, Berlin, July 3, 1923.



CATAWBA COUNTY SAMPLE.

Mr. and Mrs. Alley Travis, who live just out of Newton, Catawba county, N. C., had seventeen children when this picture was made. It is a noteworthy group that refutes any idea of race suicide in North Carolina. The father and mother are still comparably young people, and a healthier and more promising set of offspring cannot be found in all the land. In the language of Venus, the famous Rowan correspondent of several state papers, "if you can beat that, trot it out."

BEHIND TIME

Freeman Hunt once wrote a piece that not only found its way into first-class readers, and thereby taught most forcible lessons—such as mythical stories have failed to do—but answered the longing purpose of young declaimers. Barring "Mary Had A Little Lamb, this production of Hunt's has been used more for declamation than any other article in existence. Its only weakness, in failing to answer the purposes of a certain class of pupils, looking for something high-sounding and away-off, lies in the fact that brother Hunt failed to incorporate something about "Rome, once the mistress of the world," and a gesture at ancient Greece. But, no doubt he thought a reference to Waterloo would suffice.

Well do I remember, years ago, how Prof. W. W. Morris and Major W. A. Foil, when just mere lads, made the welkin ring in declaiming this wonderful piece. They never spoke more eloquently and convincingly.

A railroad train was rushing along at almost lightning speed. A curve was just ahead, beyond which was a station at which the cars usual-

ly passed each other. The conductor was late, so late that the period during which the down train was to wait had nearly elapsed; but he hoped yet to pass the curve safely. Suddenly a locomotive dashed into sight right ahead. In an instant there was a collision. A shriek, a shock, and fifty souls were in eternity; and all because an engineer had been behind time.

A great battle was going on. Column after column had been precipitated for eight mortal hours on the enemy posted along the ridge of a hill. The summer sun was sinking to the west; re-enforcements for the obstinate defenders were already in sight; it was necessary to carry the position with one final charge, or everything would be lost.

A powerful corps had been summoned from across the country, and if it came up in season all would yet be well. The great conquerer, confident in its arrival, formed his reserve into an attacking column, and ordered them to charge the enemy. The whole world knows the result. Grouchy failed to appear; the imperial guard was beaten back; Waterloo was lost. Napoleon died a prisoner at St. Helena because one of his marshals was behind time.

A leading firm in commercial circles had long struggled against bankruptcy. As it had enormous assets in California, it expected remittances by a certain day, and if the sums promised arrived, its credit, its honor, and its future prosperity would be preserved. But week after week elapsed without bringing the gold. At last came the fatal day on which the firm had bills maturing to enormous amounts. The steamer was telegraphed at daybreak; but it was found, on inquiry, that she brought no funds, and the house failed. The next arrival brought nearly half a million to the insolvents, but it was too late; they were ruined because their agent, in remitting, had been behind time.

A condemned man was led out for execution. He had taken human life, but under circumstance of the greatest provocation, and public sympathy was active in his behalf. Thousands had signed petitions for a reprieve; a favorable answer had been expected the night before, and though it had not come, even the sheriff felt confident that it would yet arrive in season. Thus the morning passed without the appearance of the messenger. The last moment was up. The prisoner took his place on the drop, the cap was drawn over his eyes, the bolt was drawn, and a lifeless body swung revolving in the wind. Just at that moment a horseman came into sight, galloping down hill, his steed covered with foam. He carried a packet in his right hand, which he waved rapidly to the crowd. He was the express rider with the reprieve. But he had come too late. A comparatively innocent man had died an ignominious death, because a watch had been five minutes too slow, making its bearer arrive behind time.

It is continually so in life. The best laid plans, the most important affairs, the fortunes of individuals, the weal of nations, honor, happiness, life itself, are daily sacrificed because somebody is "behind time." There are men who always fail in whatever they undertake, simply because they are "behind time." There

are others who put off reformation year by year, till death seizes them, and they perish unrepentant, because forever "behind time." Five minutes in a crisis is worth years. It is but a little period, yet it has often saved a fortune or redeemed a people. If there is one virtue that should be cultivated more than another by him who would succeed in life, it is punctuality; if there is one error that should be avoided, it is being behind time.

SOUTH HAS HAD TWO FORMS OF SLAVERY.

If you have been in the habit of paying "time prices" for anything you and your family use, then I want to urge you to resolve first of all that you are going to free yourself forever from this modern form of slavery.

For as a matter of fact, there have been two great forms of slavery in the South. One was the chattel slavery which existed prior to 1865 and applied only to Negroes. The other has been the crop mortgage "time prices" slavery which has existed since 1865 and which has held millions of farmers both white and black in its shameful bondage. I know all about it. I grew up under it. It fastened itself on the old homestead where I was reared until it brought the menace of foreclosure. But my father then resolutely made up his mind to be done with that system, and even though cotton was only 5 or 6 cents a pound, we lived hard, adopted the motto, "Pay as you go, and if you can't pay don't go," and somehow or other we managed to save up a little payment on the mortgage every year—and the old farmstead is still in the hands of the family.

I mention all this both to show you that I know what "time prices" slavery means and that I am not speaking without experience when I say I believe you can work yourself out from under it and into real freedom.

You had better sacrifice clothes if necessary in order to get on a cash basis. It doesn't matter much what sort of clothes a man or woman wears so they are clean. The whole family had better wear old clothes, cheap clothes, or patched clothes for one year rather than stay in the grip of the credit system through all the future years. Certainly, too, one can resolve that he will have a twelve-months-in-the-year garden, some good hens, and two good cows, and then with plenty of milk, butter, cream, eggs, chickens and fresh vegetables, there should be small need for buying "time prices rations" from any store.—Clarence Poe.

VACATION VAGABONDS.

Paul J. Hoh in The Lutheran

Flags were at half mast when we arrived in the Nation's Capital. A few days before the Nation's head had been borne to his eternal resting place. There was a feeling of heaviness and tenseness, and yet things generally moved along in their accustomed course. The new President had taken up his strenuous, intricate task. It was our privilege to attend divine worship in the First Congregational Church, where Mr. Coolidge is used to worship. The sermon was good. Its theme: "Houses on Rocks," was timely, and true. After a day amid the beauties of landscape and art, we went south, through the charming Shenandoah Valley, stopping at the endless Caverns and the Natural Bridge of Virginia. At Roanoke our party was completed and we were ready for our wanderings through the mountains of Virginia and North Carolina.

Salem was our first stopping place and gave us opportunity to view the campus of Roanoke College and the new College Church. Our congratulations to those who planned and erected this genuinely pretty structure—dignified, churchly, comfortable! Particularly did the windows, rather unique in their color and design, leave an indelible impression.

The next morning's sun, as it peeped now and then through the mists and the rain, might have seen four Lutheran pastors, dressed for the long and often dusty road, tramping happily toward the south and west.

It was our object to hike about twenty miles a day and secure whatever necessary assistance offered to make the next stopping place. And so it came to pass that you might at any time have seen your sometimes ministerially-vested friends, sitting in the back of a grocery wagon or on the running board of a Texaco oil truck or riding luxuriously in the front seat of a Packard touring car. There were good roads and bad roads, great, wide, concreted thoroughfares and tiny winding mountain pathes. Rivers had to be crossed in old-fashioned pole-and-cable ferries and sometimes even forded in bare feet, with waters, cold and swift, gurgling pleasantly about one's knees. Then came long, slow climbs, hour after hour, up and up and up. Range after range of the Blue Ridge had to be mounted and left behind. And these experiences of the road, so worth while in themselves, were more than capped by the scenic visions that delighted the eye at every turn. Near Blacksburg a dream picture suddenly burst into view: the New River, meandering lazily among its forest and pasture clad hills; yonder a herd of cattle; here a flock of sheep; still farther a patch of studded green, marking a camping ground; and just at our feet, bold, jutting crags, overhanging the river's banks.

At Blowing Rock an awful, endless mountain panorama revealed itself as the sun scattered the sullen shadows. Range after range of verdant,

pine-covered mountains rolled along farther than the eye could scan. And from the valleys below, far, far below, came the rushing, constant winds, that gave the name to this southern resort. We made a parachute of an old bandanna handkerchief and threw it into the abyss. It unfolded and in a moment came sailing over the rocky ledge and fell at our feet.

Mount Mitchell, monarch of the East,rising 6,711 feet above the sea, gave us thrill after thrill. Splendid, grand, inspiring glimpses everywhere of God's handiwork. And to think that a fine highway, reaching to within 700 feet of the peak, has brought these nature marvels within easy reach of the auto tourist. We, of course, chose to make the ascent on foot. To tramp these endless roads, to breathe these stirring breaths of the hills, to lap these crystal waters, to feel the fragrance of the forest flowers, to see the melting of the mountain mists, and above all to look out into these infinite expanses of motionless mountain waves—this was to live.

Our "hike" was at an end, but not our summer trip. Asheville, queen of southern mountain cities, where the Vanderbilts have their gorgeous estates and where Grove Park Inn, a wonder in native stone, crowns the landscape, must disclose her charm. Then we must hurry eastward, skirting the sapphire coast, to Charleston and Savannah. Now we are in the real South. Charleston, the old, dignified, stately city with its palms and sub-tropical flora and its many attractive birds, blue jays and mocking birds, cardinals and mourning doves, haunting its parks and gardens! Every home of Old Charleston is a thing of beauty and rare charm. There are interesting little gateways, cozy little porches, attractive roof and window ledges, and scattered here and there the rows of dusky shacks where the colored folk dwell. We attended a Lutheran Church in the morning, a Baptist Church in the evening, and noted the unusually good attendance at both.

Unfortunately Charleston is changing, and changing fast. Our first impression was that of a serpent sloughing its skin. The old, resplendent beauty was passing, a new was beginning to take its place. Meanwhile the whole city was just peeling off. Its streets, its houses, its gardens were sloughing their surfaces. And yet there was a real charm.

Savannah was different, more modern, more northern. Not nearly so attractive to the tourist, therefore; not so unique. And more than ever we noticed the preponderance of the colored folk, still in many ways keeping up the customs of the past—driving their donkey carts, carrying their wares on their heads, and so on.

A two days' ocean voyage brought us back to New York. There had been colorful sunsets, distant scintillations of storms, moonlight paths across the silent waves, ships passing ghost-like in the darkness, and sharks and monster turtles and flying fish to enliven the scene. And there had been rest—precious rest to body and to soul.

The People

Very crudely we have sketched

our wanderings. A bit about the people ought to be told. Generally speaking, of course, they were very much as we are—just simply God's human creatures. Nevertheless, somehow we did feel, all of us, that the South still had something of its old, far-famed hospitality. We cannot go into details. We think, however, of a professor in a Virginia college who gave us a "lift" in his car. Learning that we had been college men, he urged that we see his institution and spent an hour showing us through. He took us to his boarding house (and we were scarcely dressed for a place of such refinement) and after dinner drove us seven miles, just to let us see a real bit of picturesque country. We shall not soon forget his courtesy.

We think of a woman in a little North Carolina town of perhaps fifty inhabitants, who got us some dinner, stood over the table and fanned away the flies, and then asked 75 cents for the whole four of us. We were impressed, too, by her native culture and her quick wit. We had bowed our heads in a word of grace.

"Bless you, boys, you're all Quakers!" came in that musical accent of the South. We explained that we were Lutheran pastors.

"I married a preacher myself."

We looked a bit surprised, and waited.

"You see, I just made him quit."

"How's that?" asked one of us.

"Well, you see, I got hungry."

And I suppose it was true. As we looked at some of the little churches hidden away in these little mountain villages, we wondered that more had not "got hungry."

We think again of an evening just before we reached Spruce Pine. The day's walk had been long and we were rather tired and in need of food. We stopped at a farm house and asked if we could get supper. There was no asking twice. Supper would be shared with the strangers. We were asked to stay over night. And what a treat that evening was! The family gathered in the living room and we sang. Hymn after hymn rang out into the night to meet the chirping and buzzing there. Then Mrs. W. got her Bible. One of us read, another led in prayer. Then we were off to sleep—the sleep of men who had had a blessed experience. There was a sturdy devoutness about that home that meant much to us. And it was not an isolated case.

Such were a few of the experiences and impressions of a group of vacation vagabonds, who had but one purpose—to rest; and in that resting to recharge body, mind and spirit for further service in the Kingdom.

Paul J. Hoh.

FATHER OF THIRTEEN AND VERY HAPPY.

J. A. Jones, who began his career carrying a hod for the late D. E. Cecil and who then became a bricklayer and finally one of the South's big contractors, bought the palatial mansion of E. D. Latta, one of the show homes of Charlotte. Mr. Jones' construction concern is just completing Charlotte's new million dollar hotel.—Lexington Dispatch.

WORD STUDIES.

By Hariette Wilbur

You know how a graduating class goes to church the Sunday before the actual commencement exercises, and listens to an inspiring address, delivered by some minister, professor, or college president, which message is called the "baccalaureate sermon?" Of course you do, for if you have not yet graduated yourself, you have a brother, sister, cousin, aunt, uncle, parent or friend, who has received a diploma from some institution of learning, and you have heard all about the exercises, including the baccalaureate.

I suppose you think you know just what that word means. But do you know its history? If not, how surprised you'll be to learn that the whole word, every one of its five syllables, can be traced back to the laurel tree, or the bay laurel, so well-known in southern Europe for centuries. What does the laurel tree have to do with a baccalaureate sermon? Here is the secret.

The ancient Greeks used the evergreen foliage of the laurel tree to crown the victors in certain athletic games and sports; a wreath of laurel was also used to honor certain men high in political offices. In the days of Roman greatness the laurel was considered an emblem of victory and likewise of mercy, and was borne in the hands of the returning soldiers who came home as conquerors. Chaucer mentions it as the proper crown for the Knights of the Round Table.

Even in early times, it was granted that "peace hath her victories no less than war," and so a crown of laurel became the crown for those who had won academic honors. Poets in particular, those fearless leaders of public thought and bold champions of liberty, justice, equality, were of all men considered most worthy to wear the crown of laurel. Often, at a public gathering, a poet whom some ruler, state or city wished to single out for special honors, was so crowned. He then became a laureate, that is, "a wearer of the laurel." This is the origin of the expression "poet laureate." It was first applied to great poets in general, by their admiring readers; since the year 1638, it has been given a special meaning in England, where it has for over three hundred years been the title of honor borne by the poet appointed by the king to be the official poet of the kingdom, whose duty it is to prepare special poems for special occasions. Among the many to hold this honored office was Alfred Tennyson; the present poet laureate is Alfred Austin.

With laureate explained, there is still the question, why baccalaureate. This calls for more history, natural history this time, for the fruit of the bay laurel is a small, egg-shaped berry, the Latin for which is bacca. The French tongue changed the Latin bacca to baie. Originally both bacca and baie was applied to berries generally, regardless of the species of plant producing them, but in time each word came to mean the fruit of the laurel in particular. So it is

that the tree itself became the bacca, or baie, or bay laurel.

When it became the custom to place wreaths of laurel with the berries (baccae) upon the head of students who took their degrees, they were given the name baccalaureates —"wearer of the berried laurel." Eventually this was shortened to bachelor, which in turn was applied to those students taking courses that would lead to the degree of baccalaureate. University bachelors usually being unmarried men, it was but natural that the word should come to mean any unmarried man of any age whatsoever. Indeed, nowadays the unmarried person need not be a man—there is many a bachelor girl who may or may not have been a baccalaureate or "bachelor of arts" in a college or university.

Even greater liberties have been taken with the word which is an abbreviation for baccalaureate, so that a bachelor need not be even a human being. It may be any animal that is without mate, particularly a male fur seal that is not permitted near the family parties of older, stronger males; these bachelor seals are not protected by law, and so may be legally killed for their skins.

It is a far jump from the student crowned with berried laurel to one of these lonely bachelor seals on the Pribilof Islands, good for nothing except to be killed for his fur. But root-words have a habit of putting forth strange, even freakish shoots, as you will learn if you study the history of their descendants.

If there be lying before you any bit of work from which you shrink, go straight up to it. The only way to get rid of it is to do it. In every piece of honest work, however irksome, laborious and commonplace, we are fellow-workers with God.—F. P. Myers.

THE ALMOND.

By Pephia Phillips in Young Folks

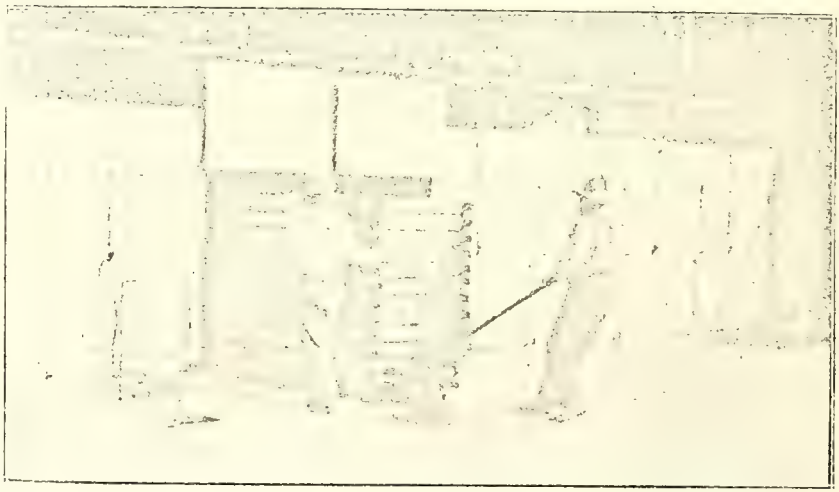
"Those are the queerest peaches I ever saw," exclaimed an easterner, looking at what appeared to be fuzzy, undeveloped peaches, scarcely dotting up on the branches without leaving. "I suppose they have not had sufficient water."

What the visitor was looking at and wondering why the California rancher gave it room, was an almond tree and his perplexity was quite natural. For the almond is a queer tree, and has some queer habits.

Mr. George Law, who writes about the almond, stages [illegible] almond trees are, "symmetrical, vase-like, more densely branched and finer [illegible] editions of peach trees. Most are grafted on [illegible] roots, from it is now generally conceded that the almond root is more desirable being less susceptible to the attacks borers. Whereas, with the peach the pericarp (fleshy part) is the food portion, with the almond, the scheme is exactly reversed: the pericarp is the hull, while the bitter part [illegible] is the part sweetened and [illegible] roved

by designing man for his own consumption."

Ninety-eight per cent, of the almond crop is produced in California, and it is well that this nut has chosen a state so large in territory, and so varied in degrees of climate for its own locality, since it requires both extremes of desert heat, and of wintry weather. Most of the almond crop is grown in the valleys adjacent to the high Sierras, and in the more



Putting Trays Of Almonds Into The Salphuring Booths

southern portions of the state it flourishes near the passes and gateways from mountain to desert.

The largest acreage planted to almonds is in the Banning locality, though there are a few scattering groves elsewhere, and the only processing plant and packing house in the state for almonds is in the above named town.

It is necessary to plant several varieties in the same orchards, for a curious reason. Most people are familiar with the fact of male and female trees, but the almond is peculiar in this that it will not mate with its own variety of tree. In other words a lady pappershell will not "marry" a male papershell, but the mating or cross-pollination, to speak more scientifically, must be between hardshells and papershells. So the grower cannot plant papershells alone, though he might wish to do so since they are considered more desirable, but must also have hardshells in the same grove. For his own convenience, the grower generally plants two or three inter-fertile varieties in the same grove, set in alternate rows. These rows are usually set thirty feet apart each way. Another odd thing about the almond's scheme of pollination is that instead of producing a hybrid nut, the crop comes true in kind, color and texture of the

mother tree. Perhaps there is no other fruit or nut tree that has this peculiarity.

Mr. Law states that the knocking down of the nuts when ripe is not so difficult as gathering the English walnut. The poles used are light and short ten feet long. One man climbs into the center of the vase-like tree and knocks the radiating circle of branches. Another man on the ground whacks the outside branches he can reach. Sheets of canvas are spread on the ground to receive the nuts, most of which are knocked from the trees in the one operation. When the nuts are taken from one tree the canvas is dragged on down the row to the next. This is continued on down the line.

The method of hulling is determined mainly by the size of the crop. Handhulling is preferred, for the work is neater and no nuts are broken. But this is a slow process and if the crop is large, hulling machines are resorted to. Large ranchers own their own hullers, or the almond associations provide one for the joint use of its members.

The boxes of unhulled nuts, mixed with trash and leaves, are delivered to the hulling sheds, where they are emptied into the hopper of the machine. The nuts are elevated into a revolving metal drum, which churns them about, separating the hulls from the nuts and tearing the former into bits. This mixture passes to an agitated screen through which many of the particles of refuse sift into another screen, while some of the nuts pass into the delivery shoot. Two more screens, lower on the machine, continue the work. Then the nuts pass to a movable belt, while the chaff is hoisted through a shoot to be emptied into wagons wait-

Almond Grove On February 1st. Ground Covered With Snow.

ing to convey it back to the orchard for fertilizer. The belt carrying the nuts passes through rows of women workers, who pick out the last remaining bits of hull. The huller is so constructed as to convey hulls and broken kernels through a side shoot. This mixture is picked over by hand, as the broken and whole kernels will do for the candy trade.

When the hulling is done in the groves by hand, it is usually performed Mexicans, who often come to the region from other localities for the almond harvest.

They work in bands under a "captain." Along toward sundown the youths and maidens, squaws and bucks gather around the captain and his scales. The old ones come trudging in, carrying their sacks of hulled nuts on their backs, native fashion, the stress being born by a strap across the head. They have not entirely lost the dignity and bearing of the old-time Indians, and their behavior might well put to shame similar gatherings among their white neighbors.

Same Grove On February 26th. Extremes Almost Meet The Almon Grove

harvesting of the almonds. At Banning, the work is mostly done by Indians, and there are no more interesting scenes in California than this condition brings forth. From five to seven cents per pound is paid for both hulling and gathering.

The entire Indian family engage in this work, from the aged grandmother down to small children, and this gives them a chance to put by something for winter. At the reservation, nearby, they hold a gay fiesta for one week in September, during They do not crowd and push, or try to get in ahead of others to have their nuts weighed. They display no impatience and show great consideration for one another. In turn each one comes forward, deposits his load on the scales and waits in dignified silence while the captain weighs it.

The nuts are emptied into boxes and hauled to the packing houses, where they are sorted according to variety. They are spread thinly on trays similar to those used in fruit

drying, and conveyed on low trucks to the sulphuring chambers. There are usually about ten trays to a truck. These sulphuring chamers are air-tight booths of concrete, built into one unit of ten compartments, having a processing capacity of from four to five tons at a time. Into these booths steam is turned for about twenty minutes. This opens the pores of the shells, allowing them to take the sulphur fumes more readily. About a pound of sulphur is placed in the back of each booth on a small hearth. It is ignited and the metal door is closed. For another twenty minutes the nuts remain in these sulphur fumes. The sulphur brightens the color of the almonds as well as fumigating them.

The almond is one of the most nutritious of nuts, high in mineral and vitamine content, and is also among the mildest and best flavored of the many kinds of nuts produced for our markets.

Two battered old wrecks of humanity were sitting together on a bench in a city park when one informed his neighbor, "I am a man who never took advice from anybody." "Shake, old fellow," said the other, "I am a man who followed everybody's advice." This may be a parable and not actual history, but whether parable or history the lesson is the same. It is this: The man who takes advice from nobody is as big a fool as he who accepts advice from everybody. A man must not only have some opinions of his own but must also know how to weigh the opinions of other people.—Greensboro Advocate.

GRACE DARLING.

I ran across an old friend of my youthful days. It was a reader in use in the public schools some forty years ago. The selections, though familiar, yet give out inspiration. There perhaps was never a more cleverly executed piece of literature than the story of a great heroine of humanity. There is a fascination about the noble deed of Grace Darling, so engaging, that THE UPLIFT feels that it will prove an inspiration to many of our readers The cute, painted, bobbed-haired among us will probably not think Grace such a wonder; but long before they return to the beauty stage which God selected for a starting point for their careers, they will come to feel that Grace Darling deserves a place in history.

Opposite the northern part of the coast of the county of Northumberland, in England, at a short distance from the shore, is a group of small islands, twenty-five in number at low tide, called the Farne Islands. Their aspect is wild and desolate in the extreme. Composed of rock, with a slight covering of herbage, and in many places ending in sheer precipices, they are the residence of little else than wild fowl. Between the smaller islets the sea runs with great force, and many a goodly ship, in times past, has laid her bones upon the pitiless rocks which every ebb

tide exposes to view.

Upon Longstone, one of these islands, there stands a light-house, which, at the time of the incident about to be related, was kept by William Darling, a worthy and intelligent man, of quiet manners, with resources of mind and character sufficient to turn to profitable use the many lonely hours which his position necessarily entailed upon him.

He had a numerous family of children; among them a daughter, Grace, who had reached the age of twenty-two years when the incident occurred which has made her name so famous. She had passed most of her life upon the little island of Longstone, and is described as having been of a retiring and somewhat reserved disposition. In personal appearance, she was about the middle size, of a fair complexion and pleasing countenance; with nothing masculine in her aspect, but gentle and feminine, and, as might be supposed, with a winning expression of benevolence in her face. Her smile was peculiarly sweet. She had a good understanding, and had been respectably educated.

On Wednesday evening, September 5, 1838, the Forfarshire steamer, of about three hundred tons burden, under the command of Captain John Humble, sailed from Hull on a voyage to Dundee in Scotland. She had a valuable cargo of bale goods and sheet-iron, and her company, including twenty-two cabin and nineteen steerage passengers, comprised sixty-three persons.

On the evening of the next day, when in the neighborhood of the Farne Islands, she encountered a severe storm of wind, attended with heavy rain and a dense fog. She leaked to such a degree that the fires could not be kept burning, and her engines soon ceased to work. She became wholly unmanageable, and drifting violently, at the mercy of the winds and waves, struck on one of the reefs of Longstone Island, about four o'clock on Friday morning.

As too often happens in such fearful emergencies, the master lost his self-possession, order and discipline ceased, and nothing but self-preservation was thought of. A portion of the crew, including the first mate, lowered one of the boats and left the ship. With them was a single cabin passenger, who threw himself into the boat by means of a rope. These men were picked up after some hours, and carried into the port of Shields.

The scene on board was of the most fearful description—men paralyzed by despair—women wringing their hands and shrieking with anguish—and among them the helpless and bewildered master, whose wife, clinging to him, frantically besought the protection he could no longer give. The vessel struck aft the paddle-boxes; and not above three minutes after the passengers (most of whom had been below, and many of them in their berths) had rushed upon the deck, a second shock broke her into two pieces.

The after-part, with most of the passengers and the captain and his wife, was swept away through a tremendous current, and all upon it were lost. The fore-part, on which were five of the crew and four passengers, stuck fast to the rock. These few survivors remained in their dreadful situation till daybreak, with a fearful sea running around

them, and expecting every moment to be swept into the deep. With what anxious eyes did they wait for the morning light! And yet what could mortal help avail them even then? Craggy and dangerous rocky islets lay between them and the nearest land, and around these rocks a sea was raging in which no boat was likely to live. But, through the providence of God, a deliverance was in store for them—a deliverance wrought by the strong heart of an heroic girl.

As soon as day broke on the morning of the 7th, they were descried from the Longstone light, by the Darlings, at nearly a mile's distance. None of the family were at home, except Mr. and Mrs. Darling and Grace. Although the wind had somewhat abated, the sea—never calm among these jagged rocks—was still fiercely raging; and to have braved its perils would have done the highest honor to the strong muscles and well-tried nerves of the stoutest of the male sex. But what shall be said of the errand of mercy having been the undertaken and accomplished mainly through a female heart and arm!

Mr. Darling, it is said, was reluctant to expose himself to what seemed certain destruction; but the earnest entreaties of his daughter determined him to make the attempt. At her solicitation the boat was launched, with the mother's assistance; and father and daughter entered it, each taking an oar. It is worthy of being noticed that Grace never had occasion to assist in the boat previous to the wreck of the Forfarshire, others of the family being always at hand.

great muscular strength, as well as by the utmost coolness and resolution, that the father and daughter rowed the boat up to the rock. And when there, a greater danger arose from the difficulty of so managing it as to prevent its being dashed to pieces upon the sharpe ridge which had proved fatal to the steamer. With much difficulty and danger, the father scrambled upon the rock, and the boat was left for awhile to the unaided strength and skill of the daughter. However, the nine sufferers were safely rescued.

The delight with which the boat was first seen was converted into amazement when they perceived that it was guided and impelled by an old man and a young woman. Owing to the violence of the storm, the rescued persons were obliged to remain at the light-house of the Darlings from Friday morning till Sunday, during which time Grace was most assiduous in her kind attention to the sufferers, giving up her bed to one of them, a poor woman, who had seen her two children perish in her arms, while on the wreck.

This heroic deed of Grace Darling shot a thrill of sympathy and admiration through all Great Britain, and indeed through all Christendom. The Humane Society sent her a flattering vote of thanks and a piece of plate, and a considerable sum of money was raised for her from the voluntary contributions of an admiring public. The lonely light-house became the centre of attraction to thousands of curious and sympathizing travellers; and Grace was pursued, questioned, and stared at to an extent that became a serious annoyance to her gentle and retiring

It was only by the exertion of spirit.

But in all this hot blaze of admiration, and in her improved fortunes, she preserved unimpaired the simplicity and modesty of her nature. Her head was not in the least turned by the world-wide fame she had earned, or by the flattering caresses of the wealthy, the fashionable, and the distinguished, which were lavished upon her. The meekness with which she bore her honors equalled the courage which had won them. She resumed her former way of life, and her accustomed duties, as quietly as if nothing had happened. Several advantageous offers of marriage were made to her, but she declined them all; usually alleging her determination not to leave her parents while they lived.

But she was not long destined to enjoy the applause she had earned, or the more substantial tokens of regard which had been bestowed upon her. She began to show symptoms of consumption toward the latter part of 1841; and, although all the means of restoration which the most affectionate care and the best medical advice could suggest were resorted to, she gradually declined, and breathed her last, in calm submission to the will of God, October 20, 1842. Her funeral was very numerously attended, and a monument has been erected to her memory in Bamborough churchyard, where she was buried.

Such was Grace Darling—one of the heroines of humanity—whose name is destined to live as long as the sympathies and affections of humanity endure. Such calm heroism as hers—so generously exerted for the good of others—is one of the noblest attributes of the soul of man. It had no alloy of blind animal passion, like the bravery of the soldier on the field of battle, but it was spiritual, celestial, and we may reverently add, godlike. Never does man appear more distinctly in the image of his Maker than when, like the noble-hearted Grace Darling, he deliberately exposes his own life to save the lives of others.

It is not always necessary to make personal sacrifices in order to help others—to give until it hurts. On the contrary we can sometimes do much good without the least deprivation to ourselves.—Asheville Citizen.

PUT UP 12 STACKS OF HAY.

(Lexington Dispatch)

William Frits, Senior, of Holly Grove, who is not yet quite eighty-one years old and does not usually attempt walks over ten miles for fear he might become fatigued, was in Lexington Friday afternoon. Mr. Fritts has been taking The Dispatch for more than thirty years, and has read practically every issue during that time—and read them without glasses. He has a pair of them but very rarely finds use for such encumbrances.

Mr. Fritts stated he had just finished with his haying and with the aid of another had put up twelve

good size stacks of hay. He has cultivated between ten and twelve acres of corn this year and says he believes he has some corn that will compare well with any in his community. He rides the mower when hay is being cut and also rides and operates the hay rake at will. This labor, he says, does not tire him very much. He still finds that it does not weary him to walk from Holly Grove to Lexington and return; in fact, says he really enjoys a little tramp of eight or ten miles. He uses no walking stick.

Since the Civil War Mr. Fritts has not been confined to his bed with a spell of sickness and he does not know what backache or headache really means. Mr. Fritts hopes to live to be a hundred years at least.

He is the father of twelve children, ten of whom reached maturity, two dying in infancy and one at the age of nineteen. Five sons and four daughters are now living. The eldest son, Dr. R. L. Fritts, of Hickory, is a minister, was for nineteen years president of Lenior College and is still a member of the faculty there. The youngest son, Rev. Chas. A. Fritts, is also a Luthern minister and is located at Waukesha, Wis. A grandson, Rev. F. L. Conrad, is pastor of the Luthern church at High Point. One son is manager of a large industrial enterprise in Illinois and formely lived in California, another lives in New York State and the other in High Point. Two daughters are wives of splendid business men of Greensboro, one the wife of a prominent farmer of near Lake, and the other is Mrs. Charles F. Conrad, of this city.

Asked how many grand children and great grand children he had, Mr. Fritts replied that he would have to take an inventory that would require some time before he could determine this. One daughter has fourteen children and the eldest son has eleven. The others have good average size families. Some of the grand children have from three to six children.

Mr. Fritts was one of the early volunteers from Davidson County in the War Between the States and stayed throughout the fray. He was wounded at Bristow Station, near Manassas, and also in one of the battles around Richmond. Part of his right hand was shot away in one of these engagements. He saw service from the Savannah River on the south to beyond the Potomac on the north. Mr. Fritts delights to mingle with his old comrades of the gray and recently attended the state reunion at Winston-Salem. He has attended nearly all the states and southern reunions since they were organized.

The ten-year-old son of William James, the psychologist, was on his way home from the zoological museum in Cambridge.

"Where have you been, dear?" said a friend, meeting him.

"Oh, I have been to the Ag-ass-iz Muse-um," he replied in a slow, drawling voice, "and I did see some monk-eys there and some big bones and butterflies, but I diden't see any specimens of self-conscious personality."—Youth's Companion.

MUSSOLINI, WATCH YOUR STEP!

(Asheville Citizen)

The joker in the hand which Mussolini holds against Greece is the island of Corfu. It will be well for the Italian Prime Minister if he estimates carefully his possible winnings before he plays that card. At present he is holding it, or rather an Italian armed force is holding it, under the guns of ships of the Italian fleet. Although just a beautiful and restful Summer resort in ordinary times, Corfu might become a white-hot coal in the smoldering political fires of Europe. While they are playing with it, the Italian Government and people would better handle it with long tongs or they may get their fingers burned, not in the flame of war, but in the burnings of national humiliation.

Mussolini's answer to Greece's refusal of all his humiliating demands for apology and indemnity for the assassination of the Italian members of the comission appointe d to fix the boundary line between Greece and Albania—the kind of refusal which any self-respecting nation would make—was to seize Corfu. Before the Great War it was an adage of law and politics that possession is nine points of the law. Since the Armistice all that seems to have changed. Now possession, in Europe at least, seems to be all the points. In other words, "he may take who has the power and he may keep who can." Such is one of the blessings of the kind of peace that prevails.

Italy has had covetous eyes on Corfu for many years. Therefore, when an opportunity was offered to the opportunist of the Quirinal, he seized it and seized Corfu. Italy will not give up the island, now she holds it, except under considerable pressure, no matter if her title to the property would never be upheld by any court of competent jurisdiction. That is the chief reason why Italy has no liking for submission of the Greece-Italian dispute to the League of Nations. But, unless it is quite impossible to read the signs of the day, Corfu will not become a permanent Italian possession. The foreign and domestic news crystallizes the fact that the public opinion of the civilized world is strongly against Italy in the course she has followed in this business.

What are the facts? Some Italians, on an official mission from their Government, were assassinated on Greek territory a few miles south of the Albanian border. Then Mussolini blew up. Nobody knows yet whether Greeks, Albanians or South Sea Islanders did the killing, because nobody has had time to find out. Mussolini's ultimatum stopped all orderly and methodical investigation of the crime and much valuable time has been lost in the work of identifying the assassins. All Europe, outside Italy, as well as the United States, so far as the responsible public newspapers of the country reflect responsible public opinion, are becoming suspicious of Mussolini's motives. Gradually Europeans and Americans seem to be rounding out the conviction that this upstart in Italian politics desires Corfu more than he desires either Greek apology or Greek

indemnity. And why?

Well in the first place, for purely selfish political and personal reasons. To turn back long enough to borrow a military phrase of the Great War, it may "consolidate his position." The great Mussolini has given to Italy what neither Italian diplomancy nor Italian arms could obtain. "I, Mussolini, have done this." Done what? The story of Italy's desire for Corfu—a desire akin to aLochinvar's desire for a lover—will answer the question.

Corfu is 272 squarre miles of subterranean upheaval a few miles off the western coast of Albania and Greece and almost exactly opposite the present boundary line between those two countries. It has a normal population of something like 225,000 persons. It lies just where the waters of the Gulf Taranto merge the tides of the Adriatic and Ionian Seas. The heel of Italy's boot is almost upon it. It is only a few miles south of the Italian naval base at Brindici and a few miles southeast of Taranto, another fortified Italian base. Corfu might be made a sort of modified Gibraltar.

At any rate, Italy has wanted it these many years for a naval base. The Paris Peace Conference hardly had got under way when Orlando, for Italy, proposed to Venizelos of Greece that Italy and Greece strike a trade by which Italy would give up the Dodecanesus if Greece would give Corfu to Italy. Venizelos didn't have time even for reply. France said bluntly: "No Corfu for Italy." England, just as bluntly, supported the position taken by France. That ended Italy's attempt to grab Corfu at the Paris Peace Conference. In the following year (1920.) however, Italy forgot Corfu, but tried to make a treaty with Albania, under the terms of which Italy would obtain a naval base at Alvona, a few miles north of Corfu on the shore of the Adriatic. A revolution in Albania interrupted the negotiations.

So Italy, after years of futile striving, holds Corfu by right of assassination. The grave clothes of her boundary commissioners are her title to the island. The booty taken from a victim of murder has never been held a legal possession, even by right of discovery. If Britain or France were opposed to Italy's possession of Corfu in 1919, they are opposed to such possessions, and for the same reasons, in 1923. There is no excuse for war in Europe over the murder of a few official Italians. Get the murderers and execute them. That's the first requirement. Then settle the matter of indemnities in the usual and orderly way. Mussolini simply has overplayed his hand. The bluff of the bluffer will be called and the dogs of war will stay in their kennels.

"Are those eggs fresh?"

"Fresh, mum?" replied the veracious dealer. "Why, the hens that laid them eggs ain't even missed 'em yet."—Tit-Bits

THE CLAMOR FOR A LIFE OF SOFT SNAPS.

If there is one fault to be found with present methods of education, it is the vice of encouraging students to regard the road to learning as a recreation rather than a discipline. It is not hard study, not the determination to master a problem, not persistent application to overcome a difficulty that prevails, but the lazy and indifferent bent of mind which insists that the teacher shall make things easy and pleasurable to the taught. The ambition to acquire, the purpose to win out, that is what has characterized all men who have made their mark in life. This tendency to educate youth into easy-going habits of thought and action begins in the home where parents do the drudgery to save their children the pain of coping with it. It is continued in the public schools where teachers are supposed to impart and entertain rather than demand real mental exertion on the part of their pupils. In fact, so many things are attempted that very little is actually accomplished. The cramming process invites indifference and carelessness. Thus far all is recreation and pleasure, and why should youth acquire the necessary discipline to cultivate seriousness of purpose?

Failing right here at the foundation of our educational endeavors, what can be expected as a superstructure? An early life of "soft snaps" begets a clamor that they shall continue. In a recent conversation with an intelligent farmer, who was at the same time a carpenter and good machanic in general, we were much interested in what he had to say as to the outlook for capable farmers and skilled mechanics in the future. "What is going to happen when the present race of skilled carpenters, mechanics and farmers dies out?" was his question. "Young men have an aversion to real labor. What they want is an education to escape real work of any kind. Few seem to care to learn a trade. No one has patience to qualify for a trade as an apprentice. A young man will rather clerk in a bank or a store at a small salary then earn double the salary as a skilled machanic. Farming is tabooed. Young men want their evenings free to revel in the night and unfit themselves for their tasks the next day. They clamor for a life of soft snaps and we must look to foreign immigration to do our hard but necessary work and keep us alive and comfortable in old age. We are training up a race of young people who want to live on the sweat of other people's brows."

This gives in substance what this farmer had to say, though we fear we have not restated it nearly as effectively as he worded it. He has simply voiced what is becoming more and more apparent every year, viz.: that the large class of young men who are fighting shy of the more productive and useful callings and are clamoring for a life of ease and pleasure is growing larger. The thought, that work is divine, and that no man can live truly who does not live for something that is worth

while, does not occur to the great mass of young men. As we have said, the fault is primarily with the home. Over-fond parents have ceased to be educators. They have ceased to impress upon sons and daughters a high sense of duty, an earnest life purpose and a love for work and genuine service. Our great need is fathers and mothers who will love their children wisely and furnish them with enough wholesome discipline to fit them for usefulness in life—Exchange.

"I guess my daughter has taken a course in housework at college."
"How's that?"
"She writes me that she is on the scrub team."

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Paul Funderburk.

Howard Riggs has returned to the institution after a short visit with his parents in Charlotte.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The boys for the past few days rave been putting the green corn in the silo to be converted into sileage.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Mr. Clifford Wilson of the office staff has returned to the institution after a very enjoyable trip to Black Mountain.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Elwood Johnson was paroled on last Saturday, September the 22nd. Elwood has made a good record at the institution.

‡ ‡ ‡

James Coleman, Lester Campbell and Lester Staley proudly escorted thier parents around the institution on last Wednesday.

‡ ‡ ‡

Mr. and Mrs. Hudson have returned to the institution, after a very enjoyable vacation. The boys were all glad to see them back.

The boys have been canning more beans and tomatoes this week. The boys will probably be through canning some time next week.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

David Brown has been given a position in the shoe shop. David is learning this trade fast under the direction of Mr. A. C. Groover.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Rev. Mr. Armstrong conducted the religious services on last Sunday, in the Auditorium. Mr. Armstrong took as his txt: "Chose ye this day, whom ye will serve." Joshua 24: 14.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Robert Furgeson and Harold Ward have been given positions at the dairy, as there are so many calves tobe taken care of it is very necessary to have more help.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The playground is being fixed by Mr. Grier and some of the boys. the trapize and sliding boards were put up last week. The boys will all be glad when they are completed. The grandstand is also on its way now,

we hope it will soon be finished as the basket ball season is very near.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Mr. Horton has been cutting hair for the past few days. The boys are all glad to see their time come when they can have their hair cut, as it is much more comfortable with short hair.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The boys had a fine time at the ball ground on last Saturday, the basket ball team is progressing right along. The boys will probably be in shape to have a game in the next two or three weeks.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The Cone Literary Society of the first cottage had a very interesting meeting on last Monday. The boys to take part in the program were Funderburk, Hatem, Iddings Yarborough, Smith, and Lee.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The boys all had a good time in the Auditorium on last Friday afternoon, as it was raining on the outside and it was too wet to play, they just decided to stay in the Auditorium and continue practicing their new songs. As soon as they were tired of singing songs, they were entertained by Master Raymond Kennedy with his harp, Manford Mooney, Ervin Cole, Sam Poplin, Howard Catlett and "Slim Jim" who entertained by dancing.

Happiness comes from striving, doing, loving, achieving, conquering—always something positive and forceful.—David Starr Jordan.

THE UPLIFT

XI CONCORD, N. C. OCTOBER 6, 1923 No. 47

JUST FOLKS.

Let me go forward, step by step, and mile by mile.
Teach me to greet the morning with a smile,
And the calm rest of night with gratitude.
Let me have conrage when the wind blows rude,
Let me be gracious when my skies are fair,
And unresentful in my hour of care.

If those there be who need my word of cheer,
Let me not play the churl when they are near
Let me not be deluded by the prize,
Let me see clearly where my duty lies.
And when at last my course of life is run
Let me not be ashamed of what I've done.

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

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JAMES P. COOK, *Editor*, J. C. FISHER, *Director Printing Department*

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"For we are the same that our fathers have been;
We have seen the same sights that our fathers have seen;
We drink the same stream, and we feel the same sun,
And we run the same course that our fathers have run.

Yea, hope and despondence, and pleasure and pain,
Are mingled together like sunshine and rain,
And the smile and the tear, and the song and the dirge,
Still follow each other like surge upon surge.

"The wink of an eye, 'tis the draught of a breath,
From the blossom of health, to the paleness of death,
From the gilded solon, to the bier and the shroud—
Oh, why should the spirit of man be proud?"

TWO GIANTS.

THE UPLIFT sat for one hour on Tuesday at the "Made-in-the-Carolinas Exposition" hall, awaiting the arrival of two of the state's mightiest forces and most distinguished gentlemen. Everybody was ready and the speakers were on hand, but Judge Wade Hampton Williams, the master of ceremonies, thought it wise to let the band play first. The long-haired genius, who con-

trols and directs a most wonderful aggregation of splendid musicians, could not be located and his arrival had to be awaited. When he arrived, and his unmusical bowings and scrapings had been concluded, the music started up. It was worth the wait on the wooden-bottom seats. Those, who have not been initiated into the inner circles of music-making, have wondered for ages if it is really necessary to grow long hair to train the best band, and just what part the antics of the leaders play in bringing out the best that is in the performers. As long as Creatore dispenses with his band such inspiring music, we take it that the public doesn't care what kind of stunts he throws.

Gov. Morrison and U. S. Senator Lee S. Overman were escorted to the rostrum amid the applause of a great audience. Gov. Morrison, though showing some signs of arduous labors, spoke with his old-time fire and eloquence in introducing the speaker of the occasion. Before touching upon the proud position North Carolina enjoys by the able representation in the United States Senate, Gov. Morrison took occasion to refer to the fine shape the state was in with relation to its road construction, and how the receipts from licenses and the gasoline tax were piling up a fund that was sufficient to meet all interest charges, the cost of maintenance and accumulating, in addition, a fund sufficiently large to retire the bonds before they are due, if in the wisdom of the legislature the state saw fit so to do. This was greeted with loud applause. No way you can fix it, old knocker, is it possible for you to throw a monkey-wrench into this superb road campaign. It's a wonder.

Gov. Morrison, making reference to certain rumors and statements, announced that his future aspirations were of the least concern to him, intimating that he preferred finishing his job along the lines that had characterized his administration thus far; and turning towards Senator Overman, the speaker of the afternoon, Gov. Morrison remarked, "I have no aspiration to defeat Overman; I am pleased to see him, under the will of the people, to remain in the United States Senate as long as he desires and is able to fill the position." This was greeted by loud applause.

Senator Overman made a characteristic speech. He recognized the great and progressive administration of Gov. Morrison; he manifested great pride in the strides the state was making; he showed his admiration for the great character and spirit of North Carolinians; and earnestly and effectively discussed the necessity and the saneness in a purpose to stop tampering with the constitution of the country, giving voice to his well-grounded fears that the tendency is too strong towards centralization and wiping out the rights and powers of the states.

Senator Overman enjoys that kind of popularity amongst the people of the

state, which, aside from his ability and his patriotism and his faithfulness, can only be fathomed on the ground of personal magnetism. He knows how to say nice things to the people, individually and collectively, and he is happy in so doing, and the folks like it. Why shouldn't they—we are all human.

Gov. Morrison and Senator Overman were the chief agencies in making a big day for the "Made-in-the-Carolinas-Exposition."

* * * * * * *

A CHASTENED FAMILY.

There is great sadness in Statesville. An honored and useful family has just about been blotted out. Prof. D. Matt Thompson, one of the old school, who never grew old educationally, and who for twenty-five years successfully headed the educational endeavor of that goodly city, was run over by a machine, which practically destroyed him. Since the sad accident, Prof. Thompson has been only physically alive—entirely incapable of following his profession or even caring for himself. Soon after this his wife passed away. And just last year, his son, Mr. Walter Thompson, superintendent of the Methodist Children's Home at Winston-Salem, a man of mighty physique, wasted away with a lingering disease and died. Following close on this sad death was the demise of his brother's wife, Mrs. Dorman Thompson, at Statesville.

The large circle of friends of the Thompsons, on Tuesday last, were shocked and grieved to hear of the death of Mr. Dorman Thompson at his home in Statesville. This fine young man had taken a high stand in his profession, the law, and in the estimate of his neighbors. He had seen service in the General Assembly of North Carolina, was conspicuous in the affairs of his denomination, and, to finite eyes, had before him a long service in his profession and to his fellow man. Of the original Thompson family only one survives, this being Prof. Holland Thompson, who has won no small honor in educational activities in the city of New York.

* * * * * * *

CONSTRUCTIVE WISDOM.

One of the state roads, under the control and maintenance of the State Highway Commission, is the road leading from Concord to Albemarle. There is not in all the state a more important road, when you consider the real industrial and commercial use to which it is devoted. There may be, and are, some stretches of road that carry more cars, but not bent on commercial or industrial missions.

On this Concord-Albemarle road the traffic is simply immense, not counting the hundreds of tourists that pass daily. The manufacturing industries

at Albemarle, Mt. Pleasant and Concord, alone make the hard-surfacing of the said road an imperative necessity. No sand-clay road can withstand the heavy traffic to which it is subjected. The Commissioners of Cabarrus county, composed of splendid business men, fine judgment and a high order of the sense of justice, have agreed to join the State Highway Commission in the business of hard-surfacing the road from Concord to the Stanly county line. The liberal and progressive people of Mt Pleasant, an important town of 800 inhabitants on the said road, have also joined the foregoing authorities in putting across this great piece of work.

Just last Sunday, a young fellow, in the absence of service at his church, took account of the cars that passed a given point on this road, from sun-up to ten o'clock at night—it reached the total number of 2,178. Fully two-thirds of this number pass on Saturdays and with the heavy traffic of cars and trucks throughout the week conveying produce, merchandise, cotton and manufactured products of the two mills at Mt. Pleasant, makes a condition that demands a road more dependable than any sand-clay construction can furnish. There are no figures available at this writing, but it is certain that the cost of maintenance of this road during the past year—and nine thousand dollars was spent just a year ago in resurfacing nine miles of this road—was greater than the interest would be on the cost of hard-surfacing the road. The authorities have shown wisdom, and their progressive action will be applauded.

Now, let that virile and buxom community that makes up Stanly county take up where Cabarrus leaves off and show her accustomed pep—and Stanly will.

* * * * * * *

J. C. PATTON.

THE UPLIFT has a hankering notion that, when a true history is made of the beginning and growth of the wonderful institution known as the "Made-in-the-Carolinas-Exposition," which has just concluded its third season in the Queen City, it will reveal the fact that the real genius benhind the great show is J. C. Patton, a newspaper man of wide and successful experience.

Patton is a son of the late Rev. Mr. Patton, of Morganton, who, in his day, was one of the mighty school men of the state, and young Patton drifted down to Charlotte where they have discovered scores of capable young newspaper men, who have made records in their chosen fields. Patton came very near going wrong one time, and his friends began to entertain grave fears of the outcome. He began to exploit the glory of Indian Runner ducks, claim-

ing for them the virtues that astounded the fanciers of the feathered tribe. Among the claims, besides being endless layers, was that it (the Runner Duck) was not subject to disease and that lice had no affinity for the Indian Runner. When Patton found out that of all lousy things among living creatures the Indian Runner took the premium, he quit the game and stuck closer to the field of activity, in which his fine talents have shown with a marked brilliancy. Other enthusiasts side-stepped this new money-making (?) proposition, too.

Mr. Patton is one of the bright men that make the Charlotte Observer; and to this exposition he brought a high order of constructive leadership, which has resulted in an institution that appeals to the pride of the peoples of North and South Carolina. What was exhibited at the recent exposition is enough to make any Carolinian feel proud of the two states, and much of the glory for assembling the productions of the two states into a concrete picture, through the "Made-in-the-Carolinas-Exposition," is traced right to the door of J. C. Patton. However, he is not selfish abit, for he recognizes the fine community spirit that joined him and backed him and applauded him on to a fine success.

* * * * * * *

GREAT ISSUE FEATURING A GREAT COUNTY.

The Albemarle News-Herald came out last week with a forty-page issue that in words and pictures gave a beautiful account of the progress and achievements that make up a fine record for Stanly county. It was an ambitious undertaking, and what Editor Huneycutt did is an honor to him and a very creditable exhibit of the doings of old Stanly.

The word marvelous is overdone and overworked, but there is no other word available for describing what has been done in Stanly county during the past twenty years. The old town, putting off swaddling clothes of the long ago, has become a new and modern city. Hundreds of restless and energetic people have been attracted to the delightful place and become a part of as fine a citizenship as may be found anywhere. The rural sections have not lagged behind. Under a progressive spirit that has been in evidence among the religious and educational leaders, the rural sections have blossomed along with the county seat.

The thanks of the citizenship of Stanly are due Editor Huneycutt for singing a true song, all the while, dedicated to the purpose of inspiring the forces of the county to press forward in all activities that spell a greater and better county. This is what he does in season and out of season.

TODAY.

You get up in the morning with a scowl on your face, a lump in your stomach, a weight on your soul. You look out and see no sunshine. Drizzling rain dampens every thing. It's soggy underfoot. "Beastly weather," you mutter to yourself. "A bad day today," you persistently and pessimistically say to everyone you meet.

You fool! There is no such thing as a bad day. Good days and bad days exist only in your own head. The weather has nothing to do with it. Each day is what you make it for yourself. Bad weather is only an unfortunate opinion.

Suppose it is raining pitchforks. You get word that your salary has been doubled or that a forgotten uncle has left you a million dollars. What do you care about the weather then? Or suppose the person you love most is dying. Unexpectedly a turn for the better comes. The doctor says your dear one will live. What if it is hotter than Tophet?

It is a good day, a great day, a happy day.

It's what you think and feel about it that makes each day what it is. You within yourself, can make each day, every day a good day. Put down in the note book of your soul the poet Runeberg's thought.

"Each day is life."

When you get up in the morning throw back your shoulders, take a deep breath. Meet the new day like a man. Say to yourself: Another day—another life.

For all we know it may be the only day we'll ever have. Let's make it the best dty we can. Let's strive to see that it is a day worth while. Let's move a step forward in our world, let's do all the good we can. Let's get all the happiness we can—today.

Right now is the only time you can control. Yesterday is a record. Tomorrow is a secret. Today is yours, is mine.

HOW SHE LOOKED.

(Greensboro Advocate)

The North Carolina bride is worthy of all praise, but since the Wilson Mirror ceased its caroling there is none to tell of her enchantments as the following paragraph sings the praises of a Kansas bride:

"The bride is a woman of wonderful fascination and remarkable attractiveness, for with a manner as enchanting as the wand of a siren and a disposition as sweet as the caroling of birds, and a mind as brilliant as the glittering tresses that adorn the brow of winter, and with a heart as pure as dewdrops trembling in the coronet of violets, she will make the home of her husband a paradise of enchantment, where the heaventuned harp of marriage shall send forth those strains of felicity that thrill the sense with the rhythmic pulsing of ecstatic rapture."

But a neighboring editor, a closer observer but taking his life in his hands, called attention to the little warts on her hand, and how she bobbed her hair.

POINTS OF LAW ABOUT CHECKS THAT EVERY DEPOSITOR SHOULD KNOW

By Gilbert T. Stevenson in Wachovia

While it would not be profitable for a depositor to undertake to learn all the points of law about checks, still there are a few points that he should have in mind. Familiarity with them will facilitate the use and promote the safety of checks in business transactions.

Relation Between Bank and Depositor—The relation between a depositor and his bank is that of creditor and debtor. When a bank receives a deposit the money at once becomes the property of the bank. The depositor becomes a creditor of the bank for the amount deposited. The bank agrees to discharge the debt so created by honoring and paying his checks.

A depositor is not the owner of any particular fund in the bank but has only a claim against it for the amount of his deposit. The bank does not agree to hold any particular money in trust for the depositor. The safety of one's deposit lies, not in the safekeeping of the fund deposited, but in the general strength of the bank. A check does not operate as an assignment of any part of the amount standing in the bank to the credit of the depositor. The holder of a check cannot sue a bank for refusing to pay it even though the depositor had to his credit at the time more than enough to meet it.

Form of Check—A check is a written order upon a bank purporting to be drawn upon a deposit of funds for the payment, in all events, of a certain sum of money to the person or his order or to bearer and payable instantly on demand.

While a bank furnishes its depositor with blank checks on "safety-paper" and encourages him to use "protectographs," "check-writers" and other similar devices to prevent forgeries and alterations, still there is no legal obligation upon the depositor to use the forms furnished or the devices recommended by the bank. The Supreme Court of North Carolina has recently held that it would well nigh withdraw checks from ordinary use if any and every one who issued them without the precautionary devices of safety paper and protectographs would incur the risk

of liability for negligence.

A check may be writtein with a pencil or pen or partly with one and partly with the other or with typewriter. A depositor may use the the form furnished by another bank by scratching out the name of that bank and inserting the name of his bank, or he may write out his check on a piece of blank paper or he may sign his name to a piece of blank paper and authorize somebody else, either in his presence or out of his presence, to write it out as a check.

If a check is undated it will be construed to be dated as of the time it is issued and the holder of the check is authorized to fill in the date. If there is a conflict between the written and printed portions of the check—as in the case where the depositor uses the form of another bank and writes in the name of his bank but fails to scratch out the name of the other bank—then the written provision will prevail and make the paper a check on the depositor's bank. If there is a conflict between the amount expressed in words and in figures, the words control. If the words are ambiguous, then reference will be had to the figures to fix the amount.

Memoranda In Check

Depositors are in the habit of writing memoranda on the face of their checks. Some of these are for the convenience of the depositor in book-keeping and others are intended to be instructions to the bank on which the check is drawn. So long as the memoranda do not affect the formal part of the check they are not objectionable. The depositor, for instance, may indicate for what check is given—as for rent or interest or in payment of a certan account. Some time he writes on the check the phrase "Settlement in Full of Account." If there is a dispute between the maker and the payee of the check about the amount of the account and the payee accepts the check with this memorandum on it he is estopped thereafter from suing for the balance he claims.

Memoranda intended for instructions to the bank take the form usually of indicating the agents through whom the check must or must not be presented for payment. In England, for instance, "cross checks" are common. A "cross check" is one that bears on its face an instruction that it must be presented for payment through a certain bank. In North Carolina a check akin to a "cross check" came to the consideration of the Supreme Court. On its face was a memorandum that it would positively not be paid if presented by a certain bank. It happened that persons in the bank mentioned were rivals in business of those in the bank with which the depositor carried his account. The Court held that such a memorandum on the face of the check was not an unreasonable restraint of trade and that the drawer of the check could not be sued until it was shown that the check had been presented for payment by some agent other than the one inhibited and had been refused.

Signature To Check—The signature to a check is the most important part about it in that upon the strength of the signature the check is honored or dishonored. If a bank pays out money on a forged signature to an innocent holder of a

check, the loss falls upon the bank. This obligation upon a bank to know the signatures of its depositors and to honor only those checks that are properly signed justifies it in insisting that its depositors be careful of their signatures. When a depositor signs his name to a signature card he should thereafter sign his checks like the model he leaves with the bank. If he signs "John B. Smith" on the card he should not sign his checks" J. B. Smith." A bad practice is signing checks "A by B" without leaving on file with the bank the written authority for "B" to sign the name of "A" to checks. This occurs usually in the case of the wife signing the name of her husband or of a clerk signing the the name of his employer. While, in a majority of cases, the depositor is glad for the bank to honor checks thus signed, still it is putting too much responsibility on the bank thus to have to decide between honoring a check improperly signed and alienating a valued depositor. In a well known case that went to the Supreme Court of North Carolina, B made a deposit for A. B and the bank teller agreed that the bank would honor checks drawn "A by B." B proceeded, in the course of time, to check out the money he had deposited for A. Then A sued the bank, saying she had never given B authority to check out her money, and it had to make good to her the amount of her deposit. In other words, authority to make a deposit for a person is not an implied authority to draw checks in the name of that person.

Stopping Payment of Checks—A depositor has a right to stop payment of his check at any time before the holder presents it to the bank for acceptance or payment. This is on the principle that the bank is the agent of the depositor and that the depositor, as principal, has the right to countermand his order at any time before it is executed. The drawer does not have a right to stop payment of a certified check. The reason, as will be explained later, is that the check certified by the bank passes out of control of the depositor.

In connection with stopping payment on a check the depositor must remember that he, rather than the bank, takes the consequences of his act. If there is reason why a check should not be paid—as, for instance, one obtained by fraud to which the holder was a party or of which he has knowledge—then the drawer incurs no liability in stopping payment. The stop payment order should be as clear an order not to pay as the check is an order to pay and should be communicated to the bank in writing—letter or telegram—that unmistakably describes the check.

Overdrafts—The commonest abuse of checks is overdrawing one's account. Overdrafts are traceable to two causes—one, carelessness of the depositor about keeping up with his bank account, and the other, the depositor presuming upon the leniency of the bank.

A bank is within its rights not only in refusing to pay a check when the depositor has on deposit no funds but also when he has insufficient funds. If his check is for $100.00 and his balance is $90.00, the bank has no right to apply $90.00 on

the check. It must either refuse to pay the check in its entirety or else pay it by letting the depositor overdraw his account $10.00.

An officer or employee of a bank who permits any person to overdraw his account, unless such ovrdraft is authorized by the Board of Directors or Discount Committee, is personally and individually liable for the amount of the overdraft. The teller who permits an overdraft is himself personally liable for the amount of the overdraft. The fact that a bank has been in the habit of paying checks that overdraw one's account raises no presumption that it will continue to do so, and the depositor has no cause for complaint if the bank, without notice to him, refuses to permit any further overdrafts.

Forged and Raised Checks—If a bank pays out funds on a check to which the signature is forged, it is liable to the depositor and must make good to him the amount of the check. But the depositor is charged with the duty of co-operating with the bank in an effort to discover the forger. The law gives him sixty days after his paid checks are returned to him to discover forgeries or alterations. Unless he notifies the bank within these sixty days he cannot hold it liable for paying out money on forgeries. In the light of this statute, the depositor who fails to examine his bank statement is acting at his own peril. If a check is raised, the depositor's account is chargeable only with the amount originally stated. It is important, therefore, not only for the purpose of keeping up with one's account, but also protecting one's self against forgeries and alterations, to go over one's paid checks each month and balance his bank books.

Certified Checks—When a bank certifies a check it says, in effect, that the check when properly endorsed is good for the amount and that it will bt honored on presentation for payment. The bank certifies it by the proper officer writing "Good" or "Accepted" with the date and his name and title across the face of the chek. As soon as a check is certified, the amount of it is charged against the account of the depositor and, so far as he is concerned, that much has been withdrawn from his credit at the bank.

It is important for the depositor to see that the check is certified by the proper officer of the bank. Ordinarily, the cashier is the proper one to certify. It has been held that an assistant cashier, in the absence of specific authority, has no right to certify a check. In the absence of authority from the Board of Directors, a teller would have no such right.

There are two kinds of certified checks—one for the benefit of the depositor an the other for the benefit of the holder. The legal effect of these two kinds of certification is different. If the depositor gets his check certified before he delivers it to the payee, he is only making the check more acceptable to the payee by getting the certification of the bank and in no way discharging himself of liability on it. If the payee, after receiving it, gets the bank to certify it, the maker and all of the prior endorsers are relieved from futher liability. If the bank should fail after the certification for the benefit of the holder, the latter would be the loser. The principle is that when a holder of a check

presents it to the bank at which the depositor has money enough to pay the check, the holder has the election either of taking the money or the promise of the bank to pay it later. If the holder elects to rely upon the promise of the bank as indicated by its certification, he will not be permitted later, in case the bank fails, to look to the maker or endorsers.

Cashier's Checks—A cashier's check is simply a check drawn by a bank on its own funds. There is no need of certifying it because the certification is no more of an obligation to pay than is the check itself. Nor is it subject to "stop payment" order. In law a cashier's check is nothing more nor less than a negotiable note payable on demand.

Passing Worthless Checks—A person is guilty of a misdemeanor punishable by fine or imprisonment who, with intent to cheat and defraud, obtains money, credit, goods, wares, or any other thing of value, by means of a check upon any bank not indebted to him or where he has not provided for the payment of same and same is not paid upon presentation. While he is not guilty of the crime if he arranges with the bank to honor his check even though he does not have sufficient funds at the time he gives it, still it is a very dangerous practice indeed to draw a check and take the chance of the bank's honoring it when presented. It would be well nigh impossible to convict a person under the statute if it were not for the provision that the giving of worthless checks is prima facie evidence of intent to cheat and defraud.

Co-operation Between Bank and Depositor—Banks are eager to make the use of checks as a medium of exchange easy and safe. When courts are strict in enforcing the worthless check law and when banks are strict in enforcing their rules about signature cards and overdrafts, they are not imposing undue hardships upon the public; they are only endeavoring to render it safe for the public to accept checks instead of currency or coin in business transactions. When depositors are asked to give heed to the few, simple, fundamental points of law governing the issuance and payment of checks, there is no thought of imposing upon them but only of asking them to cooperate with their bank in eliminating, in so far as possible, the risk of using bank checks in the ordinary affairs of business.

"The eyes of earth are swift to see sin, but the eyes of heaven are swift to see the possibilities in a sinner."

THE DRUMMER BOY'S STURDINESS.

The following story, said to be a true one, is taken from the Industrial School Journal, of Lancaster, Ohio. It shows how faithful Charlie Coulson, a drummer boy in the War Between the States, remained to his vows, and how bravely he stood a terrific wound and painful operation, but finally made the supreme sacrifice. It is an engaging human interest story.

Two or three times in my life God in His mercy touched my heart, and twice before my conversion I was under deep conviction.

During the American war, I was a surgeon in the United States Army; and after the battle of Gettysburg, there were many hundred wounded soldiers in my hospital, amongst whom were twenty-eight who had been wounded so severely that they required my services at once, some whose legs had to be amputated; some, their arm; and others, both their arm and leg. One of the latter was a boy who had been but three months in the service; and being too young for a soldier, had enlisted as a drummer. When my assistant surgeon and one of my stewards wished to administer chloroform previous to the amputation, he turned his head aside and positively refused to receive it. When the steward told him that it was the doctor's orders, he said, "Send the doctor to me." When I came to his bedside, I said, "Young man, why do you refuse chloroform? When I found you on the battlefield, you were so far gone that I thought it hardly worth while to pick you up; but when you opened those big blue eyes, I thought you had a mother somewhere who might at that moment be thinking of her boy. I did not want for you to die on the field, so I ordered you to be brought here; but you have now lost so much blood that you are too weak to endure an operation without chloroform, therefore you had better let me give you some." He laid his hand on mine, looking me in the face, said, "Doctor, one Sunday afternoon, in the Sabbath school, when I was nine and a half years old, I gave my heart to Christ. I learned to trust Him then; I have been trusting Him ever since, and I can trust Him now; He is my strength and my stimulant; He will support me while you amputate my arm and leg."

I then asked him if he would allow me to give him a little brandy, but this he also refused. The look that gave me I shall never forget. At that time I hated Jesus, but I respected that boy's loyalty to his Saviour and when I saw how he loved and trusted Him to the last, there was something that touched my heart, and I did for that boy what I had never done for any other soldier, I asked him if he wished to see his Chaplain. "Oh, yes, Sir!" was the answer. When Chaplain R—came, he at once knew the boy from having often met him at the tent prayer meeting; and taking his hand said "Well Charlie, I am sorry to see you in this sad condition." "Oh I am all right, sir," he answered. "The doctor offered me chloroform, but I declined it; then he wished to give me brandy, which I also declined; and now, if my Saviour calls me I can go to him in my right mind." "You may not die Charlie," said the chaplain;

"but if the Lord should call you away is there anything I can do for you after you are gone?" "Chaplain, please put your hand under my pillow and take my little Bible. In it you will find my mother's address; please send it to her and write a letter, and tell her that since the day I left home I have never let a day pass without reading a portion of God's word, and daily praying that God would bless my dear, dear mother, no matter whether on the march, on the battlefield, or in the hospital." "Is there anything else that I can do for you, my lad?" asked the chaplain. "Yes, please write a letter to the superintendent of the Sands Street Sunday School, Brooklyn, N. Y., and tell him that the kind words, many prayers, and good advice he gave me I have never forgotttn; they have followed me through all the dangers of battle, and now, in my dying hour, I ask my dear Saviour to bless my dear old superintendent; that is all."

Turning toward me, he said, "Now doctor, I am ready; and I promise you that I will not even groan while you take off my arm and leg, if you will not offer me chloroform." I promised, but I had not the courage to take the knife in my hand to perform the operation without first going into the next room and taking a little stimulant to nerve myself to perform my duty. While cutting through the flesh, Charlie Coulson, never groaned but when I took the saw to separate the bone, the lad took the corner of his pillow in his mouth, and all that I could hear him utter was, "Oh Jesus, blessed Jesus, stand by me now." He kept his promise, and never groaned.

That night I could not sleep, for whichever way I turned I saw those soft blue eyes, and when I closed mine, the words "Blessed Jesus, stand by me now!" kept ringing in my ears. Between twelve and one o'clock I left my bed and visited the hospital, a thing I had never done before unless specially called; but such was my desire to see that boy. Upon my arrival there, I was informby the night steward that sixteen of the hopeless cases had died and been carried to the deadhouse. "How is Charlie Coulson? Is he amoung the dead? I asked." "No, sir," answered the steward; "he is sleeping as a babe."

When I came up to the bed where he lay one of the nurses informed me that about 9 o'clock two members of the Y. M. C. A. came through the hospital to read and sing a hymn. They were accompanied by Chaplain R—who knelt by Charlie Coulson's bed and offered up a fervent and soul stirring prayer, after which they sang, while still upon their knees, the sweetest of all hymns, "Jesus lover of my soul," in which Charlie joined. I could not understand how that boy, who had undergone such exruiating pain, could sing.

Five days after I had amputated that dear boy's arm and leg he sent for me, and it was from him on that day I heard the first gospel sermon.

"Doctor," he said, "my time has come; I do not expect to see another sunrise; but thank God, I am ready to go, and before I die I desire to thank you with all my heart for your kindness to me. Doctor, you are a Jew, you do not believe in Jesus; will you please stand here and see me die trusting my Saviour to the last moment of my life? I tried to stay, but

I could not, for I had not the courage to stand by and see a Christian boy die rejoicing in the love of that Jesus whom I had been taught to hate, so I hurriedly left the room.

About twenty minutes later, a steward, who found me sitting in my private office covering my face with my hand, said, "Doctor, Charlie Coulson wishes to see you." "I have just seen him," I answered, "And can't see him again.' "But Doctor," he says, " he must see you once more before he dies." I made up my mind to see him, say an endearing word and let him die but I was determined that no word of his should influence me in the least so far as his Jesus was concerned.

When I entered the hospital, I saw he was sinking fast, so I sat down by his bed. Asking me to take his hand, he said, "Doctor, I love you because you are a Jew, the best friend I have found in this world was a Jew." I asked him who that was. He answered, "Jesus Christ, to whom I want to introduce you before I die; and will you promise me doctor, that what I am about to say you will never forget?" I promised; and he said, "five days ago, while you amputated my arm and leg, I prayed to the Lord Jesus Christ to convert your soul." Those words went deep into my heart. I could not understand how, when I was causing him the most intense pain, he could forget all about himself, and think of nothing but his Savior and my unconverted soul. All I could say to him was, "Well my dear boy, you will soon be all right." With these words I left him, and twelve minutes later he fell asleep, "safe in the arms of Jesus."

Hundreds of soldiers died in my hospital during the war, but I only followed one to the grave, and that one was Charlie Coulson, the drummer boy and I rode three miles to see him buried. I had him dressed in a new uniform, and placed in an officer's coffin, with a United States flag over it.

That dear boy's dying words made a deep impression upon me. I was rich at that time, so far as money is concerned, but I would have given every penny I possessed if I could have felt toward Christ as Charlie did; but that feeling cannot be bought with money.

Alas! I soon forgot all about my Christian soldier's little sermon, but I could not forget the boy himself. I now know that at that time I was under deep conviction of sin, but I fought against Christ with all the hatred of an orthodox Jew for nearly ten years, until, finally, the dear boy's prayer was answered, and God converted my soul.

About eighteen months after my conversion I attended a prayer meeting one evening in the city of Brooklyn. It was one of these meetings when Christians testify to the loving kindness of their Saviour. After several of them had spoken, an elderly lady arose and said. "Dear friends, this may be the last time that it is my privilege to testtfy for Christ. My family physician told me yesterday that my right lung is very nearly gone, and my left lung is very much affected; so, at the best, I have but a short time to be with you; but I belong to Jesus, and I have a boy with Jesus in heaven. He was a soldier in the war. He was wounded at the battle of Gettysburg, and fell

into the hands of a Jewish doctor, who amputated his arm and leg, but he died five days after the operation. The Chaplain of the Regiment wrote me a letter and sent me my boy's Bible. In that letter I was informed that my Charlie, in his dying hour, sent for that Jewish doctor, and said to him, "Doctor, before I die, I wish to tell you that five days ago, while you amputated my arm and leg, I prayed that the Lord Jesus Christ to convert your soul."

When I heard this lady's testimony, I could sit still no longer. I left my seat, crossed the room, and taking her hand, said, "God bless you, my dear sister! your boy's prayer has been heard and answered. I am the Jewish doctor for whom your Charlie prayed, and his Saviour is my Saviour."

THE COUNTY-WIDE PLAN.

The last legislature opened the way for a county to build just as good a system of schools as it may want. Any county that does not provide at least an eight month's school term in every district within the next five years will advertise itself as placing a higher value on its money than on its children. This eight months' term has already been provided by an extreme eastern county and an extreme western county that are among the poorest in the state.

It is no longer a theory but a fact. To put into operation a plan of this kind requires progressive leadership. A county superintendent now holds the strategic position in the whole school system, with the widest opportunity to plan and build a great system for his county. The most pressing need at the present in the county work is a plan that offers adequate and equal facilities in both elementary and high school—to all the children. The county can no longer shirk its responsibility. The burden is squarely upon it.

Costly mistakes in this work can be avoided only by the most careful study of all the conditions and the intelligent interpretation of the possibilities to the people. How much tax will it take to execute this plan? What are the advantages of an alternative plan? Will the advantages offered by the better plan justify the additional cost? These are questions that must be weighed carefully, and the conclusions must be supported by appropriate facts. The county superintendent who can do this successfully will deserve the lasting gratitude of his people.—State Supt. Allen.

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH OUR COLLEGES?

(News & Observer.)

The above inquiry is applicable as colleges are opening for the fall session.

The editor of this paper recently received a private letter from a distinguished scholar in New England who said: "I don't know how it is in the South, but no college president up here is safe if he gets interested in education. Thumbs down! A-bas-To hell with him."

This recalls a facetious or frank statement often made by Dr. Hubert Royster, of Raleigh, who says: "The chief problem in education is to keep the schools from interfering with it."

These quotations are somewhat kin—perhaps second cousins once removed—to the recently expressed view by Dr. Charles W. Eliot, the most distinguished of American scholars, who is pessimistic over the condition of academic attention and declares that the troubles lies in the attempt at standardization in education. There is much of truth in this observation of the great educator. Without initiative and individualism, there is no culture in the true sense. An attempt to turn men out of the college factory like parts are manufactured for automobiles will never give us any Eliots or Mark Hopkinses, though undoubtedly opening the courses to large numbers will give something akin to culture to thousands.

Dr. Henry S. Pritchett, president of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching, sounds a note more pessmistic than Dr. Eliot, but one that will find approval in many quarters. He thinks the public is not getting adequate returns for tht large sums of money it is spending on public education. Many people would agree if he had added "church and private education, so as to embrace all education. There is no doubt there is a feeling that the products of our educational institutions have not improved with the increased cost of maintenance of the plants.

Mr. Edison's belief that a classical education is "no good at all" is not merely his personal opinion. It is shared by not a few captains of industry, who without college education have succeeded betteer than many who won collegiate degrees.

Dr. Eliot's and Dr. Pritchett's expert opinion will strengthen the widespread disbelief that college education makes full returns for what it costs.

In a recent issue of The Outlook, Dr. Lawrence Abbott, who does not share the pessimistic views of these gentlemen, says the anxiety of these big men and others is "a hopeful sign" because it means that the country at large is taking a keener interest than ever before, not merely in the opportunities for education, but also in the problem of how those opportunities shall be used. He undertakes to disprove Pritchett and Eliot by a glance at history, quoting some of the most severe criticisms of Oxford, which in spite of lack of perfection, stands so high that "a degree from that queen of universities

is today more eagerly welcomed by men of intelligence than any title the King of England can bestow." He quotes the days when life at Oxford was not free from drunkenness, and when the conversation of teachers "stagnated in a round of college business, Tory politics, personal anecdotes and private scandal." He also quotes Walter Bagehot as saying: "We may search and search in vain through this repository (The Review, edited by college men) of the result of 'university teaching' for a single truth that it has established, for a single high cause which it has advanced, for a single deep thought which is to sink in the minds of its readers. It affords, indeed, a nearly perfect embodiment of the corrective skepticism of a sleepy intellect." Dr. Abbott quotes Charles Darwin as later writing to a friend: "Many thanks for your welcome note from Cambridge, and I am glad you like my Alma Mater, which I despise heartly as a place of education, but love from many pleasant recollections." Darwin almost agrees with Edison, for he says:

My main objection to schools as places of education is the enermous proportion of time spent over classics. I fancy (though perhaps it is only fancy) that I can perceive the ill and contracting effect on my eldest boy's mind, in checking interest in anything in which reasoning and observation come into play. There memory seems to be worked. I shall certainly look out for some school with more diversified studies for my younger boys.

That was years and years ago. Today one of the chief criticisms of education, and a sound one, is that memory is neglected. Perhaps Darwin's criticism of too great emphasis on cultivating memory sent the pendulum in the opposite direction.

The jeremiads, the pessimism and the frank and friendly criticisms of present methods in our schools and colleges will be helpful. In spite of the doubt of captains of industry of the value of college education, most of them are more eager for their sons to receive such an education than are their sons. Doubting the value, or believing in it, the colleges are crowded. That one fact is the best answer to those who would condemn college education. If it were as wanting in efficiency as might be inferred by Dr. Eliot and Dr. Pritchett and Edison and Darwin, would their halls be crowded to overflowing? Or, do many go on the theory, "It is better to go to college and loaf than never to go at all?"

College authorities will be wise to welcome frank criticism—and most of it is just—and get out of ruts and make the college atmosphere and college instruction such as will send graduates out into the world so well equipped in learning and in character that what they are and what they do will prove that the colleges overcome the tendencies which have caused such men as Eliot and Pritchett to grieve and Edison to scoff.

The only answer to criticism is a product worthy of the history of education and worthy of the large expenditure.

"I doctor myself with the aid of medical books."

"Yes, and some day you'll die of a misprint."—Boston Transcript.

MRS. JANE GENTRY,

This North Carolinian enjoys an enviable reputation. Dr. C. Alphonso Smith, another distinguished North Carolinian, a noted English authority, and professor in the U. S. Naval Academy, at Annapolis, asserts that Mrs. Gentry knows more folk songs and old English ballads than any other person in the United States, and probably in the world. She can sing 67 ballads which have come down to her from generation to generation by word of mouth.

The foregoing suggests an interesting local fact. Miss Helen Patterson, one of Concord's most attractive and talented young women, has nursed for sometime the passion to preserve old-time ballads; and to this end she has gathered several scores of the choicest that have come down from generation to generation, by tradition and otherwise. Miss Patterson's rendition of these is most pleasing. She insists that these ballads that reflect the thought and feelings, the joy and the sadness of former periods, even of the most humble of all races, should be preserved.

Miss Patterson contemplates a visit to Mrs. Gentry at an early day; and wouldn't it be fine and splendid were these ladies to colaborate and make secure in permanent form all the ballads that each have. THE UPLIFT itself seeks the opportunity to help along in making this suggestion a reality, and hereby agrees that if these ladies wiill furnish the copy, Master Gregory, Armstrong, Roper, Jones and Funderburke will set it up on the linotype and issue it in attractive booklet form to the end that the hopes and desires of these ladies may be accomplished.

TWO YOUNG MEN.

By Eugene Ashcraft

If I were not fearful of precipitating a controversy among the educators of the land, I would write of two young men of Union county, both of whom have reached their majority, and are now "their own men!" One of these boys I personally know, the other is pretty well sized up by his neighbors. For convenience sake they will hereinafter be called Young Man No. 1 and Young Man number 2.

Young man No. 1 is a high school graduate, who had decided upon a college course, and entered one of the State's institutions for that purpose. After a few days the young man began thinking of his father back home who needed him on the farm to help gather the crop. Further, this young man, who has an excellent high school education, figured that four years in college would cost him $1,000 a year—or $4,000 for four years. He belives he can take that same money, plus four years of his most active years, and considerably increase that amount and by the time he is 25 years of age a good and substantial start in life will have been made. The young man says from time to time he proposes to take short courses in agriculture, business or anything that may appeal to him as worth while in helping him to succeed in life.

Young Man No. 2 also went to college and returned within a week. He had a new automobile at home and there was no one who could or would drive it so well or fast as himself. This young man and his nice car are inseparable companions.

I am watching Young Man No. 1 with very great interest. Young Man No. 2 will bear watching.

I was particularly struck with a remark one of the farm demonstration agents made this summer while in convention in Monroe. "College training is perhaps all right," said he "but it entirely spoils most boys for farm life when they go to college. Many so-called college-trained boys return homes snobs and consider farm work beneath their dignity. But you may find many college graduates in garages, filling stations and tussy-boys for the traveling public, while some become dry goods counter jumpers and soda jerkers—but none will become farmers where education and training would count for so much."

The barriers are not yet erected which shall say to aspiring talent, "Thus far and no farther."—Beethoven.

THE BATTLE IN THE SUGAR HOUSE.

By A. W. Peach

Paul Weston took the lantern and started for the sugar-house where he was to spend the evening mending sap-buckets. The snow was deep outside, but there was a path broken to the barn and beyond the barn up the hillside to the "sugar-bush" or orchard where some of the great maples that were dying had been cut down for next summer's fuel.

It was a clear, cold, sparkling night, and Paul stopped more than once to look northward where a tall Canadian peak thrust its magnificent head into the wide starry sky. His father's Vermont farm was close to the Canadian border and was the last farm on the road. Beyond lay the unbroken reaches of forest that so far as Paul knew did not end until the St. Lawrence River was reached.

As he climbed the last knoll just below the sugar-house, his lantern light picked up some tracks in the snow. He bent over and looked at them.

"Didn't suppose old Shep ever wandered up here. He's getting so old all he wants is a warm place to sleep—but I guess he has," Paul said to himself as he went on with a passing glance.

He reached the sugar-house, and soon had a roaring fire going in the arch where in the spring the huge kettle of sap would be swung, with the little piece of pork suspended over it, so that when the sap boiled up it would touch the pork and not boil over. He made a comfortable seat near the fire for his little sister, Mary, who had said she was coming up later to keep him company; and then he went to work.

The buckets were piled on a platform made by laying rough boards over the beams of the sugar-house and running up strong braces to the rafters of the roof. He pulled most of the buckets down from the platform with some difficulty, for the platform was high enough to be above a man's head.

Drawing a pile of buckets near the fire in the arch, he prepared his mending-tools and started in to solder the holes in the buckets. Finding that it was growing warm with the hot fire, he opened the sugar-house door, which opened inward, and started back to the fire, when his quick ear caught a faint sound outside.

He turned and what he saw made him stare and then grow suddenly cold. From the night outside two glowing orbs were shining from the reflected firelight—shining with a strange brilliancy; and back of them his startled eyes could see the dark outline of a huge body.

"That can't be 'Shep'! What is it?" he thought, and picking up a glowing stick from the fire, he hurled it through the door.

The eyes disappeared, but they came back suddenly closer. The firelight threw back to Paul the gleam of white teeth and the sound of a grating, throaty growl that ended in a snarl rasped into the room.

Then he knew what it was—a gray wolf, some old outlaw, bold with hunger, driven from the northern woods in search of food! Once before, two of them had worked havoc

down the valley and then had disappeared.

Paul seized another fire-brand, frightened as he had never been before in his life. Sudden and sharp next came a thought that made him shiver—his little sister might come trudging through the night with her lantern from the house. That great wolf would never stop for a lantern.

Paul was trembling, but at the thought of his bright-haired little sister, he steadied himself. Glancing about in desperation, he saw the platform, and a wild plan formed like a flash in his mind.

He hurled the flaming stick at the restless, shifting eyes at the door, and then with a rush he dashed toward the platform, jumped, caught hold of one of the braces and swung himself up just as a great form leaped from the threshold and launched itself through the air with clashing teeth.

Seizing one of the boards of the platform's edge, Paul swung the door shut, shouting as he did so in the frenzy of triumph. One thing was certain: the wolf would never get out to leap upon Mary and bear her away into the mysterious vastnessess of the great woods. Then Paul turned his attention to the wolf.

Hampered by the buckets and other odds and ends of sugaring equipment that cluttered the floor, the gray outlaw could not bring his strength to bear in the upward leap; if he had, he would easily have leaped upon the platform. Now and then, as he raged about the room, seeking a vantage point from which to spring, Paul hurled a bucket upon him; once or twice when the ferocious head appeared at the edge of the platform in a leap, Paul banged a bucket upon him with all his strength.

One after another the buckets went on their errand, some faint plan of battle in Paul's mind keeping him intent upon giving the beast no peace and no opportunity to find some unexpected way to reach him.

The final bucket went crashing down, but like all the others seemed to make no impression on the tawny fiend raging below.

Suddenly as Paul dodged back from a leap that carried the glaring head to the edge and almost over the platform, he stumbled over the coils of rope that were used in easing the sled with the sap buckets down the hillside of the sugar orchard.

A wild scheme flamed in Paul's mind. Quickly he made a noose. Opening it as if it were a lasso, he waited for his chance.

Through the noise of the wolf's restless churning below, a faint cry came from outdoors.

Mary! She had come!

"Don't come in here! There's a wolf here! Get father!" Paul yelled.

The great wolf crept toward the door, waiting and intent, ready for it to open.

Paul shouted his anxious warning again and the door did not open. Then, as the wolf waited, he swung his lasso. The noose dropped over the head of the wolf, and as it sprang at the touch, Paul shot his body backward, taking a half-hitch around one of the braces.

With a strangling snarl, the wolf sought in a wrenching leap to free himself. Paul caught up the slack, and the wolf swung free from the floor save for his hind feet. In

such a position he was almost helpless, for without his four feet on the floor he could not get the purchase for him to use his powerful muscles. As it was, however, Paul felt the platform sway and heard its timbers creak, but the solid beams held and the hardwood braces stood to their task.

With his hitch about the brace, Paul could take up the little slack that was given him as the wolf struggled. Back and forth it threshed in the leeway given it by the strangling rope.

Minutes seemed to pass. The fire in the arch was fading. Grimly, dripping with perspiration, Paul hung on, and in the growing darkness below him, the pound of the heavy body and the rasping snarl turned to a hoarse gasping. The rope was doing its work.

Almost faint, but with one idea in his mind that did not fade, Paul hung on.

A sharp shout outside stirred him. He recognized his father's voice.

"I got him, Dad!" he called.

The door was shot inward. There stood his father and grandfather, a rifle in his father's hands, a lantern in his grandfathere's.

"Good—" His father started to speak in astonishment but did not finish his sentence.

The rifle flamed twice through the darkness lit only by the dim glow of the dying fire in the arch and the inward thrown light of the lantern.

Paul felt a convulsive shiver on the rope, then nothing more. He let the rope down and found that his arms seemed almost paralyzed.

Almost exhausted as he was, he drew himself to the edge of the platform and looked down at the gaunt beast below.

"Boy, you had finished him!" his father said. "It's an old outlaw—starved out of the woods. There's a fifty dollar reward on that chap. He's the one who has been killing around the settlement. See that white hair—that's an old rifle-shot scar! Well, well! Mary was so frightened when she reached the house she couldn't speak, but I thought something must be wrong up here—and there was! But you were on the job, son, and I'm proud of you!"

Paul drew himself together and slowly let himself down from the platform.

"What I was thinking of, I guess mostly was Mary. I got him in, shut the door, and we fought it out!" Paul said slowly, gazing at his conquered foe.

PETRIFIED FOREST OF CALIFORNIA.

By W. E. Hutchinson

About five miles from the little town Calistoga, that nestles at the foot of Mt. St. Helena, is situated the petrified forest of California, one of nature's wonder spots.

Calistoga lies in the fertile Napa Valley, and is in itself a place of interest, not alone on account of its numerous medicinal mud baths, but for its famous spouting geysers that shoot boiling hot water at stated intervals from one hundred to one hun-

dred and fifty feet in air, and while these are interesting, and people sit for an hour or more waiting for the eruption, yet the petrified forest claims the attention of the tourist and the casual visitors alike.

The forest is reached by a stiff climb of a thousand feet up a fairly good road accessible to automobiles, a road as crooked as the proverbial "ram's horn;" but the view alone is well worth the climb, for it is magnificent. One catches glimpses through the trees of the valley far below, while Mt. St. Helena seems but a stone's throw a way, with its massive forehead among the clouds.

Mt. St. Helena is also of some importance, not for its towering height, for there are many far higher, but here on the shoulder of the mountain, Robert Louis Stevenson spent his honeymoon, and from this lofty elevation looking out over the valley that lay like a panorama at his feet, he wrote "The Silverado Squatters."

The mighty shoulders of the mountains are clothed with a green garment composed of pine, fir, and cedar, bearded like patriarchs, that grow in beauty as they grow in age, and all watched over by the oldest of living things the sequoia gigantia, which were fair-sized trees in the time of Pharaoh, and possibly centuries old when Babylon was in her glory.

Mt. St. Helena was at one time an active volcano, and threw out vast quantities of scoriae, or volcanic ash; this heavy deposit buried the forest near the mountain's base, and in course of time, nature working in her wonderful laboratory, wove her magic spell about the forest, turning these trees to solid stone.

These petrifications were discovered in 1871 by Charles Evans, who saw the value of his discovery not only to science, but in a monitary way, for he surrounded the tract of land a mile long, by a quarter of a mile in width with a fence, charging a small admission fee to help him in excavating the fallen monarchs.

There are a number of varieties represented, and the change from wood to stone, the woody tissues being replaced by some form of silica, is so perfect, that the species are easily determined; however the redwoods seem to predominate.

One of the largest trees is known as "The Queen," a redwood 80 feet long, and 12 feet in diameter. It is not intact, being broken in several places, but the pieces retain their original position, except at one place where a young oak has forced its way between the parts, and has gained considerable size.

Another is known as the "Monarch," also a redwood, 126 feet in length, with a diameter of 8 feet. This magnificent specimen is perfect, lying just as it fell thousands of years ago. Near this is another redwood log six feet long, and 9 feet in thickness. This also is broken, but retains its perfect shape. These by no means comprise the forest, but are the prominent specimens, while large and small blocks and stumps are scattered everywhere, one place in particular looking like an abandoned wood yard.

When this forest was first discovered the trees were covered with ash and sand, and the surface of the ground sparkled with silica, as if polished diamonds had been scattered broadcast.

No one can tell how long these

trees have laid imbedded in the ground, or when petrification began; but according to the best estimate of scientists, millions of years must have gone by since they stood majestic and stately, their leafy branches towering toward heaven, standing like kings and queens among their lesser companions, but none the less beautiful now that the hand of time has preserved them in the form of stone, where they shall remain for millions of years to come, a lasting monument to the power of the Omnipotent to perform His mighty wonders in nature.

HOW THE PRIZE STORY STARTS.

The $100 prize story, for which the News & Observer was sponsor, appeared on Sunday, and the first three paragraphs of it are as follows: "The tower clock in the dingy brick courthouse across the grass-patched square droned out the hour of four.

It was precisely as if some giant Big Ben had gone off in a half-hearted sort of way. The little Sandhill town of Radford stretched itself luxuriously and began to emerge from the lethargy of its midafternoon siesta.

A flea-bitten hound, outspread on the sun-drenched, unpaved sidewalk in front of Old Man Dawson's store, rose, yawned prodigiously, and shambled off in leisurely pursuit of the elusive sycamore shadow in whose fickle embrace he had gone to sleep."

CHEERFULNESS.

By A. C. Crews

"A cheerful look makes a dish a feast."—Old Proverb.

Perhaps nothing adds so much to the charm of a living room as a blazing fire in the hearth. The light and sparkle of the burning wood seem to fill the place with radiance and comfort that is enjoyed by old and young alike. What the open fire is to the home, the spirit of cheerfulness is to the soul. It throws light into all parts of the life, chases the darkness away, makes homely things beautiful, and brings happiness to all within the circle of its influence.

Cheerfulness is entirely different from mirth. Mirth is the joyous excitement of a moment, while cheerfulness is a permanent condition of the mind. Mirth is like the lightning that flashes out for a moment from a dark sky; cheerfulness is a kind of daylight that fills the soul with steady and perpetual serenity.

With some people the cheerful disposition seems to be natural. The tendency to brightness is apparently inborn, and it would almost seem impossible for them to be anything else than good-natured. Others appear to be constitutionally cross grained and cantankerous, and have to maintain a life-long battle against their

disposition. One such person calling to see a sick friend for the purpose of bringing some encouragement said: "I just dropped in to cheer you up a bit, and I am glad I did for I met your doctor at the door and he told me that you were not going to get better."

In the treatment of disease the condition of the mind has much to do with recovery. Many wise physicians have used the principle of auto suggestion long before Dr. Coue was heard of. The cheerful doctor helps his patient the moment he enters the sick room. The pastor whose face glows with hopefulness and good cheer has brought consolation to his parishioner before he has spoken a word.

It is surprising how often our Saviour urges cheerfulness. Over and over again He said, "Be of good cheer." He recognized that the spirit with which any task is undertaken is of the greatest importance. There is reason to believe that the majority of people do not exhibit to any extent the virture of cheerfulness. As a matter of fact grumbling, melancholy, sourness are more common than joy. If the expression on the countenance of men and women is any index to their condition of mind, there is a lack of real gayety. Look at the faces of those who make up the living stream of humanity that flows up and down our streets. Anxiety and sadness are imprinted there in most cases. Take a congregation of Sunday morning worshipers; how many of them look happy and cheerful?

Cheerfulness is promoted by cultivating the art of looking on the bright side of things. There are always two sides upon which we may look and we may bring the power of the will to bear in making the choice and thus develop the habit of being happy or the reverse. "The darkest night has unseen stars concealed behind the drapery of its gloom."

Some folks seem to take positive satisfaction in contemplating the gloomy side. We all know people who have fallen into the habit of "never feeling very well." No matter how soundly they sleep, nor how good their appetites, or how healthy they appear, every enquiry in regard to their condition brings the same stereotyped depressing answer conveyed in a dismal voice: "Not very well today," or "About the same." These people are like the old lady who said she was "enyoying very poor health."

Someone has said that, "A pessimist is a man who, of two evils, chooses both." While the optimist declares:

"The world is full of roses,
For all of us they're blown;
We only need to pluck them
And claim them as our own."

The pessimist replies:

"The world is full of roses,
But, oh, 'tis just my luck
To see some other always
Pick those I want to pluck."

The habit of worrying over little annoyances is an enemy of cheerfulness that must be strenuously combatted. John Wesley was a serious man who had serious work to do, but he was wonderfully cheerful. He says: "In my present journey I am content with whatever entertainment I meet with, and my companions are always in good humor. This must be the spirit of all who take journeys with me. By the grace of God I will

never fret. I repine at nothing. I see God sitting on His throne, and ruling all things well."

It helps us to keep bright to think much of our mercies. The hymn, "Count Your Blessings" has not much poetry in its words and the tune is the merest jingle, but it emphasizes a most important duty. Perhaps our blessings are of the common ordinary variety that are so easily overlooked. An old man celebrated his one hundredth birthday not long ago, and many friends called on him. A newspaper reporter asked him among other questions, if he had always enjoyed good digestion. The centenarian replied that he had "never noticed." A good deal of the pleasure of life comes from blessings that we never notice. The most unfortunate among us will find, when he comes to catalogue his mercies that he has quite enough to make him thankful and happy. Sydney Smith once said: "I thank God who has made me poor that he has made me merry."

In all probability more real happiness springs from a "merry heart" than from a full purse, and it is something we may all cultivate.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Paul Funderburk.

Howard Riggs, has been taking lessons on the linotype machine and learning this trade fast under the direction of Mr. Shaw.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The band boys are looking foward to a big meeting on next Tuesday night, as they have not had a practice for about two weeks.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The Cone Literary Society of the first cottage had its regular meeting on last Monday night, and had a very interesting program.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The boys have been cutting corn at the Lower place for the past few days. They will probably be through with this job by Saturday.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

We now have about 100 large fat turkeys running around the campus and the boys are all looking forward to a big turkey dinner in the next few weeks.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Charles Groover paid a visit to his father and mother. The boys of the tenth cottage also enjoyed his visit. Charles is attending school at Mt. Pleasant.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Rev. Mr. Kessler, of Concord, conducted the religious services in the Auditorium on last Sunday, September 30th. Mr. Kessler took his text from Matt. 21: 10.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The boys of the tenth cottage as well as the other cottages have been spending these cold nights playing rook, checkers and many other games.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The boys' uniforms are being washed and pressed this week, this work is being done by Mr. Russel and his boys. The boys were all

glad to get their uniforms cleaned up.

‡‡‡‡

The boys to receive visits on last Wednesday were: Norma Lee, Alphonzo Wiles, Connie Lowman, Parks Newton, Uldrie Bracken, Allman Smith, and Walter Cummings.

‡‡‡‡

Robert Watson for the past week has been suffering with a sprained hip. He has not been suffering so much in the past few days. We all hope he will soon be ready to get out again.

‡‡‡‡

New quarterlies were distributed among the boys on last Sunday morning, as it was the end of the third quarter. The boys were all eager to get a new one as they take great pride in studying them.

‡‡‡‡

Raymond Kennedy entertained the boys of the first cottage on last Friday night by playing a banjo and a harp. The boys enjoyed it very much, and hope to have him back some time. Kennedy is a member of the sixth cottage.

‡‡‡‡

The boys had a good time at the ball ground on last Saturday afternoon. The new out door gymnasium has been completed, and the boys are having their fun out of it. Some of them are still engaged in base ball, others in basket ball.

‡‡‡‡

The Stonewall Literary Society had a very interesting program on last Friday night, the ones to take part in the program were: Watkins, Ward R, O'Quinn, Armstrong, Page, Pridgen and Hunt. This was the first meeting of the year and the boys did well for the first time.

‡‡‡‡

There isn't any doubt that the friends most worth while are those of the "give and take" variety—folks whom we can rub shoulders with in the every day activities of life and always feel that we are getting, and giving a square deal in our associations with them. Just such folks are the gentlemen who comprise the firm of Hardaway, Hecht & Co. at Charlotte. For a long time they have been selling the Training School various things from shoe leather to beans, and always an order has been placed with them with the certain knowledge that the goods ordered would be up to the standard or there wouldn't be anything expected when pay day came.

But here recently this firm has gone and pulled the balance over on the "giving." When Mr. Hecht, some weeks ago, was shown through the Cannon Memorial Building, he paid especial attention to the beautiful furnishings, and was so struck with the whole scheme that he expressed his intention of having a share in the furnishing of the office. The share is a handsome mahogany filing cabinet, fitting in admirably with the other office fixtures, and the office force especially, and the Training School in general is saying a hearty "Thank you" to Hardaway, Hecht & Co.

It is not enough to have a name, you must have a life.—Gypsie Smith.

A MODEST WIT.

By Selleck Osborne

A Supercilious nabob of the East—
Haughty, being great—purse proud, being rich
A governor, or general, at the least
I have forgotten which—

Had in his family a humble youth,
Who went from England in his patron's suite,
An unasuming boy, in truth
A lad of decent parts, and good repute.

This youth had sense and spirit;
But yet with all his sense,
Excessive diffidence
Obscured his merit.

One day, at table, flushed with pride and wine
His honor, proudly free, severly merry,
Conceived it would be vastly fine
To crack a joke upon his secretary.

"Young man," he said, "by what art, craft, or trade
Did your good father gain a livelihood?"—
"He was a saddler, sir," Modestus said,
"And in his time was reckoned good."

"A saddler, eh! and taught you Greek,
Instead of teaching you to sew!
Pray, why did not your father make
A saddler, sir, of you?"

Each courtier, then, as in duty bound,
"Sir, by your leave, I fain would know
The joke applauded, and the laugh went round.
At length Modestus, bowing low,

Said (craving pardon, if too free he made,)
"My father's trade! By heaven, tha't too bad!
My father's trade? Why, blockhead, are you mad?
My father, sir, did never stoop so low—

He was a gentleman I'd have you know."
"Excuse the liberty I take,"
Modestus said, with archness on his brow,
"Pray, why did not your father make
A gentleman of you?"

NORTH CAROLINA

STATE FAIR

RALEIGH

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"It Shows North Carolina"

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XI CONCORD, N. C. OCTOBER 13, 1923 No. 48

MARK TWAIN ON BOOKS.

"I suppose," a young woman once said gushingly to Mark Twain, "that you're awfully fond of books, aren't you?"

"Well, that depends," drawled the humorist. "If a book has a leather cover it has magnificent value as a razr strop. A brief, concise work such as the French write is very useful to put under the short leg of a wabbly table. Large old-fashioned books with claps can't be beat as missiles to hurl at dogs. A large book like a geography is nearly as good as a piece of tin to nail over a broken window pane."

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

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JAMES P. COOK, *Editor*, J. C. FISHER, *Director Printing Department*

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 4, 1920 at the Post Office at Concord, N C. under act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of Oct. 1917, authorized April 4, 1923.

Speaking of Mrs. Saidie Tucker Williamson, who made possible the Children's Ward in the Raleigh hospital, Dr. Hubert A. Royster among other things said: "Although born in a position which was far better than most of us, and reared in circumstances which shielded her from the suffering of the world, Mrs. Williamson's life was devoted to the relief of the needy." A finer tribute could never have been paid to the dead.

A GREAT ACHIEVEMENT.

Just to the west of Concord and in easy reach, there has sprung up like magic an institution that merits the pride of Cabarrus citizenship. One day it was announced that Mr. Joseph F. Cannon had donated a sufficient acreage of his plantation on the old Salisbury road for the purpose of establishing a Cabarrus County Fair. The next day an organization was reported; the following day actual work on the ground began. It has been the growingest thing ever started in this community. It is not fragile—it is substantial. The stalls and a number of the buildings are more substantial and better looking in appearance than such being usually found on fair grounds.

Associated with Mr. Cannon, who is president, are H. A. Goodman, vice-president; W. A. Foil, vice-president and chief marshall; Dr. T. N. Spencer,

secretary; C. W. Swink, treasurer; J. B. Sherrill, J. F. Dayvault, L. M. Richmond and W. W. Flowe—and these gentlemen constitute the board of directors. They have sacrificed time and money to build up a plant, physically, second to no county fair in the state. They take great pride, and justly so, in the substantial results of their efforts in such a short time.

The liberality and loyalty to the best interest to the county manifested by these gentlemen, to say nothing of the money investment they have made fearlessly and with an abiding hope in the appreciation of the citizenship of Cabarrus and adjoining counties, merit the choicest exhibits possible from the wealth of the county and an unstinted patronage. These are not being begged for, but the opportunity to serve the county and inspire our people to a greater effort in the future, is the real purpose of the patriotism of the gentlemen who have nursed this proposition to a successful completion.

It is up to the whole people to remember that from October 16 to 20 all roads lead to the splendidly completed Cabarrus County Fair Grounds. Let's all meet there.

* * * * * * *

DISTINGUISHED GUESTS.

Lieutenant-Gov. O. Max Gardner, of Shelby, has accepted an invitation to officially present the Cabarrus County Fair to the people of Cabarrus, on Tuesday, the 16th. He is so clear in his speeches and so eloquent in his delivery that there will be left no doubt that the gift will go direct and surely. Then on Friday, Gov. Morrison is to be present and address the Fair crowds. He too, has the habit of hitting the nail on the head, and there will be no doubt of the meaning of his message.

And all the time, there will be attraction enough to draw a crowd. It will be worth your time and entrance fee to see how the women marshalls and the children marshals manage an immense crowd—it will be an object lesson in efficiency.

* * * * * * *

OUR FOREIGN DEBTORS.

Even during the very midst of World War activities, it was intimated by some that eventually the large sums being loaned to the allies across the seas would be cancelled in the form of a gift. Since that awful catastrophe in the world's history has ceased, other problems have arisen to keep the world war-torn, and there have been those who have openly suggested the actual gift to the countries of the large sums loaned.

The average man cannot see the justice of such a suggestion. In no period

of our history has such a thing occurred; and there is no reason why such a policy should now be established. The influence of such a course would have a tendency to make hot-headed countries court war, believing that the generosity of other countries, lending them money, would finally forgive the indebtedness.

There has been much newspaper comment about the silence maintained by President Coolidge, some even wondering whether or not he could talk about U. S. problems, inasmuch as his silence on all public questions was so marked and even painful. But recently President Coolidge has given no uncertain utterance to his position of complete opposition to making a donation of these obligations held against other countries, to whom it made enormous advances to enable them to survive the great contest they were waging. Good for President Coolidge.

* * * * * * *

A GREEN MEMORY.

Raleigh honored herself, on Sunday, when her representative citizens assembled at Rex Hospital to do honor to the memory of Mrs. Saidie Tucker Williamson, who, in life, took a deep interest in the affairs of Rex Hospital—she provided a Children's Ward. Her devotion to the cause and purpose of providing a suitable place for the remedy of the ills of the little ones is today remembered, though she be gone away from this sphere.

Finding that the demands had outgrown the capacity of the ward she provided, her husband, Mr. W. H. Williamson, made its enlargement possible and this in memory of his dead wife. The beauty of the woman's character and her loving kindness and her unlimited unselfishness, were the key-note of the loving remarks by the speakers on that occasion. People like Mrs. Williamson can never die—they live on in the blessings they caused to be meted out to suffering and unfortunate humanity, forever.

* * * * * * *

LEROY SPRINGS.

Mr. Leroy Springs, of Lancaster, S. C., formerly of Charlotte, is one of the outstanding captains of industry of the South. He made his own fortune. He has retired from active connection with manufacturing enterprises, having sold his immense mills at Lancaster to a Northern corporation.

It is a high compliment to him that a number of towns are bidding for him to become a citizen of one. Columbia sent a delegation of flower-throwers to see him; Charlotte, which has a logical right to him, is seeking his return

to that city; and Fort Mills, where he has a strong family connection, bids him come. If Mr. Springs, who would be a valuable addition to any community, has any trouble in making a choice, he may just as well ship his effects to Concord, where a hearty and an open-arm welcome awaits him and his.

* * * * * * *

DOING THE SAME THING IN BUNCOMBE.

Miss May Stockton, who was the pioneer in organizing the real health work among the rural people of Cabarrus, and who made a proud record, and whose departure from this field of work was not only universally regretted and she is missed, is rendering the same kind of efficient service among the people of Buncombe county.

Miss Stockton did not stand back on the tyranny of any set rules, but, having a love of humanity in her heart, gave a helping hand wherever and whenever occasion offered. She joined in with the efforts of all the agencies of mercy and welfare in the community, and her strong personality and capability gave strength to the efforts of all local endeavor to relieve suffering and to prevent such troubles as ignorance breeds. Were every county directed in a manner that characterizes the services of this sensible woman, there would be less suffering and pain among the coming generation.

* * * * * * *

DAVID LLOYD GEORGE.

David Lloyd George, the little Welshman who steered the ship of state for England when she was up to her chin in trouble and war, and who was kicked out when the sun began to shine again, is on American soil for his first visit. He says he has come to study America. He has a big subject; but the artful and astute little statesman from abroad is used to big subjects.

He can get the most valuable and dependable light on his present subject by a call on Mr. Wilson. Up to this writing there has been no announcement of any scheduled visit to the ex-president.

* * * * * * *

NOT EVEN IN THE MIDDLE CLASS.

Mr. George Howard of the state educational department has compiled a set of figures that reveal a telling story. He has gone to the trouble to tabulate for amounts spent for rural education per capita in the several counties. Durham heads the list with $51.58 per capita; the lowest is Brunswick with a

per captia expenditure of $15.65. Cabarrus county is placed 72nd, with an average expenditure per capita of $22.93—actually behind Graham, Polk, Haywood and other mountain counties.

Sometime ago, from another desk in the state educational department came a showing of the standing of the teachers' preparation and competency, by counties. In this list Cabarrus occupied the 68th place, that is 67 counties of the state had better prepared and more experienced teachers than Cabarrus. Whose fault is it, that the foregoing conditions obtain?

* * * * * *

CHURCH HISTORY.

Elsewhere in this number is a reference to the manner in which a prominent congregation of one of the denominations in the state keep green the history of an old organization. It is Lower Stone, an important congregation, of the Reform Church. Recently we had a story of Organ church. This article is made doubly interesting by the address delivered by Major Foil on a subject that at once catches the eye of every normal person.

We hope to follow this up with the story of other old congregations, which have served most admirably and effectively the religious desires of their adherents. If there be any subject more interesting than politics, it is the struggle, growth and survival of a religious organization.

* * * * * * *

THEY ARE ORTHODOX.

In this number is an article bearing on the annual state convention of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. It was an inspiring occasion. These women had gathered together to honor the memory of the heroes of a great struggle in Southern life. It was pleasing that, not even for brevity or by a slip, did a single speaker during that convention speak of the War Between the States as "The Civil War."

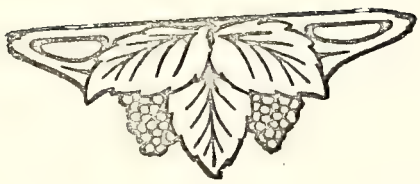
Women don't make such inexcusable breaks—they call it by a name that reflects no dishonor. They sometimes have Civil War in Germany and Oklahoma; but the heroic and brave efforts of the boys of '60 were not any part of a "Civil War."

* * * * * * *

KING'S DAUGHTERS IN STATE MEETING.

That goodly town of Rockingham, that furnished a governor and a secretary of state has been entertaining during the past week one of the finest organizations among womanhood in the state. The King's Daughters, in their

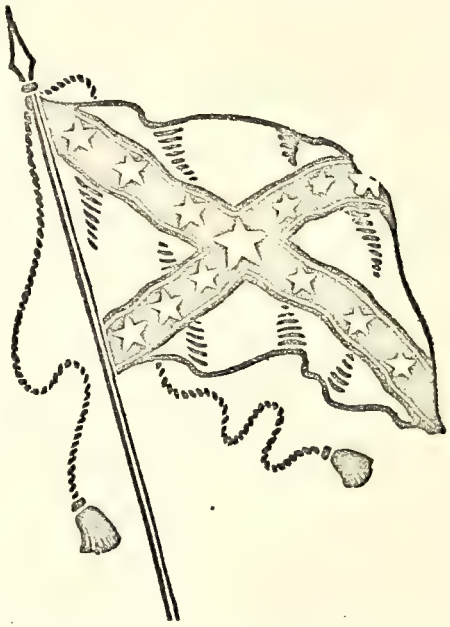
annual convention, met on the 9th and continued through to the 11th. Such hospitality as was accorded the Daughters was never surpassed.



ECHOES FROM THE U. D. C'S.

It's always inspirational to attend or read about a meeting that is controlled by the women. They go about their business in such an earnest and matter-of-fact manner, and always with such decorum, that fine object lessons are given to the men, who do not always conduct their meetings thusly.

The United Daughters of the Confederacy held their 27th annual convention in Greensboro, last week. From the News, we gather a fine picture of the setting and spirit of that aggregation of some of the choicest representatives of North Carolina's best citizenship. Nothing secessional occurred, but it was just an expression of a loving memory for a cause and the heroes who played fine parts in it —and a people that go so far astray in their activities to forget the nobility and splendour of the heroes in great causes, are a dying people.



Those acting in an executive capacity at the convention are: Mrs. R. Philip Holt, president, of Rocky Mount; Mrs. T. E. Sprune, vice-president, of Wilmington; Mrs. L. B. Newell, second vice-president, of Charlotte; Mrs. W. C. Rodman, third vice president, of Washington; Miss Mary Henderson, recording secretary, of Salisbury; Mrs. J. B. Goode, corresponding secretary, of Rock Mount; Mrs. R. E. Little, treasurer, of Wadesboro; Mrs. J. Dolph Long, registrar, of Graham; Mrs. P. S. Rothrock, historian, of Mount Airy; Mrs. H. M. London, custodian of crosses, of Raleigh; Mrs. E. F. Reid, chaplain, of Lenoir; and Mrs. Charles S. Wallace, of Morehead City.

By the middle of the afternoon yesterday the lobby of the hotel began to fill with the delegates and by the hour of the evening session groups of women could be seen in earnest conversation on all sides. The convention hall was crowded at 8:30 when Rev. J. H. Barnhardt pronounceed the invocation.

Address Of Welcome.

The first thing on the program was a musical selection, rendered by the First Presbyterian quartet. Following this Miss Lizzie Lindsay, extended greetings in behalf of the president of the Guilford chapter, local Daughters and addresses of welcome were also given by B. T.

Ward, as city clerk, for the city of Greensboro; E. B. Jeffress for the chamber of commerce; Mrs. R. L. Justice for the Woman's club; J. Norman Wills for the Rotarians, J. W. Simpson for the Kiwanis club, Dr. J. W. Tankersley, for the Civitans; J. M. Scott, for the Lions; Mrs. J. M. Millikan, as regent of the Guilford Battle chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution; A. M. Scales for the sons of Veterans: R. E. Denny for the American Legion, and Mrs. O. S. Rand for the American Legion auxiliary.

Greetings were also extended from several division visitors, Mrs. C. W. Tillet, of Charlotte, spoke for the Daughters of the American Revolution, General W. A. Smith, of Ansonville, for the United Confederate veterans, and Mrs. Cabell Smith, of Martinsville, Va., for the Virginia division of the United Daughters of the Confederacy.

In response to these addresses Mrs. Z. B. Vance, Jr., of Asheville, now acting as dean of women of Trinity College, expressed the pleasure all of the daughters experienced in holding their meeting in a town so rich in historic memories. She then talked for a few minutes on the spirit of the Confederacy and the ideas of the old south and went on to say:

Inner Motives Of U. D. C.

"If I grasp the inner motives of the U. D. C. they may be stated thus: States be known. We desire to perpetuate in bronze and stone the outstanding events and figures of that struggle, but even more than these, as significant as they are, we desire to preserve in our hearts and minds and to interpret to the new generation the best traditions of the old south. If out of the seeming catastrophe of Appomattox we can seize on the achievements of the old south which are worthy to endure we shall (to use the words of another) have made a real contribution to a weary and a perplexed world.

"In our anxiety to grasp the opportunities of the new freedom of women I sometimes fear we value too lightly the rich heritage of the chivalrous attitude of the men, of the old south. And in saying this I refer to the highest ideals of chivalry. By preserving the most worth while opportunities and traditions we will justify our existence as an organization."

Mrs. Vance then introduced Mrs. R. P. Holt, who made a short address in her position as president of the state organization.

"I greet you and welcome you to our convention," she told the delegates, "I salute and pay tribute to a million southern homes who with brave hearts and great strength did their duty as they saw it. Daughters of North Carolina let us pay not mere lip homage to such men but rather the homage of our lives and our deeds. Glorious memories if they serve only as excuses for shirking our present problems will some people specially trained in the study day return to haunt us. But if they spur us on to act in our time as well as did our men in gray then they are blessings ever to be treasured."

Among the distinguished guests present at the convention are Mrs. Cabell Smith, of Martinsville, Va., ex-president of the Virginia division; Mrs. E. H. Morrison, of Virginia

Beach, formerly Mrs. Jacksie Daniels Thrash, of Tarboro, and ex-president of the North Carolina division, Mrs. O. C. Smith, Martinsville Va., honorary president of the Virginia division; Mrs. J. Allison Hodges, of Virginia, regent of the North Carolina room in the Confederate museum and Mrs. I. W. Faison, of Charlotte, ex-president of the North Carolina division and ex-vice-president general and director for the Jefferson Davis monument of North Carolina.

Those delegates who had formally registered by 6 o'clock yesterday evening were: Mesdames Thomas Lee Craig, Gastonia; Emily Semple Austin, Tarboro; Mrs. Henry Spaight, Tarboro; Mrs. Ed Purvis, Tarboro, J. D. Smith, Mount Airy; L. B. Knight, Tarboro; Harry P. Deaton, Morrisville; J. B. Goode, Rocky Mount; Annie M. Robins, Asheboro; R. B. Redwine, Monroe; Charles Wallace, Morehead City; Cleve Stallings, W. M. Perkins and M. W. Ranson, of Littleton; B. L. Tyree, C. C. Thomas, J. Harper Erwin, T. Edgar Cheek, Durham; and Alfred Williams, Raleigh; T. E. Sprunt, Wilmington; Hiram Ford, Leaksville-Spray; John L. Banner, Mount Airy; J. Allison Hodges, Richmond; J. B. Burven, Rockingham; E. C. Bivins, Mount Airy; P. L. Hawks, Mount Airy; A. B. Mitchell, Mount Airy.

W. B. Murphy, Snow Hill; Charles H. Cowles, North Wilkesboro; S. W. Satterfield, Reidsville; Wilson Woods, Raleigh; J. C. Brantley, Raleigh; J. L. Fleming, Miss Hadley Woodard and Mrs. James E. Woodard, Wilson; Mesdames John L. Bridges, Tarboro; R. H. Wright, Greenville; I. F. Lee, Greenville; L. B. Newell, Charlotte; T. L. Sneiden, Wilmington; F. M. Williams, Newton; L. L. Staton, Tarboro; R. P. Holt, Rocky Mount; Cahill Smith, Martinsville, Va.; P. S. Rothrock, Mount Airy; F. O. Carvin, Roxboro; M. I. Fleming, Rocky Mount; J. Dolph Long, Graham; E. K. Proctor, Lumberton; W. M. Peck, Wilmington; R. I. Smith, Leaksville-Spray; S. R. Arrington and Peter Arrington, Warrenton; Hunter Smith, and John H. Anderson, Fayetteville; Henry A. London, Pittsboro; Miss Georgie Hicks, Faison; Katherine Robins and E. R. McKeithan, Fayetteville; S. W. Sanders, E. R. Bryan and Lena S. Avant, of Wilmington; W. M. Eubanks, Pittsboro; J. L. Griffin and Julian M. Gregory, Pittsboro; John D. MacRea, Asheville; C. L. Whitehead, Enfield; T. L. Bland, and H. E. Bremen, Rocky Mount; Graham Hardin, Graham; L. T. Townsend, Lumberton; Jimmie Hardin, Graham; L. T. oDK-sa.s din, Graham, J. D. Kernodle, Graham; W. B. Puett, Belmont; J. B. Montgomery, Burlington; J. B. Gill, Statesville; Zeb Vance, Jr., Asheville; M. A. Townsend, Dunn; Lucille R. Moore, Wilson.

Mesdames J. A. Love, Red Springs; Sid Suger, Newton; D. P. McEachern, Red Springs; Glenn Long, Newton; E. A. Houser, Shelby; I. W. Faison, Charlotte, Mamie Merritt, Roxboro; G. Henry Packson, New Bern; Mildred Wallace, Morehead City; C. D. Coffee, Jr., North Wilkesboro; F. R. Morgan, Shelby; C. R. Daggett, J. H. Hull, Shelby and Miss Nannie E. Roberts, Shelby; J. W. Griggs, Wadesboro; Mark Lasitter, Snow Hill; Winnie Du Rant, Washington, D. C.; John J. Henderson, Graham and A. C. Lineberger, Belmont.

Daily News Editorial.

To the United Daughters of the

Confederacy Greensboro offers a welcome not accorded to ordinary visitors, or ordinary conventions. This organization in the course of the years has come to be more than the guardian of a great tradition. It is as well a moulder of southern thought, in some measure the shaper of the destinies of the south, for the power of public opinion that its decisions are able to bring to bear, whether of approval or disapproval, on a given proposal is usually enough in the south to settle its fate.

It is this function of the U. D. C. as an influence upon the future of the section that lends to its deliberations a particular interest to others than historians. The business of preserving the records of the Confederacy might well be left to We earnestly desire that the truth concerning.. the war between .. the a higher mission than that. Theirs is the task of preserving the spirit of the Confederacy, which is not at all the same thing as the spirit of secession. Secession is as dead as King Tut-ankh-amen, and the Daughters of the Confederacy are the last people who would wish to revive it. But the spirit of the old south survives, and will survive as long as the ideals of the founders of America are still able to stir the hearts of men.

Militay glory is as vastly overrated, and often, if not usually, a false and empty thing. If military glory is to be our ideal, Bonaparte and Hindenburg must take rank among the greatest of our heroes, for each was a greater soldier than either side produced in the conflict of the sixties. But what sane man would for a moment range the Corsician or the old Teutonic field-marshall on the same footing with such a man as Lee? The glory of the Confederacy was not its record in the field, splendid as that was. It is not represented by Lee at Chancellorsville, but rather by Lee on the night of his decision, when he learned something of what his Lord must have tasted in Gethsemane; the glory of the south is that she was able to inspire in such a man a love that brought him out of that night resolved to offer his sword to her. And through the bitter years that followed the true splendor was not in victories won on the field of battlee, but in that grim, unfaltering courage that inspired alike the soldiers and the women at home who "strove while they wept."

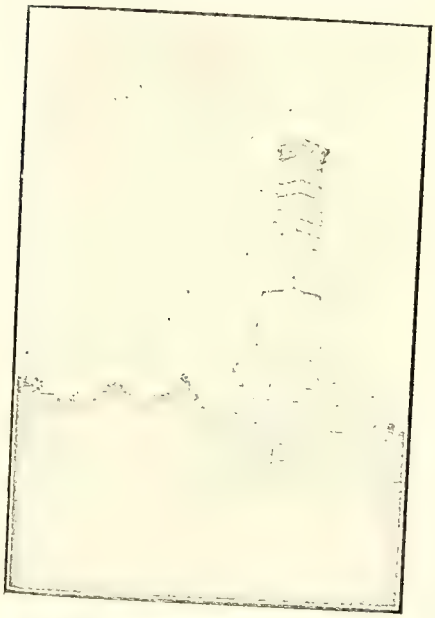
Secession and slavery are gone together, and the bitterness that they engendered is gone with them. But under the eagle's wings again, in a united nation we still have use, we have more use than ever, for that which was indeed the soul of the Confederacy—a devotion to duty that never wavered, though the devotee's sweat turned to blood, a courage that illimitable disaster could not appal, a loyalty to an ideal that feared death only as an interruption of its service.

Of these things the United States of America has as much need as ever did the Confederacy. To cherish and preserve them for the United States is the high duty and the worthiest excuse for being of the United Daughters of the Confederacy.

ONE-HUNDRED AND FORTY-THIRD ANNIVERSARY.

Saturday October seventh was the one hundred and forty-third anniversary of the battle of King's Mountain, which was an important event in the struggle for American Independence.

Shortly after the defeat of Gates at Camden, S. C., Cornwallis sent the British Major, Ferguson with a well-supplied force of regulars beyond the



King's Mountain Monument.

Catawba River, for the purpose of enlisting the Tories of Western North Carolina. Ferguson's force soon numbered 1,100 men. News then went out over the western country of Ferguson's presence and intentions. Bands of Patriots began at once to assemble at several points. Many of these were "mountain men who had gone beyond the Alleghanies as pioneers into what is now Tennessee.

Colonels Isaac Shelby, John Sevier, William Campbell, McDowell, Cleveland, and Williams, and Major Winston were among those who collected bodies of men to oppose Ferguson. The several detachments joined forces, and 900 of the strongest and ablest pushed on after the enemy. Ferguson had taken up a position on the summit of King's Mountain, just over the boundary line into South Carolina, where he thought himself safe. The Patriots attacked him from several directions. Their ardor and determination prevailed, and Ferguson was slain. The whole force was taken prisoners. This battle marked the turning point of the war. From that time on the Americans made a steady advance in the direction of success and independence.

"The Mountain Men."

The mountain men of eastern Tennessee and western Nort Carolina performed a very important part in the war. For years they guarded the passes of the mountains and barred the way against the Indians of the Northwest, who were only too eager to enter the Carolinas and aid their English allies. These men therefore, who prevented the colonists from being attacked in the rear, are famous in our country's annals as being the staunch "rear guard of the American Revolution.

Kings Mountain, Oct. 6.—With a

speaking array of governors, generals, United States senators and congressmen, mayors, and others ranking high in official circles, and with a program furnishing attractions for every one, citizens of two states flocked to Kings Mountain today to celebrate the anniversary of the battle for American independence fought here 143 years ago.

Among the chief speaking attractions were Senator Royal S. Copeland, of New York; General A. J. Bowley, commanding officer of Fort Bragg; Governor Thomas G. McLeod, of South Carolina, and Mrs. C. W. Tillett, state regent of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

The visitors and speakers were welcomed to the city by Oscar B. Carpenter, president of the Chamber of Commerce; Mayor P. D. Herndon, and Mrs. W. K. Mauney, head of the local chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

Senator Copeland delivered a brief address, touching upon the American Revolution and the battle of Kings Mountain, declaring that there can be no lasting prosperity in America until there is rehabilitation in Europe and expressing the belief that there can be no better condition until America leads the way.

An estimate of the crowd that heard the speech placed it at more than 10,000 people and conservative estimates of the crowd that thronged the town during the day and the evening ranged between 15,000 and 25,000.

The program catered to every taste, from that of the senators, congressmen and other officials who attended down to that of the taxi driver who rattled his bus up to the parking space beside the railroad station. There were parades and addresses, aviation stunts and a reception, a band concert and a boxing program.

From the time the visitor stepped from the train at Kings Mountain, or alighted from his dusty automobile at the Mountain View hotel this morning until late tonight, the fun continued.

Welcomed at Train.

With the arrival of the 10 o'clock train this morning, bearing Senator Copeland, Major A. L. Bulwinkle, United States congressman from the ninth North Carolina district, and various other notables, the festivities began.

A welcoming delegation met the train and escorted the visitors to automobiles which whisked them to the front of the waiting parade. A few directions to the leaders and the parade was off through the decorated streets of the town, horses prancing and the pulses bounding to the inspiring music from the Fort Bragg band.

Senator Copeland, Mayor P. D. Herndon, Congressman Bulwinkle and Frank A. Hampton, secretary to Senator Simmons, E. C. Dwelle and The Observer representative were seated in the leading automobile, which was followed by General A. J. Bowley's official automobile and others bearing distinguished guests.

The band followed and, in turn, came other automobiles and patriotic floats from various civic organizations and business houses. The parade passed through the streets lined with thousands of people to the high school building where the Fort Bragg military exhibit had been

placed on display.

As the end of the parade passed and the speakers mounted the platform which had been constructed in front of the building, a salute of 21 guns was fired. As the guns boomed forth their salute and the pungent odor of the smoke swept over the crowd the speakers stepped to their places on the platform and as the sounds of the last shot echoed and re-echoed through the hills, the Fort Bragg band took its place beside the speaker's stand and crashed into sound.

Speakers Introduced.

The last notes of the music had scarcely died away before the resonant voice of Oscar B. Carpenter, master of ceremonies and president of the Kings Mountain Chamber of Commerce, rang out, welcoming the thousands to Kings Mountain.

He introduced Mr. Herndon, who delivered the official welcome in behalf of the municipality of Kings Mountain. He was succeeded by Mrs. W. K. Manney, of the Colonel Frederick Hambright chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, who extended a cordial welcome to the visitors and spoke of the brilliant history of the city and the section, with particular reference to the part played in the fight for American independence.

She was followed by Mrs. Tillett, who spoke of the activities of the Daughters of the American Revolution, paying especial tribute to the Kings Mountain chapter and touching upon the history of the section.

Mr. Carpenter then introduced General Bowley, declaring "the glory of the American army is typified" in him.

General Bowley Speaks.

General Bowley spoke of the American spirit existing in North Carolinas and traced the efforts of communists and radicals to destroy the government of America.

"Through the lack of a foreign element here, the citizens of this section are not familiar with the troubles of other sectins," he declared, speaking of the first effort of the communists through what he termed open communism.

"Failing to obtain results through this method," he stated, "they then turned their attention to the miners in an effort to work through them." General Bowley cited the Herrin massacre and various other strikes as examples.

"They are now trying other tactics," he asserted. "They are boring from within, encouraging slackers and insidiously preaching internationalism.

" It is not internationalism with one government that we need but more Americanism. In the army Americanism is a profession.

"It is not the regular army man, the fighter, whom you will find to be militaristic. We who have been baptised with fire know that war is no picnic. The most rabid militant to be found is he who mounts a soap box on a street corner and demands war to enforce peace.

"The army is now working under a disadvantage. Through reductions in its personnel it is now on a par with defeated Germany. At first 280,000 men were provided by Congress to compose a national guard and re--

serve corps. This was cut down to 120,000 and is now about 110,000 men with about 50,000 of these stationed in our insular possessions.

"The United States has a population of about 105 millions. Germany with a population of 65 millions has a police force of 100,000 men.

"There is a great difference in the United States now as compared with the days of the Battle of Kings Mountain. At that time every citizen was trained to fight. The country was filled with Indians and it was necessary that the whites be constantly on their guard.

"Now that there is no danger constantly confronting the country, the people have forgotten how to fight.

And our fighting force has been reduced until the navy is on the beach and we have no army."

MY HORSE.

By Minerva Hunter

I have a horse that's all my own;
And though I'm only three,
I ride upon him all alone
As bravely as can be

I mount him and then cry: "Come up!"
And he begins to go.
Sometimes he gallops very fast,
And sometimes he is slow.

It's your dad's foot you need.
Don't bother with a kitty car—
Don't try a 'locipede,
Now, if you want a horse like mine,

So I can ride some more.
But I get up and mount again,
Upon the nursery floor;
Sometimes he bucks and throws me off

ANOTHER OUTSTANDING AND OLD CHURCH.

Some weeks ago THE UPLIFT carried a story about Zion (Organ) church, in Rowan county, and in which it is claimed the first pipe organ in America was installed, and thereby the church came into the name of Organ. The original congregation was composed of Lutheran and German Reform people. In the course of time, as the story is recorded, the membership of each denomination grew to such numbers that each were able to stand alone. The Reforms withdrew from Organ and set up a church of their own not far distant.

This church is known as Lower Stone, and has an interesting history. In August 1895 the 100th anniversary was celebrated. This annual gathering, came to be known as a "Home Coming" and has been with few exceptions observed ever since. On the first Sunday in August, this year, the Home Coming was of unusual interest. Rev. J. C. Leonard, D. D., of Lexington, preached in the morning a historical sermon of great power and full of the intensest interest to an immense congregation. In the afternoon, Maj. W. A. Foil, formerly an attendant at Lower Stone and very folksy with the people of that section, was called upon to make an address in the afternoon. He did so, taking for his theme a most appropriate subject for an occasion like the one being honored. He spoke in part as follows

My friends, I am not a preacher, therefore, I cannot preach to you today. I am not a lawyer, therefore, I cannot argue to you either the written or unwritten law. But I am going to talk to you for a few minutes today on MOTHER AND HOME.

There never was and there never will be a word coined that is as near and dear to the human family as the word MOTHER. There was never a structure planned by ancient or modern architecture that has as great fascination for mankind, as HOME. And so my friends, we have an example of that plainly demonstrated here today in the display of this immense crowd. Why are we here today? Why did we leave our home and our places of worship and come here today? It was for the purpose of satisfying that longing burning desire in our hearts to come back to

Old Lower Stone, our home church, the place where our fathers and mothers presented us at this Altar and promised God to bring us up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. The place we were taugh the Ten Commandments and the Apostles Creed and the doctrine of the Church. The place where we knelt around this altar and gave our hearts to God and received the Holy Communion. That is why we are here today my friends, and that is why we are going to be here next year and each succeeding year.

Mother and Home. Can anyone think of a more beautiful pair of words than these. I believe I will add to these words the word "love." Mother, home and love. Those of you who have been away for sometime and you set apart a day to return home; how it makes your heart thrill as the day draws near. You first count the days, then the hours, until you arrive. It may be a peasant's home or it may be a mansion. It makes no difference. That sensation of real joy and delight exists just the same. It burst forth in expression when you meet your loved ones and come in contact with your old surroundinigs. O, my friends, I don't think there is anything greater and more glorious than to return to the old home and find mother seated in her big arm chair with white cap and knitted cape. Stooped and bent with the cares of the years gone by, waiting for that gentle caress, waiting for the strong arm, of a son. O, my friends, those are pictures upon which the cob webs of neglect should never be allowed to gather. Time has so decreed that some of us cannot enjoy having our mother with us here today, but those of you who are so blest, you should say in the words of John Allen Wyth.

"Deal gently with her, Time! These many years
Of life have brought more smiles with them than tears.
Lay not thy hand too harshly on her now,
But trace decline so slowly on her brow
That (like a sunset of the Northerrn Clime
Where twilight lingers in the summertime,
And fades at last into the silent night,
Ere one may note the passing of the light)
So may she pass—since 'tis the common lot—
As one who resting. sleeps and knows it not."

Mother and Home. Home the place of birth. The place of childhood and of youth. Ever since that memorable night in the land of Judea, when the Star in the East directed to the place where in the Manger in the stable lay Christ, the newborn King. Ever since that night, my friends, man has had the assurance of a home.

However, today, we have men who have become so self constituted wise, that they are trying to warp and twist the old translation of that beloved book, and are trying to clothe and drape that litle stable into modern phraseology, so as to give the coming generation a different conception of the birth place of our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ. I claim to be modern and I claim to be progressive. I believe in keeping

pace with the world. I am always ready to exchange old ideas and old methods for more modern ones, as far as the material world is concerned, but when it comes to modernizing that Book of all Books, that law of all laws; I, am not modern. You know that I am not so sure but that we, as a nation, are just a little too modern along some lines. I asked a very able preacher some weeks ago what he thought about modern America and if he thought that the world was growing better. He paused and finally answered by saying, "I am afraid not." I said to him what do you base your answer on? Are we not building modern churches and schools everywhere? Have we not banished liquor from this country? Are we not enlightening the heathens, "Yes," he says "but I am afraid our morals are growing worse." My friends, that sounds like a startling statement to some of us, but yet I believe it is a fact. Suppose some of our dear loved ones who lie more quietly sleeping in yonder cemetery for the last twenty five or more years could suddenly return here today, their amazement would be beyond description. Advancement along every line. New Churches built and old ones repaired. New school houses on every hill. Paved highways and improved roads running in every direction. The old horse and buggy has given way to the automobiles. Our streams that were once allowed to flow unmolested from the mountains to the sea coast are now turning thousands of spindles. Lighting cities and towns, and the power is being commercialized by great utility companies in many ways. With all this wonderful development, yet you tell me the world is not growing better. Yes, my friends, I hate to say it, but I speak from conviction. I do not belive that our standards of morals in the United States are as high as they were twenty-five years ago. Why do I say that? I say it because that our march of progress and development has been divorced from the teachings as laid down by Jesus Christ himself. Our lives are so focused and so centered on the affairs of this world that we have little time to give to anything pertaining to Church life. We are paving roads for automobiles in this life and taking no notice to the straight and narrow road leading to the life eternal.

Now please do not misunderstand me. I believe in these wonderful developments. Really, I am a booster myself but the point that I make is this, that any nation that becomes so great and powerful as America, unless she has the religion of Jesus Christ as her foundation is bound to topple. You make the automobile. To me it is the most wonderful invention the world has ever known. It has done more to revolutionize the industrial life of this country than any one thing that I can recall; and yet it is largely responsible for ruining and damning more young souls than any other one thing that I know. The automobile is simply a piece of machinery. Whose fault is it? It is the fault of the fathers and mothers of this country. Your boy is allowed to take that automobile and go and come as he thinks best. You mothers allow that daughter of yours, with a dress 18 inches from her shoe the time of day on a watch though made in Waltham, Mass., had been

assembled by a native of the Tar garden walk. You allow her to go when she pleases, come when she pleases and do as she pleases until your face is covered with shame. It is not the fault of the automobile. You cannot condemn the automobile any more than you can condemn the dollar that was one at the gambling table. What are you going to do about it? These boys and these girls of today who are to be fathers and mothers of this nation tomorrow; and pray tell me if these conditions exist today what will the next generation bring forth. It is a question. It is a grave question and one that needs the attention of this country. We must observe the sanctity and chastity of our American home. We must hold above all earthly names, that name that is dearer and nearer and more sacred to the human race than all other names, that name "Mother."

Lew Wallace once said. "God could not be everywhere, therefore, He made Mother. The mothers hold the key of the soul; and she it is who stamps the coin of character and makes the being, who would be a savage, but for her gentle cares, a Christian man."

It was a mother that inspired Augustus M. Toplady to write "Rock of Ages, Cleft for me." It was a mother that inspired Chas. Wesley to write, "Jesus Lover of my Soul." It was a mother that inspired Martin Luther to write, "A Mighty Fortress is our God. ' It was a mother that inspired Woodrow Wilson, that saved America from the heel of the hun. And to the American mothers rests the destiny of America. What are you going to do about it? Can America hold high her moral standard and go forward in the religious life of the world with the "flapper" girl of today as the mothers of our posterity? I say she cannot. It develops upon the fathers and mothers of today to change these conditions. We are rushing headlong after the almighty dollar. We forget our homes. We forget Jesus Christ who suffered and died on the Cross of Calvary in order that man might be saved. We very often forget my friends—Neglect your vineyards and briers and weeds destroy it. Neglect your homes and sin and immorality will creep in and destroy them. From around our fireside in our homes, radiate either good or bad influence. Those of us who have gone out from this church and from the homes of this community, I hope the influence has been for good and for the upbuilding of humanity and that the moral teaching and the moral environment that existed in this community, still exists and will continue to grow more powerful by sending out young men and young women to make America better.

My friends, I am glad of the opportunity of being with you today. I shall never forget my childhood days at Old Lower Stone. I am proud to see your Church and your cemetery so well kept. I am proud to see your pastorate roster so well kept. Thirty years ago, I stood upon a ladder and placed those names on that wall. Dr. Barringer was your pastor at that time. He cut the names and dates out of paper and I stood on the ladder and placed them on the wall with pins. That was just prior to your centennial. I am proud to see them so nicely painted and so well preserved. The names of those

saintly men who have contributed much to the history of this church. You have a great church with a great history that you can hand down to your posterity and be justly proud. I received my first impression of church life in this church and I shall never forget it. It will follow me all through life. I shall never forget the influence that this community has had on my life. I hope that you will continue to make these home comings yearly affairs and don't forget that a Mother is a Mother still. The holiest thing alive. And that with her rests the destiny of America.

Billy Moore, son of Mr. and Mrs. Zeb Moore, is one of the attractive and promising Concord lads that have gone off to schools this year. They all went away feeling that they were to be deprived of the pleasure of attending the first County Fair ever held since they came into this territory. Billy has written his mother a letter since leaving. Billy took care to make clear his young and brave manhood; but he confessed his consuming desire. This is the way he put it: "Mother, I don't want you to think that I am homesick, but I sure do want to attend the Cabarrus County Fair—what do you think of it?"

THE BLIND PREACHER.

By William Wirt.

William Wirt, an eloquent lawyer and the distinguished biographer of Patrick Henry, was born at Bladensburg, in Maryland, in 1772. *He practised law at Norfolk, and subsequently at Richmond; and was appointed Attorney-general, under the administration of President Monroe. The "Life of Patrick Henry" appeared in* 1817, *and "took at once its position as one of the most animaed biographical works in our history. The work glows with the warm enthusiasm of the writer." Mr. Wirt was gretly distinguished for the brilliant and effective character of his eloquence. his defence of Blennerhasset, connected with the Aaron Burr conspiracy, being among his most famous efforts. He died in* 1834.

It was one Sunday, as I travelled through the county of Orange, that my eye was caught by a cluster of horses tied near a ruinous, old, wooden house in the forest, not far from the roadside. Having frequently seen such objects before, in travelling through these States, I had no difficulty in understanding that this was a place of religious worship.

Devotion alone should have stopped me to join in the duties of the congregation; but I must confess that curiosity to hear the preacher of such a wilderness was not the least of my motives. On entering, I was struck with his preternatural appearance. He was a tall and very spare old man; his head, which was covered with a white linen cap, his shrivelled hands, and his voice, were all shaking under the influence of a palsy; and a few moments ascertained to me that he was perfectly blind.

The first emotions which touched my breast were those of mingled pity

and veneration. But, how soon were all my feeling changed! The lips of Plato were never more worthy of a prognostic swarm of bees than were the lips of this holy man! It was a day of the administration of the sacrament; and his subject, of course, was the Passion of our Saviour. I had heard the subject handled a thousand times: I had thought it exhausted long ago. Little did I suppose that, in the wild woods of America, I was to meet with a man whose eloquence would give to this topic a new and more sublime pathos than I ever before witnessed.

As he descended from the pulpit to distribute the mystic symbols, there was a peculiar, a more than human solemnity in his air and manner, which made my blood run cold, and my whole frame shiver. He then drew a picture of the sufferings of our Saviour;—his trial before Pilate; his ascent up Calvary; his crucifixion, and his death. I knew the whole history; but, never, until then, had I heard the circumstances so selected, so arranged, so colored. It was all new; and I seemed to have heard it for the first time in my life. His enunciation was so deliberate, that his voice trembled on every syllable; and every heart in the assembly trembled in unison.

His peculiar phrases had that force of description, that the original scene appeared to be, at that moment, acting before our eyes. We saw the very faces of the Jews—the staring, frightful distortions of malice and rage. We saw the buffet, my soul kindled with a flame of indignation; and my hands were involuntarily and convulsively clinched.

But when he came to touch on the patience, the forgiving meekness of our Saviour; when he drew, to the life, his blessed eyes streaming in tears to heaven,—his voice breathing to God a soft and gentle prayer of pardon on his enemies, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do,"—the voice of the preacher, which had all along faltered, grew fainter and fainter, until, his utterance being entirely obstructed by the force of his feelings, he raised his handkerchief to his eyes, and burst into a loud and irrepressible flood of grief. The effect is inconceivable. The whole house resounded with the mingled groans, and sobs, and shrieks of the congregation.

It was some time before the tumult had subsided so far as to permit him to proceed. Indeed, judging by the usual, but fallacious standard of my own weakness, I began to be very uneasy for the situation of the preacher. For I could not conceive how he would be able to let his audience down from the height to which he had wound them, without impairing the solemnity and dignity of his subject, or perhaps shocking them by the abruptness of the fall. But—no; the descent was as beautiful and sublime, as the elevation had been rapid and enthusiastic.

The first sentence with which he broke the awful silence was a quotation from Rousseau: "Socrates died like a philosopher, but Jesus Christ, like a God!" I despair of giving you any idea of the effect produced by this short sentence unless you could perfectly conceive the whole manner of the man, as well as the peculiar crisis in the discourse. Never before did I completely understand what Demosthenes meant by laying

such stress on delivery.

You are to bring before you the venerable figure of the preacher,—his blindness, constantly recalling to your recollection old Homer, Ossian, and Milton, and associating with his performance the melancholy grandeur of their geniuses; you are to imagine that you hear his slow, solemn, well-accented enunciation, and his voice of affecting, trembling melody; you are to remember the pitch of passion and enthusiasm to which the congregation were raised; and then, the few minutes of portentous, deathlike silence which reigned throughout the house. The preacher, removing his white handkerchief from his aged face (even yet wet from the recent torrent of his tears,) and slowly stretching forth the palsied hand which hold it, begins the sentence. "Socrates died like a philosopher;" then pausing, raising his other hand, pressing them, both clasped together, with warmth and energy to his breast, lifting his "sightless balls" to heaven, and pouring his whole soul into his tremulous voice—"but Jesus Christ—like a God!"

If this description gives you the impression that this incomparable minister had anything of shallow, theatrical trick in his manner, it does him great injustice. I have never seen, in any other orator, such a union of simplicity and majesty. He had not a gesture, an attitude, or an accent, to which he does not seem forced by the sentiment which he is expressing. His mind is too serious, too earnest, too solicitous, and, at the same time, too dignified, to stoop to artifice. Although as far removed from ostentation as a man can be, yet it is clear, from the train, the style, and substance of his thoughts, that he is not only a very polite scholar, but a man of extensive and profound erudition.

EXAMINATION TEST OF A CERTIFIED TEACHER IN A WESTERN STATE.

Name two things we import from Africa.

Ivory and Ivory soap.

A vacuum is a large empty place where the Pope lives.

A blizzard is the inside of a hen.

A mountain range is a large cook stove.

George Washington married Mary Curtis, and in due time became the father of his country.

Typhoid fever is prevented by fascination.

Three prominent Revolutionary Virginians were Thomas Jefferson, Abraham Lincoln, and Columbus.

I don't know anything about the Constitution; I was born in Kansas.

Geometry teaches us how to bisex angels.

A corps is a dead gentlemen; a corpse is a dead lady.

The Pyramids is a mountain range between France and Spain.

To keep milk from souring, you should leave it in the cow.

The way germs enter our bodies is by traveling on street cars.—Exchange.

THE ONLY MONEY HE SAVED.

Raleigh is in the midst of a campaign raising money to purchase the Wright hotel for the purpose of making of it a Young Woman's Christian Association. The effort is inspiring, for the amount of enthusiasm developed and especially on the part of the leading people of the city. At a luncheon Dr. Hubert Royster, one of the state's leading surgeons, and a most delightful and thoughtful speaker is quoted by the News and Observer in the following manner.

In an address in the Y. W. C. A. campaign Dr. Hubert Roysterr, strassing the necessity and importance of such an institution, quoted Mr. Claude Barbee as having said "the only money a man always controls is what he gives to a good cause." That maxim reminded Dr. Royster of the remark of the late George I. Seney, long a prosperous leader in Wall Street. Mr. Seney made millions. While he was on the high title of prosperity, the president of Emory College in Georgia persuaded Mr. Seney to give the money to construct a building at that college. It cost about $100,000, which was a large sum in those days.

The whirligig of fortune left Mr. Seney almost without a dollar, and he retired from the Street broken in health and in money. When he had recuperated by a stay in Florida, he decided to return to New York and stop over to see the building that bore his name. He had been too busy to go to see it when it was dedicated. He reached the town, went to the college campus, and stood long gazing upon the Seney Building. It the only thing that remained from the wreck of his fortune. He became so absorbed as he gazed at it that students gathered, wondering who the old man looking so earnestly at the building might be. He finally saw them looking at him curiously, and said "Young gentlemen; I am the donor of that building. I came here to look at it. When I was rich I gave the money to erect it and it is now the only thing I had that is not gone. I am thankful I made that investment, for all I have is what I gave away."

It is only by such incidents that grown up people learn what children regard as impossible: "It it more blessed to give than to receive." If Mr. Seney had not been moved to aid in education of young men and donated $100,000 it would have gone with his millions He saved only what he invested in immortal mind.

A UNIQUE APPEAL.

(By Arthur Talmadge Abernethy in The Asheville Times.)

I would like to "tell the world" —especially North Carolinians—that I am feeling unusually well this morning. When I rose from a night's refreshing sleep on a solid-walnut bedstead made by hand from a tree that grew in my father's yard, 75 years ago, in Burke County, N. C.,

I kicked off a pair of blankets made at Elkin, N. C., climbed down from an unequaled mattress made by the Asheville, N. C., Mattress company pulled off a gorgeously colored suit of pajamas made in Gaston County, N. C., of cotton grown in Cleveland County, N. C., slipped my feet in a pair of slippers made of cloth homespun in Wilkes County, N. C., put them down on a rug made in Caldwell County, N. C., and slid into a nifty suit of—not B. V. D's., but N. C's.—underwear made in Winston-Salem, N. C., punched a bag made out of fine cowhide leather as the world knows, tanned by a Caldwell County, N. C., native from a calf born, bred and butchered in Lovelady township, N. C., donned a suit of as fine clothes as King Edward ever wore, made at Grove Park, N. C., and constructed to fit my cadaverous frame by two tailors of Government street, Asheville, N. C., after I had sheathed my feet in a pair of silk socks made at Valdese, N. C. from which place I also secured the shoes into which I buttoned them. I then incased myself in a silk shirt made in Burke County, N. C., tied my collar with a matchless scarf woven by the dainty fingers of a Rutherford College, N. C., beauty, the cuff-buttons in my shirt were made from a nugget of raw gold picked up on the baseball ground of Morganton, N. C., and I looked at tops and 12 inches from her chin, with her hair bobbed to her ears and enough paint on her face to paint the Heel State. I went downstairs and sat down in my parlor by a lamp made at Oteen, N. C., read from a book of poems composed by a native of Wilkes County, N. C., printed, bound and published from Moravian Falls, N. C. Then I sat down to breakfast on a chair made in High Point, N. C., before a table made in Asheville, N. C., and ate two eggs from a Buncombe County, N. C., hen, fried in lard from a Madison County, N. C., hog, the ham of which did well as a side issue. I ate biscuits made from wheat grown in Caldwell County, N. C., and ground in Hickory, N. C., mixed with buttermilk from Biltmore, N. C., and now I am puttiing on a hat made at Grove Park, N. C., to mail the last instalment of a book of North Carolina stories written by a Tar Heel from toe to turret, and about native North Carolinians whom I credit as the most royyal people in the world. And I ask every North Carolina paper to publish this as an appeal to every citizen to patronize home-grown products until we can say to the world that as a producing State, we stand at the very front.

AS THE EDITOR SEES IT.

(Reidsville Review.)

Some one in Reidsville is tacitly accepted as our foremost booster. He has that reputation because he has earned it in the past, and still continues to boost.

He has a habit of doing things, of accomplishing results, of working for the community while others are content to reap the benefit of what he does.

Whoever he may be, there are others who are jealous of him, who

are ready to belittle him, possibly to to jab him in the back—because the work that he does is in such contrast to the nothing that they do.

He has his faults, of course, but when the rest of us are without faults it will be time for us to criticise his.

Who is our foremost booster.

Who is the most charitable woman in Reidsville? But perhaps you are the one.

Anyway, she has a tender heart that is full of compassion, that aches for others in trouble or distress.

If she hears a "story" about some other woman she is not too hasty in swallowing the details and reaching out for more. She gives the other woman the benefit of the doubt, and she hopes that it is not true, or at least that it is exaggerated.

She believes in bringing up her children to be true and honorable, sweet and gentle—quite in contrast to the jazzy training that is transforming so many boys and girls into hardened cynics with an extensive knowledge of worldly ways.

She is always doing something good, and looking around for something else to do.

She's here, among us—she's one of us—but who is she?

And, unfortunately, we have the greatest chronic kicker, whoever and wherever he may be.

Nothing pleases him except that which he does or proposes himself, and there isn't much that he does. He prefers kicking to doing.

If fifty of our foremost citizens, representing all shades of political and religious beliefs, were to unanimously agree that a certain thing should be done the kicker would find fault with it. It would be wrong because others considered it right.

The kicker seldom considers a question upon its merits.. In fact, he doesn't do much of any considering at all.

He just winds up his kicker, starts it to moving, and never allows it to stop.

He will go out of this world as he came in, kicking—and but few will kick over his departure.

Have a little of the consideration that he does not possess, and don't name him.

Have we such an attraction as the "worst gossip" in town? Or have we any gossips at all?

Of course you are not expected to name her, because you have troubles enough.

But we're not saying anything more about gossips, because there is nothing left that has not already been said.

Out of their own mouths they are named, labeled, and set aside in a class by themselves.

If Christ lived in Reidsville today what would he do?

He would muzzle the kicker, convert the gossip, ginger up the do-nothings, encourage thrift and enterprise, promote community harmony, commend the booster, cast out the destroyer, and abolish jazz.

But Christ doesn't live here, and it's left for the sg-y r
it's left for you and others to do the good work.

THE STORY OF CANALS.

By J. E. Stewart

"No other country has anything like our Erie canal, has it, uncle?" said Charles Howe proudly, holding up the newspaper account of the Erie Canal which he had just been reading.

Uncle Walter smiled and laid his magazine on the porch table. Canals and waterways were subjects in which he was greatly interested. He was pleased that his young nephew had asked the question.

"The Erie canal," he responded, "is a great canal, Charles. But it is not the longest, nor the costliest, nor the deepest, nor the oldest canal in the world." He paused.

"Not the longest canal in the world?" said Charles in amazement. "Why, uncle, the Erie Canal is 387 miels long!Is there any canal longer than that?"

"Yes, there is," said Uncle Walter. "The Grand Canal of China, connecting Pekin and Canton, and branching to other points is over 1,000 miles long. It has the distinction of being the longest navigable waterway in the world. The Bengal canal in India, 900 miles long, is second."

"China!" exclaimed Charles. "I didn't know the Chinese had canals."

"The Chinese were among the first canal-builders in the world. The idea of digging canals is a very ancient one. Artificial waterways were dug many centuries before our Christian era," said Uncle Walter. "We are told that the Grand Canal of China was begun in the seventh century. It was six hundred years in construction and was finished about the end of the thirteenth century."

"Why, that was before Columbus discovered America!" said Charles.

"Yes; and even before the earliest Chinese records, the predecessors of the Pharaohs had created a canal system, as far back as 7,000 B. C. That, at least, is what the Egyptologists tells us. Those early canals were very simple, just to carry water to thirsty soil, merely ditches," explained Uncle Walter.

"But it was not long before they were used for freight and travel. The lock canal which made it possible to cross mountains in a boat came only a few years before Columbus discovered America. There were great heads and hands in those days," he went on to say. "The same genius who designed and put 'The Last Supper' upon the walls of that historic church in Milan also designed the locks for Milan's canal."

"Who was he, uncle?" queried Charles.

"Leonardo da Vinci. The invention of the lock was a wonder worker. It probably was the result of more than one man's inventive genius, however. Both the Dutch and Italian had to do with it. Before locks were invented vessels were hauled to different water levels by means of capstans up an incline; and often the ships had to be unloaded and reloaded during the process. On the Panama canal ships are towed by electric locomotives on tracks on the lock walls.

"There are fifty-seven locks on the newly enlarged 'Erie,' 'Oswego,' 'Champlain' and 'Cayuga' and 'Seneca' canals in New York state; one is a siphon lock, the largest of its kind in the world," said Charles. "The Empire State is going ahead on canals."

"Not any too fast," said Uncle Walter. "Look abroad and see what is being done. Take Germany: For the past thirty years and more everything has been done to relieve the strain on German railroads, by building canals and 'canalizing' the rivers. A net-work of fine waterways was thus provided for national protection and for commerce and industry. The Kiel canal (of which so much was written during the Great War) is sixty-one miles long and is between the Baltic and North seas, cutting off the dangerous route around Denmark. It was a haven of safety for the German fleet and a monument to German foresight. The Kiel canal is thirty-six feet deep. There is only one canal (except the Panama canal) as deep as that in the whole United States—that is the six-mile Lake Washington-Puget Sound canal."

"Isn't the new Cape Cod canal as deep as the Kiel?" asked Charles, as he bent over the map of the Kiel canal which his uncle had placed on the table.

"O, no," was the response. "The Cape Cod canal at its deepest point is thirty feet. It's average depth is twenty-five feet."

"The Suez canal is thirty-five feet deep, continued Uncle Walter. "The Panama canal leads all canals in depth, being forty-one feet deep at its most shallow point and forty-five feet in depth in the Culebra Cut. But to return to Germany. Not content with the great Kiel ship canal (which cost forty million dollars) a second and shorter—Elbe-Trave—canal via the rivers Elbe and Trave (for smaller boats) was opened in 1900. There are also the Berlin-Stettin, 136 miles long; the Danube-Main, 86 miles; the Spree-Oder, completed in 1891, and many others. The total length of navigable waterways in Germany is 8,570 miles (including rivers, lakes and canals.) Many important canal projects were held up by the war, among them a canal from the Elbe, near Magdeburg to Hanover, uniting the system of the East and West."

"How about canals in France and England?" asked Charles.

"I have traveled on many French and English canals," said Uncle Walter. "Do you know that of all canals that are of real use on the continent today, the oldest one cuts across France from the Bay of Biscay to the Mediterranean? It is as long as from Atlantic City to the capital of Pennsylvania. It has a hundred locks and fifty aqueducts and rises upon hills more than 600 feet high. The canal, 'the Languedoc,' was finished the year before William Penn set foot on the site of Philadelphia."

"France has more miles (over 10,000) of navigable waterways than any country in Europe (except Russia, which has nearly 200,000 miles.)

"In France a houseboat on a canal is regarded as a fine place of residence," continued Uncle Walter; "about fifty thousand people live happily in such houses.

"As to Great Britain, canals have been in use there for several centuries. The most important is the

Manchester Ship Canal, thirty-five and a half miles from Manchester to Eastham on the River Mersey, near Liverpool. It is twenty-eight feet deep, very wide (120 feet) and cost eighty-five million dollars. The Caledonian canal from Inverness to Fort William, Scotland, is another famous old canal, devised by the celebrated James Watt, opened in 1823. It is the most picturesque canal on which I have traveled, except the Suez, which (before the Panama) was the most costly canal in the world, and is controlled by the British."

"Have you been on any Belgian canals, uncle?" asked Charles.

"Yes indeed. I have traveled on the Scheldt and Meuse Junction canal from Antwerp to the Holland boundary, where it joins the Maestricht canal, a distance of nearly one hundred miles. Belgium has many fine canals, including those from Charleroi to Brussels; from Brussels to the Rupel and the Ostende-Bruges-Ghent.

"The most remarkable canals are those of Holland." said Uncle Walter, as he took his hat and cane preparatory to going out for a walk. "Besides its fine rivers, several hundred miles in length, Holland has about twenty-five miles of canals—a large system for a country with an area of only 12,741 square miles. The first big ship canal in all Europe was the Great North Holland canal (opened 1825) from Amsterdam to the Helder. The Dutch are wise and foresighted. Our country could learn much from them and would do well to follow their example and that of other nations, by building a complete system of waterways as feeders and auxiliaries to our railroads."

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Paul Funderburk.

Letter writing day came around on last Monday, and each boy sent a letter to his home.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Joe Moore left for his home in Durham on last Frlday morning to spend a few days with his parents.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Rev. Mr. Stroupe pastor of Bat Creek church paid a visit to Prof. W. W. Johnson on last Wednesday.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Jack Stewart left the institution last Tuesday night, to spend a few days with his parents in Charlotte.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Keith Hunt has been taking lessons on the linotype machine. He likes this work well, and is learning this trade fast.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Supt. Boger has purchased for the use of the Training School a new Ford. David York will be the driver of this new car.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Charles Padgett was paroled on last Friday, he will return to his home in Cow Pen, S. C., where he will work with his father.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Cottage envelopes are being printed this week. This work is being done by Milton and Keith Hunt un-

der the direction of Mr. Godown.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Rev. Mr. Myers of Concord conducted the religeous services last Sunday afternoon. Mr. Myers took his text from the 25th chapter of Matthew.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Mr. R. C. Shaw left the institution on last Friday to spend a few weeks' vacation. The boys of the printing department will be glad to see his return.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The boys to receive visits on last Wednesday were; Walter Culler, Mike Mahoney, Joe Cannon, Lee Yow, Joe Sherill, Johnnie Wright and Obed McClain.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Mr. R. B. Cloer has resigned his position at the institution. His son Mr. Paul Cloer, will continue the work of his father, who had charge of the carpenter shop.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

William Gregory, one of the linotype operators, has been in Concord working for the Concord Observer for the past few days, on account of the absence of one of the operators.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Earl Edwards of the seventh cottage has been in bed for the past few days, as a result of having the mumps. He seemes to be getting along very well, and we hope he will be well and out again in a few days.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The milk which is to be distributed to the cottages is now taken to the newly equiped ice plant, and is cooled almost to a freezing degree. This forethought makes the milk, more pleasing to the palate.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Ervin Cumbo and Robert Barnes were paroled on last Weednesday, October 3rd. Both boys have made fine records at the institution. The band boys will miss Cumbo as he was about the best bass they had.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The boys had a fine time at the play ground last Saturday afternoon, the boys have great fun on the sliding board. The grand stand is nearly finished, the boys that want to read, or sit around and talk instead of play, will then have some place to go.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

New boys are arriving daily. This accounts for so many boys having been paroled. Supt. Boger is allowing the Welfare Officers to bring on their wild, untamed boys, but, however, after a few days here that wildness disappears and they become quite tame.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The boys of the morning school section, are getting a square deal in playing now. The boys of the afternoon section, get to play on the out door gymnasium every afternoon, and the morning, on Saturday only. So Prof. Johnson, in order to give them all a square deal has decided to let the morning section, play on it every Wednesday and Saturday mornings. The boys all get to play on them on Saturday afternoon.

NORTH CAROLINA

STATE FAIR

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"It Shows North Carolina"

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XI CONCORD, N. C., OCTOBER 20, 1923 No. 49

THE DAY'S NEED.

Each day I pray, God give me strength anew
To do the task I do not wish to do,
To yield obedience, not asking why,
To love and own the truth and scorn the lie,
To look a cold world bravely in the face,
To cheer for those that pass me in the race,
To bear my burdens gaily, unafraid,
To lend a hand to those that need my aid,
To measure what I am by what I give—
God give me strength that I may rightly live!
—The Youth's Companion.

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The Uplift

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New words to speak, new thoughts to hear,
New love to give and take;
Perchance, new burdens I may bear
For love's own sweetest sake.
—F. R. Havergal.

RECEIVING APPLAUSE.

Montgomery county has been calling loud and long for Cabarrus to come on in, assuring her that the water is fine. Last week's Montgomerian, the weekly published at Troy, makes this observation.

According to the latest information coming from Cabarrus county, it seems that the board of education has at last decided to take a progressive stand on the public school question. Ten additional high schools scattered over that county is now the aim of Cabarrus we are told. The Cabarrus Board of Education has never taken a position that will mean more to the county.

* * * * * * *

HYDRO-ELECTRIC POWER DEVELOPMENT.

The material contribution to the manufacturing growth of North Carolina by the developed water powers, now enjoyed, is one of the several outstand-

ing features that have given the state her proud position industrially. To check a further development of hydro-electric power in the state would be little short of a calamity.

Mr. J. B. Duke, who has shown a magnificent faith in North Carolina by investing his millions in the establishment of hydro-electric power plants, which have aided manufacturing, and increased our industrial and commercial activities, to the benefit of every man and woman in the state, deserves a considerate treatment and is entitled to a full and patient hearing in the courts of the state.

No sane man or corporation would increase its plant, if the investment already made did not give a commensurate return for the investment or make the plant already in existence more remunerative. If Mr. Duke finds that a further investment in establishing other hydro-electric power plants does not offer a fair return, at the present rate, he has a perfect right to make same known to the authorities, without being subjected to condemnation or even criticism. On the other hand, all who have an interest in the matter should have and will have their day in court, without bringing down on their heads unfavorable criticism. What are courts for, anyway?

* * * * * * *

THEY ARE NOW CONVINCED.

Editor Huneycutt, of the Albemarle News-Herald, has scored at last. The editors—the crowd that runs weeklies and semi-weeklies—of western North Carolina held their semi-annual meeting in Albemarle on last Thursday evening and Friday. The sessions were held in Hotel Albemarle, one of the best hotels in the state; and the management just naturally hands out a welcome that makes you want to prolong your visit.

Editor Price of the Rutherfordton Sun presided; the discussions were on practical subjects and we happened to hear with great pleasure and profit most sensible talks from brother Page, of the King's Mountain Herald and brother Zeb Green, of the Marshville Home. Their humor was refreshing and their seriousness impressive. The boys got brother Green side-tracked on a description of the appearance and virtues of Lespedeza, the legume that Union county has gone wild over.

A visit through the knitting department of the Wiscassett Mills Company was a revelation. Modern to the very last word in mill construction; clean as the average home; healthful, attractive and intelligent women in charge, showing signs of happiness and contentment and even joy in their work; filled with machines that acted all but human in doing their bit in stocking

the women of this country; directed by a fine specimen of manhood, Supt. C. W. Gaddy, a product of Anson county—this is what the editors saw. The daily output is fifteen hundred dozens, or eighteen hundred pairs per day, and in a run of one hundred days this mammoth institution could make enough high-class hose to fit up every woman and girl in North Carolina, and have some over. The controlling genius of this immense business is Mr. Joseph F. Cannon, Vice-president and treasurer.

The Lion's Club contributed to the courtesies of the occasion. It felt constrained to sustain the reputation of Editor Huneycutt and carried the jolly bunch out to see Morrow Mountain. There is such a mountain; and the size and beauty of this object of Huneycutt's bragging passion, when singing the praises of Stanly, astounded the editors from the mountainous section of the state. Price was almost a doubting Thomas even after he had reached the summit, from which a dozen counties could be seen; and Miss Beatrice Cobb, guilty of a terrible levity with respect to Stanly having any mountain at all, fell upon her knees and recanted mournfully and earnestly. Huneycutt's reputation for veracity is now unquestioned, and hereafter when he proclaims the glories of old Stanly he will enjoy the confidence of his auditors.

Mr. J. D. Bivens, who grew tired licking stamps for Uncle Sam, returning to his first love through the medium of the Albemarle Press, and Mr. A. C. Huneycutt, of the News-Herald, made a team of unexcelled hosts, whose attentions were augmented by the leading citizens of Albemarle and many of the fine women of that community. There is a probability of the brethren meeting with THE UPLIFT, at the Jackson Training School, next June.

* * * * * *

A FAIR IN NAME AND DEED.

The Cabarrus County Fair, which closed on yesterday, is now a matter of history. It was a success in every particular—not a flaw in its conception, its coming into material existence, and rendition of its wisely-designed programme. It was a fair in name and deed.

Take the word of visitors from other counties, who make a practice of attending county fairs and even state fairs, the first exhibition of the Cabarrus County Fair is declared "the equal of any and superior to many." The management who pinned their faith in the proposition, to the extent of putting in their money and much hard labor for the past months, deserve and receive the congratulations of the many thousands that thronged through the

gates.

Never before has this writer mingled in a crowd that numbered into eight or ten thousand people without hearing a vulgar or profane word, or getting a whif of moonshine, or seeing a single person that did not give evidence of having a joyful time. That's just what happened during a day spent at the Fair grounds. Substantial preparation, creditable exhibits of farm and factory, fine specimens of live stock, superior racing, innocent amusements and liberal and business-like management tell, briefly, the record of the first Cabarrus County Fair.

The whole bunch of live wires, who unselfishly engineered it from first to last, have reasons for feeling proud.

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GIVES UP HIS DESIRE.

The published effort of Dr. Jacobs, president of Oglethorpe University in Georgia. who has been in England in quest of the remains of General Oglethorpe, received such wide notoriety that THE UPLIFT felt constrained to seek a more intimate knowledge of the man, his work and his achivements, for the chief benefit of our younger readers. Since the article appearing elsewhere in this number was written, Dr. Jacobs, facing opposition from English representatives and running up against a developed opposition at home, especially on the part of the masons of Georgia, to his desire for the removal of the great man's remains, has given up his scheme.

Like a philisopher, however, this Cracker educator admits that after all he had accomplished his real design. One is led by this, in the absence of anything specific, to infer that Dr. Jacobs was not averse to personal notoriety and did not object to considerable advertising, free and generous. for his institution. The fact remains, nevertheless, that General Oglethorpe as a philanthropist and leader occupies a shining place in American history.

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MOST WELCOME.

UPLIFT readers will enjoy Mr. Clark's contribution in this number. It is on a subject that touches the lives and conversations of all of us, some more than others. It takes a perfect measure of the average gossiper, and behooves one to see himself as others see him.

This level-headed and engaging writer has heretofore had much to do with making THE UPLIFT a welcome visitor in many homes, and we rejoice that an illness that occasioned his absence from these columns for a month

or more had been conquered, for his sake and the many readers that enjoy his unique philisophy in handling everyday subjects.

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SQUIRE PURYEAR.

The gentle spirit of Henry Shepard Puryear took its eternal flight at 8:30, Tuesday morning, October 16th, 1923, having to his credit in the flesh eighty-two years, six months and five days. A most honorable citizen has fallen; and his passing is a source of great sorrow to scores of hundreds, who enjoyed his friendship and esteemed him.

A gallant soldierof the War Between the States, a brilliant scholar, an able lawyer, a soul-of-honor citizen of the strictest integrity, a delightful companion, an exalted example of true democracy and a man with child-like faith and trust in the goodness and mercy of the God of the universe. This feebly tells the story of the outstanding qualities of heart and mind of "Squire Hal Puryear," whom we all mourn.

Devoted to friends, blind to the frailities of his acquaintances and just in his estimates of all, Mr. Puryear's chief glory, as a representative of the old school, was his exalted esteem of noble womanhood and his beautiful love for childhood.

Again, another one of the choicest spirits of the community and a brave Confederate soldier, passionately true to its every memory, has crossed the river.

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AMBITIOUS ISSUE.

The Concord Tribune is receiving many high-class compliments for its Fair edition of 52 pages, reviewing the industries and commercial activities of the county and Concord. Just to think what interest attaches to this superb number of The Tribune in this day, but it is not surpassed by the impression it will make fifty years hence when some admiring subscriber will pull out from some secreted place a copy of The Tribune of October 9th, 1923 and carry it in to one of John Sherill's grandchildren, then editing The Tribune. Stranger things have happened.

THAT MAN OGLETHORPE.

GENERAL OGLETHORPE
Cavalier, Soldier, Oxford Scholar, High Churchman, Member of Parliament and Philanthropist.

I see by the papers that Dr. Thorn-
General James Edward Oglethorpe,
University, of Georgia, is in Cran-
ham, England, where he accomplish-
ed the discovery of the remains of
General James Edward Oglethrope,
with the avowed purpose of having
same transferred to Georgia and
there reinterred. Until Dr. Jacobs
succeeded in locating the remains of
Oglethorpe he had the sympathetic
aid of the people of that community.
Now that it has been accomplished,
there appears a disposition to thwart
his programme of removal to Ameri-
can soil.

Students of history will recall that Oglethorpe is the real founder of the state of Georgia. His history and achievements and his high purposes make good reading. Born at London, December 21, 1698 and died in England, January 30, 1785, in his eighty-fifth year. He is one of the few outstanding operators in the early settlement of the New World that did not have to undergo humilation and die an unsung death.

It was the custom in England to imprison men who could not pay their debts, and the English prisons were full of persons of this class. Parliament appointed a committee to visit the debtors' prisons, and one of the committee was General James Edward Oglethorpe, a brilliant young English officer, who had retired from the army and had become a member of Parliament? He visited the varius places of confinement, and found so much suffering and misery that he formed a plan for securing in America a tract of land where the unfortunate debtors and poor people of London might earn a living. Many philantropists united with him, and Oglethorpe applied to the king for a grant of land and a charter.

Oglethorpe's application was well received, because the colony he proposed would protect South Carolina from the Spanish. In 1732 King George II granted to a Board of Trustees, for the benefit of his poor subjects, a tract of land lying between the Savannah and the Altamaha rivers, and extending westward from the heads of these rivers in direct lines to the "South Seas." He named the land Georgia, in honor of the King, and the trustees were to hold it for twenty-one years.

The Foundation Of Savannah.

Parliament appropriated a large sum of money and wealthy citizens subscribed liberally to pay the expenses of the enterprise. None but

worthy and honest men were permitted to join the colony, and Oglethorpe selected them with great care. The first ship, with 120 emigrants, arrived in Charleston in January, 1733, where a kindly reception was accorded them. Continuing on their course, they landed at Port Royal: but Oglethorpe and a few others pushing southward, found an admirable site for a city upon the bank of what is now the Savannah River. Here they were joined by the others, and the foundations of the present city of Savannah were laid.

Oglethorpe was a benefactor of his times. It was not his purpose that the new colony should be a source of profit. He and his associates held the land "in trust for the poor." He satisfied the creditors of such of these prisoners for debt as seemed most worthy, and sent them out again to begin life anew. "Not for self, but for others," with silkworms engaged in spinning a device, appeared on the seal of the colony. Other colonists soon came out to him, among them a regiment of Scotch Highlanders sent out to defend the border, some persecuted Protestants from Germany, and twenty families of Hebrews, only Catholics being excluded from the colony.

The Attitude Of The Man.

Oglethorpe was loyal to his government, but extreme in his detest of the Spanish government. He was a second William Penn, in his dealings with the Indians, treating them fairly and winning their confidence. They gave his colony little trouble.

War With Spain.

War between England and Spain was declared in 1739. Oglethorpe had returned from England, whether he had gone after establishing the Georgia colony, bringing with him a well-disciplined company of 600 men. As Commander-in-chief of the Carolina and Georgia forces, he was ordered to invade Florida. With 900 men, most of whom were friendly Indians, he appeared before St. Augustine (1740,) but finding the fort strongly garrisoned he returned without attacking it. In retaliation forty-six vessels and a force of about seven thousand men, under Montianno, governor of St. Augustine appeared off St. Simon's Bar, for the purpose of attacking Frederica.

Oglethorpe. from his fort on St. Siomon's Island, made a gallant defense, but the enemy's ships forced their way past it, and going up the Altamaha River, landed five hundred men. These marched back to attack the fort, but Oglethorpe abondoned it before they arrived.

Battle Of Bloody Marsh.

The Spaniards then advanced upon Frederica. A part of their force was routed and driven back some distance. Oglethorpe hastened to Frederica for reinforcements. In his absence the men whom he had left to watch the Spaniards were repeeled by force; but a platoon and company of rangers wheeled aside during the retreat, and, concealing themselves in a grove of Palmettoes, attacked the persuing Spaniards, whose victory was now turned to crushing defeat. This went down in history as the iards Battle of Bloody Marsh. The Spaniards soon after abandoned the attempt to conquer Georgia.

After the Battle of Bloody Marsh, Oglethorpe planned a night attack

upon the main body of the enemy. His plan was revealed to the Spaniards by one of his men who deserted. Knowing that the deserter would also tell how small was the English force, he thought of a way to deceive the Spanish commander. A Spanish prisoner was set at liberty and given a sum of money to carry a letter to the deserter. This letter pretended to tell the deserter what to do, and thus make it appear to the Spaniards that the deserter was a spy. The letter told the deserter to make the Spaniards believe that the English were weak, and to induce them to make an attack. If he failed in this he was to try to keep them in those parts for three days longer, when a powerful fleet and force from Charleston would arrive.

As intended, this letter was taken to Montiano. It puzzled the Spanish commander very much, and the deserter was regarded just as Olgethorpe intended he should be. The Spaniards held a council of war and decided to retreat. Three vessels, coming in sight off the bar just at this time, made it appear that the reinforcements mentioned in Oglethorpe's letter were about to land. The Spaniards hastily embarked, and in the panic to escape abandoned a great quantity of their military stores.

The success of Olgethorpe in this campaign was indeed remarkable—with his little band of scarcely six hundred men, he had defeated and driven back a well-equipped army of 5,000. He had saved Georgia and Carolina from being overrun and plundered by the Spaniards.

Oglethorpe's Laws.

He sought only the good of the people, but his plan of government was not long pleasing to the colonists. They were not allowed any voice in the making of the laws. Each man had fifty acres of land assigned him, but he could not sell it, rent it, or divide it among his children. At his death it passed to his eldest son; if he had no son, it went to the trustees of the colony. No man could have more than fifty acres unless he brought in, at his own expense, white servants enough to cultivate it. Negro slaves were forbidden; because Oglethorpe wanted his colony to be composed of hard-working white men who would keep up its military strength. The people felt that such laws took away the motive for the improvement of their property, and many of them left the colony. In regard to slavery, the trustees yielded to the people in 1747. In 1752 they surrendered the government to the king, and Georgia remained a royal colony until the Revolution.

Returns to England.

After establishing his colony and defending it for several years he returned to England in 1743, and resumed his service in the army, from which he was retired as a general on half pay in 1765.

Local historians in and about the parish church in Cranham, England, are responsible for the Associated Press in sending out the statement that Oglethorpe died at the age of 102, whereas all other historical data puts his death in his eighty-fifth year; and the same local authority has him married, after returning to England, at the age of 62.

Truly brave and courageous was

Oglethorpe. He was a benefactor of the unfortunate and the oppressed. He occupies the position as America's first prohibitionist and abolitionist. But in quitting this truly interesting character, I wonder, were he alive and made a return trip to the Cracker state and approached it through North Carolina, if he would not think somebody had made a mistake in calling Georgia the "Empire State of the South?"

Kindly consideration for others, with a gentle tolerance for all ways in which they may differ from us, is the root of good breeding, and good manners are its branches, flowers and fruit.—Annie Payson Call.

JOHN WESLEY.

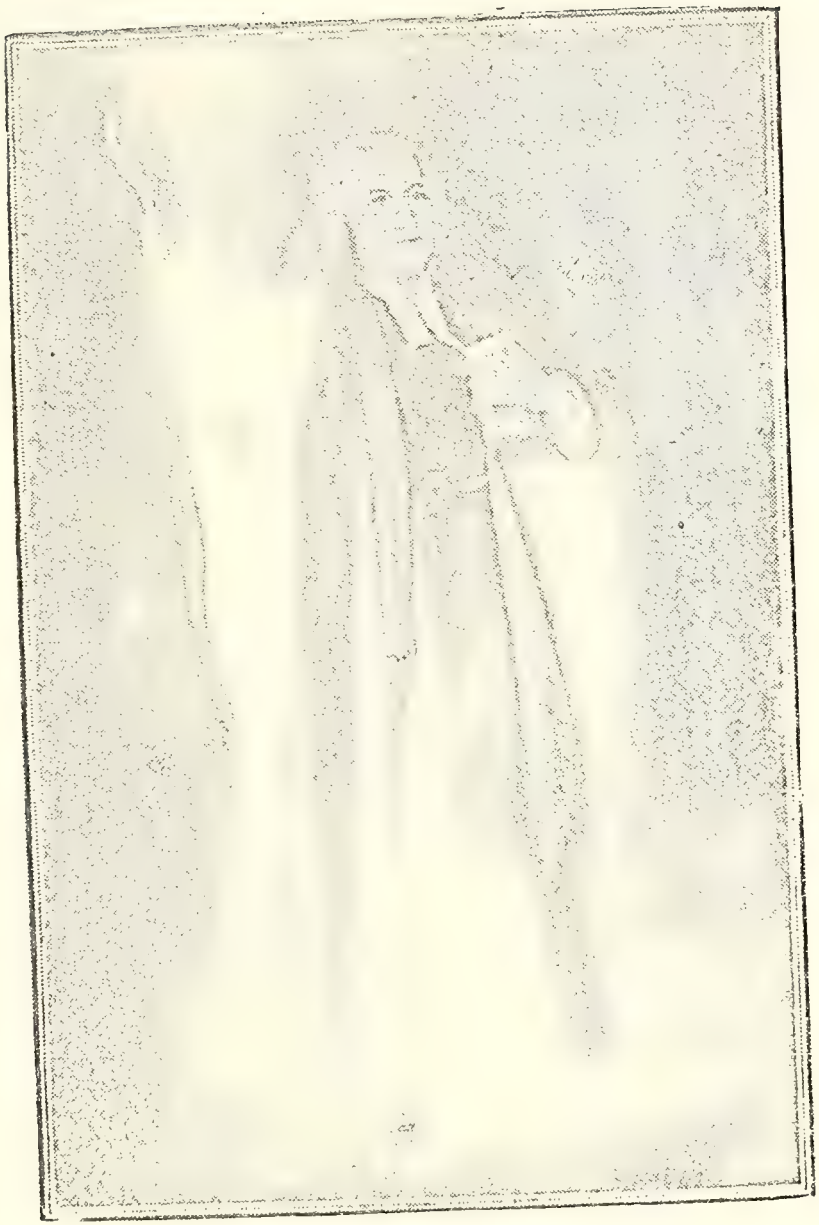
In following up the interesting story of the hazardous undertaking by General Oglethorpe, who sought to bring freedom to hundreds of imprisoned Englishmen, to whom misfortune had come, and who, by virtue of the English law that incarcerated those who could not meet their obligations, found themselves worse than slaves, I met up with another brave soul that thought more of the welfare of others than he did of his own ease.

It is a remarkable coincidence that this time, when Dr. Jacobs, of Oglethorpe University in Georgia, is making effort to remove Oglethorpe's remains from the churchyard in Cranham, England to Georgia, is the anniversary of the departure of John Wesley from England to America. It was on October 14th, 1735, that John Wesley and his brother Charles, great religious workers, joined Oglethorpe in his second voyage to America, where he had established a colony, and to which he was bringing large recruits in the persons of other English debtors and persecuted Prostestants from Germany.

Charles Wesley, the historical story runs, came to serve as secretary to Gen. Oglethorpe; John's mission was to minister to the colonists and to carry the gospel to the Indians. A certain writer makes this comment:

"He, John, labored among them (the Indians) with more zeal than discretion, accomplishing little. He soon returned—to formulate his new doctrines, which had been in his mind since his years in Oxford, for which his intercourse with the Moravians and Salzbergers in Georgia augmented his enthusiasm. He was too aggressive in his methods to make much progress with the Indians. His brother Charles remained as secretary, and continued the other's labors with similar want of success."

There is in print the picture of a Live Oak, under which John Wesley preached his first sermon in America. Those who love nature and have in their soul a comprehending love for the stately and welcoming beauty of a moss-covered Live Oak, can well understand the sense of awe and interest that took hold of a people, fleeing persecution, now enjoying a perfect liberty out in the open in a new and undeveloped country. The historian, who told of the little success



John Wesley, Founder of Methodism

attending the efforts among the Indians by Wesley, only emphasizes the experiences that all gospel workers have thoroughout the years had in evangelistic work among this peculiar and interesting people, who are fading from American soil. They are loath to give up their god for the God the Protestant preaches.

John Wesley enjoys the distinction, and rightfully so, of being the founder of Methodism. It is inspiring to think of the zeal, the power and intellectuality of just one man, who in the course of a short life could establish such a potent and strong agency for good of mankind and the glory of God—the great Methodist Church. I believe that it is within the bounds of the facts that Wesley did not start out to found a new denomination. He was by the count of association, citizenship and environment a member of the Church of England.

John Wesley was born at Epworth, in Lincolnshire, England, June 17, 1703. He was made a fellow in Lincoln College, Oxford, where, with his brother Charles and a few others, he began a systematic course of religious exercises that gave them the name of Methodists. In 1737 Wesley began his preaching at London, and soon joined Whitefield in open air services, sometimes delivering 800 sermons a year. The meetings were attended by thousands, especially in the mining and manufacturing districts. Persecution and opposition resulted in Wesley's forming "bands" for prayer, and a church society, and finally in his ordaining preachers to be sent to America, Scotland and other countries, thus separating entirely from the Church of England.

A talented and devout lady, a loyal member of the Methodist Episcopal Church and enjoying the great honor of being a delegate to a General Conference, recently remarked upon Wesley's former allegiance to the Church of England, which was only broken when he could not become reconciled to the view of "Apostolic succession." John Wesley traveled nearly 270,000 miles, usually on horseback, and preached over 40,000 sermons. As if this were not enough, he wrote a large number of volumes on religious subjects, and published with his brother Charles a collection of hymns—and they have never grown old. He died at London, March 2, 1791, in his eighty-eighth year.

It is a far cry from the first Methodist sermon being preached out in the opening, under a Live Oak tree, to a hand-full of people, fleeing from persecution and engaged in the business of establishing a new government in a wild and undeveloped country, to the mighty number of adherents to this faith in America, to the thousands of beautiful and well-appointed church edifices, to the live and active organizations that keep it not only alive but growing throughout the land, to the hospitals for the relief of the suffering and the care of the orphan, to the proud examples of educational activity expressed in her schools, seminaries, colleges and universities, and to the enormous number who are preaching the gospel of the living God. But these are only some of the achievements, visible to the human eye, that are traceable to the zeal, power, intellect and devoutness of one man—John Wesley.

Whatever, after all, may have been

the true and unmistakable reason for his separation from the Church of England, thus founding a great denomination whose growth has been marvelous and has carried hope and comfort to hundreds of thousands during all these years, and grows more potent as the years come and go John Wesley is one of the greatest and most outstanding characters in ecclesiastical circles and in the world's history.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Charles Wesley, a younger brother of John, was born Dec. 18, 1708. He enjoyed splendid educational advantages. The name is thought to be the same as Wellesley, and Garret Wellesley offered to make Charles Wesley his heir if he would settle in Ireland, but the offer was declined, and the estate went to another branch of the family, from which came Arthur Wellesley, Duke of Wellington.

Charles Wesley was a great hymn-writer, and his contributions are among the world's choicest literary productions. His contribution of church music reached 4,100 published hymns and 2,000 in manuscript.

Charles came over with Oglethorpe, being in sympathy with his benefactions and purposes in starting a new life for the oppressed. He came as Oglethorpe's secretary. He remained in Georgia for five years, then returning to England. Edwin Markham, in his "Rescued Destiny," following up the horrible punishment and cruel treatment in prison for debt of an English subject—most shameful and a disgrace to the civilization even of that day—and one of the unfortunate ones Oglethorpe was bringing to America, but who died from the effects of his prison abuse and was buried at sea, leaving a young wife and infant, gives the reader an insight into the fine character and splendid spirit of Charles Wesley.

Sometime after reaching America the widow sickened and died of a fever, and Charles Wesley, in keeping with his promise to the dying mother, carried the six-year old orphan back to England and restored her to her relatives. It is a sad story and most thrillingly told by Markham, and is absolute proof that there are less of the inhumanities today than in former periods.

Charles Wesley died at London, March 29, 1788.

To haul a man's body to the church for the funeral when he persistently refused to attend church while living appears to be taking undue advantage of the dead. Futhermore, consistency looks good and is good in all the relations of life.—Christian Advocate.

TALKING ABOUT FOLKS.

By R. R. Clark.

Human nature, they say, is the same yesterday, today and forever. Perhaps there is no one generalization in which there is more truth. Certainly even a casual survey of the history of peoples reveals the same outstanding traits of character that are found among the people we know today. Our first parent, Adam, set the example in "passing the buck," as the slang phrase has it today when one passes responsibility to another. The old man didn't have the courage to obey the explicit instructions of his Maker when "the woman Thou gavest me," who fell for the wiles of the Evil One, asked him to share the apple with her. And when trouble came he lacked the courage to stand up and confess his weakness, but dodged behind the woman. The descendants of the pair in Eden's Garden are to this day following not only the bad examples of our First Parents, but we have added various improvements.

One of the common traits of human nature is that we seem to take more pleasure in hearing evil than good report of our fellows. That is a strange weakness, when we examine it in soberness, but it is possibly the most common trait of humankind. We will deny that we mean to harm our fellows, but it is all the more remarkable that we "roll as a sweet morsel under the tongue" any bit of gossip in derogation of people against whom we harbor no unkind feeling. If we gave currency only to unkind or evil reports against folks we dislike, that would be understandable, even if reprehensible. But so eager is the average mortal for a bit of gossip that he will take at face value an evil report affecting even person with whom he is on the most friendly terms. It may never have occurred to him that there was anything wrong with the folks affected by the report, but when he begins to think about it he can recall many circumstances that seem to tend to confirm the suspicion that they are a bad sort; and if one hears the report repeated a few times, especially if it is repeated by "good people," it is likely to become fixed in the mind as a fact, even though there may not be a scintilla of evidence to sustain it. And the worst of it is that once we get these evil reports lodged in our minds they stay there and come uppermost every time we see or hear mentioned the persons affected.

If the charge be made that we prefer to think evil rather than good of our fellows, most of us would deny it as vigorously as Peter denied the Master—and with the same falsehood. And yet 999 per cent, of us know in our secret consciousness that we are guilty. Take the conversation in the average group. What do we talk about? Usually about our fellows. And what is the predominating tenor of the conversation? Do we discuss the good traits of those we know? Rarely. If it be said of some one, as the Lord said of Job, "Behold this man. He is upright and perfect," will they all join in? By no means. Some of the company will be sure to recall something

that isn't good. And presently the man supposed to have about reached perfection will be declared a hypocrite, more or less. And there may be much truth in what is said, for there are none perfect, no not one. But this is cited as an illustration of the disposition to speak evil rather than good. It is rare that we discuss the good points—or at least confine our conversation to the good points of our fellows—and of even the worst of them something good may be said.

We not only seem to enjoy discussing human frailties, but if there is something good to be said we minimize it, or it is difficult for us to heartily commend it. Unless one is of that type that practices flattery as a policy, making it a business to "slop over" all and sundry, regardless of merit; with insincerity so marked that it is known and read of all, isn't it difficult to pay a compliment, to say nice things when we really feel that they are deserved? Why is it that we find it embarrassing, so difficult, to give tongue to our kind feelings for our fellows, especially at times when we know it is most deserved and would cheer them on? It must be confessed that the answer is difficult. But it is rare that we do not feel embarrassed in saying kind things even to those near and dear to us, even when we are impressed with the fact that they deserve commendation. But how readily the unkind things, the often harsh criticisms, come readily to the tongue. The proof is overwhelming that it is human nature to think and say evil rather than good of our fellows. We often do it thoughtlessly without really meaning to be unkind, but that does not mitigate the offending.

I am not of those who believe that kindness requires us to lie to be pleasant. We all do more than enough of that, and it is as inexcusable as the other. But wouldn't it be a good idea to make it a rule to say pleasant things about people when we can, conscientiously and leave off the unkind criticisms—except of course under the circumstances that might require us to tell the whole truth? That is another story. What I am saying is that if we get the habit of repeating all the good things we know about our acquaintances instead of all the bad things we have heard about them, none of which may be true, would not the current of affairs be changed for the better? At least one very ugly trait of human nature common to us all would be modified.

Ugly stories are often circulated about folks with practically no foundation in fact simply because somebody, following the entirely human practice of guessing at the motives of human conduct, has figured out, "by putting two and two together," that there must be something wrong; that the reasons for any particular act must be bad. They may repeat the suspicion as opinion only, but before it has traveled far it becomes a fixed fact with ample evidence to sustain it, to the minds of those who want to believe it, although there may be no truth whatever in the story. Few of us ever stop to reflect on the fact that—

"There is so much good in the worst of us,
And so much bad in the best of us,"

that it is not becoming for any of us to talk about the rest. Possibly the song I heard the colored man singing to himself as he swung his pick in the ditch, and which has stayed in my memory, would be better:

"Ef you hear aught agin your brother
Don't tell it to the worl';
Jes put in your bosom and
Carry it to the Lord."

AN ACCEPTED SUBSTITUTE

In a town in Missouri there is a grave with a strange inscription on the stone marker, so we are told. The grave is old now, for it dates back to days of the War Between the States. It seems that a group of men were found guilty of death and were sentenced to be shot...The fatal moment had come, when a young boy rushed to the man in command and begged the privilege of taking the place of one of the men. His plea waa that the man had a family that needed him, but that nobody would miss him. Consent was given and this boy died in the place of the condemned man. The inscription on the gravestone is; "Sacred to the memory of Willie Lear; he took my place." We think it was a noble deed for the boy. We feel he deserves to be remembered and his act praised. By giving his life he saved another's. He spared the family of the condemned man from grief and suffering. It was the right of the commanding officer to let one man go free, if another took his place and paid the penalty for him. It was a plain act of substitution.—Selected.

YORKTOWN.

By Mrs. Charles P. Wiles in Young Folks.

This is the month of the year when the thoughts of those of us whose minds are historically bent, revert to Yorktown. When we think of Yorktown, we recall an event that caused great rejoicing in the hearts of American people, the surrender of Lord Cornwallis. The dreadful conflict between the mother and the child, the mother avaricious and lacking in natural affection, seeking to subdue the child and coerce it into submission—this was at an end and the child had come into its own.

Before we begin a review of the events which have brought Yorktown into prominence, let us wander around this historic old place for a little while. It will not require much of our time, for the dilapidated village contains not more than one hundred and fifty inhabitants, including about twelve white families. There was a time when this town enjoyed the distinction of being the the foremost commercial town in the colony, carrying on an extensive trade with the West Indies and other islands and countries, and because of this was given a Custom House, the first in the State.

The village is beautiful for situation—occupying a point on the brow of a hill overlooking a fine harbor. The view extends into Cheasapeake Bay and for a number of miles across

the neighboring county of Gloucester. We see in the town the old Custom House, previously mentioned, and an old Episcopal Church, while one of the first buildings to greet our eye as we pass down the main street is the old "Swan Tavern." An original paper of rules and regulations is in the possession of the present proprietor.

The Main Street of Yorktown.

After a careful notice as to rates, etc., it ends with these words: "As the house is not intended to be a place of lazy unprofitable resort, mere loungers are requested to keep away; and all who come, only to idle their time at the fire in the winter, or gulp down ice water in the summer, will be charged daily twenty-five cents each. Rude, noisy or intoxicated persons will not be tolerated on any terms." (Robert Anderson.)

The most attractive house in the village is the old Nelson house. The mention of the name Nelson brings to mind one of the most courteous, high-minded and patriotic men of the Revolutionary period—Gen. Thomas Nelson. The house is a typical old southern mansion. When Gen. Lafayette visited Yorktown the house was turned over for his entertainment. During the War Between the States, when the Confederates occupied Yorktown, the house was used as a hospital. It sounds interesting to learn that inserted in the wainscoting of the dinig-room is a secret panel, and two secret rooms are connected with the garret.

To bring us near our subject, Lord Cornwallis used this house as his headquarters, and it being in line with the range of the American guns during the siege, three cannon balls have left impressions on the east gable. One is embedded in the brick,

another left a large hole where it went crashing through the southeast corner, entered the dining-room, tearing off two panels of wainscoting and shattering the marble mantle.

This patriotic son of Virginia gave liberally to the cause of freedom. He commanded the Virginia Militia of 3200 men. His men were fed entirely during the siege of Yorktown by use of his own credit. When two Virginia regiments were ordered to the Carolinas he gave all the soldiers before starting, their back pay, from his private fortune. Again, when the security of the Commonwealth of Virginia was insufficient to borrow two millions of dollars with which to carry on the war, Nelson added his personal security to that of the State, and in this way a large sum was raised. He was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence and succeeded Jefferson as Governor of Virginia.

Another feature of Yorktown that will interest us greatly is the entrenchments made by the British. They are still in a splendid state of preservation, and are likely to remain so for many more generations, judging by their height and solidity. These entrenchments, as well as the fields around Yorktown, are overgrown in places with the graceful broom-straw, the seeds of which are said to have been brought over from England in hay.

Notwithstanding the fact that Lord Cornwallis had boasted that the foolish boy, Lafayette, could not escape him, the young Frenchman had succeeded in getting the British General pretty well hemmed in, in the little town by September 27, 1781. The siege was ushered in by a heavy cannonade from the British. The American and British armies were only about a mile apart,—the French about the same distance away, and to the left of the Americans. Intermittent firing was kept up but it was not until October 16, when the American redoubts were completed, that fighting began in earnest. After the date mentioned, terrific cannonading was kept up by both armies with almost 300 pieces of artillery, almost incessantly.

Doctor Thatcher, one of the surgeons of Washington's army, left an interesting account of the siege. One thing he said was that during these six days of the siege, carcasses of 600 or 700 horses could be seen floating down the river every day, showing to what straits the besieged army, the British, were reduced for food.

From the little green histories of our childhood we remember some interesting anecdotes of Washington at this time. His friends were very solicitious for his safety. At one time a cannon ball rolled almost at his feet when one of the officers said, "My dear General, we cannot spare you yet!" General Washington answered, "It is a spent ball and no harm is done," and stood still. At another time a shell exploded very near him, one of his aides stepped up and said, "Sir, you are too much exposed here, had you better not step back a little?" Washington quietly replied, "Colonel Cobb, if you are afraid you are at liberty to step back."

On the night of October 16th, Cornwallis realizing that nothing but escape could save him, attempted to cross the river to Gloucester Point, destroy a small force of the French

encamped there, and move on to join the forces of Sir Henry Clinton in New York. A portion of his number had already crossed and another detachment was on its way, when the forces of nature conspired against him, as in the days of the "Spainish Armada." A terrific wind and rain storm coming up suddenly, almost destroyed the whole company, obliging them to give up the attempt. On the next day the British sent a flag of truce which was the forerunner of the surrender on the 19th.

A magnificent stone monument erected by Act of Congress 1781, and approved in 1880, standing in a field near the river, bears a record of the events enacted around this town.

On the south side of the monument are engraved the lines:

"At York on October 19th, 1781, after a siege of 19 days by 5500 Americans and 7000 French troops of the line, 3500 Virginia militia,

Under command of Gen. Thos. Nelson, and 36 ships of war,

Early Cornwallis, commander of the British forces at York,

The Most Attractive House in the Village is the Old Nelson House.

And Gloucester, surrendered his army, 7251 Officers and men, 840 seamen, 244 cannon, and 24 standards,

To His Excellency, George Washington, Com. in-chief of the Combined forces of Americans and France."

Doctor Thatcher, the surgeon who witnessed the surrender, continues in his account, "The French troops in complete uniform, displayed a martial and noble appearance." Their band of music tradition says, played

"The World's Turned Upside Down."

"The Americans, though not all in uniform, nor their dress so neat, yet exhibited an erect, soldierly air and every countenance beamed with satisfaction and joy."

A great concourse of people had gathered to witness the event. It was about two o'clock when the captive army advanced through the line formed for their reception. Every eye was prepared to gaze on Lord Cornwallis, the centre of interest, but the people were doomed to disappointment. Feigning indisposition, he appointed General O'Hara, his substitute, as leader of the army. This officer was followed by the conquered troops in a slow and solemn step, arms shouldered, colors cased, and drums beating a British march. Arriving at the head of the line, General O'Hara advanced to His Excellency and apologized for the nonappearance of Lord Cornwallis.

The British threw down their arms very angrily until ordered to desist.

The formalities were over. America had come into her own, and on the ear "like a bell, with solemn sweet vibration, was heard once more the voice of Christ, saying 'Peace'!"

DOES A DOG KNOW?

Maybe Foxy did not know what she was doing. Maybe it was merely a chance? Maybe the accident had nothing to do with her actions. But, it was all so remarkable and her actions meant so much that, though but an ordinary long-haired, black dog, she merits at least passing notice. Foxy is twelve. From her puppy days she has lived as a constant companion with two people who are now past seventy. She seems to understand them thoroughly. This is what happened. In July her master was painting a roof and by a strange kind of accident fell sixteen feet to the ground and was for the time helpless. The house was quite a distance away. Her mistress was in the house, upstairs in the sewing room. As soon as her master fell, Foxy ran to the house, found a screen door she could open, rushed through the house and found her mistress upstairs. Her wild excited barking, her strange actions, and her eagerness to get down stairs, indicated that she had a story to tell. She was followed and because of Foxy's unspoken report of the accident the hurt man was soon receiving much needed attention. Call it what you please, what that dog did was as effectual in giving the alarm as if she had possessed human intelligence and speech. Foxy had always been the recipient of the marks of kindness that makes a dog a faithful friend, and it is needless to say that her right to a first-class place in that household will remain unquestioned as long as she lives.—Exchange.

THE DAY AHEAD.

(Oxford Friend)

Many times in the last few years men who see far in the future tell us that the time is coming when people will find it easy to make a living by working only a few hours a day. Electricity and other inventions of science will do away with drudgery and permit everybody to enjoy an amount of leisure that few of the most favored enjoy today. A few days ago Dr. Chas. Steinmetz said that about an hour's work a day at no distant time will be enough to earn the necessaries. This means that leisure in abundance will be available to all people. This looks like an unmixed blessing and could be made so. But human nature is human nature. Great preparation will have to be made for such a time. The worst possible thing that could happen in the present state of human economy would be withdrawal of the necessity for work. When money is easily made the equilibrium of almost everybody is upset. There comes a general desire to do as little as possible and to run wild on extravagance. Morals and integrity suffer. Snobbishness and irresponsibility set in. Heads are turned.

The dignity of labor and the need for self-development along useful and progressive lines needs to be sounded from every point of vantage before this fine day of easy living comes in. Too many would welcome that day merely as a release from responsibility and a day of personal license when the individual can do as he pleases and tell the remainder of mankind to go to blazes. Too many would look forward to it as an opportunity to have a grand time all day along and be accountable to no one.

Of course in time the grind will be taken out of life but as it is being taken out education must be provided that new privileges and new opportunities will not be abused.

It is time to let people see that there are opportunities for vast changes in coming decades and urge them to prepare to use them intelligently and happily.

The essential thing is to safeguard our free institutions, the principles so many of us preach and believe in but do noto s aelidyrastlzoaeen rsy but do not so readily practise and urge. Then we must be taught to free ourselves—from the emotions and passions and selfishness that exist to greater or less degree in all. The difference between liberty and licence, so dark at times, should be clearly drawn.

No amount of wealth can make a man happy or safe or trustworthy unless he has a sound mind soundly trained and a just heart. In the proper hands wealth and leisure are blessings of incalculable worth. Why not do everything possible to make all hands proper by training, preparing and freeing the minds that direct them so that all men may be free in truth.

"According to heaven's arithmetic, the more of the good things we give of our store to others, the more we have for ourselves."

ESCAPED FROM A PANTHER.

By J. Fenimore Cooper.

Elizabeth Temple and Louisa had gained the summit of the mountain, where they left the highway, and pursued their course under the shade of the stately trees that crowned the eminence. The day was becoming warm; and the girls plunged more deeply into the forest, as they found its invigorating coolness agreeably contrasted to the excessive heat they had experienced in their ascent. The conversation, as if by mutual consent, was entirely confined to the little incidents and scenes of their walk; and every tall pine, and every shrub or flower, called forth some simple expression of admiration.

In this manner they proceeded along the margin of the precipice, catching occasional glimpses of the placid Otsego, or pausing to listen to the rattling of wheels and the sounds of hammers, that rose from the valley, to mingle the signs of men with the scenes of nature, when Elizabeth suddenly started, and exclaimed—"Listen! there are the cries of a child on this mountain! Is there a clearing near us? or can some little one have strayed from its parents?"

"Such things frequently happen," returned Louisa. "Let us follow the sounds; it maybe be a wanderer, starving on the hill." Urged by this consideration, the females pursued the low, mornful sounds, that proceeded from the forest, with quick and impatient steps. More than once the ardent Elizabeth was on the point of announcing that she saw the sufferer, when Louisa caught her by the arm, and, pointing behind them, cried—"Look at the dog!"

The advanced age of Brave had long before deprived him of his activity; and when his companions stopped to view the scenery or to add to their bouquets, the mastiff would lay his huge frame on the ground, and await their movements, with his eyes closed, and a listlessness in his air that ill accorded with the character of a protector. But when, aroused by this cry from Louisa, Miss Temple turned, she saw the dog with his eyes keenly set on some distant object, his head bent near the ground, and his hair actually rising on his body, either through fright or anger. It was most probably the latter; for he was growling in a low key, and occasionally showing his teeth, in a manner that would have terrified his mistress, had she not so well known his good qualities.

"Brave!" she said, "be quiet, Brave! What do you see, fellow?" At the sound of her voice, the rage of the mastiff, instead of being at all diminished, was very sensibly increased. He stalked in front of the ladies, and seated himself at the feet of his mistress, growling louder than before, and occasionally giving vent to his ire by a short, surly barking. "What does he see?" said Elizabeth; "there must be some animal in sight.."

Hearing no answer from her companion, Miss Temple turned her head, and beheld Louisa, standing with her face whitened to the color of death, and her fingers pointing upward,

with a sort of flickering, convulsed motion. The quick eye of Elizabeth glanced in the direction indicated by her friend, where she saw the fierce front glaring eyes of a female panther, fixed on them in horrid malignity, and threatening instant destruction. "Let us fly!" exclaimed Elizabeth, grasping the arm of Louisa, whose form yielded like melting snow, and sunk lifeless to the earth.

There was not a single feeling in the temperament of Elizabeth Temple that could prompt her to desert a companion in such an extremity; and she fell on her knees by the side of the inanimate Louisa, tearing from the person of her friend, with an instinctive readiness, such parts of her dress as might obstruct her respiration, and encouraging their only safeguard, the dog, at the same time, by the sounds of her voice. "Courage, Brave!" she cried—her own tones beginning to tremble—"Courage, courage, good Brave!"

A quarter-grown cub, that had hitherto been unseen, now appeared, dropping from the branches of a sapling that grew under the shade of the beech which held its dam. This ignorant, but vicious creature, approached near to the dog, imitating the actions and sounds of its parent, but exhibiting a strange mixture of the playfulness of a kitten with the ferocity of its race. Standing on its hind legs, it would rend the bark of a tree with its fore paws, and play all the antics of a cat, for a moment; and then, by lashing itself with its tail, growling, and scratching the earth, it would attempt the manifestations of anger that rendered its parent so terrific.

All this time Brave stood firm and with this unexpected order that caused the head of our heroine to sink on her bosom; when she heard the report of the rifle, the whizzing of the bullet, and the enraged cries of the beast, who was rolling over on the earth, biting its own flesh, and tearing the twigs and branches within its reach. At the next instant the form of the Leather-stocking rushed undaunted, his short tail erect, his body drawn backward on its haunches, and his eyes following the movements of both dam and cub. At every gambol played by the latter, it approached nearer to the dog, the growling of the three becoming more horrid at each moment, until the younger beast, overleaping its intended bound, fell directly before the mastiff. There was a moment of fearful cries and struggles; but they ended almost as soon as commenced, by the cub appearing in the air, hurled from the jaws of Brave, with a violence that sent it against a tree so forcibly as to render it completely senseless.

Elizabeth witnessed the short struggle, and her blood was warming with the triumph of the dog, when she saw the form of the old panther in the air, springing twenty feet from the branch of the beech to the back of the mastiff. No words of ours can describe the fury of the conflict that followed. It was a confused struggle on the dried leaves, accompanied by loud and terrible cries, barks, and growls. Miss Temple continued on her knees, bending over the form of Louisa, her eyes fixed on the animals, with an interest so full of horror, and yet so intense, that she almost forgot her own stake in the result.

So rapid and vigorous were the

bounds of the inhabitant of the forest, that its active frame seemed constantly in the air, while the dog nobly faced his foe at each successive leap. When the panther alighted on the shoulders of the mastiff, which was its constant aim, old Brave, though torn with her claws, and stained with his own blood, that already flowed from a dozen wounds, would shake off his furious foe like a feather, and, rearing on his hind legs, rush to the fray again, with his jaws distended, and a dauntless eye.

But age, and his pampered life, greatly disqualified the noble mastiff for such a struggle. In every thing but courage he was only the vestige of what he had once been. A higher bound than ever raised the wary and furious beast far beyond the reach of the dog—who was making a desperate, but fruitless dash at her—from which she alighted, in a favorable position, on the back of her aged foe. For a single moment only could the panther remain there, the great strength of the dog returning with a convulsive effort.

But Elizabeth saw, as Brave fastened his teeth in the side of his enemy, that the collar of brass around his neck, which had been glittering throughout the fray, was of the color of blood, and, directly, that his frame was sinking to the earth, where it soon lay, postrate and helpless. Several mighty efforts of the wild-cat to extricate herself from the jaws of the dog followed; but they were fruitless, until the mastiff turned on his back, his jaws relaxed, and his teeth loosened; when the short convulsions and stillness that succeeded announced the death of poor Brave.

Elizabeth now lay wholly at the mercy of the beast. There is said to be something in front of the image of the Maker that daunts the hearts of the inferior beings of his creation; and it would seem that some such power, in the present instance, suspended the threatened blow. The eyes of the monster and the kneeling maiden met, for an instant, when the former stooped to examine her fallen foe; next to scent her luckless cub. From the latter examination it turned, however, with its eyes apparently emitting flashes of fire, its tail lashing its sides furiously, and its claws projecting for inches from its broad feet.

Miss Temple did not, or could not move. Her hands were clasped in the attitude of prayer; but her eyes were still drawn to her terrible enemy; her cheeks were blanched to the whitness of marble, and her lips were slightly separated with horror. The moment seemed now to have arrived for the fatal termination; and the beautiful figure of Elizabeth was bowing meekly to the stroke, when a rustling of leaves from behind seemed rather to mock the organs than to meet her ears.

"Hist! hist!" said a low voice; "stoop lower; your bonnet hides the creater's head." It was rather the yielding of nature than a compliance by her; and he called aloud—"Come in, Hector: come in, you old fool; 'tis a hard-lived animal, and may jump ag'in."

Natty maintained his position in front of the maidens most fearlessly, notwithstanding the violent bounds and threatening aspect of the wounded panther, which gave several indications of returning strength and ferocity, until his rifle was again

loaded, when he stepped up to the enraged animal, and placing the muzzle close to its head, every spark of life was extinguished by the discharge.

A stout woman asked a little boy: "Can you tell me if I can get through this gate to the park?"

He said: "I guess so; a load of hay just went through."

INFLUENZA.

The North Carolina Health Bulletin furnishes an interesting discussion of the disease that has taken greater toll of human life than any other ill that has visited humanity. Its eradication or successful means of overcoming its ravages, has, in a great measure, baffled medical science. It is a terror to all nations.

In influenza the world has a significant example of one of the strange medical paradoxes. It is a disease that has primarily caused the death of more people than any other disease in the world perhaps. The paradox is seen in the fact that influenza itself probably never kills, death being generally, or always, due to some complication, usually pneumonia.

Rosenau says that there have been about 80 epidemics of world-wide character since the 12th century. Since the year 1510 there have been many great epidemics the worst one probably being that of 1918 and 1919 designated as Spanish Influenza, because it was first noticed in Spain and soon spread all over the earth. It is estimated that there were upward of 200,000,000 people who had the disease, and that over 10,000,000 people died in less than twelve months. Within six months time in the United States, 20,000,000 cases and 450,000 deaths occurred. It caused the deaths of thousands of healthy men and women in the prime of life. The increase in morbidity and mortality from numbers of collateral diseases was marked following the pandemic of 1918 and 1919. Even now the deaths are frequently recorded in North Carolina, designating an attack of infuenza as the chief contributing cause. Influenza attacks all races, ages and both sexes. It seems to have a predilection for young and healthy people, the great mortality in the last great epedemic being among the age group between 20 and 30. With one or two exceptions, perhaps, there is no disease which attacks indiscriminately such a large proportion of the whole population as influenza. When an outbreak in a community occurs the disease attacks individuals with swift and sudden fury. Influenza occurs at all seasons of the year. The disease ordinarily spreads from east to west. The disease is conveyed by human contact independent of climate or the prevailing direction of the wind. While the disease spreads with amazing rapidity it has not been proved that it ever outstrips human travel.

As is the case with diphtheria, acute coryza and other diseases, one

attack not only does not confer immunity except for a short period of time, but would almost seem to predispose to another attack through lowered vitality, the existence of complications and lessened resisting powers. No other disease is more demoralizing to the ordinary life of a community because so many people are attacked at the same time, owing to the short period of incubation and the highly infectious character of the disease. Travel and ordinary business activity is paralyzed within a remarkably short time. There is always an extreme shortage of doctors and nurses; and hospital facilities, this State always inadequate, are entirely unable to cope with the disease. Carriers may spread the infection but this is not definitely known.

THE CLAMOROUS CITIZENS OF THE COAST.

By Emma Mauritz Larson, in Young Folks

There is alaways a fascination about life near the sait water, whether it be in a harbor crowded with the world's shipping, or on some lonely, rocky coast where the tides come and go with few men to watch. For even on the loneliest shore there are the clamorous citizens of the coast, the gulls, swooping in great circles above the water, swirling up high in the air, always interesting and beautiful.

They keep our harbors free of much refuse that in its decay would prove a real menace to health, devouring with enormous appetites the waste food thrown out by ships and city, but one naturalist says frankly that he doubts whether their greatest usefulness lies in this service. He thinks rather that we could not dispense with the gulls along our American coasts because of the beauty and life they give to the monotony of the wide sea. Certain it is that every traveler on the big boats that the gulls follow so persistently, watches the strong wings of the gulls beating tirelessly after the ship and enjoys this vigorous bird life that dares to venture far from land. One gull can give interest and life, but as a matter of fact there are usually many of the big birds a-wing together.

Both on the rocky northern coasts where the gulls make their nests of grass or seaweed in hollows on the cliff or stony shore, and in the southern harbors where they winter, they like to live in colonies. A noisy colony indeed if anything approaches their nesting ground, and noisy, too, over a find of food in the sait water. Both cries are querulous and harsh, but they seem somehow to belong to the big out-door world of freedom that the gulls own, a freedom greater than that of any land bird, for no tree or mountain cuts the straight, strong flight of the sea gulls.

Even where the gulls live inland they choose places of great air freedom, the sweeping marshes of a prairie country or the wide water stretches of the Great Lakes. The

Mississippi Valley has its own gulls, and the big boats that steam out from Duluth have their water-birds following just as the gulls follow the ships that put out from New York or San Francisco. These inland gulls pay creditable taxes to the nation, too, for they swing in great flocks low above the newly ploughed fields and devour millions of grasshoppers and other insects that would soon devastate the fields.

But here, as everywhere, the gull is a fish-eater, and has a taste for all the varieties of shell fish too. He sets up an expectant clamor of anticipation when the winds rise and the storms beat, for he knows that the beach will be covered with mollusks that he could not reach in calm weather. With all his wing power and his easy floating on either quiet or heaving water, the gull is a rather poor diver. He does not dive to any depths, so any disturbance that brings shell-fish on the beach or small swimming fish near the surface of the water is good news in gulldom. The herring gull, sighting a school of herring, will fly to it with such exultant cries that the fishermen turn in the same direction, wisely reasoning, "The gulls see the schools of little herring, and close behind those schools are the bigger fish that we want, following the little fish to prey on them."

The gull's bill is strong, the upper part longer and curved over the lower part, much like a hook. Fish bones do not trouble him, and it is said that even clam shells can not long delay his dinner, for he drops them on a rock to break them. His sight for food is very keen. From far off he will see a morsel dropped from the ship and come straight for it. And his instinct and sight together as to what is edible is a thing to be wondered at. Sailing for a day and a night from Duluth to the beautiful group of islands well named "Isle Royale," far north in Lake Superior we had gulls following all the way, and half the boat was feeding the swooping gray birds with bread or bits of toast. From far and high in the air they dropped for each bit flung on the water, and even ventured to the upper deck of the boat for tempting bits left there. But no conspiracy of humans, trying hard to deceive the hungry gulls, succeeded. Paper, match boxes, every other thing tossed on the water to fool the gulls found no bird gullible enough to swoop for them. Invariably and from far they knew food for food and false bait as something which had no interest for them.

The gulls nest on the small, unpeopled islands that surround the main, fifty-mile long island of Isle Royale, but they fly each day to the summer resorts and it was interesting to watch the patriarchal government of these northern gulls. One old gull Peter the Domineering, ruled all the flock, choosing which of his colony should be allowed to land on the dock for food, or even to sweep down to the waters. Some days, though his shrill cry had summoned all his followers, no one but himself might eat, and it was amazing what quantities of food this one bird body could hold. Few were the gulls in this isolated northern flock who dared to dispute Peter's sway. If some dusky youngster did venture after food, contrary to the patriarch's orders, Peter seemed verily to run

along the dock and with his great wings to sweep the intruder off the face of the earth.

The wings of all gulls are a marvel. Measuring only about twenty-two inches of body from tip of bill to the end of the square-shaped tail, yet the gull has a wing sweep of about five feet. The wings are capable of long sustained flight and adaptable to a beautiful floating on the air between spells of active flying, but when the bird descends these wide wings fold so quickly and compactly against the trim body that it seems impossible that the small bird floating on the water is the broad-winged swooping creature that just dropped from the air.

This gull of our inland lakes is the Franklin gull, only one of the half hundred species found in the world. America is fortunate in being the home of about half of the fifty sorts of gulls, both our eastern coast and our Pacific States and Alaska giving rocky homes to different varieties.

Some seem no longer than pigeons, others are as big as a goose.

Most of the American gulls are of white and gray plumage, sometimes silvery, sometimes tawny. The young are deeper in color than the adults, and among the adults themselves there is some shifting of color in plumage from summer to winter. A feathering of lighter color on the head comes after the breeding season is passed, and becomes almost white in winter. The male and female are so alike in color that it is difficult to distinguish them.

Three eggs is the usual number In the case of the Western gull they are usually light, grayish olive, but other American gulls lay eggs of light blue or green deeply mottled with darker color. Unfortunately the eggs are appetizing as human food and a few years ago they were so hunted on our eastern coast that the natural increase in gull population was so nearly destroyed that it became necessary to have protecting laws passed. This was all the more necessary because the beauty of the wild bird's plumage was tempting the milliners too, and many a gull fell victim to the plumage-hunter.

But both east and west the gulls are now protected by law, and in California their aid in harbor sanitation is so appreciated that they are especially protected for that purpose and get so tame that they have no fear of the men at work on the docks or in the fishing boats, who often feed them.

But not only travellers and harbor men appreciate our lake and sea gulls. The artists, too, have discovered them, and the graceful, strong flight of the gulls has been pictured many times. They make a subject for photography or water colors that appeals to most of us, even as most of us enjoy having these travellers of the air begin any water journey with us.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Paul Funderburk.

On last Monday about 250 pairs of old shoes were brought out to the big tree. These shoes are to be taken to the Shoe Hospital where they are

to be repaired by Mr. A. C. Groover and his boys.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Louis Pressley and Edward Cleaver paid a visit to the institution on last Saturday.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Mr. John Russel is now back on the job after having been sick for the past few days.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

George Howard has been replaced in the printing department, where he is learning the trade fast.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Mr. C. P. Wilson has resigned his position at the institution as an officer. The boys will all miss Mr. Wilson, as they all call him "Candy Man".

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The following boys received visits on last Wednesday, October the 10th: George Howard, Doc Cranfield, Floyd Winner, and Howard Tarleton.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

About 375 pairs of shoes were distributed among the boys on last Saturday. The boys were all glad to get a pair as it is getting cold, and is near winter time.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The growth of the Training School is shown just as much, if not more, in the Auditorium than anywhere else. Just last week about 30 more seats were added to the Auditorium.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The band had a practice on last Friday night. The band boys are preparing for a big day at the Fair. Many new boys have been added to the band, but, however, the new boys are learning fast and are playing along with the other boys.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The boys of the tenth cottage opened the Smith Literary Society on last Tuesday night, with the election of officers. The officers elected were: J. D. Windham, Pres. Carol Guice, Vice Pres. John Kemp, First Reporting Critic, Brevard Bradshaw, Censor, Paul Grooves, Recording Sec. Clyde Hollingworth, Corresponding Sec. Herbert Apple, Treasurer, Floyd Ruth, Sergt. of Arms. The program committee consists of four members, Beech, Guice, Grooves and Windham.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

For many years the Training School has had to pay some one to shred their corn, when it was nice and dry they would call some one and tell them they have some corn to be shredded, and they promise to get it shredded, in a few days, but, they let it lay around until it gets wet, then it is ruined. Supt. Boger has purchased from the International Harvesting Co. a new shredder which has been steadily running for the past two weeks, and it has already saved as much as it cost. It will have finished shredding 75 acres by next Saturday.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The boys were all happy and rejoicing on last Tuesday to know that they were going to the Fair. The boys ate breakfast, put on their uniforms, assembled at the big store, and then started for the Fair. When they got to Concord, they formed a company and marched through Concord, and then to the fair grounds. The boys took a long rest at the fair ground before going around to see

the races and other things that they wanted to see. They were all proud when they passed through the Exhibit Hall, and saw the Jackson Training School Exhibit. They were also glad to see the cattle exhibit. When they had seen the races they came home, sat down, and read and played if they were not to tireduntill time to go to bed.

HONOR ROLL.

"A"

Otis Floyd, Todie Albarty, Maston Britt, William Wafford, Lester Campbell, Jethro Mills, Fletcher Heath, Kenneth Lewis, Cecil Trull, Ben Cameron, Leonard Burleson, Carl Neal, Forest Byers, Howard Sillman, Hill Ellington, Ed Moses, Brady Riley, Clay Bates, Douthey Everhart, Marshall Williams, Jno. Reece, Stanley Armstrong, Vestal Yarbrough, Archie Waddell, Rufus Wrenn, Garland Banks, Clayburn Gilbert, Thomas Hart, Roby Mullis, Jas. Foy, Norman Iddings, David Underwood, Robt. Watson, Patrich Templeton, Joe Moore, Ralph Cutchins, Paul Grooves, Paul Funderburk, Kieth Hunt, William Gregory, Jno. Wright, Carroll, Guice, Albert Hill, Everett Goodrich, Chas. Mayo, Thas. Howard, Joe Mason, Ralph Hunley, Ned Morris, Clayton Stephens, Elvin Green, Herbert Apple, Arthur Drak, Donald Pate, Robert Rising, Julius Strickland, James Sutler, Spencer Combs, Alvin Shenn, Irwin Turner, Fred Wiles, Eunice Byers, Udric Braken, Robt. Carswell, Carl Obson, Odell Wrenn, Coleman Smith, Henry Brewer, Clifton Rogers, Henry Nurnery, Herbert Orr, Joe Stevens, Dan Taylor, Graham York, Hurley Way, Solomon Tompson, Vernon Tarleton, Turner Anderson, Ray Franklin, Paul Camp, Wirron Terry, Earnest Allen, Roy Johnson, James Philips, Hager, Joe Wilkes, Joe Mason, Paul Hager, Alton Etheridge, Sanford Wilson, Rhodes Lewis, James Ford, Travis Brownin, Charles Almond, Samuel McPherson, Clyde Hollingsworth, Arthur Hyler, Alton Piner, Fonzo Wiles, Carlton Franklin, Sam Dixon, Herbert Fulford, Abraham Goodman, Hallie Matthews, Earle Gragg, James Poplin, Lester Bowen, George White, Will Harvell, Luther Grant, Charlie Hayne, Jim Turner, Wayne Carpenter and Floyd Cagle.

"B"

Jerome Williams, James Long, John Forester, George Scott, Preston Winders, Jesse Foster, Sam Poplin' Williams Johnston, Jay Lambert, Chas. Beech, Vernon Lauder, Louis Pate, Manford Mooney, Walter Mills, Watson O'Quinn, Vaughn Smith, Baxter Sheppard, Herbert Tolley, Walter Page, Percy Briley, David Driver, Glenn Miller, Newton Watkins, Avery Roberts, Lex Newnam, Robt. Barnes, Walter Cummings, Grover Cook, Claude Evans, Woodard Edmondson, Edgar Sperling, Walter Culler, Earl Edwards, Filmore Cranfield, Olen Williams, Riggie Brown, Murphy Jones, Bud Lingerfelt, Daniel Johnson, Edgar McKeel, Eugene Long, Walter Morris, Lambert Cavenaugh, Floyd Linville, Chas. Blackman, Howard Riggs, J. J. Jones, Jr., Robt. Lea, Aubrey Weaver, Milton Hunt, Earl Crow. Hazen Ward, Floyd Ruth, Earl

THE UPLIFT

XI CONCORD, N. C., OCTOBER 27, 1923 No. 50

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.

Dr. Chapman asked General Booth the secret of his succes. After a moment's hesitation and with evident emotion, he said: "I will tell you the secret. God has had all there was of me. There have been men with greater brains than I; men with greater opportunities; but from the day I got the poor of London on my heart and a vision of what Jesus Christ could do with the poor of London, I made up my mind that God would have all of William Booth there was. And if there is anything of power in the Salvation Army today, it is because God has all the adoration of my heart, all the power of my will and all the influence of my life."

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The Uplift

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JAMES P. COOK, *Editor*, J. C. FISHER, *Director Printing Department*

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When a bit of kindness hits ye,
After passing of a cloud,
When a bit of laughter gits ye
An' yer spine is feeling proud,
Don't forget to up and fling it
At a soul that's feeling blue,
For the moment that you sling it
It's a boomerang to you.

—Capt. Jack Crawford.

ACCURACY IS A PROFOUND ACHIEVEMENT.

"History is a large per cent. guess work for the reason that most history is written long after the incidents have occurred," writes Mr. Clark in this issue in beginning his strong article on "Keeping History Straight."

This declaration is suggested by the oftentimes misstatement that General Lee handed his sword to General Grant, at the surrender at Appomattox, which he didn't. To describe an occurrence, even when one is an eye-witness, with absolute accuracy is no small accomplishment. Men may be entirely honest and exercise every care to be entirely accurate, then put a wrong shadow on an event.

It is now recalled that some thirty-five years ago, this writer heard a most

animated argument between the captain of a company in the Confederate army and the first lieutenant of the same company. Each of them were highly intelligent and of no meager education, entirely honest and sincere in their purpose, yet they differed very materially in reciting the story of an important engagement in which each played a part on the battle-field. They differed in a number of the features of the engagement, the position of troops and the method of attack—in fact, each became somewhat mixed on the time of day when the certain event took place.

When the one could not convince the other of the accuracy of his recollection of the event, a third soldier, participating in the very same engagement, appeared and he it was that straightened out the kinks in the memory of these two soldiers. "It all comes back to me now," said one; the other also acquiesced.

To describe an event accurately is an accomplishment; but to repeat an exploded statement about a big historical matter, when the principals and witnesses have gone on record with a true statement, reflects no credit on the knowledge or trustworthiness of the offender.

* * * * * * *

HOW THE GOVERNMENT FINDS A POSTMASTER.

At the request of the Postmaster General, the United States Civil Service Commission announces an open competitive examination to fill certain coming vacancies in the position of postmaster in a number of cities and towns of the country. Among these is Concord, which carries a salary of $2,800. The examination for the Concord applicants is set for January 26, 1924; and the applicant for this examination must file his or her application with the Commission prior to the closing of business in Washington, D. C. on Nov. 15, 1923.

The rating is as follows: Education and training 20 points, and Business experience and fitness 80 points. The rules governing this examination are embodied in an Executive order issued May 10th, 1923, revised July 27, 1923, which provides as follows:

"When a vacancy exists or hereafter occurs in the position of postmaster at an office of the first, second, or third class, if such vacancy is not filled by nomination of some person within the competitive classified Civil Service who has the required qualifications, then the Postmaster General shall certify the fact to the Civil Service Commission, which shall forthwith hold an open competitive examination to test the fitness of applicants to fill such vacancy, and when such examination has been held

and the papers in connection therewith have been rated, the said commission shall certify the results thereof to the Postmaster General, who shall submit to the President the name of one of the highest three qualified eligibles for appointment to fill such vacancy, unless it is established that the character or residence of any such applicant disqualifies him for appointment: Provided, That at the expiration of the term of any person appointed to such position through examination before the Civil Service Commission, the Postmaster General may, in his discretion, submit the name of such person to the President for renomination without further examination.

No person who has passed his sixty-fifth birthday or who has not actually resided within the delivery of such office for two years next preceding the date of examination shall be given the examination herein provided for.

If, under this order, it is desired to make nomination for any office of a person in the competitive classified service, such person must first be found by the Civil Service Commission to meet the minimum requirements for the office."

* * * * * * *

NIPPED IN THE BUD.

Fourteen of the twenty-one members of the board of trustees of the Lenoir-Rhyne College, at Hickory, held a meeting at Gastonia, last week, to hear the proposition of Gaston county for the relocation of the college in her bounds. Several sites of one hundred acres were offered, together with a cash gift of $265,000.

The removal of this institution from Hickory, accused of not being enthusiastic in its sympathy and support for the college, has been agitated for some time. Its best friend, Mr. D. E. Rhyne, feels that way. But the action of the trustees in meeting nips the whole thing in the bud, at least for the present. Politely and diplomatically, the trustees spoke to the offer of Gaston county and then went on record as feeling that the time was not ripe to further consider the removal at this season and, by this action, there will be no report to the coming Synod, which meets in Charlotte early in November.

There is a rumor, however, that the matter may break out in Synod, and the whole educational question as effects the activities of the Lutheran church in North Carolina, may come in for a lively discussion. The Synod conducts a college at Hickory and, under a farming out of its institutions at Mt. Pleasant to private individuals. The question of adjusting the relations of one to the other, so as to avoid overlapping of effort, and energy, is a live

matter among those who take such problems seriously. They claim that now that the two parent Synods have united, their educational efforts should be united, or at least not conflicting.

* * * * * * *

HIGH COMPLIMENT.

It used to be the immutable law, and now a well-observed custom, not to permit a preacher of the Methodist church to remain in one charge for more than four years. The Methodist brethern have found this rule most valuable in the conduct of their great and growing work.

The recent conference made a notable exception to the foregoing observation, in that it has returned to Forest Hill Methodist church, Concord, the Rev. J. Frank Armstrong for his fifth year. It is a high compliment to the congregation as well as to the active, tireless little man, who goes about his people and all the people of the community, doing good wherever and whenever opportunity offers. This preacher on fire for service is an inspiration in the community and Concord is to be congratulated that he is to be one of us for at least another year. Another one, who has taken a strong hold on the affections of the town, is returning to Central Methodist church—Rev. W. A. Jenkins, who enters upon his second year's labors in the community.

* * * * * * *

TAKING GREAT TOLL.

Last week a Concord boy got himself broke up in a foot-ball game in Charlotte; and Sunday they made a new grave in Winston-Salem—the last resting place for the mortal remains of a promising youth, a student of the high school. These are just several tolls collected in following the most brutal game every invented for the amusement and excitement of a civilized people.

If the real object of the game, effectively and brilliantly played, is to mutilate human bodies, break necks or limbs, or maim for life some bright, promising and robust boy, the work might be accomplished quicker and with less loss of valuable time by the introduction of a specially invented machine for the purpose.

Could not some other game be introduced to entertain school boys, and to distinguish schools, that did not border so closely on brutality?

* * * * * * *

A FINE BUNCH.

Elsewhere in this number is a group picture of a bunch of high-school boys,

who spent their past vacation in a very useful manner, as well as profitable. They lent their effort to railroad repair, and it is said that the officials were delighted with the character of service rendered.

In this crowd of promising young men are to be found representatives of fine and leading families. Each of the boys, just like all Southerners who appreciate and respect a respectable and faithful negro, had for himself a mascot in the person of the darkey whom they had stand in the picture.

While not quite as exciting and dangerous, it beats foot-ball for profitable employment and entertainment.

* * * * * * *

"COMPELLED HIM TO COME IN."

It was paraded about by the Associated Press that President Coolidge, not a member of the church, had been elected honorary moderator of the Congregational church. Then the preacher in Washington notified him that he had enrolled him as a member of his church without putting him through the course thought right and proper for others, who connected themselves with this church.

Such performances are neither creditable to the principals, nor is it in keeping with the seriousness and the saeredness in connecting with the church. It looks at best as a piece of spectacular advertising that has no business in the conduct of the church.

* * * * * * *

OH, WHY NOT NAME YOUR MEN?

Brother Zeb Green, of the Marshville Home, in Union county, writing up his trip to the Weekly Press meeting at Albemarle, danced about in gaiety long enough to utter this:

> "We sometimes wonder how Union county has kept in the front ranks all these years and at the same time furnish men to help build up cities like Charlotte, Albemarle and Concord."

You might have substantiated your "wonder" by naming the men. This authority on Lespedeza is a believer in his county and is loyal to her in season and out of season.

* * * * * * *

TRYING TO DEFEND MUZZEY'S HISTORY.

A writer in Henry Ford's Independent fills a whole page in a strenuous effort to defend Muzzey's U. S. History, which has been very properly kicked out of a number of schools, in the common country; and certainly should

be put out of all Southern schools. For such a subject and such a job the writer tackled, he acquitted himself pretty well; but there is enough in it and to be read between the lines, to lead one to believe that the writer was very much inspired—after all it may be an advertisement.

* * * * * * *

THE CHALLENGE

It pipes from yonder barren hill,
And from far forest ways,
It haunts the alders by the brook
In blue October days.
It shakes the sumach's crimson leaves,
I hear its silver call,
And straight my heart must answer it,
The challenge of the Fall.

It speaks of summer vanishing,
And what it brings, I know
The meadows brown, and blossems dead
Of coming sleet and snow.
Yet stars brave shine, in frosty skies,
And lights of home sweet call,
And gladly I will answer it,
The challenge of the Fall.

—Alex Thorn

KEEPING HISTORY STRAIGHT.

By R. R. Clark.

History is a large per cent. guess work for the reason that most history is written long after the incidents have occurred, when it is impossible to get first hand information, and much is left to the imagination of the writer, who sets down the story as he thinks it should be, which may be far from the exact facts. Even when the story of great events is written immediately after they took place it is not always possible to get all the facts. The witnesses often disagree and sometimes it is difficult to reconcile the different viewpoints of the same incident as related by eye-witnesses. But there are some events in history so well authenticated, so well established, about which there is no dispute, that there can be no excuse for misstating them.

This is preliminary to saying that so far as I know there is no real dispute about the facts set out in history as to what took place at the meeting of Gens. Grant and Lee at Appomattox Court House in April, 1865, when the Confederate army was surrendered to the commander of the victorious Union forces. Members of Gen. Lee's staff and Gen. Grant agree as to the facts in their written statements. And yet no incident in history is so persistently misrepresented in one particular.

In ancient times it was customary in a surrender of military forces for the commanding officer of the surrendering forces to hand his sword, in token of surrender, to the commander of the victorious forces. That custom obtained in the Revolution which made this country a republic, and for some time after. Probably it was followed as late as the Mexican war. In any event, having been a custom, it was assumed by a good many people that it was followed at Appomattox, and that Gen. Lee tendered his sword to Gen. Grant; and to add to the romance it was stated that Gen. Grant refused to receive the sword of the Confederate chieftian, or having taken it handed it back. Probably Gen. Grant would have refused to accept the sword if it had been tendered, or would have handed it back, for it is a matter of history that the Union chieftian was most magnanimous to his defeated foe. Gen. Grant was a soldier and respected courage and military ability even in foes, as all truly brave men do. But as a matter of fact that sword was never tendered, nor was there any suggetion of a tender when the Union and Confederate commanders met in the McLane house to arrange the terms of surrender. Members of Gen. Lee's staff, present at the time, notably the late Col. Charles Marshall, of Baltimore, wrote full and complete accounts of the incidents of that history-making event. Gen. Lee did not tender his sword and there was no suggestion that he do so, and nothing to indicate that either of the principals to the compact which closed the War Between the States had any thought that such formality was a part of it. If the Confederate officers present are not to be believed, there can be no question of

Gen. Grant's testimony. In his Memoirs, which Gen. Grant wrote and published in the last years of his life, and which may be found in some of the public libraries, the following statement as to Gen. Lee's surrender will be found in Vol. 11, chapter 25, pages 344-346: "No conversation—not one word—passed between General Lee and myself either about private property, side arms or kindred subjects. The much talked of surrender of General Lee's sword and my handing it back, this and much more that has been said about it, is the purest romance. The word "sword" or "side arms" was not mentioned by either of us until I wrote it in the terms. There was no premeditation, and it did not occur to me until the moment I wrote it down. If I had happened to omit it and General Lee had called my attention to it, I should have put it in the terms precisely as I acceded to the provisions about the soldiers retaining their horses."

But notwithstanding this established fact of history, established beyond question or cavil, the old fable that Gen. Lee tendered his sword to Gen. Grant lives, moves and has its being. The worst of it is, the circulation of the fable is not confined to the ignorant and unlettered, who might be excusable. It is repeated by speakers, by newspaper writers and published by editors again and again, who should be ashamed not to know better; or at least ashamed of making no effort to find the facts. The sword tender story is engaging and it goes on and on. Only the other day a newspaper writer, mentioned the coming celebration of the erection of a marker at the spot of Gen. Johnston's surrender to Gen. Sherman, remarked that there were no such formalities at this surrender as occurred at Appomattox, when Gen. Lee tendered his sword, etc. And a few years ago an inquiry appeared in one of our leading North Carolina daily papers as to whether it was actually true that Gen. Lee did tender his sword to Gen. Grant. The editor of the paper made no answer and it was several days before anybody, in the city in which the paper is published, one of the most enlightened in the State, or among the paper's readers, a most intelligent clientele, took the pains to give the facts. Not all of them were ignorant of these facts, but it is reasonable to assume that very few of them knew them. The fake story has been repeated so often that is has been accepted as truth. Pictures of Gen. Lee handing his sword to Gen. Grant have appeared often. Not long ago one appeared in the Literary Digest, a publication of nation-wide circulation, in connection with a review of John Drinkwater's Abraham Lincoln. And I have no doubt these pictures are found in the school histories of Northern authors which our Southern educators persist in teaching in the schools, notwithstanding some of them falsify the facts of established history. But a departure from what has been accepted for the truth is now seemingly accounted a mark of modern progress; to discard old beliefs, no matter how strong the evidence of their truth, is set up as breaking away from ancient "myths," notwithstanding what may be accepted in place of the so-called myths is lacking in any sub-

stantial foundation and may have nothing whatever to recommend it except that it is new. Therefore the children are taught in the schools, probably, that something occurred at Appomattox that never occurred simply because the teachers have accepted the picture of an alleged incident as historic truth.

What difference does it make, and why be disturbed about it? To make my own position clear, I will say that I am not of those who consider everything in connection with the Confederacy sacred. Far from it. But as so much of history is guesswork I am a stickler for holding to the established truths of history, whether it be the history of the War Between the States or any other history. If Gen. Lee had thought it proper to tender his sword when he surrendered we may be sure he would have done so. But he didn't, neither did Gen. Grant. Gen. Grant says that he voluntarily wrote in the terms that the Confederate officers were to retain their "side arms," which included swords, and wrote that without premeditation or suggestion. He did change the demand for the surrender of the Confederate cavalry horses when Gen. Lee suggested that the animals were the private property of the soldiers and would be needed to make a crop. And that is all there is to it.

I have gone into detail in this matter not with the hope of stopping the repetition of a hoary fake. The purpose is to set the facts before the boys and girls especially, and any others who may read this, and to get the facts fixed in some minds, with the hope that the established truth of an important historic event may not be falsified until the false is universally accepted as the true.

BOB TAYLOR ON HEAVEN.

What heaven is like, I do not know, but I long have dreamed of its purple hills and fields of light, blossoming with immortal beauty; of its brooks of laughter and its rivers of song and its palaces of eternal love. I long have dreamed that every bird with its life here may sing forever there in the tree of life, and every consecrated soul that suffers here may rest among its flowers and live and love forever. I long have dreamed of opal towers and burnished golden domes, but what care I for gates of pearl or streets of gold if I can meet the loved ones who have blessed me here, and see the glorified faces of father and mother and the boy brother who died among the bursting buds of hope, and take again in my arms my baby who fell asleep when her little tongue had learned to lisp, "Our Father who art in heaven?" What care I for crowns of stars or harps of gold if I can love and laugh and sing with them forever in the smile of my Saviour and my God?

CONTENTED JOHN.

One honest John Tompkins, a hedger and ditcher,
Although he was poor, did not want to be richer;
For all wishes in him were prevented
By a fortunate habit of being contented.

Though cold was the weather, or dear was the food,
John never was found in murmuring mood.
For this he was constantly heard to declare,
What he could not prevent he would cheerfully bear.

"For why should I grumble and murmur?" he said,
If I cannot get meat, I'll be thankful for bread;
And though fretting may make my calamities deeper.
It never will cause bread and cheese to be cheaper."

If John was afflicted with sickness or pain,
He wished himself better, but did not complain;
Nor lie down and fret in despondency and sorrow,
But said that he hoped to be better tomorrow.

If anyone wronged him or treated him ill,
Why, John was good natured and sociable still,
For he said that revenging the injury done
Would be making two wrongs where there need be but one.

And thus honest John, though his station was humble,
Passed through this sad world without ever a grumble;
And 'twere well if some folk, who are greater and richer,
Would copy John Tompkins, the hedger and ditcher.

—Selected.

The man who has not anything to boast of but his illustrious ancestors is like a potato—the only good thing belonging to him is under the ground.—Sir Thomas Overbury.

ELLIS ISLAND.

This article by Earnest Halliday is a living picture of one of the biggest hotels in the world, and it is under the control of the United States government. We have all heard of Ellis Island, and it would be of great interest to know just how many present-day Americans have a personal acquaintance with this powerful institution.

More than two million meals a year! How would you like to be the cook? Yet that is the record of meals served in the dining-room at Ellis Island, where immigrants from other lands are detained temporarily on entering the country.

The dining-room is an inviting place, with long tables and tiled floors. The dishes, though thick and substantial, are scrupulously clean. And here they eat—fathers, mothers, big brothers and little sisters, all seated in long rows. Many languages are spoken and many races represented in this dining-room, and people of several different colors are to be seen. The Jewish immigrants sit by themselves, because their religion requires that they eat only meats that are "kosher" that is, prepared in accordance with the ceremonial rites of their faith. Indeed on this account, there is a seperate kitchen where the meats of the Jewish people may be made ready.

The great soup kettles of solid copper, holding more than a tubful of nourishing liquid, with ladles, each containing a quart or more, give some idea of the large scale on which preparations for so many hungry people must be made.

"We can seat eight hundred at a time and sometimes we have to set the tables five times over," said the steward. "We serve simple food but of the very best quality. One difficulty we have to meet is that our knives and forks and other small table articles disappear so rapidly. Our guests take them as souvenirs. On an average we have to replace twelve dozen knives, forks and spoons each week, and at a cost of four dollars a dozen, this amounts to a considerable sum."

A Sample Bill of Fare
from the
Immigrant Dining-room

Breakfast

Boiled Rice with Milk
Stewed Peaches
Bread and Butter Coffee

Dinner

Mock Turtle Soup
Ragout of Beef Vegetables
Boiled Potatoes
Bread and Butter
Liberty Pudding Coffee

Supper

Lamb Hash with Green Peppers
Apple Sauce
Bread and Butter
Tea or Coffee

Milk is served to the women and children every meal and they also receive milk and crackers in the detention quarters at other times during the day.

These people for the most part, are third-class passengers from the forty-three countries from which aliens are admitted to the United States. They

form the great majority of newcomers to our shores, and they are the folks most likely to remain at Ellis Island. for any length of time. First and second class passengers are examined just before the ship reaches New York, and if they can show a clean bill of health and their papers are in order, they are not required to go to Ellis Island at all. In case anything is wrong, however, they, too, must take the trip down the harbor to the Island, only a bow-shot from the Goddes of Liberty, who from her coign of vantage on Bedloe's Island surveys harbor and room and at certain hours husbands are permitted to visit with their families. Adjoining it is a large out-of-door porch, roofed and screened, where children are allowed to play. The sleeping quarters are not such as the average American would care to occupy for any length of time. The beds, or bunks, are arranged one above the other in single cot style on iron frames, and are made up by spreading army blankets upon the woven wire springs, no mattress or pillow being furnished. It would be quite impossible to permit the use of the latter articles, for the place would soon be over-run with undesirable inhabitants. The blankets, however, can be cleansed daily and kept free from vermin.

Religious Services

Among religious folks, interest centers in the provision made for religious services on Sundays. The main hall has been fitted up with a platform and pulpit; also a pipe organ, the gift of Commissioner Tod. In this room on Sunday mornings all adults desiring to attend religious services gather. Our Roman Catholic friends are accustomed to begin early at divine worship, and to them is assigned the hours from eight until nine. Protestants come next, from nine until ten, and the adherents of the Jewish faith follow from ten to eleven. As one congregation files out, another is admitted. It is somewhat embarrassing to the speaker using the English language to be confronted by an audience of so many different nationalities and tongues. The difficulty is somewhat alleviated by the presence, usually, of one or more speakers who are able to interpret, and by the fact that English is increasingly becoming the language that is generally understood. The Home Missionary Society has its part in the provision of speakers for the Sunday Protestant services. It is interesting at the end of the meeting, to see the Hebrew brethren file in, their hats on their heahs, and the smoke from their pipes rising like incense to the high-vaulted ceiling. "Put on your hat," said a missionary to a bystander, "or you will spoil this Jewish service."

The Congregational Snare

What part have Congregationalists in welfare work for the immigrant? A very important one. To their charge, under the management of the Home Missionary Society, is committed the kindergarten and schools, where children from two to seventeen are permitted to come daily and amuse themselves and work and play together. Mrs. Jennie F. Pratt, the efficient principal of the school, mothers all the children no matter what their nationality or language. Her school family sometimes drops down to twenty-five, and then, in

rush periods, increases to one hundred and thirty-five. She and her assistants take these children from many climes and try to show them, first of all, that there is in America a sympathetic, helping hand ready to be held out to them. The older children are interested in the reading lessons, and some of the girls do needle-work that is of astonishing excellence. Lessons in manners and politeness are not neglected. Some of these little folks, to be sure, may be sent back home, but most of them will be admitted to the country. In any case, they will have received an impression which they will never forget from the friendly attitude of those who meet them at the portal of the country and give them a hearty welcome.

Congregational responsibility does not stop when these children move on to their new homes, but extends to them and the members of their families so far as they may be within the Congregational sphere wherever they may settle. It provides ministers for them in their own language ters for them in their own language, who by word and example try to teach them what it is to be a Christian and a good American. It provides supervision for upwards of two hundred and seventy foreign-speaking groups holding services in twenty-three languages other than English.

The importance of this immigrant work canhardly be overestimated. What possibilities exist in the lives of these newcomers, either for good or evil, or for the good or detriment of the country to which they come! One never ceases to wonder in looking at their faces what their experiences have been in the Old Country, what hardships they have suffered, how many of them have been driven from home by the cruelty of political or economic oppression, how many of them hide in their hearts sorrows which gnaw daily at their inmost lives; or, on the other hand, what pictures of prosperity and success they have painted for themselves in imagination, how they are looking forward to the new land from which many letters were re- they have heard so much about, and ceived urging them to make the great adventure.

Here are young married people with their little ones, looking forward with hope and animation to a little farm; here an old mother, whosse friends have nearly all passed on, and who has been called to America by children who are anxious that she shall spend her declining years with them; here are young people, perhaps the first members of their family to come to America, anticipating with the enthusiasm of youth to their experiences in the new country. Hope and despair, optimism and lingering sorrow, childish indifference and heavy responsibility are all represented in the long lines of human beings who emerge daily from the ferry-boat at Battery Park and stream out into the cities and rural districts of our land. Surely Americans, above all, American Christians, have a tremendous opportunity wherever they come in contact with these newcomers to our shores. By meeting them in friendly fashion, by extending to them the sympathy and co-operation which the Golden Rule enjoins, we shall be laying sure foundations, not only for

the success of our own land but for a better international understanding as the years go on.

Inspection.

When the steamer docks, the third-class passengers are taken to the Island, as a matter of course, in barges assigned by the Government to such service. On arriving they go immediately to the first floor of the building, where they are inspected by physicians. They undergo an examination for any traces of contagious trachoma, scalp diseases, or manifest physical deformities. Those who are not free from such diseases have a chalk mark placed on their clothing, khich means that a special medical examination is necessary. The suspected cases are then divided into groups and examined in separate rooms by men and women physicians, according to sex. Persons afflicted with tuberculosis or any other contagious or communicable disease are

"THE IMMIGRANT MADONNA"

"This failtide, America, I bring you my son,
My baby son.
He came with little heritage,
But his eyes are clear and his body strong.
He is ready for you to do with him what you will.
What you will.
Will you use him hurriedly for your quick ends?
And will you then discard him because he is worn out and a foreigner?
Or will you teach him, watch him grow, and help him to be one of you.
To work with you those great things you seek?
He is my son, America,
And all my treasure.
I bring him here to you—
And you, what will you do with him?"

not eligible for admission to this country, and in most instances are looked after before the ship docks.

Immigrants who pass the physical examination take their baggage and proceed up the stairs for the inspection of their papers. Each wears a large whit card, conspicuously displayed, on which are two black numerals. The first and larger indicates the number of the manifest sheet on which his name appears as enrolled by the steamship company; the second indicates the line of the sheet which gives this information. Each sheet has thirty-three lines and gives data concerning that number of people. It contains the name, age, birthplace, destination, occupation, and so forth, of each applicant for admission.

The room in which the papers are examined is a large one, divided into long rows by means of seats placed length-wise. The lines form between these seats, but they make it possible for the people to rest while awaiting the tedious examination of papers by the inspectors stationed at the end of each line. Some of these inspectors speak more than one language, although it is not an essential requirement for the position. There are interpreters at the call of the inspectors who are able to make plain all questions and answers incident to the examination.

If the papers of a family are in order and assurance is given that none of its members will become a public charge, it passes on to the room where the various railroads have ticket offices and where money changers are stationed ready to exchange the gold and silver currency of other lands into United States money, at a fixed rate. Some immigrants have orders for railroad tickets, while other purchase them upon entering the room. In any case, each person is tagged with the initials of the railroad or steamship line he is to travel by, and he is transferred by ferry to Battery Park, where relatives are likely to be waiting for him. If he is going out of the city he makes his way, in one fashion or another, to the railway station and takes up another stage of the long journey. In order that immigrants may not be the victims of food profiteers, the Government makes it possible for them to purchase boxes containing necessities for the trip. The contents of the boxes are shown in glass cases, so the purchaser knows exactly what he is buying. A large box of bread, sandwiches and fruit costs a dollar and a half; a smaller box a dollar and a quarter.

Reasons for Detention

No one who can pass the medical and legal requirements is ever detained at Ellis Island over night, but a good many people do not pass them immediately. For example, if one member of the family is afflicted with trachoma or some other disease, it may be necessary for him to go to the Hospital on the Island and the rest of the family will be detained until he recovers. Or if the "quota" from his country is filled, it will be necessary for the immigrant to remain until the final disposition if his case (usually after appeal to Washington) has been made. So it happens that there are always a great many newcomers at Ellis Island, particularly during the first months of

the immigration year, which begins July 1, when the steamship companies are rushing people to this country.

It is with these temporary guests of the Government, whose expenses, by the way, are borne by the steamship companies which bring them in, that the welfare workers of various organizations are chiefly concerned. There are twenty-four societies and organizations represented at the Island, among them The Congregational Home Missionary Society. The is conducted under the supervision of the General Committee of Immigrant Aid at Ellis Island, and the Home Missionary Society has a representative on the Committee. The visitor to the sland cannot fail to be impressed with the desire of these religious and charitable organizations to help the newcomer, and also with the manifest purpose of the Government to do everything possible to make what is necessarily a somewhat trying experience bearable. The detention room for women, for example, is large and airy and looks out on the harbor. It is floored with white tiles and is well supplied with benches which can be brought together in groups if the women desire. Children run freely about in this city.

To find a cure for all his ills
He went to doctors, took their pills;
To mineral spring and mountain peak
He went, his wanted health to seek;
To sanitoriums he went,
On strength and restoration bent;
To specialists of every kind,
But no assistance did he find.
And now was left but one more chance.
He went—'twas not to sunny France—
The last resort he would not shirk,
And so—he went—he went to work.
—Frank Strickland, in Our Young People.

A UNIQUE FARM.

By G. A. Tibbaps

A queer sort of farm—the most unique industry in the country—is located at Isle of Hope, Georgia. It is the diamond-back terrapin farm operated and owned by A. M. Barbee, the original "terrapin man," of Georgia. It is the only farm of its kind in the world, so far as is known, and it is a very profitable venture. Isle of Hope is the only place in the world where terrapin are hatched by artifical means for commercial purposes, or any other purpose. The proprietor of this unique farm has solved the problem of terrapin propagation—he has been in the business about twenty-five years and claims to be able to hatch and rear the

young terrapin better than the females themselves because of the protection he affords the eggs and young from the natural predatory enemies of the terrapin family.

Thousands of terrapin from the farm are sold annually to hotels and restaurants in all the larger cities. Mr. Barbee probably knows more about the habits and needs of the terrapin than any man in this country. His success in handling the eggs means that he has done what no other man has been able to do. He discovered his method of incubation accidentally, but it very likely meant the prevention of the extinction of the diamond-back terrapin.

Each season thousands of people visit the terrapin farm, and from 500 to 600 baby terrapins are sold each winter as souvenirs. There are something like ten thousand terrapin in the thirty pens on the farm, not including about the same number that have not yet reached a marketable age. The terrapin intended for the m arket are kept separated from the others, and there is a special hospital pen were sick terrapin are isolated from the well ones. The loss by death at the farm is exceedingly small.

The most interesting experiment conducted by the owner of this farm is that out of which he invented a process of incubation by which he can hatch the terrapin eggs. Artificila incubation of terrapin eggs was before considered an impossibility. Each incubator is carefully marked with the date when the eggs are expected to hatch. There are now forty incubators on the farm. Incubaiton in the hatcheries requries approximately twelve weeks' time, which is about twice as long as would be necessary under normal conditions.

The terrapin are divided into three sizes. The largest are known as the the "count" and measure about six and one half inches. The next are known as the "halves" and measure a bit more than five inchies. These are the fine marketable terrapin and can always be counted upon to bring fancy prices. There is also a smaller size known as the "quarter," which is also a very good table terrapin. The greater demand is always for the larger terrapin, though the smaller ones are sweeter and more tender.

There is very little demand for terrapin in the southern states, and this only to supply tourists—very few people in thhe South care for terrapin. Practically all the best terrapin are shipped to the North, where all the finer hotels serve them in various forms. There are very few of the present-day cooks who can properly prepare a bowl of terrapin soup or a plate of stew. Diamond-back terrapin stew costs the consumer at the rate of $2.00 a plate in the larger cities.

The unique Georgia farm on which the terrapin are kept in not more than 200 feet long and a half as wide. It is securely enclosed and roofed, but is well ventilated. The entire place can be flooded with water at will. The pens are always flooded when the terrapin are fed, which is usually about three times a week in the spring and summer and not at all in the winter when they bury themselves deep in the sand for their annual hibernation. The pens are sunk several feet beneath the

surface to prevent the escape of the animals by digging. A foundation of brick was found to be impracticable because the terrapin will scratch at the brick until they wear their claws away. Sometimes it is necessary to dig to a depth of three feet or more to unearth terrapin for winter trade.

One of the drawbacks of raising terrapin before was that the animals in confinement would invariably eat their own eggs. It was many years before the difficulty was overcome. Even after Mr. Barbee had perfected the incubators he could not fill them because the eggs were either destroyed or were scattered all over the pens, buried out of sight, often at considerable depth, which made it necessary to spade up the entire farm each day to secure them. This process was so disturbing to the terrapin that it was abandoned.

One day, after feeding, a hillock of sand was left in the wake of the receding water. The following morning it was found that the hillock was literally sown with fresh eggs. Now the hillocks of sand are carefully prepared and maintained in each of the breeding pens. It is now only necessary to turn the sand over to uncover the eggs.

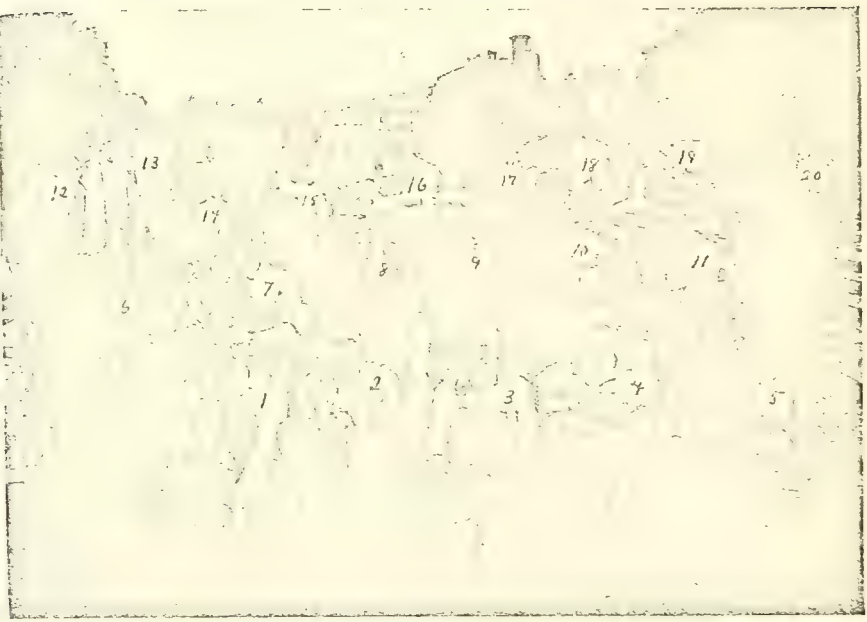
One would deem it impossible that these ungainly creatures should be endowed with any degree of intelligence, yet they know Mr. Barbee as a dog knows his master. He has a peculiar clucking call that they answer to immediately. They will also respond to his whistle. The terrapin will crawl over his feet and almost up his legs to reach their food. They will also come to him at the waving of his handkerchief. It is rather flesh-creeping sensation to hear the claws of several thousand terrapin scraping over the firm sand. From anybody but Mr. Barbee the terrapin will flee. The terrapin are the shyest of creatures. A little noise will confuse and terrify them readily. Mr. Barbee once went into the pens wear a new suit of clothes and a new pair of shoes. He was very much surprised to see his pets fleeing in a panic in all directions.

The owner of this wonderful farm has a number of dogs to which the terrapin have become accustomed. The canines run about the farm at will, jumping from space to space, carefully avoiding stepping on the terrapin, which proceed about their business without paying the least attention to the invaders. The terrapin will even brush against the legs of the dogs when they are standing still. None of the dogs will make any attempt to molest the terrapin.

The greatest of these dogs is "Dan." Dan is a pointer, and has been trained to the last word of perfection. He is wise in all the arts of birdcraft and is much in demand by hunters. Dan has been taught that it is his duty to guard the terrapin at night. So thoroughly has he learned his duties that after he has been locked in for the night neither Mr. Barbee nor any member of his family is allowed to enter the pens until it is time for Dan to come out for his breakfast the following morning.

Mr. Barbee has a very unique farm and a very efficient staff of four-legged "farmers." And it is a very profitable industry.

COLLEGE BOYS WORK AS TRACK LABORERS.



(1) Hal Dobson, (2) Vaughn Wyrick, (3) Lonnie Myers, (4) Clyde Dickerson, (5) Joe Patterson, (6) Houston Patton, son of Section Foreman W. C. Patton, (7) Luther Lineberry, (8) Oliver Dobson, (9) Norris Hatcher, (10) Judson Ashby, (11) Grey Sydnor, (12) S. R. Miller, Tie Inspector, Greensboro, N. C., (13) W. C. Patton, Section Foreman, Pilot Mountain, N. C., (14) Bill Bell, son of Agent W. G. Bell, of Pilot Mountain, N .C., (15) Lester Haynes, (16) Charles Ashby, (17) Porter Graves, (18) Rossie George, (19) Steve Franklin (col.), in service 39 years, (20) H. D. Fogleman, Section Foreman, Mt. Airy, N. C.

When labor was scarce on the Atlantic & Yadkin Railway during the summer, a group of high school and college boys from Mount Airy and Pilot Mountain, N. C., volunteered for service and worked every day during their vacation period. Besides getting practical lessons in the art of track maintenance, these boys rendered such excellent service that Superintendent J. S. Bergman regretted having to give them up when the schools an colleges re-opened. These young men loaded as many as 237 cross-ties in one hour while the thermometer was standing around 98 and 99.

"They asked no favors and were 'full of pep' all the time," declares Mr.Bergman, "and we are very proud of their service."

LUTHER, THE HAPPY, HOME-LOVING MAN.

By Uthai Vincent Wilcox

Luther, the brave fighter for spiritual truths; the man who dared the world powers of his time and defied them one and all to make him recant, was a kind father who enjoyed having a good romp with his children and was never happier than when he could make his family merry.

It is a more unusual viewpoint of Martin Luther to picture his home life. The stern hero of the Reformation who dared to nail his opposing beliefs on the door of the church on that memorable day, October 31, 1517—406 years ago—was a kind if not an indulgent father. The world in looking at his public life and in re-reading his declarations of independence against the Catholic Church of his day, has come to regard him as a great thinker, a philosopher, a leader, somewhat forgetful of those human qualities that are a part of the intimate life.

Luther as a monk and a priest had taken among other vows the pledge of celibacy, that is, of remaining single. But in his close study of the Scriptures he found that the apostle Paul disagreed with the Church of his day, and so he renounced his vow and plainly preached against it. At this time he had no intention of marrying, although urging others to do so. He wrote to a friend: "Not that I lack the feelings of a man but my mind is adverse to matrimony because I daily expect the death decreed to the heretics.

It was about this time that Luther made his great speech before the Diet at Worms when standing in front of the Emperor, Charles V, he had the courage to say: "Unless I am convinced by testimonies taken from Scripture I stand firmly by the Scriptures adduced by myself and my conscience is bound in the World of God. Retract I cannot and will not, for to do anything against one's conscience is unsafe and dangerous. Here I stand; I can not do otherwise. God help me."

It is no wonder that he daily expected the death that the church meted out to heretics after a positive statement like that. But as has been the case in the lives of other great heroes, his very courage and fortitude cowed his worst enemies.

Finally, Luther did marry. His aged father said that he did it "to spite the devil." Whatever were the motives, Luther was happy with his bride, Katharine von Bora. Since a little girl she had lived in a convent but she had read the writings of Luther and came to believe in them. On June 13, 1525, Luther's pastor and close friend, Johann Bugenhagen, made them one. It is true that "Luther, the Reformer of the Church, as husband and father, became also a reforming example for the Christian family life, which also stood in great need of a reformation."

Martin Luther's pet name for his wife was "the morning star of Wittenberg."

Wittenberg was the city in which they lived. But the name "Morn-

in Star" meant more than a beautiful tribute, it also referred to her habit of arising long before anyone else. That was quite unusual in many of the German cities of that time. Some of the records show that people took life in an easy-going way. Sleeping, eating and drinking, having a general boisterous time had come to be the main concern of most people. In fact general morality was at a very low ebb, far lower than average conditions in the cities of today.

Katharine was most energetic and took good care of the large growing family. Martin Luther was not unmindful of her good points, and he wrote many nice things about her. He specially appreciated her ability to help him in his discussions with the Church. At one time he said, "Katie understands the Bible better than any papists did twenty years ago."

At another time he told a friend of his that he "would not change his Katie for France and Venice, because God had given her to me, and other women have much worse faults, and she it true to me and a good mother to my children." You see, Luther felt very much as true married folks of today feel. He just couldn't stop singing her praises: "The greatest happiness is to have a wife to whom you can trust your business and who is a good mother to your children." As lovers sometimes do, he talked to his wife about himself: "Katie, you have a husband who loves you."

There were six children in the family—three sons and three daughters. One became a lawyer, the oldest boy Hans. The second son, Martin, studied theology, and the third, Paul became a successful physician. Several descendants of this son are today glad to speak of their great, great grandfather.

Luther's daughters were not well. His second child, Elizabeth, lived only eight months and he showed something of how his warrior-heart felt when he wrote a friend: "My little daughter Elizabeth is dead. She had left me wonderfully sick at heart and almost womanish. I could never have believed how a father's heart could soften for his child."

The next year, the advent of another daughter, Magdalene, helped to cheer the father and the moter. When she was 14 years old she died and Luther took the blow very hard. He mourned long. "I love her so much," he repeated over and over again. She died in his arms while the great reformer who could make Emperors quail, wept and kissed her again and again.

You see Luther loved children. Besides his own he brought up no less than eleven of his orphaned nephews and there were always young people of the neighborhood at his home. His place was a popular home for the boys and girls.

Luther believed in strict obedience and one time refused to see his son Hans for three days because he had disobeyed him. Yet he loved Hans so much that a letter that he wrote him when he was four years old has since then become a children's classic.

Luther's home life can well be summed up in the words of a disbeliever in his doctrine and an opponent.

Jules Michelet, a French historian

and a Catholic, could not help but the innocent happiness of the family say, "And among these joys Luther and home. What family more holy, had those of the heart, of the man, what family more pure?"

What, indeed, does not the word cheerfulness imply? It means a contented spirit; it means a pure heart; it means a kind loving disposition; it means humility and charity; it means a generous appreciation of others and a modest opinion of self.—Thackeray.

EDUCATIONAL GROWING PAINS

By E. Morris Fergusson

It hurts to grow. Always, everywhere, from birth to maturity in the individual and from start to full attainment in the organization, increases of size, power and value entail, incidentally, a certain amount of sorrow, conflict, loss, and pain. However we may account for this in our philosophy, we must accept it as a fact in our experience.

In the growth of a church from a lower to a higher stage of efficiency in religious education, pain is a frequent concomitant of progress. Why should this be? Do trouble and sorrow and harassing opposition of views and wills prove bad leadership and ill-chosen goals? Are we following Christ if our counsels rob the church of peace? May we not hope for an era when these sad features of our past advances will recur no more?

Unwelcome as the thought may be, there is no prospect of any such attainment. The church at its best today is far behind what it should be as a means for the educating of its members, especially its children, in religion. Every step of advance so far made has hurt. The steps yet to be made will not hurt the same people or in the same way: but they will hurt. No leader under heaven who succeeds in achieving progress can keep them from hurting. Let us consider of the reasons why this must always be so.

Human growth involves a change of proportion. Not only does the child grow larger, but he grows at different rates. If an infant were magnified to the size of a man, he would wear a head over two feet in diameter. This obvious physical fact is but the outward sign of far greater inequalities in the growth of the soul. Now in civilization, the naturally growing human organism is continually being adjusted to beds, chairs, clothing, tasks, and other fixities which are continually being outgrown; and the immature child is served, in these adjustments, by adults who measure the child as a man or woman some sizes smaller than themselves and so fail to fit even his present needs. Readjustments are constantly being called for; and the needs for such readjustments tends to outrun the parental wisdom, patience and cash. The church has to face the same problem in the spiritual field and on a larger scale. When the home outgrows its adjustment troubles, the church may

hope to do so too.

The rates of growth, too, are different at different ages. Children grow fast. They quickly learn and conform to a new set of requirements. Youth is capable of large and prompt readjustments on cause duly shown. Maturity is cautious and disillusioned; it respects experience and distrusts the logic that calls for radical change. Old age wants to be left in its well-worn grooves. When these divergent paces and outlooks are harnessed together in so democratic an institution as a church, growth in plans of work that touch all ages will be painful in proportion to its speed; and no amount of diplomatic leadership will avert internal strain. The work of the church school concerns all ages: it is therefore usually the seat of trouble.

Every age develops its own body of idealism. When the present mature rulers of the church were impressible children and youth, certain features of church life formed part of the general ideal of what worship, piety and religious organization ought to be. Progress, for the church, consisted largely in a firmer insistence on the feature of that ideal. Today the church faces a wider horizon and many new tasks; and her youthful members, unconcerned for the older ideals, would have her apply her old gospel to the meeting of her new call. Every step in true religious education releases more of this spirit of response to the present-day situation and leads to enterprises and desuetudes of which some older members find it hard to approve.

The fact is, no one has yet found a clear working distinction between a principle and a prejudice, other than that we have the principles, while the prejudices belong to the other side. Each of these firmly fixed attitudes began with some vital experience, settling something in our minds. By reflective thought and more experience we arrived at a generalization. Around this we have gathered a set of mental associations. Now we have no difficulty in determining whether or not a certain action or custom is right or wrong; our "principles" tell us. Some of these principles have to do with uses of the Church for purposes not dreamed of forty years ago, but called for in the modern program of religious education. We will prevent any such misuse of the house of God; or—as sometimes happens—we will outvote the conservatives and put the program through. In either case there is trouble and sadness of heart.

Do the new methods really succeed? We may have grown in these forty years; but have we grown better, wiser, nearer to the image of our Lord? Who shall say? All results are looked at through the refractive medium of the observer's predilections. If he believes in graded lessons, for instance, he will find convincing signs that they are far more effective than the lessons we used before these came. But he will have trouble in so convincing one who is equally sure that the uniform lessons are far better and should never have been changed. And the latter disputant will have his facts, too.

If only the reach of the religious educator did not so far exceed his grasp! If he could do all that he sees the need of doing, he would have results to show that even prejudice would not be able to gainsay. But the best of us are but experi-

menting or trying out some recently developed plan. Every year we see where last year's work might have been better done. We ask for patience with our earnest efforts to teach and manage well. Should we not in like manner have patience with some who will not vote us the moneys and the consents that we call for, but whose love and honesty and loyalty to truth are quite the match of our own?

Yes, it will always hurt to grow, in the teaching of religion as in anything else. But there are some ways of treating the pain. That "more excellent way" that Paul so aarefully described is as good for our church as it ever was for Corinth.

"What system do you use on the typewriter, son?"
"The Hunt and Punch system."

THE USES OF POTASH.

By Janet Gargan.

Potash is the alkali derived from certain minerals, and from the ashes of vegetable and plant life. Duhamel, in 1736, discovered that the alkali of potash contained in common salt (chloride of sodium) was different from that contained in the ashes of land plants; and the first was called mineral alkali, and the latter vegetable alkali. Mineral potash is not found native, that is in a pure state, but in combination with others minerals from which it must be isolated. This isolation was first accomplished by Sir Humphrey David in 1807.

The term potash, when commercially used, is generally applied to mineral potash, though the only potash known and used by the ancient races was obtained from vegetable ashes. It was prepared by the burning of rushes in dry pits, dissolving the ashes in water, then evaporating till the sulphates and chlorides separated out as cyrstals. The remaining liquid was then boiled to dryness in iron pots—hence the name, pot ashes. Vegetable potash is now derived from wood ashes, marine plants, the residue of beet sugar, etc. The potash extracted from certain kinds of rock such as luecite, is of the vegetable form. Marine plants are especially right in potash that makes a good fertilizer.

The most remarkable mineral potash deposits are those found at Stassfurt, Prussia, where layers of potash magnesia salts are over beds of rock salt. The potash industry based on these deposits assumed large proportions and the great chemical manufactories of Germany were made possible by the abundant supply of this mineral. Large quantities of the potash were shipped to other countries, among them the United States. Later, there were found deposits of potash in other parts of Germany, notably in Hanover and South Harz Mountain. There are very large deposits of potash in the form of nitre (salt petre) in South America, and smaller quantites of the mineral are found in different countries.

The nitre beds of Chili and the western coast of South America

spread over large areas, sometimes within a foot or two of the surface. These deposits do not occur regularly or systematically, but each area must be examined and worked with little relation to other deposits. Small pits are dug to sample the ground, and at the present time, air drills are often used for this work. The mineral is broken up after being mined, and reduced in great boiling tanks, nine by thirty feet in size. After a thorough saturation in these tanks, the mineral goes to the cooling and crystallizing tanks, and the final product is the potasium nitrate of commerce. There is an export duty of $11 on every ton of nitrate that leaves Chili, and the revenue practically supports the government. Small quantities of nitrate is found native in certain soils of Spain, Egypt and Persia. In the United States such deposits occur in caves in Kentucky and elsewhere in the Mississippi valley, and in Tennessee.

Since the United States called upon Germany and Chili for a large amount of this mineral (to be used for a fertilizer and in the industries) attention was directed to the necessity of finding a supply in this country.

The following sources were considered: 1 Brine from salt wells. 2. Saline lake beds, common in the great basin region of the west. 3. Alunite, a mineral found in quantities. 4. Feldspar veins in rock formations in various states. 5. The "Georgia shales" in connection with the Muscle Shoals project. None of these possibilities have been turned into commercial realities, for the principal reason that the cost of manufacture is too great. However, with cheap water power, which is available at Muscle Shoals, it may be possible to manufacture potash very cheaply. Muscle Shoals is the name given to a stretch of the Tennessee river, about thirty-six miles in length, that crosses Northern Alabama. Near Florence, Alabama, the United States Government constructed locks, dam and power-house to provide power for the manufacture of nitrates and other products. Two nitrate plants have been built and the Government has expended a total amount of $100,000,000. These plants are to convert the nitrogen of the air into nitrates. As far back as the eighteenth century Priestly discovered that the nitrogen and oxygen of the air can be forced to combine, to some extent, by electric sparks. A similar effect is produced in the atmosphere by lightning, and this is why rain-water invariably contains salts of nitre which are so important for the fertility of the soil. It is now known that electricity causes the union of the atmospheric elements merely by supplying the necessary heat of the combustion.

Four-fifths of the air around us is nitrogen, so there is an inexhaustible supply for experimentation. Lime and coke are necessary in the process of obtaining nitrogen from the air, and Northern Alabama is full of coal, while the Tennessee valley holds limestone practically without a limit. In the vicinity of Muscle Shoals there is also phosphate rock and great deposits of bauxite from which aluminum is derived. The areas of "Georgia shale" contain insoluble potash, but the electric furnace can make this soluble. The phosphate rock can be broken down

in the electric furnace, a much cheaper process than the sulphuric acid process. The phosphoric acid thus derived is combined with the nitrogen from the air (in the form of ammonia) and the result is a concentrated fertilizer without waste.

One of the most promising deposits of mineral potash in the United States is that at Searles Lake, California. This dry lake basin has a central area of from sixty to one hundred feet in thickness, consisting of crystalized sodium and potash compounds immersed in strong brine. It is estimated that if 20,000 gallons of brine were pumped daily from the lake, it would yield 225 tons of borax, 508 tons of sodium carbonate, 489 tons of potassium chlorate (a form of potash) besides the salt and other substances.

Another source of potash in the United States was from the kelp products factory established by the Federal Department of Agriculture on the Pacific Coast. Choride of potash is extracted from sea plants, and since it is a vegetable potash, is most acceptable to plants. It has, moreover, a wide use in manufacture. The factory also produces kelpchar, a carbon used in the citrus fruits industry. Kelpchar is an ideal purifying agent and may be adopted by the beet sugar companies in Southern California in the process of refining sugar. The kelp beds from which these products are derived stretch for miles along the Pacific Coast, and these fields, as they might be called, are always growing. The kelp grows back to the first state in ninety days after being cut and yields four crops a year, little being cut during the winter months.

Potash, in combination with other materials, makes such substances as potassium bichromate, potassium hydroxide, etc; and these preparations have an extended use in the industries, in chemistry and in medicine.

Potassium bichromate is used in the manufacture of various colors, in photo-engraving processes and in making an insoluble glue. Through a chrystalization process it yields splendid garnet-red crystals. Potassium hydroxide is a powerful caustic substance, quickly destroying animal and vegetable life. Its most important use in the soap industry.

Potassium arsenate is used in calico printing to fix the colors. Potassium bromide has an extended use in photography. Potassium carbonate is used in the manufacture of glass. This is a vegetable potash and is made from wood ashes, marine plants, residue of beet sugar, etc.

Potassium chloride is used in the manufacture of other potash salts; and in an impure state is a fertilizer. Potassium cyanide is a most important agent in the chemical and reducing processes. The cyanide process is used to obtain gold from ores. The powdered ore is treated with a solution of cyanide, dissolving the gold, which is percipitated by the addition of zinc shavings.

Potassium iodide is used in photography and in medicine. Potassium sulphate is found in large quantities at Stassfurt and is the principal ingredient in many medical formulas. Potassium salts in various forms have a wide use in medicine. Potassium hydroxide will destroy warts and living growths. It is used in the preparation of peroxide and other medicinal substances. Seidlitz

powders are made from a potassium preparation with tartaric acid. Rochelle salts is another medicine with potash salts as a basis. Potassium permanganate is a powerful disinfectant; and potassium chlorate is a useful mouth wash. Potassium cyanide is an active poison.

Potassium nitrate has a variety of uses: in making of gunpower and other explosive, fireworks and matches as a food preservative, flux, etc. It is also used in mediinal preparations. Its most important use is perhaps in the production of nitric acid. Glauber was the first to make nitric acid by the action of sulphuric acid upon saltpetre (nitre).

In giving the properties of nitric acid, there is no digression from the subject, as the acid is derived from nitre, one form of potash. Nitric acid is used in large quantities in chemical laboratories, in the manufacture of explosives, of coal tar colors, and in commercial nitrates, including those of silver, aluminum and barium.

Nitric acid is a powerful caustic and is used medicinally. The salts of nitric acid, i. e. when metals are substituted for the hydrogen of nitric acid are termed nitrates and are extensively used in photography and in medicine. Nitrates of iron, lead and aluminum are used in dyeing and in calico printing. Fused silver nitrate is used as a cauterizing agent and sticks of it are known as lunar caustic.

Potash in various forms was formerly much used as a reducing agent or flux, in commercial operations, but sodium has largely taken its place, as it is so much cheaper. But there are so many uses for the mineral that its hunt goes on all over the world, and experiments are constantly being made to find some cheaper method of extracting it from the minerals with which it is combined when found. With great water power it is possible that the process can be cheapened.

RESPONSIBILITY FOR "GERMAN MONEY."

The Dearborn Independent

When other arguments fail to move him the student of the Money Question is confronted with the horrible example of undue inflation in Germany, Austria and Russia. It is true, the soft pedal has been applied in the case of Austria. The flotation of a huge loan, under the terms of which that country has agreed to pay a dollar for every cent received from the usurers who underwrote the loan, has made the Austrian situation quite satisfactory. The loan approximates one hundred millions of our money, for which the investors pay ninety millions, Austria nets eighty millions, leaving a cool ten millions for international financiers.

President Puelicher, of the American Bankers' Association, recently urged before the American Banking Institute, composed of younger employes of the banks, the necessity of educating the people to the true theories of sound money, a defense

of the gold basis and of the Federal Reserve System. This he claimed was more readily to be accomplished because of the demonstration of the fallacy of the attempts of Germany, Austria, and Russia to finance themselves by paper issues beyond their power to redeem in gold.

Even so reliable a journal as Bradstreet's promises a discussion of the same subject on the theory that the depreciated issues are government currency. It says:

"Historians of the future will note as among the most remarkable phenomena of the present time the continued production of paper money by Germany."

The inaccuracy of this premise lies in the fact that the German Reichsbank, the imperial bank of Germany, is the sole power of issue in that country, and that, from the beginning of the depreciation of the mark, the government liability to redeem the new issues has been withdrawn. The paper mark is not a government money; it is purely a bank money, and is issued with no guaranty, even by the Reichsbank, of a redemption at a higher value than obtained on the date of issue.

The Federal Reserve System is the nearest approach to the European System that could be forced through Congress at the time of its adoption. By its administration, according to Paul Warburg, it has been brought much nearer that system, and its power is equal to that of the Bank of England, the Bank of France, or the imperial banks of Germany, Austria or Russia.

The Federal Reserve Bank of the United States has the right to expand the paper currency of the nation indefinitely, but the value of its notes will remain at a par with gold only so long as the government pledge remains. Supposing the insupposable, that the government of the United States should withdraw that pledge and at the same time permit the Federal Reserve System to replace currency withdrawn from circulation by speculators in compliance with bank and business demand for a medium of exchange, you would then have here the conditions of the origin of German inflation. The dollar would undoubtedly follow in the course taken by the mark.

But there is a side of the story never told by the financiers. The paper mark kept industry in motion. Bear that in mind. Under its "baneful" influence it has wrought injustice to the middle class in Germany, those who had fixed incomes, by lowering the purchasing power of the money unit. The deflation accomplished by the Federal Reserve System wrought similar injustice to a much larger class by absolutely blocking the progress of industry.

It is to be hoped that the young bankers of the institute will adopt Mr. Puelicher's advice an prepare for the work of teaching the principles of sound finance.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Paul Funderburk.

As it is turning much colder, more blankets are being given to the boys.

The boys are learning many new songs for Thanksgiving. Many of

these songs the boys already knew, and those who did not know them are learning them fast.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The boys have been working at the ball ground for the past few days.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

New fire extinguishers are being placed in the different cottages, and the old ones are being refilled.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Luther Gray was given a position in the carpenter shop last week. He likes this work well and is learning the trade fast.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

A new school teacher, Mr. Day, has accepted a position at the institution and will teach the grades formerly taught by Mr. Simpson.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Mr. Green, of Shelby, is now an officer here and is working in the office in Mr. Wilson's place.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The boys had a big time at the ball ground last Saturday. Some of the boys are still playing base ball, while the others are playing on the out door gymnasium.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Rev. Mr. Martin, of Concord, conducted the services in the Auditorium last Sunday. Mr. Martin took his text from the twelfth chapter of Romans.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Joe Moore has been given a position on the tractor force and with Manford Mooney, Tom Moore and Thamer Pope are taking care of the tractors, since Dewey Griffen was paroled.

More changes have been made in the school rooms. This shows that the boys are improving in their studies , therefore they are promoted to higher grades.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Dewey Griffin was paroled last Wednesday, when visited by his parents. Griffin has made a good record at the Training School, and we all hope he will make the same kind of a record out in the world.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The boys have been picking peanuts for the past few days, and already some of them have been complaining about having the stomach ache, and many other sicknesses caused by eating too many peanuts.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The members of the Cone Literary Society had a very interesting program last Monday night. The boys to take part in the program were Ervin Cole, Paul Funderburk, Julian Commander, Charles Hutchin, Ralph Hunley and Sam Hatem.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The members of the Stonewall Literary Society elected officers last Friday night. The boys of this Society are planning for a big debate with the boys of the Cone Literary Society, some time soon. The boys of both Societies are working hard for this debate.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

A rather small number of boys were visited last Wednesday, but, the boys visited were all glad to have their relatives and friends with them for the day. The boys to receive visits were: Ralph Hunley, Sylvester Honeycutt, John Perry, Sam Deal and Dewey Griffin.

THE UPLIFT

XI CONCORD, N. C., NOVEMBER 3, 1923 NO. 51

I STEPPED IN YOUR STEPS ALL THE WAY.

A father and his tiny son
Crossed a rough street one stormy day.
"See, papa," cried the little one,
"I stepped in your steps all the way!"

Ah, random, childish hands that deal
Quick thrusts no coat of proof could stay!
It touched him with the touch of steel—
"I stepped in your steps all the way!"

If this man shirks his manhood's due
And heeds what lying voices say,
It is not one who falls, but two—
"I stepped in your steps all the way!"

But they that thrust off greed and fear,
Who love and watch, and toil and pray—
How their hearts carol when they hear,
"I stepped in your steps all the way!"

—Ray Temple House.

—PUBLISHED BY—
RINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

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"THE MAN BEHIND."

There is only one problem in anything, if you look at matters in the large. It is the man problem.

No substitute has ever been found for manhood.

Tools are important, but no tool has ever been made that can dispense with the workman.

Arms are prodigious but no weapon that was ever forged can be a substitute for a soldier.

Institutions are precious, but no institution can become a satisfactory proxy for personality.

We may hold mammoth conventions, and construct platforms and make promises, but what the people want to know is what kind of a Man stands on the platform, and who underwrites the promises. We must have faith, and faith is based on character. The man must be behind his message as the powder is behind the ball.

But there must be something behind the powder. Powder is dead until the spark of fire comes and wakes it into life. Manhood without God is a poor affair. It is the man who ties up to God, who is backed by the Almighty, that saves the day.—J. I. Vance.

ALMOST LOST PRIVILEGE.

In these modern times, with fancy voice-training and the making of soloists a... the rage, the inspiring congregational singing, which church worshipers in

past times and periods enjoyed most exceedingly, has about become extinct in many of the churches. No particular church enjoys a monopoly of this modern idea of worshiping God through the means of choir singing.

Those who can sing should sing, and be given the encouragement at all times. The organist and the choir may occupy the conspicuous place—a necessity, of course—but if they perform in such a manner as to eliminate the hearty joining in by the congregation, much of the greatness and joy and benefit of public worship is missing.

Just last Sunday, in the beautiful and magnificent new Baptist Church at Rutherfordton, this writer was carried back in memory to some fine congregational singing enjoyed in Old St. John's church in No. 8, and, in 1885-6 at Rocky River, where the entire congregations, following the choirs, did some singing that was real, genuine singing. In this Rutherfordton church, with a splendid pipe organ, a master of an organist, a well-trained choir, and a most pleasing soloist, the congregation calls for more—everybody sings, the earnest pastor, Dr. Adams, insists on the whole congregation joining in the singing and it responds with thrilling earnestness. That singing—congregational singing—Sunday night in the Rutherfordton Baptist church touched the heart and soothed the soul; and one could but wish that every church might decide for the beauty and benefit of its worship that hereafter those who can sing must sing—it's both a privilege and a duty.

* * * * * * *

THERE ARE CALLINGS.

Bishop Soderblom, in a recent sermon to Americans, took occasion to wisely observe as follows:

"Every occupation, even the least attractive, possesses a threefold value. First, through the work itself. The muscles and the faculty of attention are called into play and exercised. There is happiness in the activity itself. Further, through what is executed. The consciousness that something has been done, gives happiness. It may be despised work, hard work, but still it is needed. It is needed for the whole. Someone must do it. Unless you grasp hold there where you stand in a corner of the workshop, the work of the many cannot go on. If the sod you turn is small, remember that without your work there would be less bread in the land. It is necessary for a person to feel himself necessary. And finally, the worker himself obtains, or at least ought to obtain, even by humble disagreeable work, the possibility of supporting himself and his family.

A calling is not a completed task. It means something far richer and finer than a trade and organized service in the community, such as consti-

tute a man's meter in the majority of cases. There are exceptions, cases when perhaps genius, perhaps some special demand, creates for itself, or rather receives from God a task independent of the places appointed by organized intercourse, and the fabric of society. The manual laborer, the professor, the husbandman, the housemother, the lawyer, the business man, the clerk, the engineer, the maid-servant, the doctor, the clergyman, the student, these all have their appointed task to discharge, first and foremost. Thank God for the clearly defined path of duty. But to these must be added a long list of important callings, often of extreme delicacy, those of mother, father, child, brother or sisiter, comrade; and still others: we may be called on to rouse, to mediate between hard contrasts and temperaments, to comfort, to play the part of friend, peacemaker, perhaps even penitent. No one need go without such a calling to live for. The calling is never completed. It is gradually built up."

* * * * * * *

GIVE THE PEOPLE THE FACTS.

The authorities of the public schools of Cabarrus county engineered a plan by which an improvement of the school system of the county is to be attempted, by the way of a special election. In this they have been applauded; but something more is needed.

The public generally, if we are to judge by a number of street inquires heard, does not understand the measure. They have been waiting for the school officials to make a clear, bold, frank statement in the press of their hopes and purposes. Some of the rural people think that this coming election on the 20th covers the whole country, inasmuch as a steering committee and a consulting banquet among Concord citizens have taken action. No. 12 township, which is the city of Concord, is not affected by the movement and have no voting voice in the matter—the scheme applies to the eleven townships outside of Concord.

The public generally do not know that to vote in this special school election a new registration is required. If you don't register, you cannot vote. Though there be 200 people, elligible for registration in a township, and only ten of them do register just ten of the 200 will be permitted to vote. So, if the people do not register, it is possible that just ten people may express the wishes of the whole township.

Having registered, if you favor the school progress, you must vote on the 20th or your wishes will amount to nothing. If you oppose this educational scheme, and are registered, your name on the registration book counts against the measure in the election, whether you actually vote or stay away from the

election. It is a vote against the registration, nothing else.

The public is, however, amazed that officials, who would stand up for an educational programme, and then assume a silent attitude about the matter, witholding definite information about what they intend to do if the election carries, where they intend to place the high schools, and whether they intend to abolish some of the insignificantly small districts and the "annex schools."

The County Board of Education and their executive officer, Prof. Judge Buxton Robertson, if they themselves intend supporting their own scheme at the coming election on the 20th, owe it not only to themselves but to the public of whom they are servants to issue an official statement telling frankly if they are given this extra authority and the control of a considerably increased school-tax what they purpose doing with the extra authority and the extra money the increased taxes will place at their disposal.

This might not be required or expected in a monarchy; but in a democracy it seems a respectful and proper course for public servants to pursue.

* * * * * * *

DOESN'T SHOW THREE SCORE AND TEN.

The trick was turned, last Thursday evening, on Mr. William J. Swink, an outstanding and upstanding citizen, whom Concord loaned to China Grove to help out in her social, commercial and industrial activities. It didn't flabbergast him exactly, but he floundered around for awhile most mightily to fathom the occasion.

When relatives and friends began arriving by twos and whole families, he began to bring out reserved chairs to meet the situation. These fond relatives and admiring friends slipped up on this admirable and valuable North Carolinian in the quiet manner he adopted when he took up his citizenship in Concord, October 25th, 1853. It was just a delightful way his wife had in celebrating a birthday, taking him by suprise. There were present, and we bear unquestionable testimony, some who have not voted as many times as has Mr. Swink and show more silver locks, less agile step and less hopeful spirit. This man of impressive energy and sturdy integrity could easily pass for less than half a century in years, and some to spare.

* * * * * * *

TOOK SOME LIBERTY.

Master Billy Gregory and the other youngsters, who set up the contents of THE UPLIFT on the linotype, someweeks ago were instructed that whenever they ran across "Civil War" as expressing the period covered by

The War Between the States to make a change accordingly in any and all copy. They are obedient boys, and they themselves, (one, too, is of New Jersey birth) resent naming that event the "Civil War."

In that fine article from the pen of Dr. Bridges, of the Presbyterian Standard, giving a historical account of the schism that occurred in the Presbyterian Synod about 1861, he had in the first and second paragraph the term "Civil War" as many as five times. Master William, obeying instructions heretofore given, took the liberty of making the change to a better and truer term. The good and scholarly Doctor Bridges, we make bold to say, used the term in the interest of brevity, but so accurate and paintakings a leader with all his great influence could help materially in stopping this missnaming of an event in which our fathers and brothers took part.

Looks like Mr. Clark is losing hope. It takes a long time to uproot a habit and a sin; and THE UPLIFT is rejoiced that several of the ablest editorial writers of North Carolina have in the past year come to speak of that engagement between the two sections as the War Between the States. Don't get weary in contending for the truth and accuracy of history.

* * * * * * *

CONGRATULATIONS FOR THE YOUNG WEBSTER.

The North Carolina Teachers' Association holds a spelling contest each year in connection with their annual meeting. Two contestants were allowed from each county and two boys and two girls were selected to represent their district in the annual meeting to be held in Winston-Salem next March. Master Edgar Russell, son of Mr. and Mrs. M. E. Russell, of 194 North Spring Street, proved himself the best speller in the grammer grades of the Concord Public Schools. He also made the highest score of any boy at the South Piedmont District Association in Charlotte. This district is composed of fifteen counties adjacent to Mecklenburg. He will be one of the representatives from this district in the annual contest in connection with the State Association.

* * * * * * *

EX-SENATOR KELLOGG.

President Coolidge has named Ex-Senator Kellogg, of Minnesota, as ambassador to the Court of St. James. Whatever may be his qualifications or short-comings, he will prove an improvement on Col. Harvey.

In all this land, so far as we have been able to see or hear, there is yet to

be found an individual to give expression to any regret that the misfit is coming home. In all the annals of officialdom, none stand less efficient or less appreciated. Americans generally pat themselves on the back at the idea of this misfit disappearing from a position too high and too noble for Harvey.

* * * * * * *

HON. LOCKE CRAIG.

It was genuinely pleasant news that trickles down the mountains to the effect that ex-Gov. Locke Craige, who has for months been in such precarious health, practically helpless, is so much improved that he is up and canmove about his home. No man ever made a braver fight and bore with more fortitude and christian resignation the terrible illness that has kept him a-bed for these many months.

In this connection the announcement will be pleasing to his thousands of admiring friends and to the citizenship of the state in general that his speeches and public papers are in the process of being put into book-form. The work of compilation is being done by Miss (Colonel) May Jones, who was during the later half of his administration Governor Craig's accomplished and efficient private secretary. Miss Jones is the first woman in the state—may be it will be safe to say in all the states—to become an actual, real colonel. The office of private secretary to the governor carries with it the title of "colonel" and Miss Jones is the first lady in the history of the state to fill the responsible position of private secretary to a governor.

The state will rejoice to hear of the great improvement in Gov. Craig's health, and be delighted to know that the able and ornate addresses of this eloquent man are to be handed down in book-form, making them accessible for all time for sturdents and those who delight in reading fine English that sparkles with clearness and beauty and wisdom.

Like many of the governors of North Carolina, Gov. Craig has sacrificed his life in behalf of the state, of which he has always been a loving and devoted son. To be governor of North Carolina is to take your physical life into your hands—the price is a terrible toll.

"SOT" IN THEIR WAYS.

By R. R. Clark.

The Uplift's most commendable effort to change the custom of writing and saying "Civil War" when reference is made to the conflict of the sixties, substituting "War Between the States," which is believed to be historically correct, has not met with pronounced success, which is to be regretted. Southerners at least should know there is quite a distinction and should be at pains to give the correct term from the Southern viewpoint. But the habit is too well grounded to change, it is feared. It was fixed years ago; few seem to know or care for the distinction, and most of them will continue to say "Civil War" to the end of the chapter. When the teacher reproved the boy for saying "drapped" when "dropped" was meant he excused himself on the ground that it was the "cheapest way to say it." To him, it being a fixed habit, "drapped" came more readily than "dropped," hence he would go on using the incorrect word because he considered it the "cheapest way to say it."

The unlettered boy spoke more wisely than he knew. To change a habit requires an effort and few of us are disposed to make the effort. It is some trouble. We are content to go on the "cheapest" way. We think it is less difficult because we are accustomed to it; and we are not very much concerned as to the accuracy of expression.

There is another common error of expression that has become a habit in recent years that is less excusable than the use of "Civil War" when referring to the war of the Confederacy. This latter error is saying "Congressmen and Senators" when the reference is to Representatives and Senators in Congress. Almost any schoolboy knows that Congress is composed of the Senate and the House of Representatives. Congressman, therefore, while usually applied to a member of the House, is as applicable to a Senator. A Congressman is a member of Congress, and as Congress is composed of two houses the word necessarily applies to a member of either body. But our newspapers and public speakers go on saying "Congressmen and Senators" as if there was a difference. We have Senators in Congress and Representatives in Congress and either is as much "Congressman" as the other.

The language specialists tell us that usage makes certain words and expressions right. They may in reality be erroneous but if they are generally accepted in a certain way and their use in that way becomes fixed, that makes it all right. Possibly "Civil War" and "Congressmen and Senators" have been made correct through usage, although some of us will decline to accept it that way.

Why is it that the folks in this part of the country have so little appreciation of the importance of being on time in meeting engagements and things like that? It is most exasperating to go to a public gather-

ing and be compelled to wait a half hour after the advertised time for opening, for the proceedings to begin. If it is a committee meeting some delay and cause additional loss of time to those who are punctual. Church services usually begin on time, but always some persons straggle in late. It is a habit with them and they do not try to correct it. The practice manifests a most selfish and exasperating indifference to the comfort of others. If a public entertainment, a church service or similar event begins on time, the late comers disturb as they come in. This lack of punctuality is said to be peculiar to the South, and it is a Southern custom of which we have no reason to be proud. The old-time aristocrats had plenty of leisure. Rarely was there occasion for haste. Out of that luxury of leisure the idea took hold that promptness or haste was unbecoming to higher-ups; that it was characteristic of the common herd. Let those who had to rush and be on time, but it was undignified for the four hundred to make haste. Let the commoners wait while royalty made its appearance. The dignified leisure of the old days had to give way, under changed conditions, to the modern bustle and rush, but the indifference to meeting engagements promptly still lingers. And the sisters, be it said with regret, are the greatest sinners in making delays. Why is it a woman is so rarely on time in going anywhere? Or more correctly speaking, why is it that so many of them are always late? Simply habit, which has bound as with chains. It takes them longer to array temselves, it is admitted. But why don't they get on the job earlier? Why wait until time to start before beginning preparation? It is just as easy to be on time as it is to be late, as a general proposition, and one can cultivate habits of punctuality if the effort is made.

And in this connection, why do the women persist in the exasperating habit of dawdling when talking leave of each other? If they have all the time they want, are not in anybody's way and are not delaying anybody, they can dawdle till the cows come home and it's nobody's business. But it is when they block the aisles of public assembly places and delay others who want to get away, often absolutely indifferent to the rights of others that they provoke impious utterance for which they may have to answer. It should be, and is, just as easy for two women to say goodbye once and let it go at that and be on their way, as it is for men to say it. The habit of protracting the leave-taking is simply a habit, boresome to people who would have an end and especially annoying to people who want to be on their way. The habit is a fixed as the dope habit or the liquor habit. It binds with chains and a few have the nerve to try to break up what is at times a most aggravating practice. And sometimes the indifference to the rights of others, the utter disregard of the comfort and convenience of others, belies the cultivation professed. If I had the nerve I would suggest to some of the host of club women to take up in their clubs a sort of custom-breaking programme, with the idea of making punctuality a fashion. If women are to participate in public affairs and manage public business, as they are abundantly able

to do, there are some feminine practices they want to put in the discard as promptly as possible, and some of these I have indicated.

NATURE.

Nature, in all her works, studies graduation, but in her finest she also studies to conceal it. The scales of a fish overlap each other by visibly regular intervals. The feathers of a bird overlap, too, but by an adjustment that escapes notice and defies measurement. One human generation steals away from another, in lives of such varied length as apparently to laugh at the idea of law, the father often living as heir to the son, and nearly one-half the race dying before it reaches maturity. The population, always renewing itself, sinks away as imperceptibly and unaccountably to the careless beholder as a river running across a sandy plain, or the water from the pulp that is made to flow over the sieve of a paper machine. Yet careful observation on any considerable number of lives never fails to discover footprints of adjustments and a remarkable approach to what may be represented by that miracle of mathematics and pride of nature, a curve.—Elizur Wright.

HOW A SYNOD SPLIT.

(Presbyterian Standard.)

We have been asked to give a brief history of the Southern Presbyterian Church for the benefit of the readers of the Standard. This seems a very reasonable request. The Standard has a very intelligent clientele, but most of them have grown up since the War Between the States. And while they may have informed themselves about the political questions connected with that tragic affair, they have not concerned themselves about the ecclesiastical questions connected with it.

The War Between the States divided the country into two parts. It was almost inevitable that this division should result in dividing the churches of the country. Perhaps it is quite generally assumed that this is a sufficient explanation of the origin of our Southern Presbyterian Church—the country separated into the North and South, and consequently the Presbyterian Church separated into North and South. In other words, it may be generally taken for granted that the War Between the States is the sufficient explanation of the separate existence of our Church. Doubtless it is true that if there had been no War Between the States there would have been no split in the Church at that time. As a matter of fact, however, the War Between the States was not the cause but merely the occasion of the split.

How then was the split brought about? How did it happen that we left the old home just when we did, and set up housekeeping on our own account? We wish all our Southern Presbyterians were able to give a correct answer to this question.

They would know that we do not owe our existence as a distinct body to the hot passions of war. The real cause lies deeper and its operation is more enduring. The story of how we came to be is an interesting one, and will bear rehearing in detail. The Presbyterian Church was divided in 1837 on the ground of doctrinal differences into Old School and New School. Our Church was a part of the Old School branch. In 1861 the Old Scehool Assembly met in Philadelphia on the third Thursday of May. The composition of this Assembly was peculiar, unique in the history of Assemblies—nothing like it before, nothing like it since. Previous to its meeting, seven Southern States had seceded from the Union, and set up a central government at Montgomery, Ala. All the commissioners from these seven states who sat in the Philadelphia Assembly of 1861 were citizens of a new nation, the Confederate States of America. Thus the Assembly was emposed of members from two seperate notionalities. Another feature is to be noted. Fort Sumter, in the harbor of Charleston, S. C., had been fired on a little more than one month before the meeting of the Assembly; and President Lincoln had called for 75,000 volunteers to put down the insurrection. The two nations were actually at war with one another. Political excitement was at fever heat. Members of the Assembly were not immune. They were men of like passions with others. They differed as did others. Some of the members believed in the depths of their souls that the seceded states were guilty of a most wicked rebellion. Other members were equally clear in their convictions that those states were acting within their constitutional rights, and that President Lincoln's call for volunteers to invade their territory was an act of tyrannical aggression. They believed that it was the duty of the states to repel such invasion with all the resources at their command.

How was peace to be preserved in an Assembly composed of such hostile political elements? Obviously there was only one way to preserve peace, and that was by rigorously excluding all reference to the state of the country. Any political allusion would be like a lighted match to a powder magazine. All the commissioners recognized this, and for some days held themselves under strict control and refrained from such allusion. There was strong pressure from the outside. The city in which the Assembly met was seething with excitement. The galleries of the church in which the Assembly was sitting were filled with onlookers charged to the brim with the passions of the hour. Some members of the Assembly were in correspondence with members of President Lincoln's cabinet, hoping to get some words from that source to make plain the duty of the body. Members of the cabinet were slow to assume responsibility. Finally a telegram was received from Mr. Salmon P. Chase, Secretary of State, saying: "Cannot properly advise, but see no valid objection to unequivocal expressions in favor of the Constitution, Union and freedom." The reading of this telegram was greeted with loud applause. It stimulated the courage of those who were already persuaded that some expression of loyalty must be given, that the Assembly owed it to a distracted country to lend moral

support to the government.

On the sixth day of the Assembly, Dr. Gardiner Spring, pastor of the Brick Church, N. Y., introduced two resolutions. The first was harmless, merely calling for a day of fasting and prayer. The second was as follows: "That this General Assembly, in the spirit of that Christian patriotism which the Scriptures enjoin, and which has always characterized this Church, do hereby acknowledge and declare our obligation to promote and perpetuate as far as in us lies, the integrity of these United States, and to strengthen, uphold and encourage the Federal Government in the exercise of all its functions under our noble constitution, and to this constitution in all its provisions, requirements and principles, we profess our unabated loyalty. And to avoid all misconception, the Assembly declares that by the term 'Federal Government,' as here used, is not meant any particular administration, or the peculiar opinions of any political party, but that central administration, which being at any time appointed and inaugurated according to the terms prescribed in the Constitution of the United States, is the visible representation of our national existence." This was the lighted match which set off the powder magazine. Or to change the figure, it lifted the gate and let loose the pent-up floods of oratory. For several days the torrents of impassioned rhetoric poured forth with undiminished impetuousity. It was clearly seen and frankly confessed by those favoring and by those opposing the resolution that its adoption by the Assembly meant the rending of the Church. The practical result could be nothing short of the extruision of all those Synods and Presbyteries embraced within the territory of the seceding states. With this result plainly in view, the resolution was put to the vote and adopted by 156 yeas to 66 nayes. It was thus demonstrated that a large majority of the Assembly, knowing what it would cost the Church to testify its loyalty to the Federal government, were willing to pay the price. They believed, with an intense ardor of conviction, that the testimony as well worth the price.

Dr. Charles Hodge, the eminent Professor of Theology in Princeton Seminary, at once entered a protest which was signed by 57 members of the Assembly, including 14 of the 16 commissioners from the South. The protest reads: "We make this protest not because we do not acknowledge loyalty to one's country to be a moral and religious duty, according to the Word of God, which requires us to be subject to the powers that be, nor because we deny the right of the Assembly to enjoin that and all other like duties on the ministers and churches under its care, but because we deny the right of the Assembly to decide the political question to what government the allegiance of Presbyterians, as citizens, is due, and its right to make that decision a condition of membership in our Church." The view expressed in this protest commended itself to the Presbyteries throughout the South. As was said on the floor of the Assembly, had the commissioners from the seceded states testified their loyalty to the Federal Government, and pledged themselves to uphold the constitution, as the Spring resolution required them to do, they might very properly have been hung as traitors

on their return home. During the summer and fall of 1861, 47 Presbytries in the South met and by formal vote severed their organic connection with the Old School Presbyterian Church. Ten Synods at their meetings in the autumn of the same year ratified the action of their Presbyteries.

"Quarreling never gets anybody anywhere except into trouble. Quarreling with a congregation is about the poorest sort of preaching. Generally it hardens folks and makes them more inclined to go on and do the things the preacher is trying to keep them from doing. Quarreling with official members is in the same category. An employer who quarrels with his employees is missing the mark. A lawyer who quarrels with a court or with a jury is doing his client a great injustice. The housekeeper who quarrels with a servant does not help matters except in the rarest cases. But a quarreling preacher in the pulpit is the limit. He is expected to be a man of grace. He is expected to be religious—that is, sweet spirited and under restraint. This does not mean that he is to submit to everything; but quarreling is the poorest possible way to accomplish the thing he wants to accomplish."—Dr. Burrow in Methodist Advocate.

THE ONLY FIRST-CLASS CIVILIZATION.

By Barton W. Currie

There is only one first-class civilization in the world today. It is right here in the United States of America and the Dominion of Canada. Probably I should include Australia and New Zealand except for the fact that I can only take it on hearsay in their case. As dominions of the British Empire they are still outside the pure realm of free democracy as we see it. Canada is, too, for that matter, but we grade her higher because she is typically American in thought and progressiveness. We've swapped about a million citizens with her and we've been the best of good friends and neighbors for a century, both because of and in spite of our occasional brickerings. England may not realize it but the tie that binds us to our Anglo-Saxon brethren more strongly than any blood tie or common language tie is her great Dominion to the north of us and the fact that there is not a fortress or an armed threat along three thousand miles of border.

It may be a cocky thing to say, but about the only good thing the world has derived from the Kaiser's abortive effort to Prussianize two hemispheres is an awakening consciousness through the world that American civilization is infinitely the best so far developed; that relatively it is first-class, while Europe's is hardly second-class and Asia's is about

fourth to sixth class.

The more you cross over to Europe in these afterwar days the deeper this impression grows. It is not a case of telling the world that we are the only it. They tell it to you. Not the politicians, of course, nor the aristocrats, nor the rancorous critics whose only outlook on the present or future is bilious; but the really intelligent leaders of thought who read and observe and get about among their neighbors. The bourgeoisie of Europe knows it, and labor knows it and would come here by the millions to share in it if they could pay their way and jump the immigration barriers.

Woodrow Wilson touched off a new train of enlightenment and fired the common people of all nations with his slogan, "Make the World Safe for Democracy." Ever since since the world has been going to school to learn what democracy is, or rather what American democracy is. After a four years' course it sees that there is only one worthwhile object lesson, and that it's right here. Everywhere you go you find a quickening grasp of the fact that our wealth is not due solely to teeming mines of ore, coal and precious metals, to the enormous fertility of our Middle West, to our mountains, our rivers and our water falls, to our Steel trust, our Standard Oil and our Ford car, to our endless railroad mileage, our skyscrapers, our ten-cent stores, our cafaterias, our countless bathtubs, to our school system, our untrammeled churches, to our newspapers and magazines, to our libraries and museums, to our telegraph and telephone, to our Thomas Edison and our Wright Brothers. These are the things we used to label and brag about before the war, but failed to explain. We bragged also of our freedom and our democracy, but negelected to exponud the whyfore of it, We boasted of our Constitution, but never took the pains to read it. There were so many crying it down that no few of us were somewhat afraid to read it, fearing there might be something shameful in it.

But when we went overseas by the millions to save the world for democracy we were forced to tell the world something about this republic of ours; so pretty much all of us dug in to learn what should have been our primer lessons in American government. Right on top of this came the Nineteenth Amendment, which started all our womenfolk to reading and asking questions and prying into the remote and sheltered corners of American government and American politics. When the everyday American suddenly discovers that his wife and daughter and probably his stenographer and his tlephone girl are somewhat better informed than he is concerning the origin and functions of his citizenship he gets the impulse to do a little reading and sitting in at lectures, even if it does interfere with his time for baseball, golf and lodge meetings.

There is no greater debt of gratitude that the men of this generation as American citizens owe to the modern American woman than this quickened desire to pry into the economic and political history of the United States. Overnight the Nineteenth Amendment doubled the citizenship of the United States and add-

ed vastly to the intelligence of that citizenship. Relatively this was just as true on Beacon Street as on Main Street. Also, let me add that the Nineteenth Amendment is one of the irrefutable proofs that this is the only first-class civilization in the world today. The British woman has suffrage, to be sure but there are strings tied to it, and she is still vastly fond of the king business and the medieval system of caste aristocracy. The same is true in the Scandinavian countries notwithstanding their record of leadership in feminism. It is true in Holland and Belgium.

As for Germany, it is anybody's guess whether she is headed back toward Prussianism or contemplates a blind plunge into Bolshevism as a reprisal for the occupation of the Ruhr. Both in Germany and France women are practically as dull and passive followers as they were a century ago. Just on that score alone you couldn't vote them better than a second-class civilization.

Where nothing is done for the big public but only for the classes there can be nothing better than a second-class civilization. No statesman we ever had was keener to see this than the late Ambassador Walter H. Page. You will find in one of his letters in that great biography of him by Burton J. Hendrick this remark: "I wouldn't give Long Island or Moore County (N. C.) for the whole of Continental Europe with its kings and its itching palms."

A Paris correspondent of one of the great American newspapers who has the intimate friendship of big people all over Europe, whose job and whose social connections are the envy of thousands of journalists, said to me that after sixteen years of Europe his one ambition was to be promoted back to the United States.

"There is just one first-class place to live and raise a family," he stated —"the United States of America. They are desperately anxious over here since the war to get out of their second and third class ruts, but they'll never be able to do it without our help. Every time they get a good start, along comes another war that sets them back fifty years or so. They'll never get over this war habit without our assistance. Just the force of our example will not help much. We've got to sit in with them, to join the family group, and it seems to me we can do this without any danger of entangling political alliances. If we do, it will be the greatest humanitarian achievement in the history of mankind. If we don't they'll soon be burning up the world again in another war, and we may not be big enough and rich enough next time to serve as an effective fire department. The Atlantic Ocean has narrowed appreciably since 1914; it is getting narrower every year.

"You cannot go anywhere on the Continent where they are not building airplanes and Zeppelins. The next war, when it comes, will be the ultimate of horrors, and I hope and pray that we can get some realization of this to the statesmen back home who are seeing backward and dreaming sweet dreams of prosperous isolation while the rest of the world goes to hell."

"BETWEEN YOU AND I."

(Washington Times)

If you saw your friend on the railroad track with the train coming behind him, you would push him off, even if you had to do it roughly. If he tripped walking downstairs, you would seize and hold him, even if you had to pinch his arm. If you were pulling him half drowned from the water, you would hit him on the head if necessary to make him unconscious, in order that you might get him safely to shore. In physical matters you do not hesitate to do whatever may be necessary in order to render service to a friend.

But in the way of "little thing's" a great majority of us neglect our duty and miss opportunities day after day of rendering real service. The service that one friend can render another is found in frankness, in honest, friendly criticism, giving information that seems not important in each case, but that, taken all together, means much in life and success.

Chances to do real and valuable favors in the way of friendly little hints come every day. How many of us can bear to hear the truth even in little things? Every reader probably has some friend who, with an elaborate effort to be correct, says constantly, "Between you and I." Each time you know that as a matter of friendship, you ought to say to him, "That's inaccurate. Why don't you say, 'Between you and me?' Every time you say, 'Between you and I' you reveal fundamental ignorance."

But we don't say that, we only think it, and go on.

Millions of people say "I done it," which is incorrect, instead of "I did it' which is correct. Their friends hear them make the mistake over and over again and never tell them that it is a mistake. Others mispronounce words, putting the accent on the wrong syllable. They will pronounce "equitable" with the accent on the second syllable all their lives and nobody tells them that it is wrong. Any one of a thousand such little mistakes could easily be corrected by a few friendly words, and a man has a narrow mind that is not grateful for such correction. There is no disgrace in ignorance. The disgrace is in not being willing to learn.

"Which is the way to Ottawa, my lad?"
"I—I don't know."
'Which is the way to Topeka, then?"
'I—I don't know."
"Well, can you tell me how to get to Wichita, then?"
"I—I— don't know."
By this time the drummer was quite impatient and said to the boy: "Say you don't know very much, do you?" to which the lad retorted:
"No! But I ain't lost!"—Judge.

ARSON AND POOR BUSINESS.

(Insurance Bulletin)

When business is good, fires decrease; when business is bad, fires increase. That deliberate destruction of property by fire for the sake of collecting fire insurance is a widely existing condition, is conclusively proved by figures supplied by the Federal Reserve Bank of New York and the National Board of Fire Underwriters, and analysed by the statisticians of the Glens Falls Insurance Company, Glen Falls, N. Y.

The company now declares, after an analysis of the figures for 1922, in light of those for the preceding eleven years, that honest fire insurance policyholders are supporting criminals with every premium they pay; that incendiarism increases when business failures increase.

The statistics of business failures and fire losses for these years have been graphically charted and the chart clearly tells the story. Last November the coincidence of the two lines upon the chart was brought to the attention of the underwriting officials, credit men and other business executives and, while the figures up to that time seemed conclusive, it was ont until July of the present year, when the 1922 figures were complete, that the evidence of crime was deemed final.

If the figures showed during two or three years that fires fell off when business was good and increased when business was bad, it might be considered a coincidence, but when the same story was disclosed over a period of eleven years such an explanation became absurd. Now comes the clinching argument of the figures for 1922. During that year, business conditions improving, both chart curves dipped down sharply from the highest point, as was the case in 1914, but this time the rate and the extent of the change were closer than ever before, practically identical, as made clear by the chart.

The companies deplore this situation, it is declared, and while they refuse suspicious applicants and contest suspicious claims, they assert that they are almost powerless without the help of good citizens generally in detecting fraud.—Insurance Bulletin.

HIS SECRET TERROR.

A gentleman was negotiating with a horse dealer. "I am not so particular about speed," he said, "but I must have a gentle horse for my wife to ride. Will you guarantee this horse to be safe?"

"Certainly," said the dealer. "He's a regular lady's horse."

"You are sure he's not afraid of anything?" asked the gentleman anxiously.

Whereupon the dealer assumed an air of reflection. "Well, there is one thing that he has always appeared to be afraid of," he admitted conscientiously. "It seems as if he's scared to death for fear some one might say 'Whoa!' and he not hear it."—Exchange.

IN HONOR OF A WOMAN.

(By The Associated Press)

Every school girl and every woman in Germany knows the name of Henriette Davidis, but it was not until recently that the government officially acknowledged her as one of the country's benefactors. Numerous monuments to the memory of Empress Victoria, Queen Louise and Kaiserin Agusta Victoria, the former Kaiser's late wife, have been erected in Berlin, Hamburg and other centers but in the old days the government never gave Henriette Davidis even a passing thought— Henriette came from very humble parentage, and it is said she did not care a snap about royalty and pomp and ceremony, and "wasting her time running up to Berlin to see what the city folks were doing." Instead, she devoted her efforts toward the education of young women, and compilation of a cook book which was her chief aim in life.

Henriette Davidis began her cooking experiments about a hundred years ago at her parent's home in Wengern, near Witten on the Ruhr. As a girl she became famous locally for her cookeries and the people often came for miles for a taste of her home made bread and cakes. And in those days when there was an entertainment in the neighborhood word was always passed around that Henriette Davidis dishes were to be a feature of the event.

Henriette did all her cooking in an old fashioned kitchen with its great brick stove with enormous stone chimney. Henriette's father was a minister and there were frequents guests at the house, and when a particularly tempting dish was prepared and liked, she made notes, and in years to come it was publication of these recipes in book form which gave her fame throughout Germany. Plain, substantial cooking was Henriette's forte, but her cakes and pastries are known today by nearly every housewife in the land.

Henriette died in 1876, some time ago the weather beaten frame house of the Davidis family—the house with the old fashioned kitchen where Henriette had perfected her culinary art—was torn down to make way for railroad tracks which ran through the front yard of the old Davidis place.

Before the work of demolishing the house had been completed the local population took steps to preserve the ancient stone chimney of the Davidis home in remembrance of Wengren's most distinguished citizen. The Berlin government was appealed to, and as the chimney is upon state property official recognition of Henriette's services have been taken. Orders have gone out that the stones must remain intact as a monument to the memory of Henriette Davidis—who was too busy with her cook book to even think of marriage—with a bronze plaque telling of her achievements and "of her services to mankind."

"Success doesn't happen; it follows. It is an effect, not a cause."

CURIOUS STORIES OF THE RAILWAYS.

By Edwin Tarisse

When locomotives were first built and began to draw their small loads up and down the rudely constructed railways of England and the country roads were for the most port crossed at grade and the engineer had no way of giving warning of his approach except by blowing a tin horn! It soon became evident that this was far from being a sufficient warning. Should a cow stray upon the track, "so much the worse for the coo," as Stephenson said. Later it became decidedly inconvenient for others than the cows.

There is a story of a farmer of Thornton, who, one day in the year 1833, was crossing the track on one of the country roads with a great load of eggs and butter. He was proceeding to Leicester to sell the produce. Just as he came out upon the track a train approached. The engineer blew his tin horn lustily, but the farmer did not hear it. He drove squarely upon the track and the engine plunged into his wagon.

To those familiar with the great engines of today it may seem incredible that the farmer was not seriously injured, but such was the case. His horse and his eggs and butter did not, however, escape so easily. A great many dozens of eggs and about fifty pounds of butter were smashed into an indistinguishable mass, together with the kindling wood to which the wagon was reduced. The horse was badly injured.

As a result of this, one of the first collisions in the annals of railroading, the company was obliged to reimburse the farmer for his losses. The matter was looked upon by the railway people as a most serious one, and a conference was held to consider ways and means to avoid future accidents. Among those present at this conference, which was held at Alton Grange, Stephenson's home, was one Ashlen Bagster, a director of the company.

Bagster became greatly excited, exclaiming that "such dreadful things could never be allowed on the railways," but Stephenson was inclined to treat the matter with due philosophy until he saw that the director wos thoroughly aroused.

"See here," finally suggested Bagster, "can't you employ your steam in some manner that it will make a noise to warn these people?" Bagster himself had no very clear notion of how this was to be done, but like every other person of the period, he saw no end of possibilities in steam.

The idea struck Stephenson at once. "I'll try it," he said. And he did. Going to a maker of musical instruments, Stephenson got him to devise an apparatus which, when blown by steam, would give out a horrible screech. This was attached to the boiler of an engine, and thus the first locomotive whistle was put into full operation.

The railway directors, delighted, ordered similar contrivances attached to all their locomotives, and from that time to this the voice of the engine whistle has never been silent.

The annals of railway construction and operation in this country offer many curious and interesting details. Among these, none is more curious

than that pertaining to a line which was operated between Marshall, Texas, and Shreveport, Louisiana, during the War Between the States. Eventually the owner of this road sold it to the Texas and Pacific Railway Company.

His name was John Higginson, and he was known by many titles—chairman of the board, president, vice-president, superintendent, trainmaster, roadmaster, freight and passenger agent, fireman, conductor and master mechanic. His road was known as the Memphis, El Paso and Pacific, and in its forty miles of length it boasted of many a grade During the war the soldiers "took" the greater part of the rolling stock, leaving three box cars. These box cars represented the rolling stock of the system until it passed into other hands. The motive power was of the best in those days and consisted of several yokes of oxen, commonly known as "hay burners." The oxen were generally on time.

Higginson's train was operated on the tri-weekly plan. When a "cargo" was gathered up and everything ready for the trip the oxen were loaded into the first box car in the train. The next car was loaded with freight and the passengers and the third was occupied by the "management." The cars were started down the steep grade at Marshall, and, after rolling as far as they would, the brakes were set, the oxen unloaded and hitched to the coupling of the car. The brakes were released and the train started up the grade until the top was reached, when the oxen were again loaded into their car and another start was made down hill. This operation was repeated until Shreveport was reached. On a level the oxen pulled the train, but on downgrade the sole power was the natural momentum of the rolling stock.

This, however, was not the first "hay-burning" railway in the United States. That honor belongs to the Baltimore and Ohio, which at one time employed horses to haul freight and passenger trains over the first fifteen miles of track constructed.

On the Marshall and Shreveport line the passenger rate was twenty-five cents per person. Freight charges were anything the owner of the line could get. Since there was no competition, Higginson made considerable money. All freight was marked "red ball" and handled as soon as received and the train made up.

Some years ago a little, old-fashioned switch engine was hauled down the main line of a Western road to be thrown into the scrap-pile. Dingy, rusty, worn out, not worth repairing further, it was yet of sufficient importance to attract to the station platform hundreds of men and women who had not forgotten of the record of "engine 97 of the Alton," and wanted a last look at the old locomotive.

A half a century ago "97" was the most famous locomotive in the world. To the bound of civilization, wherever the telegraph and daily news reached, it was talked about, praised, spoken of with the pride which all the world feels in on man's over this never before-equaled ride. coaxing his engine with a magician's hand. And at last, in almost an even three hours, he closed the throttle and brought the train to a

stop in the smoke-enshrouded city, after a record-breaking run of one hundred and twenty-seven miles.

The story of that great ride went everywhere as one of the great feats in connection with the big fire. Sermons were preached about the engine, and magazines spread pictures of it broadcast. Likt the "John Bull" of the Camden and Amboy line, and the "General," which once pulled Andrews and his raiders, "97" was set down for immortal fame. But no easy berth awaited it, as those others found—level sidings in showy exhibitions. It pulled special trains until it was out of date, and then it was put into the shops and made into a switch engine, in which guise it wore itself out.

One dark night, when a conductor was taking three passenger cars of a railway system in the Middle West through to a town called Sunbury, he noticed the headlight of a locomotive in his rear. He instantly informed the engineer of the fact, and both began to speculate what it meant. The train was running at a high speed, but the headlight in the rear was steadily gaining on them.

As no lights were displayed in the rear of the headlight they concluded that it must be an empty engine.

The road twists in and out among the mountains and skirts the banks of the Susquehanna river in such a way as to permit anyone looking back to observe what is going on in the rear for a considerable distance.

The conductor ordered the engineer to put on more steam; so the latter pulled the throttle wide open. Then followed a wild chase. Pursued and pursuer tore along at the highest speed.

Finally a bright idea occurred to the passenger engineer. He recalled the fact that a locomotive can make but little progress on greasy rails. Accordingly the contents of two large cans of lard oil were poured on the track from the rear of the last passenger car. The idea proved a good one. Soon the headlight of the pursuing engine grew dim in the distance; and, when it was safe to do so, the train stopped and backed up to solve the mystery. An odd sight was revealed:

One of the finest engines on the road had broken away from the train-shed at Williamsport, and started down the track on a voyage of destruction. The oil poured on the track had baffled all the destructive ability that the locomotive possessed. There it stood, puffing and snorting and pawing like a wild steer, the driving wheels buzzing around on the greased track like the fly-wheel in a machine shop, but hardly moving an inch.

Not a sign of engineer was found. The fireman of the pursued train mounted the engine and shut her off. She was towed into Sunbury, and there a dispatch was found ordering the crew to a side-track out of the way of the runaway.

If we are to credit the stories of railway men rolling stock sometimes meets with very curious mishaps.

On one occasion, it seems, when a freight train was brought to a stop at a certain station in New England and the car inspectors were making their usual examination, they found, to their utter astonishment, that the forward truck of one box was missing.

The coupling was the only means whereby that end of the car was upheld. Later the truck was found at the foot of a bank on an "outcurve" six miles west of the station mentioned.

This curious incident was explained in this way: As the car started to round the curve, the pin connecting the car and the truck must have broken, the truck shooting out from under the car and runing down the bank, the forward end of the car being left with only the coupling as a means of suspension. This would have been extraordinary enough, but, when it is added that the train was proceeding at a speed of thirty-five miles an hour at the time it rounded the curve, this rate being maintained until the train pulled into the station, it is amazing that no wreck resulted.

An engine on a Western road met with an odd adventure. This locomotive had three large driving wheels on each side. The middle wheel was without a flange. The engineer said that the engine was mounting the grade to a long tunnel when it was signaled to stop. This delay was employed by te engineer to "oil up a bit." He was much surprised when he discovered that the middle driver on the "engineer's side" had twisted off its axle flush with the outside of the journal box, but that the big wheel was still in uprigt position, leaning at a slight angle only on the side rod—the only support that held it on the rail.

It was thought that the wheel was twisted from its axle, as the engine rounded a sharp curve about two miles below; and it was practically certain that it would have jumped the track and fallen in the way of the hind driving wheel as soon as the engine proceeded to make the next curve. That this did not happen was due soley to the lucky circumstance that the signal to stop was given, The locomotive had gone along well enough until the flagging of the train—once that engine stopped it was completely "dead". It was necessary to haul it the remaining distance to the end of the division.

Early Harvesting.—At 4:30 A. M. Farmer Jones awoke his new farm hands with: "Git up Jim; we got to cut the cats this mornin."

Clipping off the end of a rattling snore, Jim inquired: "'Smatter, be they wild cats thet yer have t' sneak up on 'em this time o' night?"

TAUGHT HIM A LESSSON.

A young fellow who had formed the habit of spending all his evenings away from home was brought to his senses in the following way:

One afternoon his father came to him and asked him if he had an engagement for the evening. The young man had not.

"Well I'd like you to go somewhere with me."

The young man himself tells what happened.

"'All right, I said. 'Where shall I go?'"

"He suggested the Columbia Hotel at 7:30, and I was there. When

he appeared he said he wanted me to call with him on a lady. 'One I knew quite well when I was a young man,' he explained."

"We went out, and started straight for home."

"'She is staying at our house,' he said.

"I thought it strange that he should have made the appointment for the Columbia under those circumstances, but I said nothing.

"Well, we went in, and I was introduced with all due formality to my mother and sister.

"The situation struck me as funny, and I started to laugh, but the laugh died away. None of the three even smiled. My mother and sister shook hands with me, and my mother said she remembered me as a boy, but hadn't seen much of me lately. Then she invited me to be seated.

"It wasn't a bit funny, then, although I can laugh over it now. I sat down, and she told me one or two anecdotes of my boyhood, at which we all laughed for a little. Then we four played games for a while. When I finally retired I was invited to call again. I went upstairs feeling pretty small, and doing a good deal of thinking."

"And then?" Asked his companion.

"Then I made up my mind that my mother was an entertaining woman and my sister was a bright girl.

"I'm going to call again. I enjoy their company, and intended to cultivate their acquaintance."—Exchange.

OCTOBER.

By Mrs. H. S. Williams.

October, glorious weather!
Month of goldenrod;
Month of rose and purple heather—
Month for man from God.

Month of asters pink and blue—
Nuts all nice and brown;
Leaves there are of many a hue
Gently falling down.

Month of pumpkin big and yellow
Smiling in the sun—
Harvester's a happy fellow,
All his work is done.

All the trees in fancy dress—
Colors of the fall;
Everything is at it's best,
Prettiest month of all.

CALLING OUT THE RESERVES.

(Asheville Citizen)

"How can I increase my efficiency?" is man's ancient cry. In this age of merciless competition it is more insistent than ever. But that which so limits the achievement of the average man is not lack of ability. It is his ignorance of how to use what he has. Human mind is the mightiest engine on earth. But the creature in whom that engine operates has an attitude toward it like that of the little boy toward the dynamite with which he plays without comprehension of its real power.

We are reminded of this by announcement of the discovery of two Naval medical officers that radio students learn best how to "receive" when messages are sent to them through headpieces attached to their ears while they are asleep and falling asleep. They learn best then because, as they relax control of their conscious minds, they are powerfully assisted by their sub-conscious minds. It is the same process that occurs when a man "sleeps on a propsition before deciding." It is the same assistance which comes to the writer of fiction when, worn out by the effort of trying to imagine an effective denouement for his story, he goes to sleep and wakes up in the morning with the proper ending at his fingers ends.

The harum-scarum, helter-skelter fellow who is forever going off at half-cock is instinctively distrusted by persons looking for wise counsel. They realize subconsciously that such a man gives his subconscious mental powers no chance to add to his efficiency. The thoughtful and studious man is always regarded as the able type. This is so because the fruits of his labors show that in some measure he draws on his subconscious mind for aid.

But the trouble with practically every man is that he does not call out this reserve power often enough or fully enough. He works on about 30 per cent of his efficiency. Even when under the spur of great danger or cruel necessity, he performs prodigies of endurance and ability, he fails to realize that ability for performance on that scale is always within him if he will only call on it. He can do that by will power and by intense but unhurried thought.

The sweet calm sunshine of October now
Warms the low spot; upon its grassy mould
The purple oak-leaf falls; the birchen bough
Drops its bright spoil like arrow-heads of gold.—
William Cullen Bryant.

WHY IS IT THUS?

(The Robesonian)

Representative Fred A. Britton of Illinois wants to know why a hungry passenger on the Leviathan is confronted with a menu all in fancy French and mostly must remain in ignorance of what he is ordering for to hoist into himself until the waiter gets back with the bag of tricks. Mr. Britton wants to know why a passenger with an appetite for an ordinary dish of calves' liver has to order "foe de veau fine herbes clarde." Mr. Britton has put it squarely up to Chairman Farley of the shipping board. "Why," asks this Illinois Congressman, in a letter to the chairman, "make chicken hash impossible by calling it paich de volaille aux haricots verts." Loading chicken hash up with a string of words like that is enough to start a riot in every barnyard in America. What they serve on that boat is all right, said Mr. Britton, but a very small per cent of the folk who use it know what all the fancy French on the menu is about. People wanting eggs have a hard time choosing between "ouef brouille aux rognons" at 70 cents and "ouef cacotte a la creme" at 40. And so on down the list. To make sure that everything is all right and in keeping with the eternal fitness of things, the bills of fare are printed in English, Mr. Britton said, in the third-class cabins, where generally no English is spoken.

Sure. That's beautifully and touchingly consistent and thoughtful. Where those who know no French foregather for to feed, the haughty waiters shove before the guests a card printed in a language they understand not. It would be too entirely naked and raw and almost indecent to expose the names of the dishes like Mr. Britton would like to have it done. It is far better not to break the news so sudden like; so the custom is to print the bill of fare in language that customers know nothing about. It's the perfection of the gentle art of getting a fancy price for a plebeian dish.

"To train a boy into a man,
The first and necessary thing
Shall be to train the boy to work,
And show him how it pays to work."

MARCIA'S HEADWORK.

By Lilace Montgomery Mitchell in Young Folks

Marcia swayed sharply as the train rounded a corner and as she straightened herself an advertisement in the rack above the straps caught her eye: "No Headway Without Headwork."

Marcia repeated the words to herself and laughed silently and scornfully. "How absolutely silly!" she

said to herself. "No headway without headwork! Why anybody would know that! People must certainly have lots of money to throw away when they will waste it in silly advertising slogans like that."

She turned her head again to see whose advertisement carried the caption and saw that it was a downtown extension university. She sniffed and and turned again, intent upon keeping upright as the train swerved on its way north from the loop.

"I don't see how anybody could think that a good advertisement," she said to herself as the train thundered along, "why, I—" then she paused.

She was picturing to herself the store where she worked from half-past eight each morning until half-past five each afternoon. She worked in the basement in the yard goods department. It was a good place to work, better than many in the store. She had been a general clerk at first and had been sent each morning to any department which needed extra help during the day. Sometimes she worked where there was a special sale or sometimes she took the place of an absent clerk.

She had never enjoyed working in the grocery department because of the myriad smells which floated through the air all day long. She recalled with especial distaste the day she had been put in the pickle department and had dished out bulk pickles and peanut butter all day to purchasers who were certain that they were to be given short weight unless they acted ugly to the clerk. Then there was another day when she had been put in the basement hardware where everything was heavy to lift and display. Yes, this position in the yard goods was splendid.

The aisles were never crowded, the air was clean and non-smelling, and the goods were easy to handle. There was never any comment on the part of the head of stock unless someone left a bolt of goods on the counter after a customer left. Marcia always put her things away and so was always on good terms with the other clerks and with the head.

Now, as she thought over the headway and headwork idea she was suddely appalled. What headway was she making? None at all. She had been clerking there in the basement for nearly a year and she was no nearer getting above the clerkship than she was the first day of her arrival. In fact, the idea of making headway had never occurred to her. Worse than that: she had been vastly relieved after the Christmas holidays that she had not been dismissed. The rank of clerks was always greatly thinned out after Christmas and two girls from the yard goods had found themselves without positions. Marcia had gone home elated that she had been retained. As it all came back to her now she saw no reason why she had been kept. Certainly it had not been any inherent quality in herself that had decided the matter. It had probably been mere luck.

The rest of the ride, which was usually so long and tedious to Marcia, was forgotten. She was thinking deeply as to how she could make some headway in her work. What headwork could she do to get somewhere in the store? She had carefully learned all of the responses to make to customers so that the slog

an of the store: "Courtesy First" might be carried out. But then everyone had to learn those things before they were admitted to the departments. That did not put her ahead of anyone else at all. Then she thought of the materials which she was selling. How much did she know about them? Practically nothing. She knew nothing of the materials that went to make up the different goods, the dyes, the threads, the different ways of weaving, the wearing strength of materials—of all of these points she was entirely ignorant. It surprised her when she thought about it .

When the guard called her station she turned for one more look at the advertisement which had aroused her from her lethargy. This time the regard was not scornful; indeed, it was respectful.

"It just goes to show," she told herself as she ran down the steps to the street, "that a person will often laugh when there is really no occasion whatever to be especially mirthful. There I sniekered at that advertisemenet and found out, when I thought it over, that I was making no headway toward advancement at all. But I had to have it pointed out to me by an elevated train advertisement instead of understanding it by myself."

That very evening Marcia telephoned to an evening school which had classes in domestic economy including textiles. She asked about the textbooks needed and agreed to report for class the following evening at half-past seven.

When she went to the store in the morning she was as excited about her classes as though she were going to a party. And that meant that Marcia was really excited, for parties were rare in her life, very rare. She put her wraps in her locker on the tenth floor and donned her black sateen apron mechanically. With her cash book in her hand she hurried down to her department.

"—and Marcia— that makes fifteen," said Sadie as soon as she saw Marcia.

"Fifteen what? asked Marcia gaily.

"Fifteen of us for the party—we're all going to have dinner together at the Entree Cafeteria downtown tonight and then we're going skating afterward. Won't that be fun—all in a bunch?" asked Sadie.

"I—can't go—I'm sorry," said Marcia, simply.

"Can't go?" echoed the girls behind her counter. "Why not?"

Because I'm going to be busy. I'm going to study textiles and my first class is this evening at half-past seven," answered Marcia.

A scornful laugh greeted her announcement. "I suppose you think they'll make you head buyer?" asked Sadie. "Little Mary Ann studied her work faithfully and at the end of eighteen years they made her head buyer at ten thousand a year, after she was grey-headed and did not care for pretty clothes!" she said mincingly, as though she were reading from some book.

The others laughed again and then, as the gong sounded and the first customers entered the aisles, Marcia and her classes were forgotten. But that evening Marciawas not with the skaters; she was in a classroom, her curly head bent over fabrics in an effort to distinguish between them.

She was surprised to find when the last class was dismissed that the school also maintained a gymnasium so that those who studied there also had plenty of opportunity for recreation.

It was six months before Marcia thought she saw her chance. The head of stock had been talking of an eastern trip to the factories in a vague sort of way and one morning she told Marcia that the management had finally decided to send her. The head of stock and Marcia had become rather close friends of late because they both had a common interest in the goods sold.

"I believe, Miss Rethwick," Marcia said slowly, "that I could take your place while you're gone. Do you mind if I go up and ask at the office?"

Miss Rethwick smiled. "Why—certainly—go right along—if you want to."

Marcia could not understand the smile. "I—Idon't mean to try to get your place, you know," she said hastily. "I wouldn't do that but—well, the department will need some head while you're gone and I would get good experience. You see, I know the stock and know the goods so—so—"

"All right, you go on up and see what they say to you" said Miss Rethwick.

A few moments later Marcia stood in the rest room before a mirror. She thought it best to tidy her hair a little and wash her hands before she went upstairs to the office. She pondered over Miss Rethwick's expression. Was it possible that she was angry—or jealous? Marcia liked Miss Rethwick and would have been sorry to lose her friendship. It would be a bad end to her hard work, for the classes had not been easy. She had had to study hard and she had had to forgo many little evenings of pleasure with the girls of the department, who of late asked her to no more of their entertainments.

Finally she went downstairs again and decided not to go to the office at all.

"Well?" smiled Miss Rethwick.

"I—didn'td go up," confessed Marcia. "I—you seemed—put out or something and so I—I—"

"Did I?" laughed Miss Rethwick. "Well I did want the pleasure of telling you myself, you see. Come down here to the end of the counter where we can talk. There is a Miss Melson who has been the travelling buyer of the finer materials. She is to be married now and her place will be vacant in two months. They spoke to me about it in the office and asked if I would like the place. I didn't know. The assistant girl who went with Miss Melson is—rather difficult. I didn't believe that I would like to have her go with me as assistant because she would be angry at not being made head after Miss Melson left. Although it would not be my fault in any way that she was not promoted, she could not help but feel that I had taken the place she should have had. Well, yesterday she went up to the office and handed in her resignation—because she knew that the appointment was not to be hers. I asked for you as assistant."

Marcia stared at her. "And I'll travel with you?" she asked in astonishment.

Miss Rethwick nodded. "We go

first to the east in this country. Then we have to make a detailed report. If that report fell short in any way we would not be sent to Japan and China—but it won't fall short, you see."

"Japan and China?" breathed Marcia.

Miss Rethwick nodded. "Come on. We must go back to the customers. We'll have plenty of time to talk later."

Marcia smilingly waited on her next customer. She was thinking of the evening she swung on the strap and read the advertisement about no headway without headwork. "Ill keep on using my head," she whispered to herself as the customer went away," and who knows? I may get to travel around the whole world."

Flattery does not make any man great. It only puffs a fellow up so that he feels big, and when the swelling goes down, he'll look smaller than ever.—Selected.

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Paul Funderburk.

The boys will be gathering turnips in a few days, as the patches are full.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The end of the month is here again and the boys all sent a letter to their homes on last Monday.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The boys have been hauling coal for the past few days, and they all be glad when this job is finished.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Miss Harris has returned to the institution after having attended the funeral of her mother at Harrisburg.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The boys of the eighth cottage, opened the Cannon Literary Society on last Monday night, with the election of officers.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Judge Sinclair, of Fayetteville, made a very interesting talk to the boys on last Thursday night. The boys all enjoyed his talk and hope to have him back some time soon.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

James Foy and Ernest Tarleton, were paroled by Supt. Boger, last Wednesday. The band boys will miss Foy as he was the best trombone player they had.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The third Linotype is being installed in the Uplift office. The Linotype boys are happy over this move as it means several more boys will be put on this branch of printing.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The boys of the afternoon school section, had a big time belt racing, last Wednesday afternoon. This game is becoming quite a big sport with the boys as it is so cold now.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Sweet potatoes are being gathered, and cured in our new and modern potato house which has a capacity of three thousand bushels. Our harvest

this year will be fifteen hundred bushels.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Mr. Geo. Lawrence and Mr. Saunders, of Chapel Hill, paid a visit to the institution on last Monday. The band boys were all glad to see Mr. Lawrence, as he was formerly their band master.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The boys of the first cottage had a big time eating pop corn on last Tuesday night. Ervin Cole, a member of that cottage, furnished the pop corn and the popper. The boys enjoyed it very much.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Rev. Mr. Baird, from the A. R. P. church of Kannapolis, conducted the religeous services in the Auditorium on last Sunday afternoon. Mr. Baird's sermon was enjoyed by all who heard him.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Paul Grooves and Joe Kennon, were paroled on last Monday afternoon. Grooves was the best shoe butcher at the Training School. Both of these boys have made good records at the institution.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The following boys were visited by their friends or relatives on last Wednesday. Julius Strickland, Joe Pope, Robert McDanial, Joe Stevens, Walter McCuller, Oscar Johnson, Roy Johnson, Harry Stevens, Thomas Sessoms and Buster Sherly.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

We are all glad to have Homer Barnes with us again, after spending nearly three months in the Concord Hospital, because of injuries received at the pump house. He is getting along nicely and will soon be able to walk around as well as ever.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The members of the Cone Literary Society had a very interesting debate on last Monday night. The boys to take part in the program were Sam Hatem, Spencer Combs, Valton Lee, Harry Stevens and Halley Matthews. Hatem was the best debator.

AUTUMN.

With magic color the forest glows,
  Fit for a pageant fair;
Gold and scarlet, ruby and rose,
  Bright as a bugle's blare;
Sky and river and woodland shine,—
But chill is the wind that sways the vine,
  And frost no bloom shall spare.

The dark days come and the bitter chill
  Whispers the word "Good-night;"
Winter lurks by the lonely hill,
  Wrapped in his robe of white.
Soon, ah soon, he shall banish far
  Forest-beacon and blossom-star,—
  But a dream defies his might.

—Elizabeth Roberts MacDonald.

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XI CONCORD, N. C., NOVEMBER 10, 1923 NO. 52

IT'S ALL UP TO YOU.

"No man is beat till he quits,
No man is through till he stops;
No matter how hard failure hits,
No matter how often he drops,
A fellow is not down till he lies
In the dust and refuses to rise.

"Fate may slam him and bang him around,
And batter his frame till he's sore;
But she never can say that he's downed,
While he bobs up serenely for more.
A fellow's not dead till he dies,
Nor beat till no longer he tries."

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

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JAMES P. COOK, *Editor*, J. C. FISHER, *Director Printing Department*

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The happiest people in the world are the happiness makers.—Queen's Gardens.

"I FEEL LIKE SANTA CLAUS IS DEAD."

When the death of a unique and well-known citizen of Concord was announced among the children of the Concord Public Schools, last Monday, little Arthur Odell walked up to his teacher and poured forth a depth of the sincerest sadness in these words: "I feel, Miss Janie, like Santa Claus is dead."

Master Arthur Odell, a fine little fellow, voiced the feeling of all the children of Concord, of much of the county and of most of the grown-up children, when he gave expression to his sadness over the death of Henry G. Ritz, for many years a conspicuous citizen of the community. The passing of this citizen touches a wide circle of friends and acquaintances. Henry Ritz was an institution—none like him ever abided hereabouts; a bundle of energy; a devotee to his own business; shut-mouth as to the affairs and business of others; strictly honest; and so thrifty that he turned a penniless condition in youth to one of large means in manhood, and he made most of it by hard licks, long hours and a cheery manner in dealing in chiefly

five-cent articles.

This friend of childhood wormed his way into the hearts of the boys and girls by his devotion to toys and trinkets and candies and fruits, keeping a place that was to the average child an earthly heaven. When a child, white or black, rich or poor, neat or tattered, entered his store, Henry Ritz made him feel comfortable by the friendliest and most cordial consideration —he did it not for the nickle the child held in his hand but in response to the spirit of the man, who felt proud to be the servant and friend of the child.

Bright and cheery, energetic and thrifty, he litterally worked himself to death at an altogether too early age. He attended more picnics and gatherings with his lemonade stand; auctioned off more mortgaged property at the court-house; worked more hours for the years he lived; made more money in the denomination of five-cent pieces; talked less about other folks and greeted more people with a smile than any other living creature of this community in the past fifty years.

Wonderful fellow was Henry Ritz—the fact that the children liked him and hung around the genial sould proves this; and who would undervalue the esteem of a child?

* * * * * * *

THE KIWANIANS ENDORSE COUNTY-WIDE PLAN.

The Kiwanis Club, of Concord, at its recent meeting had the pleasure of the presence of Mr. W. R. Odell, chairman of the county school board, as a guest. He was called upon to speak to the campaign now making for a betterment of the school facilities of the rural sections of Cabarrus. Mr. Odell made a pleasing presentation of the matter, whereupon the Club gave an endorsement of the move and appointed a committee to aid in the campaign to the end that the election may succeed in giving increased powers and increased funds to the county school authorities to carry on public education in the county.

* * * * * * *

MADE A SUPREME COURT.

Associate Justice W. P. Stacy, of the North Carolina Supreme Court, has been tendered by the executive committee of the board of trustees of the state University the position of dean of its law department. It is an admirable selection, and at this writing the Judge has the offer under consideration. Should Judge Stacy accept the new work it will automatically create a vacancy in the state's highest court. This vacancy must be filled by Governor

Morrison until the next general election. Supposing that Judge Stacy does resign, it means that from a majority point the N. C. Supreme Court will be a creation of Gov. Morrison. He will have appointed three of the five members. Some folks think there is not much attached—work and responsibility, other than be the state's mouth-piece on state occasion—to the office of Governor. They are woefully mistaken—it's a bee-hive of activity and a monumental job of serious responsibilities.

If Judge Stacy decides to go to Chapel Hill, there will be no trouble (and this is so comforting) in finding a few lawyers willing to accept the task of filling Stacy's vacant seat.

* * * * * * *

POINTS TOWARDS PROSPERITY.

Financiers point to the exhibit of bank resources in the state as indicating a very healthful condition. The total resources of the North Carolina banks, at the last report, show an amount of $274,723,854.

Not counting the money yet stuck about in stockings, bosoms, in log cracks and buried in earthen ware, and in the pockets of folks ready to be spent, the average money in sight, according to the total bank report, is about one hundred and ten dollars for every man, woman and child. This, when confidence reigns supreme, makes it easy for lively buisness operations without an agonizing cramp. The old state is moving at a glorious gate.

* * * * * * *

VIRGINIA NEEDS A SPANKING.

Old "Virginny" is wedded to her idol—the meanest roads in all creation. The question of issuing bonds to the amount of fifty million dollars to construct passable roads in that state which seems satisfied alone to be regarded the "mother of presidents," was defeated in Tuesday's election by a majority approximating 40,000.

They need a Kirkpatrick, a Clarkson, a Varner in Virginia; and when their work has sunk deep into the slow-moving F. F. V's noggins, then get a governor the size of Cam Morrison—then all Virginians can visit the neighbors in adjoining counties, just like we North Carolinians do.

* * * * * * *

BUILDING A NEW HOME.

The Greensboro News shows a delightful state of prosperity in that it has just let the contract for a modern, well-appointed building, which is to cost $140,000. Then being equipped with new, high-speed presses and other

printing accessories, the ambitious programme tangoes about in the neighborhood of about a quarter of a million dollars. The News deserves all the good that comes to it.

* * * * * * *

FROM 76 TO 15.

The educational plan about materialized in Haywood county, one of the mountain counties, is to reduce, as the basis of a school development and the inauguration of a model school system, the number of districts from 76 to 15.

* * * * * * *

"THE CORRECT NAME."

One of the bright editorial writers on the Greensboro News, showing more ingenuity in shaping a great historical event to fit a hair-splitting Websterian construction than to follow in line with what seems more fitting to the event and more pleasing to those who defended the Confederate States of America, may yet accept "The War Between the States" as a correct designation of that great struggle in the sixties.

The Raleigh News & Observer, noting the practice in this office, says editorially:

> "The Uplift published at the Jackson Training School wisely directs that the war of the sixties be called "The War Between the States." Much has been written as to the true name of the great struggle, but, if we are not mistaken, the weight of authority is in line with the policy now pursued at Jackson. It was not a civil war. It was not a rebllion. It was a war between the states which composed the Southern Confederacy and those states which remained in the American union.
>
> There is no higher authority than that great man Alexander H. Stephens. His notable book was called "A Constitutional View of the War Beetween the States," and he maintained that the term that most accurately described that momentous struggle was, "The War Between the States" and that has been generally accepted as the correct designation, particularly in the South. This paper made some study of the matter nearly a score of years ago and decided never to refer to the war of the sixties except as "The War Between the States." To be sure in the North, where it was officially called in the documents "The War of the Rebellion," the Stephens designation was not at first accepted, and has not been accepted yet. But many able and fair-minded historians of the North have long ago ceased to use that misleading offensive title "The War of the Rebellon."

ELSINORE'S DISTINCTION.

By E. R. Clark.

Dr. Branson's letter in the Sunday papers tells of Elsinore's distinction. Elsinore, a seaport town of Denmark, was Hamlet's town—the Hamlet of Sheakespeare. But the distinction of Elsinore is not that it is connected with Sheakespeare's Hamlet. The thing that sets Elsinore "above all the rest in Denmark and, so far as I know, above all the other cities of the world," says Dr. Branson, "is its tender care of its old and feeble folk." "Stundents come in a steady stream from every country in the world," continues Dr. Branson, "to see these happy-faced old people in their handsome homes." On the same square court, Dr. Branson tells us, are three buildings of the Old-Age Home. "All the buildings have steam heat, water, lights, telephones, social rooms with papers, books and writing tables, and the outdoor spaces are beautifully parked with trees, shrubs, flowers and seats in sunny places. I lived in a little hotel alongside this establishment for three days, says Dr. Branson, "before it dawned on me that it was what English-speaking countries call a poor-house. No other single word better characterizes the heartlessness of our civilization. Old age is not a nuisance and decent poverty is not a disgrace in Denmark, and least of all in Elsimore." In this Old-Age Home the 107 "Alumni" have each an apartment of two or three rooms. The old women who find happiness in bustling about and keeping busy with light housekeeping, have each a bedroom, sitting-room, a kitchinette and private toilet. If the old folks are widowed, alone and lonely, they can live two in a room for company and dine together in the common hall. It will be seen that all possible care is taken to give them comforts and conveniences not only, but to make the place "homey." If the immates are sick and helpless they go into the infirmary, where the doctors and nurses care for them tenderly "and lay them away gently when the end comes."

Take notice of the name given the occupants of this home that distinguishes Elsimore. They are not "paupers" nor "Immates" of a "Home." They are "Alumni," which Dr. Branson defines as "honor graduates in life's hard school." Indeed is Elsimore distinguished above all other places when the men and women who come to want, who have failed in life, as we consider it in this country, failed to accumulate enough to provide for their old age, are not only provided with all the creature comforts and many luxuries, but are called "Alumni," or "honor graduates in life's hard school."

But this Old-Age Home is not Elsimore's only distinction, Dr. Branson tells us. There is a block of concrete buildings with 150 three-room apartments, water, heat, and light, for the old-age pensioners of the city. In Denmark persons above the age of 60 may draw a State pension of about $2.00 per month, if they have lived lives free from the disgrace of crime or public charity. To this pension the city of Elsimore adds a small amount and provides this modern home for the old people, beautifying

the open spaces of it with lawns, flowers, hedges and shade trees. Old married couples of slender earning capacity occupy 75 of the apartments. The other 75 are occupied by old couples in better circumstances, and these pay a small rent for their lodgings. It is understood from Dr. Branson's story that those who have barely sufficient means on which to live, have an a apartment, with all the comforts and luxuries of modern homes, rent free. And thus old people who are able to feed themselves and others who are able to pay only a small rent, are insured comfortable and modern homes in which to spend their last days.

What a contrast is that to our own country. In North Carolina up to about a quarter of a century ago, "paupers," as we called them, and seemed to think they deserved the name, lived in "poor-houses," and the houses were well named. They were herded in a group of cabins in which the bare necessities of life—and not all the necessities—were provided. None of the comforts; and it would have been regarded a crime to furnish them luxuries. They were in a sense punished because of their misfortunes. Their existence in many cases was a continuing punishment until death relieved them. In many cases the keep of the county poor was let to the lowest bidder. The man who would agree to take the care of the paupers for the least amount of money was awarded the contract. And it is needless to say that the lowest bidder in such cases was the most unfit. The paupers were made to work as long as they were able and when they were not able, and given barely enough sustenance, and that of the commonest to keep soul and body together. The more work they could do the more profitable was the contract to the contractor. And this contract system for the keep of the county poor had not passed in all the counties up to a few years ago.

Something like a quarter of a century ago an awakened public sentiment resulted in an agitation for better care of the unfortunate who are left to the mercy of public charity in old age. Better homes were built with modern conveniences until now, in most of the counties, the aged and infirm are probably fairly well cared for; in some counties the care is excellent. But there is still room for improvement in most of them, no doubt. Few of them provide nurses to care for the sick and helpless. As many of the inmates of these homes are invalids abundant nursing care is a necessity if they are to be made comfortable. Few of them have medical attendance except an occasional visit from the county physician, who is usually so poorly paid that, unless he is very kindly disposed, he makes few visits. But if competent nurses are provided few visits from a physician will be needed. All most of the unfortunates need is care—nursing; to be made as comfortable as possible.

It is not meant to convey the impression that we suddenly came to ourselves and changed our ways all at once with reference to treatment of the paupers. By no means. We first changed the name of their place of abode from "poor house" to "Country Home, For the Aged and Infirm." As a matter of fact the places were not worthy of the name of home. Then the sentiment for de-

cent treatment for the unfortunates began to make itself felt, and, county by county, decent, respectable, and in some instances real good homes, were provided. I am pleased to say that my own county of Iredell has one that attracted much attention when first built, but it was not built until about 10 or 15 years ago, and then only after an aggressive campaign that lasted a decade. It is a fact that the county authorities had literally to be driven to take action. The idea that anything was good enough for a pauper, that most of them had as good as they had had all their lives, and that if a comfortable place was provided it would soon be overrun by people who would want to live off the county—this had taken such permanent hold that it could not be eradicated in a few months or a few weeks. The people directing public affairs were good people, but the idea that a pauper should have comforts, even luxuries, was not easily absorbed in the face of the fact, instilled through the generations, that poverty was a disgrace and those who could not take care of themselves should suffer. That by no means all our county homes are even now what they should be— in fact I expect few of them are that—is evident by the fact that in one of our wealthiest and most populous counties a condition was revealed in the county home, a year or so ago that shamed the humane people of the county and resulted in instant improvement.

It is our shame that we look upon the care of old people as a burden. Children in good circumstances frequently refuse to care for their parents, or so treat them that death is a welcome guest. Aged people are frequently sent to county homes and to State institutions who could be cared for by relatives if they looked upon the matter as a privilege and a duty instead of a burden to be shirked.

It is not suprising that Dr. Branson, remembering, as he must, the conditions in his home land, is moved to say " :If there is any lovelier municipal social enterprise anywhere on earth than Elsimore's care of honorable old age, I think I would be willing to go around the world to see it."

I have often wondered why the multi-millionaires and other wealthy people, seeking to do good or to perpetuate their memories in the disposition of their wealth, do no build and endow homes for old people. If there is a more worthy or more urgent cause that is receiving so little attention and help, I don't know of it. Possibly attention will be turned that way later on. Speed the day when Elsimore's distinction may not lack imitators.

He Had It.—Mrs. Gush: "How did your husband get run over?" Mrs. Gass: "He was picking up a horsehoe for luck."

CO-OPERATIVE MARKETING.

By John A. Livingstone

Sometime ago the Progressive Farmer offered several prizes for articles on co-operative marketing. First prize was won by John A. Livingstone, of the editorial staff on the News and Observer. Other prizes were won by parties in Texas, Virginia and South Carolina. Mr. Livinstone's article showed thought and a thorough grasp of the principles of co-operative marketing. He wrote constructively, stating the things that ought to be done to make this manner of selling substantially beneficial to the farmers. He advocated strong community units, loyalty to the selling association, discretion in the selection of executives, full information for members, and leaving treatment of those who break contracts largely to the local units. His article in full was as follows:

JOHN A LIVINGSTONE

Mr. Livingstone is a great student of social and economic questions, and a capable and interesting writer. His contributions of special articles to the press are read with a relish and profit.

Co-operative marketing is essentially the democratic adaption of "big business" methods to the selling problems of the farmer. Too much emphasis has been placed on the "big business" end, and too little on the democratic nature of the co-operative selling association.

The biggest thing that individual members can do to assure the success of the co-operative selling associations is to take an active part in the organization of strong community units. Unless farmers can learn to work together in the communities in which they live, there is little hope of their working together in larger units.

Yet larger units than the community are necessary in order to insure a volume of business sufficient to justify the employment of specialists and experts in the various marketing steps and to assure the selling association a place as a factor in the market.

Representation by trusted leaders is the principle that has been worked out by democracies to secure these larger units, and this principle must

be applied to the selling associations. This can be done through county organizations in which representatives of the local units will meet.

Frank discussion of the difficulties and problems of the associations in the local and county units is necessary, both for the purpose of working out policies to meet the needs of the members and of educating members in the essentials of co-operative effort and of orderly selling.

Loyalty Imperative

Determination to stand by the selling association at whatever cost is imperative at this time. As Ben Franklin said to the Continental Congress, when the British were marching on Philadelphia: "We must all hang together, or we will all hang separately." The selling associations of the South are just now beginning to face their crucial period.

There is a real danger of getting too many business men who do not have a sufficient knowledge of the average "dirt" farmer's needs on the board of directors. This has resulted in some cases in too much secretiveness about the affairs of the associations, and a failure to keep the members properly informed of the problems and policies of the associations.

Adoption of a policy of absolute frankness by officers and directors with members, to the end that they may be discussed in the local and county units, will do more than any other one thing to disarm criticism and to inspire a spirit of loyalty.

Good Executives Necessary

Too much emphasis has been placed on the necessity of paying large salaries to get men of large calibre for executives, and too little on the imperative need of getting the right kind of men regardless of how much salary may be necessary to get them. The inclination, in some instances, has been to pay a man a large salary and assume that he is a man of large calibre and capable of doing the job.

Salaries in many cases have been too large, but the uncertainty that attended the organization of the associations has had much to do with this. Even large salaries with uncertainty as to the support that they will receive from members will fail to attract worthwhile men. On the other hand, assurance of strong backing will attract capable men, even if the salaries are not so large.

Modern business tends more and more toward "open covenants openly arrived at," and the co-operative associations must be even more open in their methods of doing business. The co-operatives stand for a square deal for all, so why should they fear that the "enemy" will profit by information given to members?

If the associations fail, it will be due to one of two things or to both. It will be (1) lack of efficient administration, or (2) the lack of keeping members properly informed. The associations belong to the members, therefore, they have a right to know what is being done. Let us be done once and for all with the idea that any sort of business has to be done in the dark. That is the idea of the highwaymen and ought not to have a place in a co-operative association or any other kind for that matter.

In the early stages of the organi-

zation of the co-operative associations, it is preferable to place the full responsibility for administration upon the board of directors, and then if members feel that they haven't been given a square deal, they can elect other directors. However, they will be unable to vote intelligently for directors, if they are not given full information.

The great danger to the associations is the tendency of the overhead organization to lose contact with the membership. Direct contact for furnishing information can be established through the association paper and through communications to the local organizations, but the connecting link in an administrative way is through the board of directors.

Therefore, directors ought not to accept salaried positions with the associations. Employees should be responsible to the directors and the directors in turn to the members. Directors cannot serve efficiently in a dual capacity. As representatives of the members, directors will endeavor to secure the best employees for reasnable salaries; if they are themselves salaried officers, their inclination may be to boost salaries in geaeral in order to increase their own.

Punishing Contract Breakers

Treatment of those who break contracts should be left largely to the discretion of the local units, always bearing in mind, of course, the rule that contracts must be enforced strictly unless there are extenuating circumstances. Local members can best determine whether or not there are sufficient reasons for dealing leniently with contract breakers.

There is danger of enforcing contracts too harshly in the case of ignorant members, but there is also danger of being too lenient, and thus giving the opposition a powerful lever with which to fight the association. Loyal members on the ground can be trusted to decide on the proper course to pursue.

Finally

If the members of a co-operative marketing association are kept informed, I have faith to believe that they can be trusted. A democracy moves slowly, but moves with tremendous force when it does move. I am opposed to pussyfooting. I am against secret covenants of any kind, anywhere, and I stand for turning on the light. If we fail then, we shall fail nobly.

AN ANCIENT FABLE.

There is an Indian fable that tells how Budha visited the heavens and being led about, came to a place in which there was a huge mound. "For what purpose are these countless snail shells here" he asked. "These are not snail shells, but the ears of people who heard what was right, but did not do it. The ears therefore were saved, but the bodies are in hell." In another place he observed fishy formations, and he asked, "Are these eels or fish?"

"They are neither," was the answer.

"These are the tongues of those who told others the way to heaven. but did not go the way themselves, and therefore the tongues are saved, but the bodies are in torment."

EDITOR GREEN NAMES THEM.

The Marshville Home was called upon to name the men Union county had contributed to the making of Charlotte, Albemarle and Concord. The request was prompted by a spirit of pleasantry and in the interest of history. There are others whom he could have named that found moving rather agreeable, and prospects and opportunities more tempting. Union also contributed to Concord we, recall them off-hand, Dr. W. C. Houston and Dr. Griffin, Jeweler Presslar and W. H. Fowler. After all this simple item impresses one with the fact that the swaps between counties and towns are more numerous than on the face appears. The beauty of the business is that but few errors in judgment occur. It is not due, however, to the sober declaration "that a prophet is not without honor save in his own country." But just read what brother Zeb Green has to say in the naming of his men:

Editor J. P. Cook, of The Uplift, wants me to name the men. This request for additional information is the result of the following statement which I made in a recent issue of The Home: "We sometimes wonder how Union county has kept in the front ranks all these years and at the same time furnish men to help build up cities like Charlotte, Albemarle and Concord." Here's the way Brother Cook came back at me: "You might have substantiated your 'wonder' by naming the men. This authority on Lespedeza is a believer in his county and is loyal to her in season and out of season." When a fellow happens to live in a county like Union it isn't difficult to be loyal. If I didn't believe Union county is the best county and Marshville is the best town in the State to live in I'd move out of both. This modest estimate is made under first-hand information obtained after traveling over the State for a period of eight years. I confess, however, that I might find other places as desirable if I should stay long enough to form intimate acquaintance with the neighbors.

* * * * *

Naming all the men that have gone out from Union county and become builders in other communities would be a task that would require extensive research. Over at Albemarle are Oscar Sikes and Bob Price, attorneys, F. E. Starnes, chain-store jeweler, and Morrow and Sloan, who formerly breathed Union county atmosphere, and Lum Huneycutt, editor of the News-Herald, was raised close enough to the dividing line between Stanly county and Union county to get the benefit of the fragrant, bracing and stimulating atmosphere of Goose Creek township. In Concord are Attorneys Armfield and Manus, Luther Marsh, capitalist and business man, not to mention Luther Hartsell who got his intellectual training in Union county with Charley Boger, of The Uplift family, as his desk mate. Jim Shinn also got his first educational inspiration under Prof. O. C. Hamilton at Union Institute. In Charlotte are the Belks, who have chain stores in Albemarle and Concord and about 27 other towns in the Carolinas, Lawyers Johnson McCall and Plummer Stewart with John McRea as a near-Union

county man whose birthplace was just over the line in Anson county. The Efirds at Charlotte were also born and reared near enough the Union county line to be classed as near-Unionites. Anyway, it was not their fault that they were not born a short distance further west and within Union county borders. It is said that Union county has 25 men in the ministry, a record that is not duplicated in many counties while its teachers are in the service in various sections of the State. In this connection it is interesting to note that Union county has many natives that have won distinction in Western States and in one city, El Dorado, Ark., quite a number of the prominent business men are natives of this county. But why elaborate on this subject and then be able at best to produce only a partial list? We are still wondering how many cities of the State could have gotten along without the help of Union county men. We hope to be able to continue to make contributions to other sections, and still retain our rank as one of the most progressive counties in the State.

UNEXPECTED APPRECIATION.

One of the most gratifying experiences is to be told how much some deed of ours has helped somebody. This is particularly pleasing if the deed has been forgotten by us, and when it was done was not thought of as deserving notice. People of the right sort do not forget kindnesses shown them, and it is people of the right sort who do kind things as naturally as they breathe. They do not have to wonder how they can be kind, or lay careful plans to do some kind act. It is no uncommon occurrence for many of us to receive unexpected appreciation. It may come from individuals who were benefited by things we did, not knowing that they were concerned at all. It may be after the passing of years that we are told of something done and long since forgotten that has been treasured up in our favor. Little does the unpretentious benefactor know how many persons are looking at him with eyes of gratitude. He may never know how much he is appreciated by people who are too timid to tell him. Just one thought fastens on our mind, and that is that it behooves each of us to be alert to do a kindness here and there and then pass on. It may be one of the blessings of later years to receive from some unexpected source expressions of deep appreciation for some word spoken or some kindness shown.

A STRANGE CONTENTION.

The Greensboro News, taking note of the term "Civil War," as designating the conflict between the United States of America and the Confederate States of America, each with a separate and distinct government, having been outlawed in this shop, undertakes to make a defense of the offensive designation of that historical event.

No one would think of calling the Mexican war a "civil war." Nor the war with England in 1812. And yet the government of the Confederate States of America had form and was functioning just as independently as did Mexico when she had her trouble with the United States in 1846. THE UPLIFT stands on high and safe ground in adopting the title for the war between the two governments—"The War Between the States." It was just that thing, in reality; besides the authorities of the Confederate Veterans, denouncing the "Civil War" as both offensive and untrue, adopted the "War Between the States" as the correct designation. That's powerfully good authority.

The News says: "A civil war is defined by Webster as a war between different parties or sections of the same nation." The Webster's New International Dictionary that lies on our desk does not say that. And, if it did those words quoted from the News were put into the mouth of Webster long after he was dead, and by parties entirely out of sympathy with the genius, patriotism and spirit of the South. If a bunch of Guilford county folks, say about Gibsonville, should keep up a row with their neighbors, contending physically and viciously for a cause, getting beyond the control of the officers, that might be dignified with the title of civil war. Civil applies to a local affair and is too circumscribed to designate a monumental affair between two strong and determined governments, similar to those in the sixties.

The government of the Confederate States of America came into organized being by the invoking of a right the people recognized in the constitution adopted after England recognized the independence of this country, naming each state by name. This right was about to be exercised by Massachusetts and other Northern states prior to the time the Government of the Confederate States of America was set up. They were yet all states, and these United States never became a "nation" until the surrender at Appomattox, when the contentions of the North triumphed through the might of superior numbers and greater wealth.

The Confederacy was just as much an independent and separate government as was that government that held headquarters at Washington; and it was a reality so long as it could maintain itself and resist the overwhelming power that fought it and contended against it for four years, with inexhaustible resources. The contest between the Confederate States of America and the States governed by the authorities at Washington, in the sixties, was not a "Civil War;" it was a bigger thing—it was "The War Between the States," as the authority of the splendid heroes in that terrific strug-

gle of four years would have us call it.

But this is what the Greensboro News has to say:

The Uplift unblushingly admits that it has given orders to the boys in its print shop to cut out the term "Civil War" wherever it appears in copy as applied to the conflict of the sixties and to substitute "The War Between the States." And yet the Uplift is published at a school where one would expect to find accuracy of definition at a premium!

The war that raged in America from 1861 to 1865 was not a war between the states, if Webster's definition of the word "between" is to be trusted for he says of that word, "when used of more than two objects it brings them severally and indlvidually into the relation expressed."

Now in the sixties the states did not fight each other severally and individually. Ony the contrary the divided along sectioal lines into two great groups, and the groups fought each other. If it had been a war between the states we might have found records of battles between the army of North Carolina and the army of Illinois, between the army of Mississippi and the army of Massachusetts; as a matter of fact, there were only the army of the Confederacy and the army of the Union, representing the Confederate States and the United States. It is strictly accurate to speak of "The War Between the Sections." It is inaccurate to speak of "The War Between the States."

However, a pretty good argument in favor of the term "Civil war" can be made out in the basis of the facts. A civil war is defined by Webster as "a war between different parties or sections of the same nation." If the states had been really independent in 1861, as the south thought they were, there would have been no shadow of excuse for referring to the fight as a civil war. But the states were not in fact independent, as the event showed, because the southern states were compelled to remain within the union against their will, and a state that acts under coercion is no longer independent. If the Americans had been beaten in 1776, that which became the Revolution would have gone down in history as a civil war within the British empire. The south was beaten in 1865, and it can be plausibly argued that that made it a civil war, no matter what the south may have intended it to be."

Humility is acknowledging that some one else knows as much as you know, and that a few may know even more.—Exchange.

FORWARD WE CREEP.

(Elizabeth City Independent.)

Here is an interesting item that crept into the news the other day. Dr. Charles P. Steinmetz, chief engineer of the General Electric Co. and called the "electrical wizard," was supposed to be the highest paid electrical engineer in the world. His inventions and discoveries were easily worth millions and would have been capitalized for millions by the average man. But when they went to paw over the dead man's estate they found that he had left only some books and papers, an old automobile made in 1912, and a $1,500 insurance policy that had been given him by the company. These things apparently comprise the entire wordly wealth of one of the world's greatest scientists and inventors.

And then some one discovered that years ago when this great genius went to work with the General Electric Co. he told them that he did not wish to work for money.

"I do not wish to work for money," said Dr. Steinmetz. "Let me draw it as I wish and if I draw too much tell me. Do not fix the amount. If I think of money I will not work as well. Build me a house, if you wish, and a laboratory. That is all I want."

Dr. Steinmetz made discoveries worth millions to the electrical world; discoveries and inventions of immeasurable benefit to all humanity; but perhaps history to be written in a more enlightened age will record that he made no greater contribution to human life and thought than his refusal to work for material reward. His "contract" with the General Electric Company has a place in the religious and ethical literature of the world next to Christ's own Sermon on the Mount.

Some there be who will regard Charles P. Steimetz as a crank merely. But, thank God, human thought is growing and he will not be the last crank of his kind. True genius, the true benefactors of humanity, never did work for money; they have worked for the pure joy of working and creating things. But money has always stood by with its glitter and jingle—stood between the genius and his material needs—and put a price upon his art and his industry.

And strange to say, with all our wit, with all our genius, with all our experience, with all of our wealth of churches, schools and academies, and all our armies of pedagogs and theologians, we have never worked out any form of reward for genius other than gold. That's the only prize we have to offer the man who does any worth while thing to ease life's burdens or expedite the world's industry and commerce.

I doubt not that if we could read the hearts of intelligent millionaires in America to-day we would find that they value money least of all things in this brief and uncertain life time. It is not money they want so much as the esteem an approbation of their fellows, after their few material wants are satisfied. But their fellows are mostly mammon worshippers whose esteem and approbation is reserved for those in whose stables the golden calf is quartered. They would not go down to the train to

see a Charles Proteus Steinmetz pass through, but the whole town would turn out to get a glimpse of a Charlie Schwab, a Vanderbilt or an Astor in his private car.

To hasten the day when more men like Steinmetz will resolutely turn their backs upon silver and gold and work for the pure joy of doing and serving, we must acquire enough intelligence to recognize and respect genius wherever we find it. There are armies of men like Steinmetz who want only a shelter, an assured daily ration and the tools to work with, to give the best that is in them to humanity. But we compel them to seek first the golden bait; we mock them with monuments after they are dead.

Teacher.—Tommy, how far have you studied?
Tommy.—Just as far as the book is dirty.—Boys' Life.

THIRTEEN DEBT FREE.

"I never got married."

"I worked day and nigt and never spent a penny until I earned it."

"I couldn't get credit."

"I gave the Lord his tenth and He looked after me."

These are some of the reasons given by the thirteen debt-free men of Greene county, Georgia, who attended the barbecue given at Penfield by A. J. Boswell.

The 'cue was in honor of every man in the county who could stand up before the world and say that he didn't owe a red penny to any soul alive.

The thirteen Greene county citizens who owe nobody anything were farmers mostly, but their number also included a preacher and a justice of the peace. None of them are wealthy, and all but two are working to support their families. Those two are Confederate veterans.

Two tables were prepared at the barbecue. One was small—it was for the thirteen men who qualified as not owing even a postage stamp. The other was much larger—it was for debt-owing citizens who gathered to pay honor to thirteen of the most remarkable men in Georgia—men who owed nothing.

Dunned Once in 47 Years.

The first debt-free man to put his name on the register was R. A. Gentry eighty-three years old, a Confederate veteran, who was in Lee's army at the surrender at Appomattox. "I haven't owed a cent since the war," he said. "I don't have to." The next man to register was Judge E. C. Powell, a justice of the peace, seventy-eight years old, who is also a Confederate veteran.

At the party one of the debt-free men pulled out a bill for $1.50 and said it was the first time he had been dunned in forty-seven years "And it wasn't my fault," he added His physician had bought some medicine for him at the drug store. "I paid the bill ten minutes after I knew about it," he declared. "I don't want to owe anybody in this world."

"I was lucky with my cotton crops," said one man.

"I started a bank account when I was a little boy and have always kept it," said another.

A third simply pointed to his costume, a blue shirt and overalls, as much as to say, "I live up to these."

The barbecue was one of the interesting occasions in the history of Greene county. The thirteen men sat in the midst of two hundred of the best known men in Greene county, heads of banks, county officials and owners of big business but the thirteen men sat alone, because they alone were debtless. Barbecued pork and 'possum were placed before them, and steaming bowls of Brunswick stew.

Noted for Barbecues

For an event so unusal, and of such widespread interest—for a brief announcement carried in the Atlanta papers brought Mr. Boswell letters from all parts of the south—it was strangely without climatic happenings It had the atmosphere of being weel rehearsed. And yet it was one of those odd happenings that make news-papers copy—a man had offered to serve dinner to every debt-free man in his county, and thirteen had qualified.

Mr. Boswell is noted for the barbecues that he gives two or three times every fall. Penfield is the center of the real Georgia barbecueing country. Many men who live near there are adepts. They know how to cut a shoat to let the flavor-giving heat into every atom; they know how to bank a slow fire that cooks a pig so it will melt in your mouth. There are families who learned the business from their fathers, who learned it from their own fathers, and so on back to the days when Georgia was virgin territory.

In a barbecue country, Mr Boswell is known for his own skill. As the fall passed, and he did not invite his neighbors to the big feast as was his annual custom, they asked him what was the matter. He laughed and said only debt-free men could come this year.

Started as a casual joke, the idea grew faster than a snowball rolling down a hill, and spread like an avalanche over Greene county. Through the pages of the Greensboro Herald-Journal Mr. Boswell invited all debt-free men to be his guests.

Debt-Free Men Disappear

The qualifying conditions were strict. Not only must a man not owe a single penny, but he must be clear of any financial obligation that could not be paid. He must be absolutely certain in his own mind that "no man living and no phantom of the dead could rise up and say, "Thou are not free of debt."

Inspite of those strict conditions, thirteen people from various parts of Greene county wrote Mr. Boswell that they could qualify.

Mr. Boswell began preparations, He gathered the best dogs in the neighborhood for a big hunt and caught a number of 'possums, He selected the fatest hogs for the barbecue. Forty-eight hours before the party the hogs were put on the fire, and experienced cooks watched them every minute day and night.

The front yard of the Boswell home was turned into an outdoor banqueting hall. A small table was placed under a pecan tree for the guests of honor, and on the other side of the yard was a long table for the other

visitors.

Dinner was the slow, luxurious meal that is the real Georgia barbecue. After dinner the guests at the two tables mingled again.

When, about an hour later, some one asked where the debt-free people were, they had disappeared. Mr. Boswell said they had all slipped away to go back to work.

"Scientists have at last discovered that only difference between a pauper and a millionaire is $1,000,000."

A TRAIN AT SEA.

By Dr. Birge

The Great Salt Lake Cut-Off is a ralway line of the Southern Pacific laid in an old lake bed from Lucin to Ogden, Utah, one hundred and three miles.

Part of this lake bed is dry. Part is under water. The part under water is Great Salt Lake.

The Cut-Off is as straight as the crow flies. An air line would not shorten the one hundred and three miles a third of a mile.

Why was the Great Salt Lake Cut-Off built?

To save the greater grades and curves and distance of the old line.

The old line runs around the north end of Great Salt Lake over Promontory Mountain.

The curves the new line saves would turn a train around eleven times.

The power saved in moving an average freight train, because of less grades, would lift an average man eight thousand five hundreds miles. Enough power is saved in moving such a train over the shorter distance to carry a man four hundred times between New York and San Francisco.

What is the story of railroad that went to sea?

The Lake That Was

Once upon a time, long years ago, there was a great lake in Utah far larger than the present Great Salt Lake.

Round about was a lot of high land, which looked like a saucer with mountains for its rim. The snowy mountains (the Sierra Nevada) were west; the Rocky Mountains were east.

This lake was a thousand feet deep. Its surface was just a mile higher that the face of the ocean.

From the north end to the south end was as far as one end of Illinois is from the other. To sail from the east shore to the west shore would be to go as far as from New York to Albany.

The lake was a great lake 346 miles long, 145 miles wide and 2,250 miles around. It was almost as large as Lake Michigan and much deeper.

The first man who wrote much about it was Captain Bonneville, in 1831. He saw the marks high on the cliffs where the waves once dashed. Of course, you know who Captain

Bonneville was. Washington Irving has written about his wonderful adventures in the West.

So the lake that once was has been named Lake Bonneville.

No doubt it was a fine sight. But no one ever saw it, for as it happened this was all in a long, long ago, before the time of Adam and Eve and the Garden of Eden.

Once a river ran from Lake Bonneville to the Pacific Ocean.

This river ran north through Red Rock Pass into the Snake River and the Snake River runs into the Columbia and the Columbia runs to the sea. Then the place where Salt Lake City now is was nine hundred feet under water.

But by and by there was less rain. Maybe, too, the summers were warmer.

Lake Bonneville grew smaller and smaller till it was no larger than Lake Erie. No stream now ran from it, for its surface was lower than the pass to the north.

The rivers that ran into Lake Bonneville had very little salt in them, and so long as a river ran out of the lake it carried this away as fast as it came in. But when no river flowed from it and the water went up in the air by evaporation, the salt remained.

By and by Lake Bonneville grew very salty.

Time went on. The seasons grew more dry until one hot summer Lake Bonneville was no longer a lake of water, but just a lake of salt.

No one knows how long Lake Bonneville was dry. But finally another change came. The seasons grew colder and in consequence the water did not evaporate so fast. Perhaps more rain fell and the rivers that ran into the lake bed grew larger.

Anyway a new lake came where the old one had been. It was not so large as Lake Bonneville, and probably from the beginning was somewhat salty, for the old salt bed of the lake might now have been all covered with earth. At present it is very salty and is called Great Salt Lake.

Great Salt Lake covers two thousand square miles, is eighty-three miles long, fifty-one miles wide and, in the deepest places, thirty feet deep. If its bottom were level it would be fifteen feet deep everywhere.

It is the most salty sea on earth except the Dead Sea. In every five pounds of the water is one pound of salts, of which thirteen ounces are common salt.

A geologist employed by the United States government says that Great Salt Lake is at least 23,000 years old. He says this because it would take the streams from the mountains that long to carry enough salt to the lake to make it as salty as it now is.

Every three and a half years the sun draws up from the lake as much water as is now in it. But the streams flowing into the lake keep it pretty well filled just the same.

The water in the lake is so heavy that one can not sink in it. It is very nice to float in it if you keep your head out of water and your feet in.

There are no fish in Great Salt Lake.

Over fifty years ago some very brave and able men said they would build a railroad across the country.

Then they did so.

They built the Union Pacific west

from Omaha and the Central Pacific (now a part of the Southern Pacific) east from San Francisco.

Today this is the central line across the continent and the story of its building is a story of heroic achievement.

In 1868 they came to the flat, broad bed of Lake Bonneville. But Great Salt Lake lay in the center and barred the way.

So they built the track around the lake to the north, but a third of a century later there was much more business. Engines were five times as large. Freight trains would carry five times as much weight. Where once one train ran each way a day, now sometimes a dozen climbed over Promontory Mountain north of the Great Salt Lake.

Between Ogden and Lucin was a fine level road bed made by Lake Bonneville.

Only Great Salt Lake, thirty feet deep and thirty miles broad, lay in the way.

And so every day trains were lifted in curves fifteen hundred and fifteen feet higher and carried forty-three miles farther than would be necessary if a road were built straight across the lake.

So the Southern Pacific railroad men looked at the old grade over the mountain and then at the level way across Great Salt Lake and they said:

"Let us build a cutoff, a straight, level line, over land, through water from Lucin to Ogden."

And they did so.

Word was sent to the iron furnaces and the steel mills in the East. And presently they were busy at work smelting iron ore and shaping steel for a thousand carloads of heavy rails.

Word came also to forests a thousand miles away in Oregon, California and Texas. It said that a trestle bridge twenty-three miles long was to be built.

So the lumber men began cutting down trees from a hundred to two hundred feet high. These were to make a frame work of piling for the great trestle bridge.

Then it was said that, of the twenty-three miles of trestle, eleven in the end were to be filled with earth.

So of the twenty-seven and a half miles through water nearly sixteen were to be a solid ridge of earth sixteen feet wide at the top and seventeen feet above the water.

This word set to work the great steam shovels at Promontory Point where an arm of the mountain runs down into the lake. And it set them to work at Hogup Mountains, sixteen miles west of the lake shore. These mountains came up through the level cover of lake bed that Lake Bonneville left.

And the shovels became busy also at Little Mountain on the east shore of the lake.

Each shovel picked up seven tons at a scoop. Very soon trainloads of rock and dirt were ready to make a solid pathway through the water.

The chief engineer looked at the water more than thirty feet deep, then at his plans and said:

"We shall try to build a mile and a quarter of trestle a week—over a thousand feet for each work day.

In June, 1902 trainloads of steel rails reached the lake.

In July came the first piles. Many of them were so long that three cars had to be chained together as one to

carry them.

In the meantime the railroad had gone to sea in earnest. It built a stern wheel steamboat, the "Promontory," and to this added seven tugs and many smaller boats.

These carried supplies and messages. They gathered in the logs that had been scattered by occasional storms. When the coat of salt the water gave them got in the way of the machinery, the boats were docked and washed off with steam.

Now, the lake became alive.

Three thousand men were at work. At night men worked in the gravel pits by electric light. In the cold of winter and heat of summer there was no stopping. Steadily the great pathway grew.

Each day the pile-drivers made hundreds of yards. Each day the pit men loaded hundreds of cars of gravel—sometimes four hundred cars.

It was an army at work in a salt desert. Sixteen hundred and eighty tons of fresh water were used each day. All of it was brought many miles by train—some eighty miles, some one hundred and thirty miles.

More piles came. All told 38,256 trees were cut down to make piles for the great trestle. A forest of two square miles was transplanted into Great Salt Lake.

And once for five days, one after another, the piles were driven so fast that the trestle grew at the rate of 1,140 feet per day.

On November 13, 1903, the track from the east and the track from the west were joined in the center of the lake.

The great bridge across the lake is now a solid path, except for twelve miles.

If no one told you otherwise, you would not know these twelve miles were on a trestle.

Every fifteen feet five piles are driven in a row crosswise to the track. They are fastened together on their sides with heavy timbers four inches and eight inches thick.

Across their tops and joining them together is a heavy beam eighteen feet long and a foot square.

Connecting this beam with the next set of piles fifteen feet away are eleven heavy timbers (stringers) laid lengthwise with the track.

Above these stringers is a plank floor three inches thick. Above that is a coat of asphalt, then a foot or more of rock ballast in which the track and rails are laid.

The floor of the trestle is sixteen feet wide, and the lumber above the piling would make a board-walk four feet wide and an inch thick from Boston to Buffalo.

The cut-off from Lucin to Ogden is more nearly level than an ordinary floor. For thirty-six miles there is no grade. For thirty miles more the grade is so slight that an average person would need to travel a half a mile to rise his own height. Nowhere is the grade over five inches to the hundred feet.

Just now the track is above the water nineteen feet. The solid way has cut off one north arm of the lake into which Bear River flows. This has made that part of the lake so fresh that it has frozen over in winter, though the more salty water on the other side of the track never freezes.

Four and a half million dollars have been spent in order to make

this a perfect highway.

Riding over it is like traveling in a flying machine, 'twixt air and water.

Great Salt Lake is the most wonderful of American lakes and the trip across it the most wonderful lake journey that one can make.

Every day in the year the Southern Pacific's Ogden Route trains to and from San Francisco, the "Overland Limited," "Pacific Limited" and "San Francisco Limited," take their passengers across the strange old bed of Lake Bonneville and the silent and beautiful beautiful Great Salt Lake.

THE TRAINING OF DUSKY STAR

By Etta Webb in Young Folks.

Edith Penfield caught her brother's arm as he reached for the whip. "Please don't Ernest!" she pleaded. "Pete is so old and fat he can't go much faster."

"He is lazy," Ernest returned, crossly, "and you fool with him so much he thinks he can do just as he pleases. It takes longer and longer each day to get to school and back again. I don't mind unless it is raining—Get up, Pete!"

Old Pete shook his head, trotted a few steps and then settled back into his easy amble. The rain was trickling off his broad brown back and he splashed in puddles to his fet-locks, but he did not mind. Edith and her brother, however, huddled close under the faded umbrella, thinking of the long mile yet to be traversed and finding the fall storm anything but a pleasure.

The toot of a horn sounded close behind and as Old Pete stepped over to his side of the road a roadster tore past. Out of it leaned a girl who waved gay greeting to Edith.

"I don't see why we can't have a car, like Phil Cooper and Louise," Ernest said, gazing after them enviously. "They live two miles beyond our place yet they make the distance in a quarter of the time. Think what a saving of precious moments that is!"

Edith started to laugh for Ernest was always talking about "precious moments," but as she glanced sidewise at his dark, ruddy face she realized that he was too serious for teasing.

"I like horses better than I do cars," she said. "Horses may not be so swift, but they are alive. I am quite sure that father will never consent to our having a car, but he means to get us a young horse just as soon as he can find one that is suitable. I hope it will be black with a white star in its forehead, don't you?"

Ernest's gloomy look lifted.

"If we have another horse to drive, Old Pete won't have anything to do but to go third when the milk is drawn over to the creamery," he said. "That will suit him fine. The rest of the time he can stand in the barn and munch to his heart's content."

Ten minutes later Old Pete turned

into the familiar lane, trotted down to the barn and in through the wide open doors and pausing without a word of command, began to shake the moisture off his hide the way a dog does.

"I will put him in the stall. You needn't wait, Edith," Ernest said graciously.

Edith, catching up her strap of books was starting for the house when the door of the stable opened and her father entered.

"Leave Pete standing and come here a minute," he said.

They followed him into the back part of the barn to a box-stall that had been empty when they left home that morning. But now it confined a slim, long-tailed black colt who flung up his handsome head and looked at them at first curiously, then with a desire to be friendly.

"Oh, what a darling," Edith stepped in, holding out her hand and the colt nuzzled it expectantly, while Ernest with less sentiment scanned his build and the length of his ankles.

"He's got speed all right," he declared with satisfaction.

"He will have when he is broken. You and Edith will have to see to that, son," replied Mr. Penfield.

"I'd love to do my share!" Edith, with bright, happy eyes, was caressing the white star in the animal's satiny forehead. "Oh, he is perfect, color and all! And that cunning star! What is his name, Daddy?"

"He hasn't any. You are to supply that," Mr. Penfield answered.

"I? Oh—" Edith thought busily. "He is dark and he has a star—how would Dusky Star do?" Secretly she had long ago decided upon this name in case the new horse possessed the necessary attributes.

"Dusky Star sounds all right," said Mr. Penfield. "How about it, son?"

"It suits me." Ernest was more interested in the looks of the animal than in his name. 'I'm glad he hasn't got a Roman nose like Dandy's," he said. "I'm always suspicious of a horse that has a Roman nose."

"This little fellow is kind, true, affectionate and sensitive," Mr. Penfield said. "He will make a fine, prompt driver without a trick if he is trained right. But you will have to use good judgment son. No losing your temper or acting hastily you know."

Edith gave her brother a quick look. She could see by his rising color that Ernest understood what their father meant. She sighed as she pressed her glowing young cheek against Dusky Star's silken nose.

"But at least father said I was to have a share in his training," she thought. "And I shall do my best both for the colt and Ernest. I hope Ernest—"

Her thought was interrupted by her brother's exclaiming:

"Rain is slackening, Edith! Run in and get your regimentals and we will take Dusky Star out and give him a little exercise before supper."

When half an hour later Ernest led Dusky Star out of the stable with Edith following close behind holding the lines firmly in her strong hands, she looked, in her knickers and heavy sweater, not unlike a boy herself. Although Mr. Penfield had given his aid it had been no easy matter putting the bridle upon the

lively colt. Amazed and indignant he had objected to the bit until coaxing and encouragement had assured him that it was nothing to be afraid of. Even then his mouth was so tender that the least tug started in him rebellion against it. But Edith, with lumps of sugar, had done much to persuade Dusky Star that he was now quite grown up and was only making his inevitable debut.

All summer Dusky Star had frisked in the open pasture of the man who had reared him, heeding no will save his own, and while he was not unused to a halter the bridle was a very different thing. It needed both Ernest and Edith one at each side of him, to keep him from jumping over the barriers of the lane as they drove him slowly back and forth, and as it was he went through some very lively maneuvers.

"He did everything but stand on his head," Edith told her mother delightedly as she came breathless and radiont into the hot supper which awaited them. "But he is the dearest thing!"

"I haven't asked yet how much you gave for him, father?" Ernest said.

Mr. Penfield looked grave.

"I gave more perhaps than I should have felt I could afford," he said. "But I have had my eye on him for some time, and I felt that five hundred dollars—"

"Five hundred dollars!" exclaimed Edith. She exchanged looks with her brother. "Why, Daddy! I never dreamed you meant to pay as much as that."

"You could have got a car for that," commented Ernest.

"I prefer you to have a horse, Mr. Penfield replied shortly.

"I am sure," Edith hastened to say, "for my part I would rather have Dusky Star than all the cars in the world."

The matter rested there.

From that afttrnoon the training of Dusky Star became a daily task, providing of course the weather permitted. He was too high-spirited to submit easily to restraint, and the difficulty lay in teaching him so throughly that in a moment of excitement he would not forget what he know. Boys and girls are a good deal like colts, and Edith found herself learning, as well as Dusky Star, those principles of self-control which help one in time of extremity. For instance when Dusky Star gave a leap that jerked her forward on her face as she clung to the lines she did not cry out or let go, but simply hung on, although she had landed in the mud and had received a severe bump besides.

"He ought to be thrashed for that little trick!" Ernest cried, his eyes flashing.

Edith was up in an instant.

"No! No! He wouldn't submit to the whip; he would resent it. The impulse came to him to jump and he did it. It wasn't that he meant to be mean, Ernest, truly," she pleaded.

Another time he stood straight up on his hind feet and fought the air with his front feet, refusing to move forward as Ernest had bidden. That time [illegible] movement, in anger at his [illegible], and only Edith's swift [illegible] prevented a [illegible]ene.

[illegible]st time that Dusky Star [illegible] through the snow he [illegible]se his head [illegible]rely. He [illegible]rved, sn [illegible] air and

set his feet as reluctantly as if he expected the snow to burn him. It was the first real snow of the season and the sun shining on it created an impression of bedazzlement in the inexperienced young animal. He started at a thousand imaginary shadows, his eyes rolled, the lining of his swelling nostrils became scarlet, and he breathed like a Marathon runner.

Ernest was more impatient than usual this morning. He was anxious to begin to drive Dusky Star to town and had hitched him upon the "pung" as a preliminary exercise. The snow was deep and Ernest was standing on the pung when Dusky Star gave one of his deer-like leaps. Ernest lost his balance and went heels-over-head into the snow clogged wild-rose bushes that bordered the lane. But he clung to the lines, shouting, "Whoa!" with all his might, and the colt, after a few flourishes, stood still.

A short time later Edith, who had run back into the house to answer a telephone call from Louise Cooper, came forth to rejoin her brother. She saw him standing beside the pung with a long whip in his hand. It was a whip that her father had purchased the day before, a lithe, effective instrument of punishment, full of whale-bone to the tip and calculated to cut deep. Although Mr. Penfield did not approve of using a whip on his horses he had got this whip expressly for Roman-nosed Dandy, whose behaviour of late had seemed to necessitate discipline for Dandy was the kind of horse that turns wicked at the least opportunity.

At the sightof the new whip in Ernest's hand Edith gave a gasp and halted with painful premonition. The next instant she was flying toward her brother, crying out, "No! No!" and hoping to be in time. But while she was yet twenty feet away Ernest struck Dusky Star a blow that cracked like a pistol-shot.

It was the first time that the colt had ever felt the whip and his first sensation was undoubtedly one of bewilderment. For an instant he stood trembling with astonishment while a welt lifted along his satin flank. His manner deceived Ernest into believing that this was just what Dusky Star had needed all the time. But Edith—with clearer insight—knew better. She saw a look in the colt's eye that she had never seen there before. With a cry she sprang to Dusty Star's head, grasping him by the bit with all the strength she had, just as he went wild.

"Look out! He'll strike you!" shouted Ernest. He was beside himself with fear for his sister. "Let him go! Let him go!" he cried, while at the same time he tugged violently but ineffectuall at the lines.

Dusky Star, raging with resentment, had sent his heels flying. His mouth was wide open, his eyes blazing. There was but one idea in his mind, to get loose from the pung, to get free of the harness, to fling aside the boy and girl who were trying to restrain him. The blow of the whip had aroused every ancient instinct that was supposed to be submerged in years of training, and he fought like a mad thing.

Edith, too, fought with every bit of endurance and force she had as she clung to the bit. Now she threw her body to one side, now to the

other to keep out of the way of those swift hoofs as Dusky Star struck at the air. Once as he reared she felt her feet leaving the ground, but she hung on with the grip of desperation. Like Dusky Star she too, had but one idea in her head through the entire struggle; if the colt got away he would run to the limit of his endurance and be maimed forever in spirit if he did not actually kill himself.

The conflict was brief, but sharp. It ended as suddenly as it had begun and Dusky Star, steaming perspiration, paused. Edith, white to the lips with her arms nearly pulled out of their sockets and one aching bruise where Dusky Star's hoof had struck her shin, reached in the pocket of her sweater and brought out a lump of sugar. Then while she tried to murmur soothingly if breathlessly, she fed him the sweet morsel. Dusky Star crunched and calmed down and nuzzled her pocket for more His ears lifted—they had been laid wickedly tight to his head—his eyes lost their wild light, his sides ceased to heave.

"Edith—" Ernest began. The color was quite gone from his boyish cheeks.

"Hello! What is the trouble?" Mr. Penfield had driven into the yard with the big load of empty milk cans, three horses hitched abreast to the wagon, with Old Pete in the middle. He jumped down and came quickly forward, his eyes taking in the whip in his son's hand, the welt on Dusky Star's smoking side, and Edith's disheveled and torn appearance. Her tam-o-shanter was off, her dark hair down, and her face still colorless, with a dilation of pupils that showed what she had just been through.

"What happened here?" he demanded, slowly, and Ernest told him, not sparing himself. "I was afraid of it," Mr. Penfield said. "You are too hasty, Ernest. It will take the colt a long time to forget this day, and I hope it will take you a long time also, but if you have learned something that will be of value to you in the future I shall be glad. I saw the whole performance as I was coming down the hill and Edith—" His tone changed. "Of course you know what would have happened if Edith had not hung on. He would have got away from you and taking a straight course forward would have plunged into that barb-wire fence over there. You can imagine, I am certain, what the result would have been."

There was a silence while Ernest hung his head, unable to speak. Neither could Edith say one word. Indeed, she had no breath left for words. Picking up her tam and conscious that her sweater was torn from top to bottom she went in to rub liniment on her aching leg.

From that day Ernest, by his every act, silently approved his sister's method of training Dusky Star. And before the winter had actually set in the two young people were gliding merrily to town in the cutter behind Dusky Star, whose speed and sagacity won for him the praise and admiration of everybody who saw him.

Let all prepare for the privilege of Thanksgiving

INSTITUTION NOTES.

By Paul Funderburk.

The shoes and extra blankets, issued to the boys recently, came just in time for the cold snap.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Ervin Cumbo, who was formerly a boy at the institution, paid us a visit on last Friday.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The boys are getting sausage hungry, so hogs are being killed and the sausage is being distributed to the various cottages.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Charlie Bishop paid a visit to the institution last Sunday. While a boy at the Training School he was a member of the fifth cottage.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Doc Cranfield a member of the sixth cottage left the institution last Tuesday, to spend a few days with his parents.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Prof. W. M. Crooks left the institution last week, to spend a few weeks vacation. The boys will all be glad to see his return.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The boys are all glad to know that Mr. Thomas S. Warren is now one of the teachers at the institution. Mr. Warren will also be an officer in the first cottage.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Rev. Mr. Myers, of Concord, conducted the religious services in the Auditorium on last Sunday afternoon. His sermon was enjoyed by all who heard him.

Since so many new boys have been added to the band, and most of them have been given altos, therefore the altos are the only ones that have practiced for the last two meetings.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Although it was very cold on last Saturday afternoon, the boys had a big ball game. After they got warmed up they played fine but it was hard to get warm as cold as it was.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The following boys proudly escorted their friends or relatives around the Training School campus on last Wednesday, Lee Yow, Thamer Pope, Obed McClain, Walter Mills, Jack Stewart and Nathanial Johnson.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

A new basket ball court is being fixed by Coach Alexander and some of the boys. The cagers will all be glad to see the new court when it is finished, as they are anxious to get a game with some other team as soon as it is finished.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Raymond Kennedy entertained the boys of the fifth cottage last Monday night, by dancing, picking the banjo and playing a harp. The boys of that cottage enjoyed it very much and hope to have him back some time soon to play for them again.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The Cone Literary Society of the first cottage had its regular meeting on last Monday night and had a very interesting program. The boys to take part in the program were Joy

Payne, Julian Strickland, Bonnie McRary, Carlie Hardy and Robert Ferguson.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Miss Arline Fitzgerald, while visiting her mother, who is a matron of the seventh cottage, entertained the boys of the first cottage, by playing the piano and singing last Saturday night. The boys enjoyed it very much and hope to have Miss Fitzgerald back some time soon.

Eleventh Cottage Halloween Party.

For several days preceding Oct. 27th the eleventh Cottage seemed pervaded with a mysterious atmosphere and the boys were subsconsciously expecting something to happen.

Therefore, they were not altogether surprised when a ghost appeared inviting them to supper.

The dining room presented a very spooky appearance with an abundance of autumn leaves, crepe paper, pumpkinheads, witches, ghosts and black cats. No bright lights were used and the ghostly effect maintained throughout the evening.

After a great deal of fun finding their places at the tables. Instead of having a boy return thanks as usual, Mr. Day, one of our presiding officers returned thanks not only for the evening meal but for the innocent fun and the spirit of the occasion.

The witches and ghosts appeared and disappeared at intervals, provoking a regular gale of laughter over their antics, getting in their good work whenever a lull threatened.

The conventional witch caldron was used to good advantage, with the witches dancing about it and singing their ghostly songs.

A story was told by the house mother. Then the story of Ichabod Crane was given by Mr. Dalton. After this there was a general yell for a story from Mrs. Day, who had entertained them the previous evening with her stories. She responded with a halloween story.

Then the boys were invited into the chamber of horrors,where the ghosts and imps had charge and were uttering the most weird noises, cat calls or anything calculated to stir the imagination. It certainly produced a genuine Halloween atmosphere. One little fellow became thoroughly frightened, but was soon rescued by the house mother and led back to the dining room and allowed to share her seat at the head of the table.

The boys were very grateful for the evening of fun. And the mother desires to thank her officers Mr. Hobby and Mr. Dalton, also Mr. and Mrs. Day for their cooperation for without it the party could not have been a success.

HONOR ROLL.

"A"

Haskell Ayers, Percy Briley, Sam Carrow, Paul Green, Valton Lee, Smiley Morrow, Walter Mills, Howard Monday, Watson O'Quinn, Donald Pate, Harry Shirley, Alvin Shinn, Thural Wilkerson, Herbert Apple, Chas. Beach, Uldric Bracken, Julian Commander, Walter Cummings, Arthur Duke, Ed. Finch, James Gilles-

ple, David Brown, Geo. Lafferty, Irvin Moore, Glenn Miller, Vaughn Smith, Willie Smith, Fred Wiles, Odel Wrenn, Jess Wall, Sam Osborne, John Windham, Woodard Edmundson Bernard Bradshaw, Waldo Shinn, Claiborne Gilbert, Tom Hart, Thos. Howard, Roby Mullis, Norman Iddings. Raymond Keenon, Robert Watson, Ralph Cutchin, Walter Morris, John Wright, Carrol Guice, Lloyd Winner, Chas. Mayo, Earle Crow, Chas. Roper, Chas. Hutchins, Oscar J[illegible]n, Todie Albarty, Maston L[illegible] Fletcher Heath, Forest Byers, Jess Latterman, Reggie Brown, Hill Ellington, Ed Moses Murphy Jones, Luther Gray, Clay Bates, Edgar McKee, Carl Neal, Jethro Mills, Jesse Hunley, Charles Almon, Alton Etheredge, Alton Piner, Leary Carlton, Herbert Fulford, Abraham Goodman, Earle Gragg,, Will Harvell Luther Grant, Sam Dixon, Charlie Haynes, Wayne Carpenter, Eugene Long, Ralph Hunley, John Boyd Nathaniel Johnson, Ned Morris, LeRoy Whitehurst, George White, Travis Browning, Joe Mason, Sanford Wilson, Jerome Williams, Jim Turner, William Sherill, Joy Payne, Rhodes Lewis, Sameul Mc Pherson, Lee Yow, Clayton Stephens, Brantly Pridgen, William Johnson, James Ford, Earle Wade, Myron Terry, James Phillipes, Jay Lambert, Sam Poplin, Earnest Allen, Solomon Tompson, Earnest Cobb, Turner Anderson, Garland Rice, Joe Wilkes, Roy Lingerfelt.

"B"

Wm. Buckannon, John Cain, Chas. Crossman, Chas Jackson, Albert Johnson, Pleas Johnson, Thomas Moore, Louis Pate, Craven Pate, Avery Rothrock, Frank Stone, Raymond Scott, Walter Taylor, Robt. Ward, Newton B. Watkins, Spencer Combs, Hatem Hatem, Elvin Green, John Seagle, Chester Sheppard, J. Strickland, Irvin Turner Mac Wentz Chas. Maynard, Lee McBryde, Joe Kennon, Billy Odom, James Suther, Walter Page, Vernon Lauder,.

John Reece, Floyd Linville, Harry Dalton, Stanley Armstrong, Charles Blackman, Vestal Yarborough Ervin Cole, John H. Vann, Carl Osbon, Eugene Myers, Olen Griffin Jas. Autry Claud Evans, Garland Banks, James Foy, Joe Moore, Paul Grooves Milton Hunt, Paul Funderburk Wm. Gregory, George Howard, Albert Hill Everett Goodrich, Robt. Carswell, Carl Henery, Cecil Trul, Howard Catlett, Enoch Briley, John Creech, David Queen, Raymond Kennedy, Arthur Eyler Paul Heger, Lester Bouren, John Forester Winto Mathews, Fonzo Wiles, Calvin Tarbourgh Luke Pat-

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